



HARPER'S



YOUNG PEOPLE

1884















Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2007 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation







"THE CONFAB."—FROM A PAINTING BY J. G. BROWN.



# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

1884



NEW YORK  
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS  
FRANKLIN SQUARE

Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

---

*All rights reserved.*



## INDEX TO ILLUSTRATIONS.

**A**CCOMPANYING CIRCUMSTANCE THE — 589; East 708.  
Adrift in the Bay—“Oh! they’ve seen us!” he cried,  
184  
**Africa**—Hottentot Man, Hottentot Woman, Cape Town  
and Table Mountain, 46  
**Altaga**, The Girl of Seely, 57  
**Angelical Christmas Bells**—“A Gift from Heaven” 147  
Angels, A Story of—“Horror! the Lava Stream  
wasn’t frozen then” 333  
**Animals at Central Park**, 265  
**Anxious Hours**, 153.  
**April**, 345  
**April Fool’s Day**—An April Fool, 350; April Fool’s  
Day—Heat and Dogas Victims, 352  
**Arctic**—“Good Dear Regions” 1  
**Archery**, A Study of, it appeared in 1868, before the Earth-  
quake, 165  
**Army**, Horse. They entered there, 529  
**Asia**, Central. The Boy Explorers is *continually*  
East 91, 33, 72, 85, 124, 140  
**Asiatic Temple**, Sculptured Slab from, 357.  
**Autumn Leaves**, 246  
**Autumn Leaves** 788

**BABIES**—Baby in Basket “Tiddiekins,” 174; The Baby  
by Dance 222; Irish baby Baby 377; Papa’s  
Dancing 344; The Baby’s Bed time 356; Make  
the Baby Sleep 382; The Baby’s Bath 382; The Baby  
goes to Bed, Nursery, 383; Baby 451. “Don’t want to  
be,” said Nurse,” 633  
**Baboons**—The Indian Hog, 291  
**Bacon**, A Motto, A Bow, 849  
**Barnacles**, 240  
**Barnyard**, A Legend in the 416  
**Barn yard Folic**, A 80  
**Bass**—The Bass—“The ‘em pur King Hen Cooper,”  
491; The Captain of ‘Our Nine’ 333; Our chief  
Bastman 585  
**Bath, Little’s Morning**, 141; Little’s Bath, 269.  
**Battle**, A Song, 282  
**Battle**, A Sham, at Newport, Rhode Island, 299  
**Beacon-keeper**, The Little—“The Flame lit up the Wa-  
ter on all Sides,” 517  
**Beard**, The Beard in the Woods, 304; Initial Letter  
showing a Bear, 438  
**B-e-b** and the Grand Duke—“What is it that Fayette  
says?” 572  
**Bee**, Be still, if I can’t find a Bee—A Summer Song, 699  
**Bed**, The first—A Cold day in January, 208  
**Bertie’s Box**, 129  
**Betty Bixby**—“A brilliant idea had entered the Mind  
of Betty,” 109  
**Bicycles and Tricycles**, 569; “The Meet,” 684  
**BIRDS**:—“They took, a cheery Train,” 117; Bird and  
Cat—“A narrow escape,” 248; “They told us  
that the Red Rover was coming,” 254; “We heard the ‘Nest  
in the grove,’ the Hanes,” 369; “A Good Old  
Bird Crests,” 376; The Bird’s Song, 384; The  
Bird’s Nest, 542; The Lost Bird, 670.  
**Blackbird**—“I wonder if they really do sing Nesses?”  
729  
—Bluffed 335  
**Boats**—In a Boat—Initial Letter—The Boat  
Boys—Boat 4; On the Tow-Path, 5; The Life-  
boat boys—Boat 4; It always runs, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7,  
8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23,  
24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40,  
41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56,  
57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72,  
73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88,  
89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102,  
103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114,  
115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126,  
127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138,  
139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150,  
151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162,  
163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174,  
175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186,  
187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198,  
199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210,  
211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222,  
223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233,  
234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245,  
246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256,  
257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268,  
269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280,  
281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292,  
293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304,  
305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316,  
317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328,  
329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340,  
341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352,  
353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364,  
365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376,  
377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388,  
389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400,  
401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412,  
413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424,  
425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436,  
437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448,  
449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460,  
461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472,  
473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484,  
485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496,  
497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508,  
509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520,  
521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532,  
533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544,  
545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556,  
557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568,  
569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580,  
581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592,  
593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 6







Mysterious Old Gentleman, The, 284.

Nensley, The Story of a. (See "Left Behind.")

Old Songs, and "Hero," 199.  
Oswald, and the Florida War, 229.

Patterson, and the Fishwife, 38.  
Patience and Perseverance, 594.  
Pearl's Easter at Merrick, 399.  
Pearl and Prudence—Aunt's Travel, 279.  
Pete, An Experiment of, 229.

Photographic Camera for Ten Cents, 342.

Piano, Frances, 497.  
Peace with Death, A, 19.  
Pie, The Crust of the Christmas, 147.

Pie, Tommy Tedford's educated, 222.

Pie, Cuts, How to make, 284.  
Picture Trip of the "Folly Watkins," The, 409.  
Pillars, Sheldahl, 24.

Pottery—Learning a Trade, 740.  
Princess: Were they the, 329.

Rabbits, Mr. Thompson and the, 644.  
Racket, 421.

"Railway Bob," 732.

Refrigerator, On a, 394.

Reno, The Story of a, 625, 643, 657.  
River, A Singular, 58.

Rogers' Rangers, 471.  
Roland's Happy Masque, 720.  
Rumpus and a Rod, A, 336.  
Russian Caucasus, A Story of the, 618.

Saunders, "Dolly," The "Luck" of the, 642.  
Saw-Gill's Letter, A, 359.

Sails, Educated, 699.

Sentinel, A terrible, 174.

Shew, Washing the, 565.

Shovel, Guy Kidon's, 154.

Silhouette Sketches, 495.

Sisters, Our Boy, 508.

Six, Our Boy, 508.

Six, Our Boy, 508.

Six, Our Boy, 508.

Six, Our Boy, 508.

Six, Our Boy, 508.

Six, Our Boy, 508.

Six, Our Boy, 508.

Six, Our Boy, 508.

Six, Our Boy, 508.

Six, Our Boy, 508.

Six, Our Boy, 508.

Six, Our Boy, 508.

Six, Our Boy, 508.

Six, Our Boy, 508.

Six, Our Boy, 508.

Six, Our Boy, 508.

Six, Our Boy, 508.

Six, Our Boy, 508.

Six, Our Boy, 508.

Six, Our Boy, 508.

Six, Our Boy, 508.

Six, Our Boy, 508.

Six, Our Boy, 508.

Six, Our Boy, 508.

Six, Our Boy, 508.

Six, Our Boy, 508.

Six, Our Boy, 508.

Six, Our Boy, 508.

Six, Our Boy, 508.

Six, Our Boy, 508.

Six, Our Boy, 508.

Six, Our Boy, 508.

Six, Our Boy, 508.

Six, Our Boy, 508.

Six, Our Boy, 508.

Six, Our Boy, 508.

Six, Our Boy, 508.

Six, Our Boy, 508.

Six, Our Boy, 508.

Six, Our Boy, 508.

Six, Our Boy, 508.

Six, Our Boy, 508.

Six, Our Boy, 508.

Six, Our Boy, 508.

Six, Our Boy, 508.

Six, Our Boy, 508.

Six, Our Boy, 508.

Six, Our Boy, 508.

Vegetable Pitchers, 387.  
Voleeuses, A Chat about, 228.

Wasos, How to make a, 155.

Watson and his Home, The, 449.  
Washington's Monument, 712.

Where they went and how they got there, 433.  
Which do you pay? 599.

Who was he? 442, 512, 576.  
Winter Campaign, The Story of a, 69.

Worms, Earth, 11.

## POETRY.

Accident of Birth, The, 205.

All-Foots' Day, 349.

Anagram, 664.

Anna's Song, The (set to Music), 267.

April Fool, An, 330.

Baby's Bed time, The, 336.

Baby's Breakfast, The, 627.

Bertina Mazi, 403.

Birds, The, 484.

Bird's Nest, The, 542.

Bird's Song in the Night, The, 647.

Bonnie, 455.

Butterfly, Buttery, 734.

CANONIES, The treatment of, 751.

Canute, The Story of, 739.

Captain Bob, 369.

Cat's Soliloquy, The, 512.

Cat, The Dog and the, 653.

Cause for Complaint, 268.

Charge of the Carrozers, The, 303.

Charley Hawkins, To set to Music, 573.

Child's Question, The, 719.

Christmas Baby, A—A Gift from Heaven, 138.

Christmas Carol, A new Music, 112.

Christmas-day, The, 104.

Christmas in the North, 116.

Christmas Journey, Jennie's, 146.

Crysanthemum, 722.

Coney Island, A Day at, 701.

Crowning of the Bruce, The, 182.

Crows, Three black, 798.

Cruel, The, 384.

Cupid comes, 238.

DANCING Lesson, The, 272.

Days keep coming, The, 217.

Deviance of opinion, A, 696.

Discontented Tree, The, 247.

Doc and the Cat, The, 653.

Drudgery, 78.

Dreadful hard, 78.

Early and Late, 74.

Early, 377.

Early, 377.

Early, 377.

Early, 377.

Early, 377.

Early, 377.

Early, 377.

Early, 377.

Early, 377.

Early, 377.

Early, 377.

Early, 377.

Early, 377.

Early, 377.

Early, 377.

Early, 377.

Early, 377.

Early, 377.

Early, 377.

Early, 377.

Early, 377.

Early, 377.

Early, 377.

Early, 377.

Early, 377.

Early, 377.

Early, 377.

Early, 377.

Early, 377.

Early, 377.

Early, 377.

Early, 377.

Early, 377.

Early, 377.

Early, 377.

Early, 377.

Early, 377.

Early, 377.

Early, 377.

Early, 377.

Early, 377.

Early, 377.

Early, 377.

KANGAROO Hunt, 2, 224.  
King and the Snake, The, 554.

Kite, The, 440.

Lily Bell's Letter, 190.

Little Grander, The, 707.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

Lobsters have Names— it really is so, 768.

HARPER'S

# YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—No. 210.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Tuesday, November 6, 1883.

Copyright 1883, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$1.50 per Year, in Advance.



PANSIES.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 2.

## PANSIES.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

DEAR baby, with the dreaming eyes,  
What makes you look so shyly wise?  
What secrets have the pansies told,  
With rustling petals tinged with gold?  
What pretty fancies sent to greet  
Your childish thought in whispers sweet?  
Pray have they in, adorned themselves  
As dainty, quaint, imprisoned elves  
Forever living faces fair  
To coax a kiss from sun and air?

It's plain that you have found it out,  
A legend I have held in doubt,  
'Tis said that oft the flowers talk  
With nodding leaf or bending stalk,  
And prattle tales in murmurs deep,  
When all the world is fast asleep.  
'Twere quite in vain alas! for me  
To listen, since I've lost the key,  
Somewhere in happy fields it lies,  
Oh, very close to paradise;  
'Tis gone from me, but sages say  
Wee children find it every day.

I'm sure our darling comprehends  
The pansies' speech, and calls them friends.  
Ah! little one, you do not know  
What lofty people long ago  
Stooped down while purple pansies taught,  
Great Shakespeare deemed them made for thought,  
And Milton blent their fragrance well  
With violets and asphodel;  
Grand poets these. "And what are they?"  
Why, just what you are, child, to-day.  
For them the breezes and the birds  
Sang stories not in need of words;  
And every tree and bower and nook  
They read as 'twere an open book.

One thing is certain, baby dear,  
That He who puts the pansies here,  
Made from some pattern in the sky,  
And flecked with such a radiant dye,  
Is ever watching from above,  
And keeps us in His constant love—  
A love that never will forget  
The darling 'mid these pansies set.

## AMONG THE STROLLERS.

BY E. HARCOURT BURRAGE.

## I.



HE fair at Rinkston was over, and the booths had disappeared from the piece of waste ground near the cattle market, where it had been held by charter for many, many years. The order had been given by the Mayor, and everything was cleared away within an hour of midnight on the second day. But the strollers did not depart,

simply because they had nowhere to go just then. They gathered their vans on a small patch of building ground in the outskirts of the town, let to them for a modest sum by its owner.

The scene was picturesque enough, and to the lovers of a vagabond life quite a paradise. Donkeys, ponies, dogs, men, women, and children mixed up together, moving about during the day, and gathered round the fires lighted at night to get the warmth they needed, the bronzed wanderers presented a pretty picture to the eye. It is with them at night we first have to do.

Pitched here and there among the vans were small tents, and in one of these two men lay on some loose straw—one, a stout, burly fellow of forty, dressed in well-worn vel-

veteen, smoking a short clay pipe; and the other, some years his senior, pinched and worn about the face, mending a breast-pipe, or mouth-organ, as it is sometimes called—an instrument generally associated with a drum in the performance of "Punch and Judy."

"What I say is—give it up," said the stout man, flicking off the wick of a candle burning in a ginger-beer bottle near his elbow. "What's the good of trying to live on a thing that's dead? It can't be done, Fiddler."

Fiddler sighed, fixed the breast-pipe in his waistcoat, tried it by running his mouth up and down, and blowing into it, and then sighed again.

"But what's most of us to do?" he asked. "It's all very well for you, Gypsy George, for you are strong and young enough for a new life; but I—what am I to do? You wouldn't have me go to the work-house?"

"You'll have to go somewhere soon," said Gypsy George, grimly. "What did you take this fair?"

"One pun' five."

"And what will you earn on the road to Northley?"

"Ay! that's where it is," sighed Fiddler. "We make nothing on the road now. People will stare at us, but they don't appreciate, and they don't pay. It's disheartening to me; but I bear it better than Binder—he is going melancholy mad."

"What's come of him to-night?"

"Oh, he's gone into the town to roam about, and look at the rich things in the shop windows. It's a fancy of his, and we think it does him good."

"That's Binder's step," said Gypsy George, listening; "but he isn't alone; there's somebody with him."

The opening of the tent was pushed aside, and a man about the age of the speaker, but of slighter build, and long, thin, pinched features that gave him a queer expression, entered, followed by a lad of about twelve years of age, good-looking, well dressed, and with a face that spoke of a bright, loving nature. Obeying a motion of Binder's hand, he remained at the mouth of the tent.

"What's this?" asked Gypsy George, roughly.

"Can't you be quiet for once?" said Binder, sourly. "You ain't got everybody's sense and your own. I've got a prize here, I think."

"More likely something that will get you into trouble," said the other.

"That's your opinion, George," returned Binder, dropping his voice. "But I say there's money hanging to him. He's a runaway, and wants to be a stroller."

"Heaven help the boy!" exclaimed Fiddler. "Send him home again."

"Ay, send him home," growled Gypsy George; "there's nothing but trouble to be made out of runaways of that sort."

"Come here, my lad," said the burly one, "nearer, and let me have a look at you."

The boy drew nearer, but kept sufficiently aloof to be out of the reach of the gypsy's hand. The eyes of Fiddler beamed with compassion as he caught a better view of the slim, graceful figure, and the bright innocent face.

"So you want to be a stroller?" said Gypsy George.

"Yes, I do indeed," the boy replied.

"And to wear silk tights and spangles, to do clever tricks, and to be applauded by big audiences?" continued the gypsy, with a slight smile upon his face.

"You are laughing at me," said the boy, quickly.

"On my honor, no," said the burly one, bowing with much reverence; "couldn't dream of such a thing. You will find there is very little joking in the strolling profession. What is your name?"

"Will you please call me Harry Vernon?"

"We will call you anything you like, but that is not your name."

"No," replied the boy, hesitating; "and I would rather not say who I am, if you please."



"If you take my advice," said Fiddler, "you won't."  
 "Hold your tongue!" said Binder, angrily. "There never was such a man for interrupting in what doesn't concern him. Leave the boy to me and George, will you?"  
 "I suppose I had better do so," sighed Fiddler; "but I don't think this is the sort of place for a lad like him."  
 "Barker's lot goes on to-night," said Binder to Gypsy George; "you had better take the boy and go on with them. You are sure to pitch for a few days at Mayfield, and Fiddler and I will catch you up there."

## II.

Barker's "lot" consisted of a tumbling troupe of three, a merriman of the most melancholy order, a man who played the cornopean, Mrs. Barker, who took the money when there was any to take, two Barker children, who ate and drank when there was anything to eat and drink, and Barker himself, who did the talking outside his show at fair-time, and rarely opened his lips on any other occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. Barker were having their supper in one of his vans; he was owner of three, and the rest of his family and troupe were partaking of it anyhow and anywhere, the children on the steps, Mr. Merriman on one of the wheels, and the rest beside an expiring fire on the turf, when Gypsy George and Harry Vernon came up. Simply ordering the children off the steps by telling them to "come out of it," the man marched into the van.

"Ha, George!" said Mr. Barker, hospitably, "just in time for supper. What there is you are welcome to."

"Thanky," replied George, "but I've come to ask you for more than that. I want you to take a friend of mine on with ye to-night. Come up with ye, Mister Harry Vernon; nobody will eat you or look on you as intruding."

As the boy came in, Mrs. Barker, a woman of rather masculine build, but not ill-looking, started, and glanced at her husband who sat unmoved and said nothing.

"Want's to be a stroller, does this lad," said George, "and I think of apprenticing him to you."

"Can't be done," said Mrs. Barker, briefly.

"Why not?"

"Because it can't. You know we dursn't do it."

"Oh, yes, ye will. But give the boy some supper, and while he's eating it I'll have a talk with you outside. Barker had better stop with the boy."

From the first moment that Harry Vernon had been among these people it was plain that he was struggling with a feeling of intense disappointment. Whatever ideas he may have formed of strolling life, drawn most probably from books that depict a stroller's existence as a round of excitement and pleasure, had been rudely upset. The filth, squalor, and undoubted poverty of his new companions were repulsive to him, but still he did not shrink. He was delicate, but he had a brave face, and eyes that never could grow dim with fear, so he accepted everything as it came with a calmness that was akin to contentment.

Mrs. Barker and Gypsy George left the van, and Barker, having washed one of the plates in a pail of water in a corner, filled it with savory Irish stew. "Eat, my lad," said the showman; "you are welcome."

If Harry had known more of his host, he would have accepted this as a very pressing invitation to eat. Barker, when inviting a friend to partake of food with him, rarely said more than "Have a bit," and it was his manner more than his words that induced Harry to endeavor to do justice to the savory fare.

But he could not eat, and after several efforts apologized for his lack of appetite.

"I really am not hungry," he said. "I had some supper at home."

Barker then proceeded to put the things away, and

while thus occupied two children, a boy and a girl, sat on the top of the steps staring at Harry, who with quick eyes was taking in the various domestic arrangements of the van. The showman, in the act of drawing up a three-legged stool to sit down, became aware of the presence of his offspring, to whom he said, with a wave of his arm, "To bed," and they disappeared like a pair of young sprites.

When they were gone, Barker closed the door, and, resuming his seat, stared intently at Harry for a minute or more.

"My lad," he said, suddenly, "what for?"

Harry started from his dream, and stared at the showman, who again said, "What for?"

"I do not understand you," Harry said.

"What for?" repeated Barker, puffing vigorously at his pipe. "Why here? Why among us?"

"I wanted to get away from—home," said Harry, slowly, the last word sticking in his throat for a moment ere he could utter it.

"Oh, that's it!" said Barker, and again he puffed at his tobacco with energy.

"I thought you would take me without any inquiries, and be glad of me," continued Harry, fixing his honest eyes on the showman's. "I may not be very strong, but I am willing to be trained and taught, and I will work very hard—indeed, I will."

"It's no good working," said Barker, shaking his head. "One trick's as good as a dozen nowadays—at least with us. My troupe have done the same things over and over for years."

After this conversational outburst he appeared to be rather exhausted, and, pulling out a bottle of beer from behind an iron stove, he filled a tin cup with the contents. Having first tasted it, he offered it to Harry, who declined it.

"Right, my lad," he said; "no good to anybody—but use is use, and there's an end of it."

"Things here," said Harry, looking round him with a hesitating air, "are not what I thought they would be."

"Maybe not," said Barker, refilling his pipe.

"I thought I should find you all making merry," said Harry—"cracking jokes, and singing songs, and perhaps dancing."

"What for?" asked Barker.

"Oh, I don't know!" returned the boy, "except that I thought your life was a very merry one."

"Did ye?" said Barker; "but there you're wrong."

Harry was rather astonished; but after a moment's pause he returned to the subject. "But you are merry sometimes, are you not?" he asked.

"Uncommon," returned Barker, with a bitterly sarcastic gleam in his eye, "especially arter a wet fair, and there's no money to put on the drum."

"Why should you put it on the drum?" asked Harry.

"We pays our people on it," said Barker, adding, after a brief pause, "when we have anything to pay 'em with."

"But don't you ever sing songs about how jolly it is to be a stroller?" inquired Harry, with a visible sadness gathering upon him.

"Never heard o' one," said Barker.

"And don't you have feasts, and dance till the morn appears?"

"We drink a bit," said Barker, reflecting, "when we can get it, and we eats when we has it, but for the t'other, what's there to dance for?"

"But I should like to know—" Harry began again, when Barker interrupted him.

"My lad," he said, "I've talked more to you than I've done to any man for years, and my mind ain't equal to it. Bear off a bit. You've joined us, and if you want to know, wait and see."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



## IN A HOUSE-BOAT.

## A Journal.

BY  
DINAH MULOCK CRAIK.AUTHOR OF  
"JOHN HALLIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

Y eight o'clock on the third morning the houseboat was as noisy as a magpie's nest. We had arranged for a long expedition with a boatman who knew each lock, weir, lasher, every danger on the river, and leaving to him all the care of the voyage, we determined to enjoy ourselves solely. But before then I must needs arrange something much sadder—our going home.

There was a general moan: "Must we go home? Only from Monday to Saturday—the inside of a week! And we should have liked to stay here a whole month!"

Vainly I represented that even had the benevolent owner allowed it—and he could not, for there was another party of his friends waiting to come in whenever we went out—our affectionate families could not possibly spare us after Saturday.

But I stretched the time to the very longest limit, and then, according to my habit, was mildly firm. "When mother says No," observed one who ought to know it, "there is an end of the matter." So there was.

Our morning row was delightful but brief, since the four girls and the boat had to sit for their portraits, as they appear on this page, the young artist having afterward drawn herself (from memory) sitting in the bow. But we had scarcely reached home when there came the most awful down-pour.

I had warned them of this, having read in the *Times* that a "depression" was travelling over from America—all our "depressions" do come from America—but of course they did not believe it. Even now, though the sky was a leaden gray, and the river too, bubbling all over with the sheets of rain which pelted on our flat roof, and our "front garden" and "back garden" (as we called the two ends of the barge, using one as a scullery, the other as a drawing-room) were soaking with wet, my five girls would hardly believe in their hard lot.

"It must clear; it will clear," persisted they. But it did not—for six mortal hours. We soon ceased to lament, and rejoiced that we were safe under cover. We made the best of the afternoon; we read, we drew, we played games. Then we took to music, did, or tried to do, some catches and rounds; finally our eldest gave us Mendelssohn on the little harmonium, and our youngest, in her clear, fresh, pa-

thetic voice, sang us Schubert's songs from *Wilhelm Meister*, until a boat-load of soaked white-jacketed youths were seen to stop under the opposite bank listening to the Lurlei-like strain. (N. B.—I hope it did not cause their deaths from rheumatic fever.)

But the worst times come to an end, if you only wait long enough, and by 7 P. M. we looked out on a cloudless sky and a shining river. Ere we started for another sunset row Adam said, briefly, "There's fish for supper, ma'am." He too had utilized the wet day, and there were a dozen small dace, caught by some fishing-tackle he had borrowed, swimming in a bucket, alike indifferent to the hook they had swallowed and the prospect of being speedily fried. But Adam's pride in his fishing exploit was a little lessened an hour after, when we found him with mingled laughter and anxiety gazing after a majestic swan, which had swallowed the baited hook, and then swam away, carrying rod and line after him. It took a long chase to recover both, but they were recovered; and so we concluded was the swan, for he re-appeared shortly after as if nothing had ever happened to him, and ate the food we threw out to him with his usual dignity and grace.

The last day had now come—at least our last whole day—Friday. We resolved to make the most of it, going up the river in the forenoon, and down the river in the afternoon, taking with us a frugal meal of bread and butter, milk and cherries, also the towing-rope, in case rowing up-stream should be too difficult and too long a business. There is a towing-path all the way along the Thames at one side or other, and we used often to see a young man or even a girl, or sometimes both amiably harnessed together, pulling along a whole boatful of people with the greatest ease. We thought the towing, if necessary, would be great fun for the after-dinner row.

Our morning row was rather a failure; it was too "genteel." The river flowed between civilized shores, dotted with splendid villas. Its banks were elegantly boarded in for promenades; its very boat-houses were palatial residences. No osiers, rushes, and lovely water-plants; the very water-lilies looked "cultivated." We agreed that our own bit of river was much the best, and that not a single house-boat—we passed half a dozen at least—was half so pretty or commodious as our *Pinafore*. Content and hungry, we came back to it, determined to eat our dinner in ten minutes, and be off again. But fate forbade.



THE "BIB" AND HER CREW.

"Listen!—that's surely thunder. And how black the river looks! It's bubbling, too, all over. Hark!"

Crash! crash! and down came the rain, regular thunder rain, continuing without a moment's pause for three hours. Drenched boat-loads of unlucky pleasure-seekers kept passing our windows, struggling for the hospitable inn opposite. Is there any satisfaction in watching the misfortunes of our neighbors? Was it the weakness or meanness of our human nature which made us congratulate ourselves that the rain had come on exactly when it



ON THE TOW-PATH.

did, and so found us under safe shelter, watching mildly these poor half-drowned creatures, instead of being in the same plight ourselves?

"Still, yesterday evening was lovely; to-night may be the same," said the girls, determined to keep up their spirits. And when at last the rain did actually cease, and a bit of blue sky appeared, "enough to make a cat a jacket," they set to work, bailing out and drying the boat, protesting the while that this soppy and quite unnecessary occupation was "delightful."

Fortune favors the brave. It was seven o'clock before we were able to start, but that last row was the loveliest we had on the Thames. Such a sunset! Such views of osier beds, and islands of tall rushes, and masses of woodland, and smooth green parks with century-old trees, and noisy weirs, and dark, silent locks! We had grown fearless or desperate, and determined to go through two locks. Some of us, I think, would have gone on to London, drifting contentedly down the stream; but motherly wisdom saw the sun fast dropping and the twilight darkening, and insisted on turning homeward, and was obeyed.

Only once, when the crimson sunset, reflected in the river from behind a fringe of low trees, made a picture too lovely to resist, our artist implored to be "dropped," as was her habit. This being impossible at that hour, we compromised by "lying to" near the bank while she painted, or tried to paint, in the dim light. We sang a quantity of old songs—duets and glees. In the pauses the corn-crake put in his note from the shore, and one or two other birds awakened up with a sleepy chirp; then all sank into silence, and there was only the quiet river and quiet sky, up which the crescent moon was sailing brighter and brighter. I think, however long my girls may live, and whatever may happen to them, they will never forget that night.

It was almost night, and brilliant moonlight, when we reached our "appy 'ome." Our consciences were not quite easy, for we had Adam's little daughter on board with us, and we found him anxiously watching for us.

"Did you think anything had happened—that we were all drowned?"

"Yes, ma'am, I did," said he, briefly. Poor Adam! Shut up in his floating prison, he had evidently not spent the happiest of half-hours. But he forgave us, and we at least had been happy—and it was our last night.

About eleven or so, when the magpie's nest was all quiet, chancing to look out I saw the loveliest moonset. The large bright crescent close upon the horizon shone in

a cloudless western sky, and was reflected in the river, with a gulf of darkness between. After watching it for several minutes, determined to see the last of it, I went back into my cabin and took up a book—some sketches by Miss Thackeray. One on "Friendship" interested and touched me so much that I read on to the end, then started up and rushed to the window. It was too late—my moon had set! Only a faint circle of light in the sky, and another fainter still on the river, showed where she had been.

I went back to bed a little sad at heart and vexed with myself for having missed the lovely sight by about a minute, after having sat up on purpose to watch it. Too late—too late! Why can not we always do, not only the right thing, but at the right time!

My girls had apparently discovered this secret. Long before ever I was stirring, though old birds are usually early birds, I heard a great clatter and chatter in the parlor, or saloon. It was our two "little ones," broom in hand, with their dresses tucked up apron fashion, cleaning and sweeping, throwing down tea-leaves, taking up rugs, dusting tables and chairs, washing china—in short, fairly turning the house (or house-boat) out of windows. The delighted laughter with which they watched the dust and débris sail down the river, a sort of floating island of rubbish, was quite infectious.

"No, no; we can't eat any breakfast until we have done our work. We are determined to leave the parlor as neat and beautiful as we found it," which noble sentiment I thoroughly shared.

After breakfast there were the cabins to put in order, and all the packing to be done. It was eleven before we felt free to enjoy ourselves; and then the sky looked so threatening that I protested against the long expedition that was being planned. Suppose it rained—in fact, it had



"GOING TO MAKE THE FIRE."

rained a little—and we all got wet through, and had to start for our long railway journey without any possibility of drying ourselves. So, in deference to the prudent mother, who never denied them anything she could help, the good girls cheerfully gave up their pleasure, and we spent a delightful hour or two in paddling about close at home, and gathering water-lilies.

This last proceeding was not so easy as it looked. Water-lilies have such thick, strong stalks, and grow in such deep water, that in plucking them one is apt to overbalance the boat, especially if fully laden. We had to land half of our crew on an osier-island, while the others floated about, guiding themselves with the boat-hook, and cautiously grasping at the dazzling white blossoms and plate-like leaves which covered the surface of the water for many yards. A risky proceeding it always is, gathering water-lilies; but oh! when they were gathered, what a handful—nay, armful—of beauty and delicate perfume did we carry back!

And we got back before a minute too soon. We had scarcely sat down to dinner—our last dinner—at which we laughed much, perhaps to keep our spirits up, when, flash! crash! the storm was upon us. A more fearful thunder-storm I never saw. The river was one boiling sheet of plashing rain, the clouds were black as night; between them and the water the forked lightning danced, and once when, after a loud clap of thunder, a column of white smoke burst out from the wood opposite, we felt sure the bolt had fallen.

For two whole hours the storm raged, and then, just as we were wondering if the carriage would venture to come for us, and how we should accomplish our seven-mile drive without being drenched to the skin, the rain ceased, the blue sky appeared, and the world looked as the world feels after the thunder-storm in Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*.

And so, with contented and thankful hearts, although a little melancholy, and with the very tune of the reapers' "Thanksgiving Song" out of the said *Symphony* ringing in our ears, we left our house-boat and our beautiful and beloved river, and went our several ways home.

"We may never in our lives have such another week!" said one of the girls, mournfully, which is very possible. But ought we not to be glad that we ever had it at all?

One particular thankfulness I had, and I can not end without uttering it, as a testimonial to my five girls, and a bit of tender advice to many others.

One day we passed a rather pathetic sight: a motherly hen standing on the brink of the river, and chuckling mournfully to a troop of lively young ducklings which were swimming about in utter indifference to her and her evident anxiety.

"Poor old thing!" said one of the most mischievous of my girls, "she is just like—ahem!"

I felt the soft impeachment, and, conscience-smitten, tried to smile.

"But it really is very hard for the poor creature," gently observed another. "Once we had a hen with a fine brood of ducklings; they went into the water; the mother stood awhile watching them in an agony, and then she followed them."

"And what became of her?"

"She floated awhile, paddling with her feet, and puffing out her feathers, and then she sank, and was drowned."

And perhaps if my girls had not every one of them, however lively and daring by nature, been thoughtful, cautious, considerate, using that common-sense prudence which is the truest unselfishness both for themselves and me, I should during our six days in the house-boat have led the life—and might finally have died the death—of that poor old hen. Instead of which not one of the five was, I think, more truly happy than I.

THE END.

## THE LOST CITY,\*

OR, THE BOY EXPLORERS IN CENTRAL ASIA.

BY DAVID KER.

### CHAPTER IV.

STARTLING A KING.

"TOM, I feel as if there were something *wrong* here, somehow."

Ernest had been very quiet for some moments, and a boy of his age is not often quiet for any length of time unless something has made rather a strong impression upon him. His companion had clearly shared his misgivings, for he replied almost at once:

"Well, old fellow, I wouldn't have said that *first*, for fear you should laugh at me; but now that *you've* said it, I must confess I feel pretty bad myself, though I don't know why."

Our heroes were looking down from the balcony of a lofty Eastern house upon the motley crowd that eddied through one of the principal streets of Cabool, in which they had spent just three days when this conversation took place. So far, at least, they had nothing to complain of. They were lodged in a fine house in one of the best quarters of the city, not far from the Ameer's own palace. They had been shown over the fortifications of the Bala-Hissar (citadel) by the Afghan commandant in charge of it. They had been presented to Major Cavanaugh, the resident agent of the English government, who received them with frank, soldier-like cordiality, and laughingly hoped that their quality as *attachés* to a Russian mission would not prevent their giving him the pleasure of their company to dinner.

Every one, in fact, had been as hospitable and friendly as possible; but neither the universal kindness shown to them, nor the wonderful panorama of new costumes and new faces that met them at every turn, nor the quaint barbaric picturesqueness of the ancient city itself, could wholly banish the dim, haunting sense of coming evil, which (little inclined as either of them was to trouble himself about such fancies) weighed upon them more than they would have cared to own.

"I think it must be what my father told us about this old place that makes us feel bad," said Tom Hilton, after a pause. "You remember that yarn he spun us at Tashkent, how, when the English army was here in 1841, the Afghans rose all of a sudden, and massacred them; and how poor old Burnes and Macnaghten, and a lot of the officers, were brought into the palace under promise of safeguard, and then Akbar Khan's crowd broke in and murdered 'em all. Of course that took place a long time ago. Everything is different now, and it can never happen again; but still it isn't nice to think of, is it?"

"No," said Ernest, "and so I vote we *don't* think of it. Let's start out for a walk, and see if we can find that tomb of Baber,† which they talk so much about. Erskine's history says it stands on a low hill somewhere out yonder, about a mile from the town. Come along."

Away they went accordingly, elbowing their way through the crowd that filled the narrow dusty lanes of the city. During the day it would have been a very easy matter for them to make their way along, but as the hour of sunset and of leaving off business approached the high-ways became more and more crowded. Parties going in different directions would meet and jostle each other, and at times the boys had no little difficulty to avoid becoming separated.

\* Begun in No. 207, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

† Baber, the great-grandson of the Tartar Emperor Timour, conquered Northern India in 1526, and founded the empire of the Great Mogul. He died in 1530.

Hitherto, in order to avoid any risk of losing their way or getting into trouble, the two lads had never gone out unattended by the Colonel's Afghan servant, Sikander. But to-day Sikander was absent, no one knew where, and our heroes, not caring to wait until he came back, decided upon trying to find their way for themselves.

As they went along, almost every step brought before them some object which if seen in London or New York would have gathered a bigger crowd than any circus. Here, a huge bony fellow from the deserts of Beloochistan swaggered past, with his short curved sword at his side, and his coarse black hair twisted into greasy curls which straggled from under his white turban over his long loose frock. There, a tall, fierce-looking Afghan in a pointed red cap, with the scar of an English bullet across his brown cheek, stood bargaining for an embroidered scarf with a grave, dark-robed, high-cheeked Persian from Meshid.

A leper, holding out a fingerless hand with a whining petition for alms, was all but trampled on by a laden camel which came striding up the street, led by a half-clad Turcoman as lean and brown and shaggy as itself. The next moment a skinny Kashgarin, from beneath whose little saucer-shaped cap his huge bat-like ears stuck out a full inch on either side of his thin, narrow, *squeezed*-looking face, was rudely thrust aside by a ragged, wild-eyed dervish (religious devotee), who scowled at our heroes in passing, and muttered some polite remark about "Christian dogs."

Crossing three or four small water-courses which zig-zagged among the rich level green fields outside the town, the boys at length reached the Hill of Burial. Baber's tomb sorely disappointed the enthusiastic Ernest, who could hardly believe that the two upright slabs of plain white marble could really be the sole memorial of a man whose name had shaken all Asia like a thunder-clap. But the surrounding view amply repaid him. From the summit of the hill (which was crowned with a small mosque of polished marble, inscribed, "Heaven eternal is the abode of Sultan Baber") he looked down upon a wide green plain more than twenty miles broad. Tiny streams wound their way along, and here and there the broad expanse was dotted with native forts and villages.

In the midst of all, spread in the glory of the sunset, lay the great white city itself, with its endless panorama of flat-roofed houses, and shining domes, and tall tapering minarets, framed in a dark circle of leafy gardens. High above it, on a bold rocky bluff, loomed the huge gray wall of the citadel. Far to the north the snowy crests of the distant mountains glimmered faintly along the darkening sky, while on the west and south rose bare, stony heights. Little could the boys have imagined that, a few months later, upon these very heights, the best soldiers of Britain were to fight a four hours' battle for life and death against ten times their number of Afghans.

The hill itself—down the sloping side of which a little rivulet went dancing and sparkling to join the Cabool River below—was one mass of green herbage and brilliant flowers, amid which the white tombstones stood out every here and there. Beneath the overshadowing trees numerous groups of holiday-makers—some from the surrounding villages, others from Cabool itself—were already seated, puffing their long pipes, sipping coffee or sherbet, and enjoying the cool of the evening; and the gay-colored robes and turbans, glancing through the dark leaves or scattered over the grass, made the place look (as Tom Hilton remarked with a grin) "like Central Park on a Sunday afternoon."

"Except that there are no ladies here," suggested Ernest. "How is it that one never sees a woman in this part of the world? What do they do with themselves? Don't they ever go out to take the air or do any shopping like the women in our own country?"

"No, *they're* all locked up at home; and my cousin, Nellie Parsons, who's a missionary in the north of India, says they keep 'em just as close there as here. She'd all the work in the world awhile ago to get one of her Hindoo friends to let her take his wife for a drive, and even then he was so horrified at the whole proceeding he would only let her go in a close carriage."

So amused were our heroes with all they saw that they never noticed how fast the sun was sinking until it plunged out of sight behind the western hills.

"Hallo!" cried Ernest, starting to his feet; "hurry up, Tom, for we'll never find our way back in the dark."

"Never fear," replied Tom, confidently; "there's light enough left yet, if we step out lively."

But however lively they stepped out, darkness had fairly set in before they cleared the fields and water-courses, and found themselves in the town once more. Ernest, unused as yet to the ways of Eastern cities, was startled to find the streets, which had been so crowded and noisy barely two hours before, as lonely and silent as the grave. The very echo of their steps sounded unnaturally loud amid that ghostly stillness, and the narrow, tunnel-like streets, roofed in with matting every here and there, and almost buried between the high, gloomy, windowless houses, which in many places all but touched each other overhead, were so dark that at times our heroes had fairly to grope their way. Every winding of that gloomy maze seemed to breathe an atmosphere of treachery and midnight murder; and even Ernest's bold heart sank as he saw, by the gradual slackening of his comrade's brisk stride, and his hesitating glance around at every fresh turn, that Tom was as uncertain of their whereabouts as himself.

Suddenly the stillness was broken by a dull, muffled sound like the tramp of many feet, and the boys had barely time to draw back into the shadow of a deep archway, when there swept by them a seemingly endless train of armed men in Afghan dress, whose white turbans, and colored robes, and shining musket-barrels glimmered spectrally through the darkness.

"There's mischief afoot, you bet," whispered Tom, as the last man disappeared. "Those are Afghan soldiers from Herat, and they wouldn't sneak in after dark this way if they weren't up to some mischief. Hallo! what's this? Hurrah! here's the garden wall of the British Residency, and we'll just go right in and get Major Cavagnari to give us a guide."

But they looked in vain along the high earthen wall for any sign of a gate. Finally, Tom, getting impatient, bade Ernest stand close to the wall, scaled it by means of his companion's shoulders, and then helped him in turn to the top, whence both dropped into the garden below.

"I say," whispered Ernest, "are you sure this is the Residency garden? I don't remember seeing these thick bushes before."

"Nor I," said Tom, "and it'll be a pretty job if we've got into some Afghan fellow's grounds by mistake. However, we are in the scrape now, and we can't turn back. At least, I don't mean to. We'll consider that we are on an exploring expedition, and we may find something worth looking at. Let's creep forward and see."

Worming their way cautiously through the bushes, they came suddenly upon a very unexpected scene. Beyond the thicket lay a wide space of open ground, flanked by a large white building of fantastic Eastern shape, at the door of which were dimly visible the tall figures and shining weapons of a group of native guards. In the centre of the clear space two Afghan soldiers were pacing up and down, with shouldered muskets, on either side of an open pavilion of crimson silk, lighted by two colored lamps. Both wore frayed red coats (evidently cast-off English uniforms), and copied zealously what they supposed to be the bearing of a British sentry, holding their





"HE FOUND HIMSELF RIGHT OVER THE TENT."

heads as stiff as a ramrod, and jerking their feet into the air at every step, as if kicking some invisible foe.

Within the pavilion a square, thickset fellow, with a frightfully scarred face, in the uniform of the Herat regiment which had just passed, was standing respectfully before a stout, broad-faced man in a rich dress of embroidered silk, who sat squatting on a pile of cushions.

"We're in the wrong box clearly," muttered Tom, "but I must hear what they're talking about, for I'm certain that there's some plot on hand against us foreigners, and that this Herat fellow and his men are at the bottom of it."

So saying, he threw himself flat on the ground, and keeping in the shadow, crawled forward to the foot of the tree that overshadowed the pavilion. Finding, however, that he could only catch a few words of the talk, he swung himself up into the branches, and crept out along a projecting limb. Before he knew it he found himself right over the tent. Ernest, who was watching him, felt his blood run cold as he saw the nearest sentinel turn sharply round, and bring his musket to the "ready." But just then a

large bird flapped away from the tree with a hoarse scream, and the Afghan, disarmed of his suspicions, resumed his measured walk.

Tom gained nothing by his venture, for at that moment the Herat officer bowed, and quitted the tent. But he was instantly replaced by a tall figure in the dress of a native priest, turning toward whom the seated man displayed the low slanting forehead, small narrow eyes, and thick black mustache of Yakooob Khan, the Ameer of Afghanistan.\*

Starting back in amazement, Tom lost his balance, and fell down upon the tent with a tremendous crash, tearing the canopy right across, breaking one of the poles, and bringing down the nearest lamp with a run. The soldiers sprang toward the spot, but just then a stone flung by Ernest knocked over the other lamp, and all was dark. As the boys darted into the thicket, they heard the shouting and stumbling of the guards mingling with the yells of the sentries, who were scuffling together on the ground, each taking the other for the author of the disturbance.

"Pity there are no newspapers here," said Ernest, as they regained the street, "to placard all the walls with, 'Mysterious Attack on the Ameer.' 'The Criminals still Undetected.' However, all's right now." "All's wrong, you mean," answered Tom, gravely.

"Do you know who that man in the priest's dress was?"

"No; who was he?"

"Kara Goorg, the Persian!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

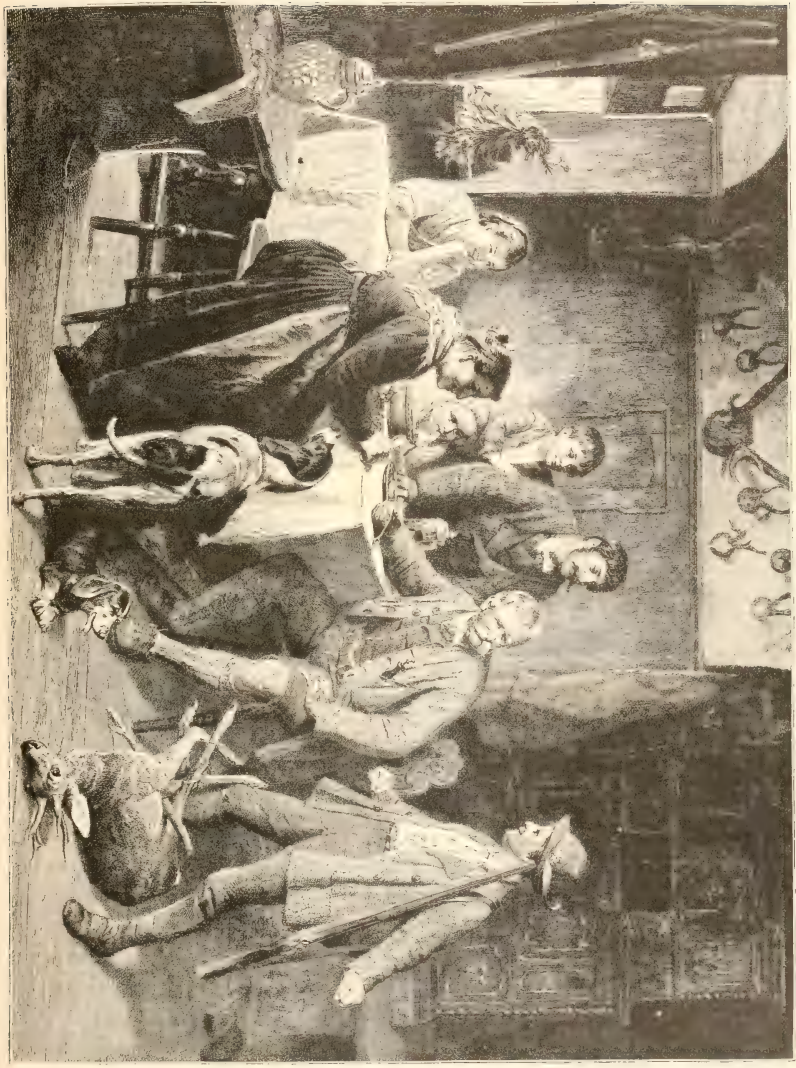
## HIIS FIRST ROEBUCK.

BY ARTHUR LINDSEY

"OUR Heinrich will gladly guide you down through the wood to-morrow mornig. It is too late to start this evening, even if Heinrich were here at this moment, and it may be night before he comes. He is away with his rifle, and has gone down in the very direction you will go to-morrow. This is his birthday—seventeen years old—and as he has never shot a roe, he determined to try his luck in hunting down toward Stromberg. The boy shoots well, and he won the prize last Christmas

\* My impressions of the ex-Ameer are drawn chiefly from my late visit to his present residence at Dehra-Dhoun, in the Himalaya Mountains.—D. K.





from all the young men in the match at Rheinböllér. He started this morning," went on old Conrad, with a pleased smile, "the more eagerly because I told him that on my seventeenth birthday I shot my first roebuck."

I needed no second invitation. Old Conrad's honest face and bearing conveyed more of a welcome than even his words.

Presently our simple supper was ready for us, and we sat down to partake of it. Before we had finished it was fully dark. Gertrude, Conrad's niece, at last spoke of Heinrich as being late; but Conrad told her that his chance for a shot at a deer would not fairly come till after sunset.

He had scarcely made this explanation, however, before a step, like that of some one moving heavily, approached. The door was opened, and in stepped an athletic sturdy young fellow, who was greeted with a burst of welcome.

The new-comer had a rifle slung on his left shoulder, while on his right he carried a roebuck such as might gladden the heart of any hunter. It was a trophy of which he could well afford to be proud, even if it had not been the first he had ever shot, and even if Gertrude had not been there to witness his triumph. But with these two things added, I doubt if any general who had just won an important battle ever felt the dignity of his position more than did Heinrich when he walked up toward the table, and laid his load upon the floor.

Up to this moment he had not said a word. His face was glowing with pride and triumph, but amidst all the hubbub of voices his had not been heard. Then, in reply to his father's questions, he began, and, as he warmed up, we soon had the story told in hunter's earnest. With a foot on each side of the buck, his hands out, fists clinched, coat flying, he poured out the German gutturals thick and fast.

Heinrich had hunted more than half the distance through the wood toward Stromberg, but without success. Just before sunset he had returned to a thicket, within a mile of home, where he had found the tracks of roes in the morning. Hiding himself near the border of the thicket, he watched and waited, well knowing that it was the habit of those timid animals to come out and feed just at dusk. Sure enough, his knowledge and his patience were at length rewarded. As it was growing almost too dark to see the sights of his rifle, a buck and a doe showed themselves at the distance of about one hundred and fifty yards. Fearful that the darkness would soon render it impossible to shoot with fair aim, he took the chance, though they were so far from him. At the shot the doe leaped into the bushes and disappeared, while the splendid roebuck lay on the grass with a bullet through his brain—a shot of a thousand.

No wonder that young Heinrich was proud, and that his face shows it. Not a boy will read this without wishing that the shot had been his own. The next day as Heinrich and I went on our way down the Simmer he showed me the place, and I measured the distance; it was six yards further than he had stated it: a remarkable shot, truly.

Like almost all the species of deer, the roe is a very graceful and elegant animal. They are exclusively inhabitants of the Eastern Continent and islands. In Great Britain none live in England nor in the Lowlands of Scotland; in the Highlands, however, they are quite common.

On the continent of Europe they are found abundantly, and notwithstanding that they are very shy and timid, they remain where the country is thickly settled, as, for instance, in this very Bacharach Wald, with old villages all about it. They are much smaller than any deer we have in America, a full-grown roebuck weighing only about sixty pounds.

## A PICNIC WITH DEATH.

### A STORY OF THE GREEK ISLANDS.\*

THERE are not many places in Europe, or, indeed, in the whole world, more beautiful than the little islands which stud the sea between Greece and Asia Minor. From Scio and Lesbos down to rocky little Tenedos, they all seem just made on purpose for a holiday jaunt; and so, doubtless, thought the party of merry picnickers who came skimming over the smooth bright sea one fine May morning on their way from the isle of Syra to a small, low-lying islet a few miles beyond it.

"Well, I call that quite a lovely place," cried one of the girls, as the green slopes and broad white sands of the smaller island, dotted here and there with dark clumps of trees, came full into view. "I wonder the folks here should give it such a bad name."

"There's a story they tell about it," said her brother, "how some old chief lived here once who had made his son clear out because he'd done something awfully mean; and one night the son came back with a lot of pirates, and killed his father, and burned up the whole place; and ever since then nobody will live on it at any price."

"They do seem shy of it, that's a fact," added another.

"I had quite a job to make our old Greek fellow yonder" (pointing to the sallow, wiry, gray-haired fisherman in the bows) "bring us over here at all; and when he saw the lunch baskets put in he muttered something which they told me meant, 'He who feasts there shall have Death for his guest.'"

Beyond all doubt old Stephanos, the fisherman, was anything but pleased with his job, even though it was the best day's work that he had done that year. His brown, wizened face seemed to grow gloomier as the islet drew nearer; and when the boat at length ran right up on to the smooth sand, nothing could persuade him to go any farther upon the "evil ground." He curled himself snugly up in the bottom of the boat, and prepared to sleep until the party came back.

But the joyous holiday-makers troubled themselves little about Stephanos or his fears, dismissing both with a hearty laugh. The lunch baskets were soon landed, and their first idea was to have their meal on the shore, and then explore the island. But finding no convenient spot along the beach, they decided (little dreaming how important that decision would be to them all) to ascend the ridge above, and carry their lunch along with them.

A snug place was soon found under the lee of a huge rock, which completely sheltered them from the sun; and there, with the cool sea-breeze playing around them, and the little island outspread below them in the midst of the clear, bright waters, they enjoyed themselves to the utmost.

But the fresh breeze died away little by little, and a hot, close, lifeless heaviness settled down upon the lonely sea.

"Isn't it terribly hot?" cried a girl, disconsolately. "I thought it was going to be quite nice, and now it's as bad as Broadway in August."

"It'll be cool enough before long, I guess," said the leader of the party, who had scrambled up on to the rock overhead. "There's a big cloud coming along over yonder, and a rain-cloud at that."

Every one rose to look, and a burst of admiring exclamations broke forth: "How grand!" "Doesn't it come on quickly?" "It doesn't seem to spread at all, though." "Is it a cloud, after all?" "Why, what else can it be?"

The careless question was suddenly and terribly answered. As the picnickers looked down, with a feeling of wonder which was just beginning to be mingled with a vague uneasiness, upon the long dark gray band that was sweeping over the smooth sea, they saw it reach a lonely

\* This story is perfectly true, and I lately passed the island on which the catastrophe occurred, in the course of a voyage to Egypt.—ARTHUR.

rock that stood gauntly up out of the blue sun-lit waters several miles to the northwest.

As they passed it in their boat that morning they had looked up and seen that rock towering full fifty feet overhead; but now, as the advancing shadow reached it, it vanished at once beneath a mountain of foaming water that leaped up into the air more than a hundred feet.

"It's a *wave*!" screamed their leader, springing back. "Run! run!"

The warning was hardly needed. Almost before he could utter it the whole party were running helter-skelter toward the top of the ridge.

But quickly as they fled they were only just in time. Hardly had the last one been dragged up by the rest on to the steep tower-shaped rock that crowned the slope when there came a shock and a crash as if the very earth were torn asunder. In a moment the whole island had disappeared, and all around them up to the very foot of the rock was one roaring whirlpool of boiling foam and lashing spray.

The wave itself went by them like the rush of a waterfall, but such a mighty mass of water could not sweep over the sea without shaking it far and wide. Following upon the great wave came a long train of lesser billows, roaring and foaming and lashing on every side, and more than two hours passed before they could venture to descend from their place of refuge.

When they did come down at last, they found themselves in the midst of a scene of desolation which no words can describe. By one stroke the beautiful little fairy islet had been changed into a hideous desert. Trees were torn up by the roots, or twisted round like straws. Stones and gravel lay heaped in uneven ridges, between which lay deep pools of salt-water. Huge boulders, hurled from their place, stood gauntly up amid the dismal waste of bare wet sand that overspread all the once green and sunny uplands, and the sea was rolling fathom-deep over the spot where their boat had lain high upon the beach only a few hours before.

To look for any place of encampment amid such a chaos was simply hopeless. Shivering with cold and terror, the forlorn party crept back to their sheltering rock. There, with the waters surging about them like a dull funeral wail, they cowered all through the long, dreary night.

The next morning our castaways were luckily seen by a passing steamer, which sent a boat to take them off. Nothing more was ever heard of their own boat, or of poor old Stephanos, whose superstitious fears had brought down destruction upon him by the very means which he took to avoid it; and although the excursionists remained some time longer in Greek waters, their first island picnic was also their last.

## EARTH-WORMS.

BY SARAH COOPER.

**N**OW, my dear young friends, let us go out and dig for earth-worms. They are very disagreeable creatures, you will say, and we do not like to have anything to do with them. It is very true. Few people care for earth-worms, except the boys who like to use them for bait. But instead of torturing them on fish-hooks, we will make friends with the despised worms, and learn that none of these lowly creatures are too humble to perform their part in Nature's plan.

Who would have thought the little earth-worm had any work to do, or was of any further use in the world than to bait fish-hooks? Yet so it is, and we are now told that the present fertile condition of the earth is largely due to earth-worms.

Then we must take another look at these industrious workers. Having selected a fine large specimen, we will

put it on a plate or on a piece of white paper, where it will show to advantage. The worm will of course creep to the edge and try to hide from sight. Some of you may shrink from touching the cold, damp worm to lift it back on the plate, so with your pencil you may change its direction, even though you can not persuade it to stay where it is placed.

Notice, please, that this is the first animal we have examined which lives upon land. The simplest forms of life occur in water, but from this point on our studies we shall sometimes come ashore for specimens, and the boys and girls all over the country will have an equal chance to obtain them. Even those who live in large cities can procure earth-worms.

Let us study for a moment the illustration of an earth-worm that we have here. The worm itself is shown at *a*; *b* is a small part of it magnified so as to show the bristles pointing backward. The egg of the worm, *c*, is curiously constructed, having a valve at one end. In *d* we see the young worm, which has opened the valve, and is coming out.

The body of the worm tapers toward each end, so that we can scarcely tell the head from the tail unless we watch the direction in which it creeps. Notice all those little rings across the body, and see how they slip in and out of each other as the worm moves. These rings can be drawn so close together that a large worm will sometimes make itself very short. Does this creature look like a radiate? I am sure you will think not, and we will learn now that all animals which have the body made up of rings or segments extending crosswise belong to another class.

The earth-worm contains from one hundred to two hundred of these rings, each of which is furnished with four pair of bristles pointing backward. You can easily feel them with your fingers. The bristles assist in crawling, and prevent the worm from slipping back as the rings are contracted and expanded. Still the worm can creep backward when it desires to, and many of you may have noticed how rapidly these timid animals draw back into their holes.

Earth-worms have no distinct head or eyes. The mouth consists of two lips, and it has neither teeth nor tentacles. The semi-transparent body will enable you to see the food canal, extending from the mouth through the whole length of the worm, and enlarged in two places to form the crop and gizzard. Grains of sand and small stones are often found within the strong gizzard, where they probably act as millstones in helping to grind the food. Birds, we know, are in the habit of swallowing stones for the same purpose.

We find no heart in these lowly creatures, but in its place a set of blood-vessels, which contract in such a way as to force the blood from the tail to the head. It is supposed that earth-worms breathe by tubes opening upon the external surface of their bodies. Each one of the rings is supplied with a pair of nervous ganglia. By the word ganglia is meant a centre of nerves; it consists of a mass of nerve cells sending out nerve fibres to other parts of the body.

Worms live in burrows in the ground, and in making them they swallow an astonishing amount of earth, out of which they take all the nourishing matter. They do not confine themselves, however, to this coarse diet, but they feed upon leaves and stems, from the edges of which they





suck off little bits, having first drawn them into their burrows for a distance of two or three inches. Leaves are also dragged in for plugging their burrows. When they can not get leaves for this purpose they sometimes pile up heaps of stone to close the entrance. This work is all done during the night.

The burrows are often lined with a layer of fine earth, which seems not only to strengthen the walls, but to form a smooth surface for the worm's body. At the bottom of the burrow there is generally an enlarged chamber which contains small stones, and here the worms pass the winter rolled up two or three together in a ball.

Now if we want to know what becomes of the earth which is swallowed by worms, we have but to remember the rounded, worm-like heaps of earth called "castings," which are so thick among the grass, and on the untrodden parts of paths and drives, or in the flower-pots when a few worms have been dug up with our favorite house plants. When a worm comes to the surface to empty its body it backs out of its hole, and the earth is ejected in spurts, first on one side, then on the other, until it forms a little heap, which hardens in drying. It is estimated that the quantity of fine earth thus carried to the surface in the course of a year would in many places form a layer one-fifth of an inch in thickness, amounting to a weight of more than ten tons on each acre.

Have you ever noticed the layers of different-colored earth that are exposed in digging a well or a cellar? The upper layer, you may remember, is mostly of a rich dark color. It consists of fine soil two or three inches deep, which has been sifted of stones and coarse materials, and is spoken of as "vegetable mould." This fertile layer is the work of earth-worms.

Charles Darwin estimated that the whole mass of vegetable mould which is spread over the surface of the earth passes through the bodies of worms once every four years, in this way exposing fresh masses of earth to the influence of rain and wind. Worms also do much to enrich the soil by the great number of leaves and twigs drawn into their burrows.

The bones of dead animals, the harder parts of insects, the shells of land mollusks, leaves, twigs, etc., are before long all buried beneath the castings of worms, and are thus brought

in a more or less decayed state within reach of the roots of plants."

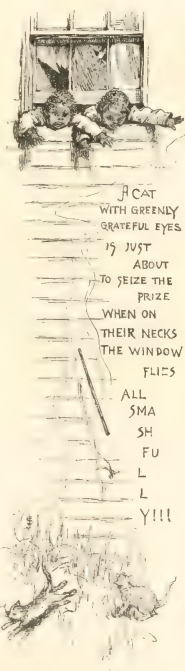
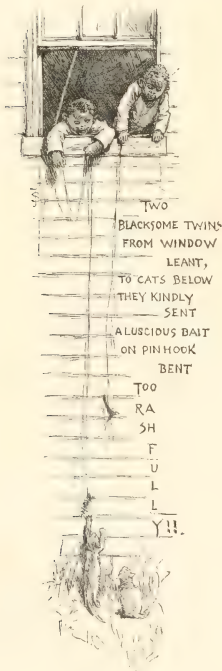
"The plough is one of the most ancient and most valuable of man's inventions; but long before he existed the land was in fact regularly ploughed, and still continues to be thus ploughed, by earth-worms. It may be doubted whether there are many other animals which have played so important a part in the history of the world as have these lowly organized creatures." The corals indeed have done more conspicuous work in constructing great reefs and islands, but these are mostly confined to the tropical zones.

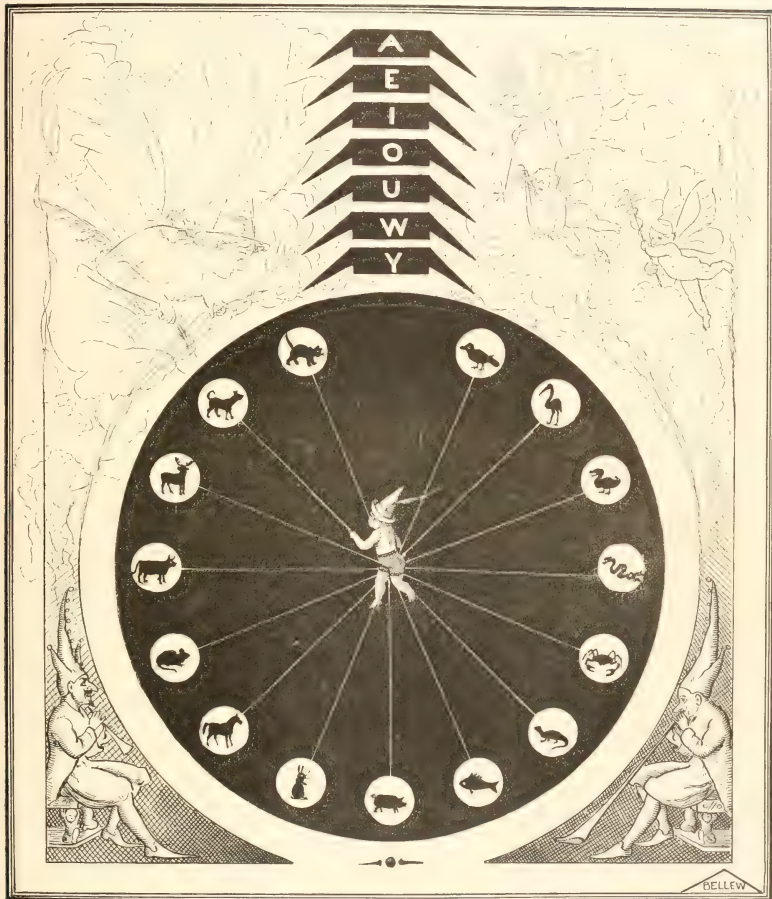
It is no new discovery that pebbles and cinders and even large stones lying on the ground will in a few years disappear. Neglected and unused pavements will also be covered with soil which supports a growth of grass and weeds. These every-day wonders escape the attention of most of us, but Charles Darwin, while pursuing his studies and observations upon various subjects, still found time to notice the worms. He and his sons watched them for more than thirty-five years before he published the book which gives these interesting facts.

He says that worms often lie motionless for hours just beneath the mouth of their burrows, so that by looking closely their heads may be seen. If the earth or rubbish over the burrow be suddenly removed, the worm retreats rapidly. This habit of lying near the surface leads to great destruction. At certain seasons of the year the thrushes and blackbirds draw out of their holes an astonishing number. Watch the robins some morning hopping over the lawn, and see how they peek and peek at some object, finally bracing themselves upon their tails, and pulling with all their might, as if determined to draw the victim out this time; but the worm holds on so tightly by its short bristles that it is no easy matter.

Earth-worms exist all over the world, in cold countries as well as in warm ones, and even in small islands far out in the ocean. They require some moisture, and during very dry weather, or when the ground is frozen, they retire to a considerable depth.

Large quantities of worms are often found dead on the pavements after a heavy rain. As earth-worms like moisture, it is scarcely probable these have been drowned. Darwin suggests that they were already sick, and the flood may only have hastened their death.





### THE WIZARD'S FRYING-PAN.

BY FRANK BELLEW

**THIS** is not a game, neither is it exactly a puzzle, but a wonderful trick.

The Wizard, who must understand the game, will allow any one to count on the frying-pan any number he pleases; and without his letting the Wizard or any one else know the number he has counted, the Wizard will tell him where he stops.

This is the way you do: You think of a number in your mind; we will suppose it to be nine. Now you commence to count, starting with any vowel you please on the handle of the frying-pan. We will say you start at O. Well, O is one, U is two, W is three, Y is four; now you come to the magic circle, and you continue counting on the white buttons either to the right or left, whichever you please. We will suppose you continue to count on the left side. You have already counted up to four. Well,

the cat makes five, the dog six, the deer seven, the cow eight, the rat nine; here you stop. Now you begin to count nine back again, but this time you do not go on to the handle, but stick to the magic circle, thus: the rat counts one, the cow two, the deer three, the dog four, the cat five, the crow six, the crane seven, the duck eight, and the snake nine, and that is your stopping-place.

Now think of any number you please, from seven to seven hundred, and count in this way, and the Wizard will tell you every time exactly where you stop. All you have to do is to tell the Wizard from which vowel on the handle you start, and which way you turn, whether by the cat-and-dog, or left side, or by the crow-and-crane, or right side.

Now for the benefit of the Wizard, who alone must take a peep, we give a full explanation of this wonderful game in the Post-office Box. Let one of your number, whom you have chosen as Wizard, look there. The rest of you must remain in ignorance, so that you can enjoy the game.









QUEEN OF THE GAY NORTHERN LIGHTS.

## BRISK AND HER MASTER.

**T**HE question is often asked, "Do dogs understand what is said?" and to this every one will reply, "To a certain extent they do, as is shown by their obedience to their master's commands."

"He can do everything but talk," is a not uncommon remark of a dog lover, as he pats the shaggy head of his four-footed friend and companion.

Still, no one will assert that dogs understand an ordinary conversation, though they undoubtedly often listen attentively, when they are fond of the speakers, and obtain bits of information from detached words.

More than this, they obey signs in a stealthy fashion, and move as if they were treading on eggs, thus showing that they look upon a signal as an injunction to secrecy, and act accordingly.

In proof of this I will instance the doings of an English terrier of my acquaintance. Brisk has been unfortunate enough to offend her master. Being in want of something to do, she gnawed the leg of a handsome chair, and was chased out of the dining-room in consequence.

Having been accustomed to spend a good deal of her time on the hearth-rug, she objects to this banishment, and as she is tolerated there when the master is absent, she is always on the lookout for his departure in the morning.

She will peep in at the dining-room door and look at her mistress, as if to ask, "Is he gone yet?"

Without speaking, the lady will lift up her husband's hat or umbrella, or point to the out-door boots by the fender, when Brisk slinks off again, knowing that if these articles are in sight, the master has not taken his departure yet. As soon as the hall door closes Brisk prances in, tail erect, and, manifesting her delight in every possible way, she takes up her favorite position.

But let her mistress rise and place her husband's slippers within the fender, Brisk requires no other notice. The dog, so to speak, "has had her day," and she at once retires, knowing that the slipper-warming process always precedes only by a few minutes the arrival of her master.

If the lady, when conversing with a friend, introduces the words, "The master will soon be home," or, "I believe the master is coming," Brisk immediately rises, walks to the door, and manifests great discomfort until it is opened, and she can get out of the room.

Yet the lady merely introduces a remark about the master's

return in the course of conversation, and without looking toward the dog or varying her tone. Brisk may be stretched apparently asleep, but she never requires a second warning.

Again, if the lady makes any allusion to her intention of going out when in the dog's presence, Brisk follows her everywhere, dogging her footsteps, and never losing sight of her for a moment, lest she should be left behind. But let her mistress say, "I shall take an omnibus," and Brisk gives it up as a bad job, and retires to her own quarters, sulky and disgusted at being disappointed of her anticipated run.



## MINNIE'S CALCULATIONS.

**S** AID Minnie, with pride,  
As she counted her chicks,  
"When they're grown a bit bigger  
I'll sell all the six;  
And as each ought to fetch  
At the least half a crown,  
I can quite well afford me  
A new Sunday gown."

Alas for our castles!  
How soon they all slip!  
The cat ate one chicken,  
And one got the pip;  
And while mourning their brother  
And sister, the four  
Were crushed by the carter-boy  
Slamming the door.

"Don't reckon your chickens  
Before they are hatched,"  
Is a proverb some fancy  
Can never be matched;  
But I think that this other  
Deserves to be told—  
"Don't count on their value  
Until they are sold."



# HARPER'S

# YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 211

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Tuesday, November 13, 1883.

Copyright, 1883, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$1.50 per Year, in Advance.



"WHO WON THE PRIZE SCHOLARSHIP?"

## AN HONOR WELL DESERVED.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

THE school term was fast drawing to a close. Only one day remained before vacation would begin. And on that day was to be the final examination, to which so many girls looked forward with beating hearts; for that

examination was to decide who were to receive prizes, who were to be promoted, and whose name was to stand highest on the roll of honor.

"Oh, if it should be mine!" said Jessie Dortnall, as, book in hand, she paced up and down the garden walk in front of her grandmother's pretty cottage. "How glad—how very, very glad I should be!"



There was every reason that Jessie should think it might be hers. Two years ago she had entered the Wexham Academy, and from that time to the present she had been an excellent scholar. Though Jessie lived several miles from the city where the school was, and had to reach it by an hour's railroad travelling every morning, she had been absent but two days. These had been unusually stormy, and it would not have been safe for her to venture out. As for "late" marks, she had never received one, and, indeed, she had very often been seated at her desk before many of the city girls made their appearance. And, oh! she had studied so faithfully for the last six months, for the principal had announced on the 2d of January that the girl in her class whose name led the roll of honor should not only be promoted one step, but two, and also be entitled henceforth to free instruction in the French and German languages.

Jessie was now fourteen, and she was very anxious to finish her education, and to finish it creditably, by the time she was seventeen. Her great desire was to become a teacher, and help her grandmother, with whom she lived, and who was the only near relative she had in the world. The dear old woman fortunately owned the cottage which stood by the side of the lake, but the only income she had was a small pension from the government, her husband having been killed in war, and the money she earned by the aid of her hens, chickens, and cow. She and her granddaughter could have managed to live tolerably well had it not been for the expense of Jessie's schooling. To get the money for that required the most economical and skillful management. Still they did get it. But Jessie would insist upon looking at it in the light of a debt. To pay it back was the wish that lay nearest to her heart.

Well, Jessie had stood side by side with five other girls on the first of the three examination days. On the second there were but two left to compete with her. How would it be on the morrow? "Oh dear! oh dear! I wish it were over!" she thought, as she paused at the garden gate to look at the bonfire some children had built of drift-wood on the beach, about a hundred feet away, and which, the wood being very dry and the day breezy, was burning very rapidly, and showering sparks in every direction.

As she looked the children began to scream and run toward the cottage. Throwing her book down, Jessie unlatched the gate, and fairly flew over the ground in the direction of the frightened little ones. And nearing them, she saw that the clothing of one of the smallest girls was in flames. Quick as thought, scarcely pausing in her flight, she seized the child in her arms and rushed to the lake. In she plunged, and little Molly Clark was saved from a dreadful death. But, alas! Jessie's long floating hair had taken fire as she ran, and though there was such a short space of time before her plunge in the water, the long sunny curls had burned to her very head. Thus it happened that the rescuer was more seriously hurt than the rescued.

No school for her on the morrow. When the first bell was ringing in the city far away, she was lying in her bed, with her head and hands swathed and a soft bandage bound around her eyes, unconscious of everything but pain. And all that summer she lay there, being nursed by her dear old grandmother slowly back to life again. The pansies in her own little garden bloomed and bloomed, and looked up with queer, inquiring faces to her window as though wondering why she never came to praise them, and the lilies that she loved so well opened their fragrant cups and closed them again without a word or smile from her.

But with September came returning strength, and with returning strength came the remembrance of the examination day she had lost and the prize she had hoped to win. "I wonder if I gained *any* prize," she said to herself on the afternoon of the day after that on which school re-

opened. But while she was wondering some one knocked at her room door, and, in answer to her faint "Come in," two of her school-mates entered the room.

"Have I been promoted?" was the first question she asked, and "Who won the prize scholarship?" was her next.

"Listen," said Jennie Moody, seating herself on the side of the bed, and reading from a paper she held in her hand: "There were three girls, each of whom was found quite worthy to rank highest on the roll of honor on the second examination day. On the third and last day one of these girls was absent, but the two remaining ones, still ranking together, both declared they were ready and willing to yield the honor to her, she being every whit as good a scholar as themselves, while in sweetness of temper, and in patient, faithful study, she greatly excelled them."

"All the members of her class agreed in this statement, and the committee finding that her absence was due to the fact of her having on the previous day saved a little friend from death, thereby endangering her own life, they have concluded to depart a little from set rules, and inscribe first upon the roll of honor the name of Jessie Dornall."

"And here in my school satchel," said Effie Green, "I have a whole lot of goodies the girls have sent you."

"Oh, how happy I am!" exclaimed Jessie, the tears of joy running down her cheeks. "How very, very happy I am!"

#### SIR LOUIS DE LA BALBE CRILLON.

FROM THE GERMAN OF STRACHWITZ.

BY E. M. TRACVAIR.

SIR Louis de la Balbe Crillon,  
The man who never feared a foe,  
Sir Louis de la Balbe Crillon,  
Who held the fortress of Bordeaux:

Sir Louis de la Balbe Crillon  
Lay down to rest at eventide;  
The day had been both hard and long,  
And in the walls the breach was wide.

Whose sword gleams in the waning light?  
'Tis gay De Guise, the youthful lord,  
Whose clashing armor stirs the night;  
Yet slept Crillon, and nothing heard.

"Ha, Montjoie! Awake, Crillon!  
The gate is down, the foe is here!"  
Sir Louis de la Balbe Crillon  
Sprang up at once with tranquil cheer.

With head uncovered, ankles bare,  
Nor shield nor helmet sought Crillon.  
"The foe! My sword, where is it—where?"  
The Duke of Guise laughed loud and long.

"The gate is fast, no foe is near.  
In Paris once I heard them tell  
None e'er had seen thee quake for fear,  
And, sooth, I now believe it well.

"'Twas but a sorry jest to try  
Thy mettle in a sudden plight.  
Forgive me, hero, pass it by!"  
But Crillon's brow grew dark as night.

Quailed young De Guise to hear this word,  
As face to face the warriors stood:  
"Twas well for thee, thou youthful lord,  
That I maintained my courage good."



## THE BOYHOOD OF MARTIN LUTHER.

MARTIN LUTHER is one of the few great men of the world with whose boyhood we really feel familiar. Our acquaintance with him, indeed, goes back to his babyhood, when he was christened in St. Peter's Church, Eisenben, and received the name of Martin, because he was born on the day sacred to that saint.

All his ancestors were good but poor and uneducated people. He was the son of a peasant, he tells us, the grandson of a peasant, and the great-grandson of a peasant. His father, who had been a wood-cutter, and afterward became a miner, though untaught himself, had a great idea of education, and resolved that at least one of his children should be a scholar. Accordingly, when the boy was only five years old, the father took him one day to Master Nicolas Emilius's school at Mansfeld, where they were then living.

Master Emilius had a reputation for being strict and severe, and Mrs. Luther, Martin's mother, dreaded the idea of putting her little boy in his care. "They say that Nicolas Emilius is so harsh," she ventured to remark to her husband when he suggested the plan. Now Mr. Luther, though a good father, was by no means an indulgent one. He often whipped the little Martin himself, and for fear of him we read that the child would hide away in the great chimney of the cottage; so we are not surprised when we learn that he answered his wife, "The only way to bring up children properly is by fear and chastisement."

With the father and the school-teacher both holding this opinion, it might be expected that the little boy would have a pretty hard time, especially as he proved to be rather a dull scholar. His Latin grammar gave him a great deal of trouble, and when he could not get the cases and tenses into his head, Master Emilius would give him a severe flogging. One morning he was whipped as often as fifteen times.

Even religion was made stern and forbidding. The master never spoke of the Lord but as an angry Judge, and when the boy heard the name of Jesus Christ he grew pale with dread. It was not strange that by-and-by he came to hate his school. "The master is a tyrant," he would declare to his mother, with passionate tears in his eyes. Nevertheless, he staid there nine years, and I have no doubt it was the severe training of Master Emilius, who later on became his own brother-in-law, that disciplined his character for the work which he was afterward to do.

When Luther was fourteen years old his father sent him to school at Magdeburg, and here, since he was very poor, he had to get his bread and butter by singing with the other school-boys in the streets. This was a common custom in Germany, and there was no disgrace in it, but it exposed the young singer to ill treatment, which hurt his sensitive spirit. Once he was singing before a house, when the owner himself, who was rich, came running out, crying loudly, "Where are you, you knaves!"

"We all took to our heels," said Martin, afterward telling the story, "for we thought that we had angered him by our importunity, and he was going to beat us; but he called us back, and gave us two leaves."

In his prosperous old age Luther did not forget that he had sung in the streets for food. "Never despise the poor boys," he urged others, "who sing at the house doors and ask bread for the love of God. How often have I been one of such a group!"

Luther, indeed, had occasion to remember his experience as a singer, since it was in this way that he met his first good fortune. He had gone from Magdeburg to Eisenach, and was singing there one day before a certain house, when the people called him a beggar and a vagabond, and

drove him from the door. "What!" he exclaimed, "are we to be despised because we sing for bread? Have not many great doctors and gentlemen begun like us? Must I give up my studies, return to my father's, and work in the mines at Mansfeld?"

At this crisis Mistress Ursula Cotta, a good woman and a burgomaster's daughter, who had heard the boy's singing, and remarked the abuse which he had received, called him to her door. Here she gave him bread, and, what was better still, motherly sympathy. More than that, she invited him to make her house his home. From that time Martin felt a new ambition.

He had been treated with kindness almost for the first time in his life. His school became interesting to him, his studies were no longer drudgery and toil; and he worked hard to prepare himself for the University. His master at Eisenach, John Trebonius, must have been a very great contrast to the severe Emilius. Trebonius, it is said, would take off his hat to his scholars when entering the school-room, and when asked the reason of his politeness, would say: "There are great men here among us. Some of these boys will one day be men of learning, burgomasters, chancellors, and doctors."

In his eighteenth year Martin entered the University of Erfurt, where he studied more diligently than ever. It was while he was here that he first became acquainted with the Bible. It seems odd that as late as four hundred years ago, in so enlightened a country as Germany, any young man could have lived to be twenty years old without knowing something about the Scriptures. But until he became that age Luther had never even seen a copy. He had never heard the story of little Samuel, upon which his eye fell as he opened the book, and which he read for the first time with the greatest interest and delight. Not long after that he was very much impressed by the sudden death of his dear friend Alexius, who was struck down by lightning at his side. Fearing he might be struck himself, he vowed that if his life were spared he would devote it to God's service.

With the rest of Luther's life everybody is familiar. One does not need to tell how he became a famous preacher, whose doctrines stirred up the whole Christian world, how he defended himself before the most powerful and distinguished princes, how his fearless courage made even his enemies admire him, and how finally he overcame them, and ended his life in honor and in peace. All this has been told many times, and will be told many times again, especially during this month, which brings around the four-hundredth anniversary of his birth. On such an occasion it is worth while recalling, as we have done, some of the incidents of Luther's boyhood, if we may thereby discover the secret of his success.

Has any boy or girl discovered it already? Was it not due to the hardships which he suffered in early life, and the self-denial which they taught him to exercise? Did not the discipline of Master Emilius, harsh though it was, have something to do with it? We do not believe nowadays in flogging boys to make them turn out useful men, and very likely Martin Luther would have been a sweeter and tenderer man if he had not been so sternly treated when he was a boy; but, on the other hand, he might have been less strong and bold, and so, for all we know, Luther's education was just the kind to fit him for the peculiar part which he was called upon to play in after-life.

Very few, however, will care to imitate him in this. Most of us would rather find some other road to success than through floggings and harsh treatment; and even if we were willing ourselves to be whipped, it is not likely that our parents would let us have the chance. Happily there are very few fathers now who believe with Mr. Luther that the way to bring up children is through pain-



URSULA COTTA AND THE BOY SINGERS.

ishment and fear. What we can imitate Luther in, however, is his perseverance, his courage, and his self-denial. These are habits which every one may possess, and which, if they are practiced, will surely bring success, not as great, perhaps, as Martin Luther's, but of the same true and real kind.

## THE LOST CITY.\*

OR, THE BOY EXPLORERS IN CENTRAL ASIA.

BY DAVID KER.

### CHAPTER V.

#### A FIGHT BY FIRE-LIGHT.

**C**OLONEL HILTON looked very grave over the story of the evening's adventures; he looked graver still when he returned from being presented to the Ameer next morning.

"He was civil enough," said he, as they sat over their mid-day meal in the curtained balcony, "but fine words and armed cut-throats don't fit well together. The fact's just this: the whole city is ready for a row, and the Ameer's doing nothing to keep it down, while the priests are doing everything to get it up."

"Yes," cried Ernest, "there was one of them speaking to a crowd at the end of the street just now, and they were all shrieking and tossing their arms about like mad."

"And early this morning," added Tom, "a soldier of the Herat regiment went swaggering past our door, and called out to a lot of the Cabool fellows who were lounging about: 'Ha! you let yourselves be beaten by the Ugrez' (English) 'last year; they wouldn't have beaten us so easily.'"

"Wait a little," says one of the Caboolis, "and you shall see that we can kill the unbelievers as well as you."

"Hum," said Professor Makaroff. "It seems to me, my friends, that the best thing you can do is just to pack your things and come with me to-morrow when I start to look for the Lost City."

"You forget, Pavel Petrovitch," replied the Colonel,

"that we are now attached to the Envoy's suite, and mustn't go till he goes. Besides, I don't suppose they would think of attacking a Russian mission; it's their game to be friends with Russia, now that the English are threatening them again. It's poor Major Cavanaugh and his guard that they mean to butcher; but I'll go and warn him this very day."

Colonel Hilton did so, but all in vain. The brave Englishman was as kind and courteous as ever, but nothing could persuade him to take any precaution against the fatal snare which every one saw plainly except himself.

"Many thanks for your kindness, Colonel Hilton, but there's nothing to be feared from such curs as these. They may yelp and show their teeth, but they've not pluck enough for a fight. Moreover, I have been placed here by our government, and I

need not tell an American officer that the last thing which should make any soldier quit his post is the fear of personal danger."

The next day Professor Makaroff, with a strong escort of Cossacks, three or four Afghans, and a Tartar guide, started on his hunt for the Lost City, with as jolly a smile upon his little round face as if he were only bound on a picnic, instead of a journey through one of the most perilous regions in all Asia. When he was gone the rest of the party had leisure to notice that their Afghan servant, Sikander, had been missing nearly two days.

"That's bad," said the Colonel, shaking his head. "I can guess where he's gone, for when a row of this sort once begins, it's safe to draw in every Mohammedan within reach. He's been true as steel all the time I've had him, but one might as well try to tame a wolf as one of these Afghans."

And now the signs of the coming storm began to multiply on every side. All the bustling groups of merchants, store-keepers, porters, water-carriers, sellers of fruit or sherbet, that ordinarily crowded the streets, had vanished, and in their stead appeared a throng of wild faces and glittering weapons, while the air rang with cries of "Death to the unbelievers!" After night-fall the streets seemed deserted, as usual; but it did not escape Tom Hilton's keen eye that in every dark corner several shadowy figures were lurking, as if awaiting some expected signal. The few European residents were never seen outside their closely shut houses, and even our thoughtless heroes felt like men standing on the deck of a burning powder-ship.

So matters went until the evening of the fourth day after the Professor's departure. Colonel Hilton had accompanied the Russian Envoy to the palace, and our two friends were together in one of the lower rooms, when the curtain of the doorway was suddenly thrown back, and the missing Sikander stood before them. But his plain dress was now replaced by the gold-fringed turban and snow-white robe of an Afghan chief, a jewelled *yangtghan* (sword), and a brace of silver-mounted pistols hung at his girdle of red silk, and his once grave and stolid face was all ablaze with fierce excitement.

"Sons of a noble chief," said he, in his sonorous native tongue, "hear the words of Sikander Beg. When my

enemies drove me from my own land your father gave me shelter. I have eaten his bread and salt, and his friends are the friends of Sikander. None will harm you here, but as ye love your lives, stir not forth to-night."

The curtain fell behind him, and he was gone.

Both lads sprang to their feet at once. There was no need to speak: the same thought was in the minds of both. In a moment they were wrapped in the long Afghan mantles which they had bought as mementos of Cabool, and within two minutes after being warned that it was certain death to stir out, they were hurrying toward the British Residency.

Night had already set in, and the streets through which they passed were completely deserted, while the silence was broken only by a dull, distant sound, like the moan of a far-off sea. But they were barely half-way to the Residency when a strong hand grasped Ernest's shoulder, and a familiar voice chuckled, hoarsely:

"You should always git all your men together, Mr. Ernest, afore you goes into h'action. Wherever Captain Clairmont's son goes, old Bill Barlow goes too."

There was no time to argue, and a few minutes more brought the three to the Residency, at the door of which stood Major Cavagnari himself, listening, with a look of stern gravity on his handsome sun-browned face, to the distant murmur, which was gradually swelling into a deep hoarse roar. The boys told him breathlessly that the threatened attack had come at last, and were begging him to come and take refuge with them before it was too late, when their words were drowned by a trampling of countless feet and the ear-piercing yell of the Afghan war-cry,

"Deen, deen!" (the faith, the faith). They had barely time to spring inside and bar the heavy gate behind them when all outside it was one roaring sea of rags, dirt, knives, struggling limbs, hideous faces, and wolfish cries.

"It's too late now, my brave lads," said Cavagnari, "and I'm only sorry you should have risked your lives for me to no purpose. Luckily, I've only three Englishmen here besides myself, so England won't lose much by our death."

The fearless words were answered by a crash of stones against the front of the building, while the strong gate began to echo with the blows of its assailants. At the same moment a yell from the garden showed that the mob had scaled the boundary wall, and that the house was now beset on every side.

Ernest felt his pulses tingle, and the blood rushed through his veins like living fire, as he seized a rifle and hurried to his post. He seemed to have grown up in a single moment. Yesterday he was a light-hearted boy, without a thought beyond the present instant; to-day he was taking part in events which were to change the fate of a kingdom and to live forever in history. In his excitement he hardly thought of the certain death that awaited them all; for what chance had the twenty-five Hindu regulars and fifty irregulars, who, with the three Englishmen above mentioned, formed Cavagnari's entire garrison, against the whole population of Cabool?

And now the battle began in earnest. A spattering fire of matchlocks and pistols ran through the crowd, lighting up their wild figures and savage faces; and showers of stones were hurled at every window, while a few of the



"HE OPPOSED HIMSELF SINGLY TO A DOZEN OF THE ENEMY."

boldest, encouraged by seeing no sign of resistance, closed in and began to batter the gate with axes and hammers.

"Fire!" shouted a stern voice overhead.

The flash and crack of the volley came as the thunder-clap follows the lightning, and the shrieks and groans that rose up out of the darkness below bore fatal witness to its effect. For one moment the wave of assault recoiled, but only to surge forward again. The firing was now incessant on both sides, and the doomed house stood out against the surrounding blackness amid a dancing ring of flame, when suddenly the cracks of the rifles and the yells of the Afghans were out-thundered by a tremendous roll of musketry, which seemed to shake the very air.

"'Twas no raw hands that fired *that* volley," cried Bill Barlow, who, overjoyed already at being once more among trained soldiers, was doubly so to find a disciplined force opposed to him. "Hurrah! I never thought I'd have the luck to fight agin reg'lar troops any more!"

It was too true. The Herat regiment had just joined the assailants (thus proving that the besieged could hope for no help from the Ameer), and with it came a new and terrible enemy. Either from wanton mischief or settled purpose, the Afghans had fired the little summer-house in the garden; and the flames catching the surrounding trees and bushes, which were dry as tinder from the long heat, the whole inclosure was soon one red and roaring blaze.

Thicker and thicker rolled the smoke, hotter and hotter grew the air. Tom and Ernest, half stifled, crept out upon the balcony, hidden by the smoke—for the house itself was now on fire. But a sudden gust rent the cloud, and amid the sea of upturned faces below, which the blood-red glare threw out with ghastly clearness, they saw one familiar countenance turned toward them with a look of agony and horror, such as might be worn by a man who, striking at a supposed enemy, finds that he has killed his only son. It was the face of Sikander!

The next moment a shower of bullets drove them back into the burning house, and in a momentary lull of the firing they could hear the enemy bursting in below.

"Shake hands, old boy," said Tom; "it's all up now. God bless you!"

All that followed was like a troubled dream. Ernest was dimly aware of the door falling inward before a rush of shrieking Afghans, of Bill felling the foremost with his clubbed rifle, and being himself thrown down the next moment. He saw Tom stagger back against the wall, and sprang in front of him. Then he opposed himself singly to a dozen of the enemy, firing his revolver right in their faces. Then came a heavy shock, a pang of sharp pain, and all was a blank.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE EXTRA TICKET

BY ELIOT MCCORMICK

MR. JOHN STEVENS was the teacher of a Sunday-school class of seven boys. They were engaging boys; that is, they engaged their teacher's undivided attention in the class, since he was never sure but that they would fire paper wads across the room, or draw the curtain that ran on a rod directly above their heads, or otherwise misconduct themselves so as to excite the just wrath of the Superintendent, and disgrace both Mr. Stevens and themselves. To tell the truth, they had never done these things, at least since John Stevens had been their teacher, but he had heard of their doing them before, and fancied that they might do them at some time again, and so kept his eyes pretty steadily fixed on Tom Drew and Percy Flint, knowing that if he could hold these two, he was sure of the rest.

Notwithstanding their faults and the trials which they often caused his patience, Mr. Stevens was fond of the

boys, and believed that they were fond of him. Once in a while he would have them around to his house, or take them out for an afternoon, and on one occasion they all went to the American Institute Fair. The boys are several years older now than they were then. They do not fire paper wads, the curtain hangs undisturbed, and their general conduct is quite correct. But as long as they may live they will never forget the excursion of that night, and the little drama in which they took part.

If George Maclay had been able to go, there would not have been any drama at all; but after they had got so far as to buy the Fair tickets at the elevated railroad station George became suddenly ill, and declared that he must go home. He would not let anybody go with him. It was bad enough to lose his own fun, without spoiling any one else's; so he mournfully bade them good-night, and went down the long flight of steps.

This left Mr. Stevens with one ticket over, and after they had got in the car the boys discussed among themselves what should be done with it.

"Let me sell it for you, Mr. Stevens," Tom Drew proposed. "I'll stand outside the door and offer it for forty cents. 'Most anybody 'll give me that for it."

"Oh, get out!" objected Percy Flint. "You don't suppose Mr. Stevens is going to sell it, do you? He'll give it away. Ain't you going to give it away, Mr. Stevens?"

Mr. Stevens laughed. "I'll tell you what I'll do," he said; "I'll give it to any one whom you six boys agree upon."

This was putting a heavy responsibility upon them, and the boys looked at one another with as much gravity as if the ticket had cost five dollars.

"Well," said Tom Drew, looking up and down the car, "suppose we give it to that old fellow down there in the corner."

"That foreigner!" exclaimed Bob Merritt, surveying the man's shabby clothing and sad countenance. "He'd better go to the poor-house; that's the place for him."

This seemed the opinion of the rest; and, indeed, there appeared to be no one in the car on whom they could all agree.

"Oh, there's nobody here that wants one," said Percy at length. "Let's wait till we get out. There'll be somebody hanging around the door."

When finally they reached the Fair station, and had descended to the ground, they looked eagerly around for a subject, so eagerly, in fact, that Pete Terry missed his footing, and fell half down in a dirty pool of water.

"There, now!" he exclaimed, discontentedly. "My clean cuffs too! That's just my luck!"

"Well, you'll have to let them dry," said Mr. Stevens. "But you can let this boy rub off your shoe. Here, boy," addressing a bright-faced boot-black, "just clean off this young man's shoe, will you?"

The boy planted his box at Pete's feet, and looked inquiringly into the other's face.

"They're all wet," said Pete, complainingly.

"It is only on the outside that they are wet," spoke the boy, with a quaint German accent. "See! I will rub the mud off, and then they will be dry again." He began rubbing vigorously, while the other boys looked on.

"They would be better yet, but I am only a beginner."

The boys drew a little nearer, while the foreigner whom they had seen in the car brushed by them into the Fair.

"Well, you do first-rate for a beginner," remarked Percy, approvingly. Then turning to the rest: "I say, fellows, why can't we give the ticket to this little chap? He looks as if he'd appreciate it. Have you ever been inside here?" he asked.

The boot-black shook his head. "I am waiting here," he said, "for my father."

"Your father?" said Percy. "Why, where has he gone?"



A pained look came into the little boy's face. "Ah, I do not know," he said.

"But when did he leave you?" asked Percy. "Did he tell you you mustn't go till he came back?"

"Ah, no. It was six months ago that he left me, and I have been looking for him ever since."

"But did you stay in the house where he left you?" asked Mr. Stevens.

"The woman would not let me stay, and I had no friends. We had only been one month in the country."

Percy moved up to Mr. Stevens. "May we give him the ticket, sir?" he asked.

"Are you all agreed?" the teacher inquired.

Each boy nodded.

"All right, then," said Mr. Stevens. "Here it is."

Percy turned toward the boot-black. "Here, Carl, or Hans. What is your name, anyway?"

"My name is Max," he said, simply—"Max Steinkamp."

"Well, Max," said Percy, a little embarrassed at the idea of making a presentation address, "you see we've got one extra ticket, and Mr. Stevens told us we might give it to anybody we pleased, and we're going to give it to you."

The boy's eyes shone with a misty glow. "To me!" he exclaimed. "Is it me you mean?"

Percy pushed the ticket in his hand. "Why, to be sure," he said. "Here it is. Go in now, and see the whole thing."

Max looked at it for a moment. "And will it let me hear the music too?" he asked.

The boys laughed.

"You ain't deaf, are you?" asked Tom, not unkindly. "If you once get inside the building you can't very well help hearing the music."

He drew a long breath. "Ah," he exclaimed, "that will be *himnischön*!" dropping, without knowing it, into a language where the boys could not follow him.

Tom laughed again as he turned away. "Listen to the little fellow speak Dutch!" he said. "I shouldn't wonder if he was a sort of genius."

"You don't think he'll sell the ticket, do you, Mr. Stevens?" said Bob Merritt, as the boy still lingered outside.

The teacher smiled gravely. "I would as soon expect one of you to sell his," he said. "Max is waiting till we get in; that is all. He has a sort of delicacy about intruding his company upon us. If you wait a minute you'll see him come in."

They stopped for a moment just outside the door, and presently, as Mr. Stevens had said, Max entered. His box was slung over his shoulder, and people looked at him wonderingly as he went by, as though a boot-black were out of place amid such fine surroundings. But he was too much interested in what he saw to care for their looks or their remarks. He had stopped short on entering, and stood looking down the long building, thronged with people and show-cases, and brilliant with the electric light.

"Ach," they heard him say, "so *schön*!" Then he moved slowly away, like one in a dream, and in a moment was lost in the crowd.

The boys, following Mr. Stevens, soon found their attention absorbed by the objects of interest on every side. They accepted freely all the cards and circulars that were offered them, gazed with fascinated delight upon the mechanical furniture that became by a touch "a bed by night, a chest of drawers by day," prowled dangerously near the engines, crushing-machines, and jig-saws, and exploded in riotous laughter over the convex and concave mirrors, which expanded Pete Terry's round face into the size and shape of a mammoth pumpkin, and narrowed Bob Merritt's lean visage into the thinness of a bean-pole. Finally, when they had quite exhausted the lower floor without having seen their little boot-black again, they went upstairs. Here, as they entered the door, they discovered Max standing by one of the pianos, listen-

ing to the performance of a lady. His back was turned, so that he could not see them. Presently the lady stopped and left the piano; and then the boys, who waited at a little distance, saw Max draw a step nearer to the stool, and lay his hand upon the keys.

"I wonder if the little chap thinks he can play," whispered Tom Drew.

He had hardly spoken when Max touched a few notes; and then, as if awakened by the sound, he sat down at the instrument, and struck a full rich chord. The blacking-box slipped from his shoulder, and withdrawing one hand from the key-board, he let the box fall upon the floor. Then, unheeding the crowd that was already gathering around, he began to play. And such playing few of the company had ever heard. How had the little boot-black ever become such a master of the art? Where had he got his wonderful execution, and the still more wonderful touch that made people's hearts beat and their breath come and go with every note? If the boy were not playing before his eyes, Mr. Stevens could not believe that it was he, but the testimony of both his eyes and ears left no room for doubt. By-and-by Mr. Stevens became aware that some one was crowding in between Percy and himself, and turning around, he met the excited gaze of their foreign-looking friend.

"Who is that?" the man asked, hoarsely. "What is the boy's name?"

Percy looked at Mr. Stevens, and the teacher nodded.

"His name is Max Steinkamp," the boy explained; and then something prompted him to say, "And he's lost his father."

The man would have fallen if Mr. Stevens had not held him up. In a moment, however, he had recovered himself. "Ah, my little boy," he murmured, "it is I who am his father. And I have searched for him—ah, so long!—ever since I came out of the hospital. Listen to the air which he plays. It is that which his mother used to sing to him. When I heard it outside I knew it was the little Max that was playing, and that he was playing it for me. But I do not want to make what you call a scene here. Will you not tell him to come down-stairs, and I will be there?"

"We'll go down with you," said Mr. Stevens, who was not going to run the chance of losing Mr. Steinkamp again. "Percy, you wait here, and bring Max down in a minute or two."

"But do not tell him," said the German, "till he stops playing. His soul is far away from here; wait till it comes back."

It was some minutes that Percy had to wait, while the boy went on with his beautiful and bewildering music; but if the father could bear the delay, he certainly could, and so he did not move forward until the music died away in a low sweet strain. Then he laid his hand lightly on Max's shoulder.

The boy looked up in a frightened way, while the people round, who took Percy for some kind of an official, murmured their disapproval.

"Did I do wrong?" Max inquired, recognizing his friend.

"Ought I not to have played?"

"No, no," was the reply; "you did quite right. It was beautiful. I never heard such playing in my life. But Mr. Stevens wants to see you down-stairs. Who taught you to play?" he asked, as the crowd scattered, and they went toward the staircase.

The boy's eyes filled. "It was my father," he said. "Ah, he was a Professor, and a great player. You would see his name all over Germany. But now—"

They had nearly reached the foot of the stairs, and looking down on the crowd, the boy had caught a sudden glimpse of a strangely familiar face. Max hesitated doubtfully for a moment. Then he jumped down the three remaining steps, and rushed up to the waiting group.



"HIS SOUL IS FAR AWAY FROM HERE."

"My father!" he cried. "Hast thou come at last?"

The Professor took his little boy in his arms. "Ah, mine son!" he exclaimed, "it was the music and these good friends that gave thee back to me."

"Well, really," said Percy, as though the class ought not to take any undeserved credit, "it was George Macley that did it; for if he hadn't staid home, there wouldn't have been any extra ticket. Only it's a pity that George couldn't have had the fun too."

"You can't have your cake and eat it too," remarked Mr. Stevens. "And now we'll leave Mr. Steinkamp and Max to themselves. Only we want to see you both again."

The Professor promised that they should, and so, in fact, they did. For this, as I have said, happened some time ago; the Professor is now a prosperous man, with more pupils than he can teach, and Max is becoming a wonderful performer. And when some day or other you hear him at the Academy of Music or the Music Hall, you may remember how it was the extra ticket that put him in the way to develop his great talent.

## SHETLAND PONIES.

BY ROBERT RICHARDSON.

**S**HETLAND is a rather remote quarter of the world, and I should not wonder if the majority of boys knew very little about it. Many of you have no doubt heard of Odin, the old Scandinavian god. Well, it is supposed that when he and his followers travelled up from the Caucasian Mountains northward to Norway and Sweden, they took with them a number of small Cossack horses, and that some of these found their way to Shet-

land, for the Shetland ponies very closely resemble the small horses of certain parts of Norway.

Shetland ponies are chiefly remarkable for their small size and their wonderful pluck, strength, and hardiness. In his native home a Shetland pony rarely has the snug quarters which he usually finds when he is taken south and becomes the riding-horse of some little boy or girl.

He has frequently to endure cold, hunger, and exposure of all kinds in a bleak and cheerless country. He has need, therefore, for his rough, shaggy coat and his hardy little frame. They enable him to endure privation and hardship which would speedily overcome animals that are much larger and stronger in appearance.

Almost every family in Shetland owns two, three, or more ponies, which are used for all purposes of draught and carriage, for bringing in the farm produce—corn, hay, potatoes, and the rest—as well as for riding. If a Shetlander has no cart, he slings a couple of wicker baskets over his pony's back, in which baskets he places his marketing, or his load of

peat, or clods of dried turf, which form so large a part of his winter fuel.

We call these little animals ponies, and rightly, but the Shetlanders always speak of them as horses, for the good reason, I suppose, that they are almost the only horses they know. They are often great pets in the family. A writer on Shetland, a native of the island, in speaking of the ponies, says: "All sorts of pretty and uncommon names are chosen for them. Some of them develop a great fondness for sweetmeats, for which they will seek the hand that caresses them. One of these animals, when on a journey, will every quarter of an hour or so turn his head round to his rider, seeking the bit of biscuit which is always provided for him."

Altogether the Shetlanders would do very badly without their sturdy, useful little horses, and when the ponies are taken far south to England, or to countries much farther away still, their value by no means diminishes. They find homes among the rich of the land, become the pets on many a home-farm and country house, and boys and girls, whatever their condition or circumstances, think themselves fortunate in possessing a Shetland pony.

In America we have large numbers of Shetland ponies, and at the Horse Show recently held in New York city, thousands of visitors flocked to the stalls where these cunning little animals were placed on exhibition. On the opposite page our artist has given the portraits of the leading favorites. The special prize offered for the best and smallest Shetland pony was awarded to Midget, a beautiful little creature, black as a coal and only thirty-eight inches in height, or about as large as some of the Newfoundland dogs with which we are familiar. Roxie and her cunning piebald colt were visited and admired by



hundreds of boys and girls, who played with the little creature, while the proud mother stood eying them with delight.

Boy reader, value your pony, and make the most of him as long as you can. Treat him well and wisely, and in after-life the delight you had in him will remain with you as a most pleasant memory. For my part, I can nev-

er see a pony in the street, whether being led by a groom or with a young rider on his back, without a strange feeling, half pleasure and half some other kind of feeling that is more like sadness, while my memory travels swiftly back to the days when I was a boy, and spent so many happy hours in company with Tiny, my beloved Shetland pony.

## AMONG THE STROLLERS.

BY E. HARRIET BERRIDGE

## III.



PERFECT curiosities, every one! The most wonderful exhibition ever put before the British public. The Hassan family; the spineless brothers of the Cork hashus; a tight-rope performer unrivalled in the known world; juggling feats, and the laughable antics of Mr. Merriman. And the charge to see and enjoy the whole is only one penny. I say one penny—a penny!

Northley Fair ought to have been in full swing, but the weather was not good. It opened cloudy, and soon settled in with heavy rains, with a dash of sleet now and then, and gusts of wind that penetrated to the strollers' bones. Mrs. Barker, in the little pay-box, where she ought to have been busy taking money, had nothing to do but arrange and re-arrange the garments wrapped about her, and shiver as the cold spray was dashed upon her face by the pitiless blast.

The British public was represented by about a dozen boys, who lingered about Barker's show to see what could be seen for nothing. The peep-shows had closed, the owners of the swings and roundabouts given up business as a thing not to be done, and Barker was making a final effort to add to an audience within some half a dozen strolls.

"Are any more coming up?" he cried. "There is a nice little party inside," he inwardly groaned, as he thought how little that party was, "and we are now going to begin. Ring up there for the spineless brothers. Now going to begin. I say—we are now going to begin."

There was not another penny to be got, and the showman, turning to Mrs. Barker, bade her close the box, and tell the Hassan family to cut it as short as possible.

"And what are you going to do?" asked Mrs. Barker.

"I am going to see how the boy is getting on," he replied; "you follow as soon as you can."

The showman's face wore an anxious look as he quietly entered the van. The only occupant was Harry Vernon, seated near the small stove, in which a fire was burning.

"How goes it, my lad?" said Barker, his usually rough tones wonderfully softened down.

"My cold is better," the boy replied. "What a bad night it is!"

"Bad all round," rejoined Barker; "there hasn't been a pound taken in the fair to-night."

"Not much to put on the drum," said Harry.

"No, my lad. But you are better, ain't you?"

"I have never been ill. It was only a cold." And Harry tried to sit upright and look strong, but the effort was a failure, and he sank back against a chest covered with a rug, which had been placed at his back.

"Only a cold, in course not," said the showman; and he turned aside to stifle a groan. A few minutes afterward Mrs. Barker came in, bringing in with her a rush of icy blast. She quickly closed the door and bolted it.

"The children," she said, "are going to sleep at Matley's, and Hassan and the rest will do as well as they can in the booth."

"I hope it won't come down atop of them," said Barker, grimly.

"And now I'll give you a bit of supper," said Mrs. Bar-

ker to Harry, "and see you to bed. Me and Barker have got an invitation to a party, and we shall stop there to sleep."

"Then you do have parties sometimes?" said the boy.

"Oh yes."

"And laugh and sing?"

"When things is 'propriate,'" put in Barker, "as they are to night—uncommon."

"We are going to keep our spirits up," said Mrs. Barker, cheerfully, "and hope for better times."

Bustling about, and humming fragments of tunes, she soon had supper ready. There was not much to eat, but the Barkers pleaded the necessity of curbing their appetites until they got to the party, and touched nothing. Harry ate very little, but appeared more tired than anything else, and was easily induced to go to bed.

At length he fell asleep, and the woman rose up and stood by him, watching his somewhat labored breathing with a sorrowful look on her face.

"A pretty lad and a brave one," she said, softly. "I wonder what his real story is?"

"I gather from what he's dropped," replied Barker, "that it ain't a happy one."

"Of course it isn't, or he wouldn't be here. The lad's not met with good treatment. I tried to make him tell about it at Mayfield, but all he said was that he had no complaint to make about anybody, and that he wished to stop with us, and earn his living."

With a gentle hand she tucked in the coverlet, and listened again to the boy's breathing. It was more labored than she liked to hear it. "I'll have a doctor here in the morning," she said, "if he isn't better."

She put a shawl over her head, and they went out, taking the precaution to lock the door behind them, and sped through the sleet and rain to an opening in the canvas at the back of the booth.

There they found the troupe assembled around a fire burning in a brasier in the centre. The seats had been taken to pieces, and put round on end, with sacks and bits of canvas hung over them so as to form a very fair screen. Considering their means, they had made a very comfortable place of it.

"Now, my lads," said Mrs. Barker, cheerily, "it's Hobbs's fare to-night—bread and onions, with enough cheese to look at; and I think we can have half a gallon of beer."

"Hullo! here's old Cobley," interrupted Barker, as the canvas was raised; but, on looking up, his face changed. "No, it ain't; I vow—if it ain't old Fiddler!"

And Fiddler it was, soaked to the skin.

"Stop a minute," he said, "and I'll speak." But he did not appear to be very miserable, for there was a smile on his wan face that none around him had ever seen before.

"Now I'm ready," he said, rising. "Come out with me, Barker, and bring your missus with you."

They went out with him, and to their amazement found a tall gentleman wrapped in mackintosh standing near by. Fiddler, who was burning with excitement, cried out,

"Don't ask any questions, but take him where that dear lad is."

"At once, if you please," said the stranger, in the tone of a well-bred man; "I may as well tell you that I am his father."

They hurried through the mud, Mrs. Barker going on before to unlock the door.

"Is he ill?" asked the stranger, stepping quickly to the bedside, and stooping over the boy, who still slept soundly.

"I wouldn't like to call him ill," replied Mrs. Barker; "at the same time he isn't what I should call well."

The stranger bent over him, and lightly touched the boy's cheeks with his lips. As he did so a tear fell upon the locks that had fallen over the sleeper's forehead.

"It appears to me," he said, "that you have been very kind to him."



"We have done our best," Mrs. Barker replied. "When George brought him to us he said that he was among us with his father's consent. 'He is to have a dose, and a rough dose, of strolling, to sicken him of it,' were George's words; but I saw at once that he couldn't stand it; and really you must excuse me, sir, but I've wondered what sort of man his father could be."

"You were told a falsehood. The true story is simply this: My name is Hartley, and I am Colonel of a Bengal regiment. The mother of this poor boy died five years ago—the climate of India killed her—and I was afraid I should lose my child also; so I sent him to England to be taken care of by one whom I thought I could trust—my brother."

For a moment a cloud darkened the speaker's brow; but it swiftly passed, and he quietly went on:

"I forgot that this boy stood between my brother and some property. The child was treated cruelly. His fancy for a strolling life was played upon, and Gypsy George and a man named Binder were employed to lure him away. What the real object of my brother was I will not say, but I do hope, for the sake of humanity, that it was not with the design of his life being ended by the privation and exposure that must have been his lot."

"He couldn't have stood much of it," said Mrs. Barker; "from the first I could see that the young gentleman wasn't equal to it."

"A letter I received from my boy in India," resumed the Colonel, "led me to think that something was wrong. He did not complain of anybody or anything, but the tone was very sad, and, as I had some leave due to me, I hastened to England. This afternoon I arrived at my brother's house, and learned that Harry had disappeared. I found the worthy old man who brought me here to-night."

The return of Fiddler with a doctor checked further dwelling upon the miserable scheme and its failure. A brief examination of the sleeping boy showed that there was no great cause for anxiety.

"He has a cold, and is a little below the mark. With care and a tonic," said the doctor, "he will be right in a few days."

In the morning, when Mrs. Barker went to the van, she found Harry up and dressed, and engaged in an animated conversation with his father. He was quite another boy, and it was difficult to believe he was the youngster who a few hours before had been so sick and sad.

"I hope you will not think it unkind of us," said the Colonel. "We are going away directly."

"But I shall not forget you," said Harry, quickly, as he took her hand.

"Nor I you," replied Mrs. Barker. "But I would not have you stay among us and live as we do for anything. You must be born to it to bear it."

An hour afterward, the Colonel and his son had left Northley, and the sun, breaking through the clouds, shone upon the fair, where busy preparations for the coming day's work were going forward.

"We shall do good business," said Barker to his wife, as he unfolded a canvas covered with huge pictures of impossible performances, "but wet weather to the end would not have fretted me. The Colonel's behaved like a gentleman, and acted liberal; and as for Fiddler, with a hundred pounds to draw on when he's hard up, he's a millionaire."

"How ye do talk!" said Mrs. Barker. "The pretty little runaway brought with him the key of your tongue, and let it loose."

"He set me a thinking," returned Barker, "and no man knows what's in him till he's given way to thought. Now all's ready, and the public may roll up as soon as they please. John, give 'em a tune, and let it be your liveliest."

## AT THE RACQUET COURTS.

BY SHERWOOD RYSE.

VERY few boys, even among those who are accomplished players in almost every other kind of game, have ever even so much as seen a game of racquets. The reason is that the game requires a building especially constructed for that purpose, and as not only must the four walls be carefully built, but also the floor most perfectly laid, the expense of the building is of necessity very great. It is a pity that this is so, since the game is one of the best of in-door games, and can be played in all weathers.

Perhaps the finest racquet courts in this country are those of the Racquet Club in New York city. As soon as you enter the club-rooms you see that active, healthy amusement is the genius of the place. The men have put off the garments of fashion, and donned the comfortable suit of flannel. Some of them are in the corridor or the reception-room, waiting for their turn at the rowing-weights, or for the court or bowling-alley to become vacant.

Seen from the visitors' gallery, the racquet court has not at all an attractive appearance. It is an oblong room about 70 feet by 35, with perfectly flat walls, and with a rear wall about fifteen feet high. Above this is a gallery, and higher still another gallery. The only means of entrance to the court itself is a small door under the gallery, and lest this should interfere with the game by giving a dead bound to a ball striking it, the door is made of wood at least three inches thick. When we come to consider how the game is played, we shall see that the rear wall plays almost as important a part in the game as either of the other three.

The first glance at the game suggests the more familiar game of lawn tennis, since it is played with a racquet not unlike the tennis racquet. But on examination the racquet will be seen to be lighter in make, longer in the handle, and more circular in the face than its tennis cousin; while the ball is not more than one-third of the size of the tennis ball. What it lacks, however, in size it makes up in hardness. A blow from it is sure to hurt, and sometimes a serious bruise is inflicted.

But if the game is like tennis, where is the net? Well, there is no net, but nevertheless it is necessary to hit the ball *over* something, and in this case the net is represented by two lines drawn across the front wall. The upper line, which is about ten feet above the floor, is the line above which the ball must be "served"—that is, started, as in tennis. The lower line is only two and a half feet above the floor, and any ball striking the wall above this (except in the service) is good. There can be no doubt about it when a ball strikes below this lower line, for the whole space between it and the floor is made of wood, which gives forth a resounding tell-tale noise whenever a failure is made.

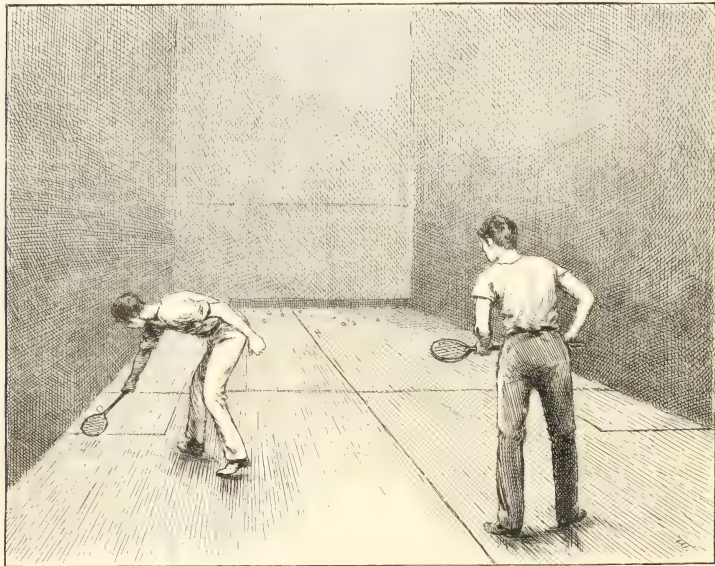
Another feature of the game that is like tennis is the "service." The server stands in one of the square spaces marked off just behind the line running across the middle of the court, and hits the ball so that it strikes the front wall above the upper line, and rebounds into the rear court on the other side. Thus, if he serves from the right-hand side, the ball must fall within the left-hand rear court. In tennis every ball that is not properly served is a "fault," but in racquets it is different. If the ball does not strike the front wall above the lower line, the striker has no other chance given him; but if it strikes between the two lines or falls into the wrong court, although it is not a "good" ball, it is only a "fault," and the server tries again. In tennis a fault can not be taken; but in racquets the striker-out may take a fault if he chooses, and if he does take it or attempt to take it, the service is counted "good."

A racquet player who takes to lawn tennis generally finds himself hitting the ball so hard that it goes out of court every time. He has been used to hitting hard, nearly every ball, in fact, being played with a long, swift stroke. As the court has four walls, there is no hitting out of court in the rear, unless, indeed, the ball goes into the gallery, and except in the service this is rarely done. The "balk" (lower) line being so near the floor, there is no temptation to hit high, but every reason to hit hard. It is almost comical to watch the perplexity of a beginner as the ball flies swiftly past him and rebounds from the rear wall before he knows where it is.

Almost the only exception to the rule of hard hitting is the "drop" stroke, which is a gentle lift of the ball so that it touches the wall just above the balk line, and drops

Those who remember lawn tennis as it was played when first introduced into this country, about five years ago, will recall the method of counting that was then used. When the server failed, his opponent did not count one, but the server simply lost his innings, and the other man served. If, however, the server made a point, he counted it, and continued to serve until he failed, when the other went in. Thus only "hand in," as the server was called, could add to his score.

This is the method of counting still used in racquets, and the "marker," who has a little box all to himself at one end of the gallery, keeps calling out, "One, love," "Two, love," etc., as the game may go; and then, when "hand in" fails, the marker changes his cry to "Love, two," and so forth. The game consists of fifteen "aces,"



A GAME OF RACQUETS.

dead a foot or two from the wall. A good player—one who plays with his head as well as his hand—will win many "aces" by this stroke, and he will usually attempt it when he has driven his opponent back near the rear wall. Except the "drop" and the "cut"—which is done in the same manner as in tennis—the game is perfectly straightforward, notwithstanding that, except in the service, the ball need not hit the front wall first, provided it hits it before it touches the floor.

The "volley" is not much practiced in racquets, the swiftness of the ball in flight requiring a surer stroke than can be given "on the fly." Volleying is, however, allowed if any player thinks he can do it successfully; but if the ball is not volleyed it must be taken before it has bounded on the floor a second time, no matter how many walls it may touch in its flight.

or points, and a match is generally two games out of three, or three out of five.

In tennis, when both players have made three points ("deuce"), two more points must be made in succession by the same player in order to win the game. This is for the purpose of lessening the advantage of luck. So in racquets when both players have made thirteen, the game is "set at five"—that is, the game is prolonged to eighteen instead of fifteen points. And if both players have made fourteen points, the game may be "set at three," meaning that three more winning strokes must be made by the same player before he can win the game.

Those of my readers who live in New York, or who occasionally visit that great bustling city, should not neglect any opportunity that offers to visit the Racquet Club, and see the game played as it ought to be played.

# Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star.

TO DAISY YOUNG.

S. R. MILLS.

*Andantino.*

Twinkle, twinkle, lit-tle star, How I wonder what you are; Up a-bove the world so high, Like a diamond

in the sky. When the blazing sun has gone, When he noth-ing shines up-on, Then you show your lit-tle light, Twinkle, twin-kle, all the night.







#### IN THE HOSPITAL COT.

Little sick laddie,  
What trouble he's and  
Medicine and blisters,  
His cough was so bad;  
Now he is better.  
He soon will be well,  
And go back to his mother,  
With stories to tell  
Of softly reclining  
On pillows of down,  
Of Sister, his nurse,  
In her cap and her gown;  
Of the doctor so gentle,  
The other sick boys,  
And oh! a whole shopful  
Of beautiful toys!

ST. MARY, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.,  
17 AND 18 WEST LOUISIANA ST., N. Y. 10.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—Will you kindly tell your young readers that their votes are in favor of a boy, and we have given them a dear little fellow about five years old. He was born in Denmark, and when he came to us last December could speak but little English. One of his queer expressions was so like "Gessir Wille" that it was taken up by the nurses, and now he refuses to answer to any other name, although his proper one is Jens Hansen. He has undergone a very severe operation, and it will be some months before he can walk, or even sit up. The beautiful china from Maine is his great delight, and he is justly proud of it. Hattie W. Allen and Alice S. Bishop have sent him a picture of Little Wille, and Mary L. Hall, and through Miss Fawcett's. For these sums we send them our sincere thanks, and remain their grateful friends.

SISTER OF ST. MARY.

#### OUR POSTOFFICE BOX.

THE Postmistress is always thinking about her children, and now she wants to know something about a subject which interests them all. It is school recess. How many recesses, dear boys and girls, do you have in each school day, and how many minutes' long is each? Do you go outdoors to exercise in a play-ground at recess, and are you allowed, when there, to run races, jump, leap, play tag, or any other active game, provided you are not too boisterous? If you stay in the school-room for recess, do you have the windows opened, and are you expected to join in calisthenics or gymnastics? If so, do you enjoy these movements? I would like to receive answers to these questions, and any information about play time which you might give. Do not write long letters. I shall come the answers I receive to my questions, and I wish to hear from boys and girls both, from pupils in public and in private schools—in fact, from all our young people who are spending the greater part of five days

every week in studying and reciting lessons. If there are any little learners who have no recess during school hours, the Postmistress would like to write to her too, unless their poor heads ache so badly that they can not oblige her.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since it has been published. I think it is the best paper printed. I am very fond of reading. I have a large number of nice books. Have you read *N. A. Allen's Little Wille* and *Little Wille*? I think they are just splendid books. I have just been to Chicago to have my eyes examined. Now I wear glasses because I am near-sighted, and at school they call me grandfather, but I don't care so long as I can see. I was twelve years old on my last birthday. I got a blue velvet frame for a cabinet-size picture, and a painted panel and easel, and a birdie card. May I join the Housekeepers?

JULIA W. S.

The girls who call you grandmother are not very polite. I hope to hear that they are mending their manners. As I too am near-sighted, I suppose they would call me great-grandmother. Yes, I like both *Little Wille* and *Little Wille* very much. Welcome to the company of small Housekeepers, dearie.

This is another Indian-summer letter, and a very good one, too.

ALBANY, N. Y.

I want to write and tell you of the nice time I had last Saturday, for I am sure you will be interested. In the afternoon mother said I might go out for a walk in the sunshine. I went and asked my friend Mattie to go with me, and she said she would like to get some sunnyc leaves. As we were passing a store we stopped and bought a few apples and chestnuts to eat on the way. We then went to the Park to look for pretty leaves, and we found quite a number. As we were walking along we met a reckless-looking boy, who told us that if we went to the flower beds they would give us some flowers. We paid little attention to the man, we saw a number of children coming with their arms loaded with plants. We then thought we would go and try to get some of them. When we reached the flower beds we saw a man taking up an ivy. It was planted like any other plant, except that there was a frame like a house, around which it was climbing. It was a small plant, and had not covered the frame yet, so it was taken up for the winter. We then saw a little child who appeared to be dropping something. When we came nearer we found it to be crumbs for the birds, which were very willing to pick them up. We then thought we would like to make a call on a friend who lived very near the Park. We were invited into a pretty room, where there was a fire in the grate, which made it all the more cheerful, for it was really quite cool out-of-doors. We had a very pleasant time, and in half an hour started for home with our hands full of the so-called pretty leaves, with which we mean to decorate our rooms.

LILLIE H. S. (age 11 years).

#### A NARROW ESCAPE.

BY MASTER EDWARD B. BERRY.

It was in the year 1828 that Colonel Reynolds and Captain Jones were ordered to India, with their regiment, to put down the rebellion. On arriving in India the regiment encamped on the border of a large forest, which the soldiers were anxious to explore; but whenever a soldier went to the Colonel's tent to ask permission to go hunting in the woods, he always returned with a disheveled face, and consequently the other soldiers did not have sufficient courage to make this request of the Colonel.

One day a captain, who, summing up his courage, entered the Colonel's tent. "Colonel," said he, "I hear that there is a man eager to be in the woods, and a large reward has been offered for him. Are you willing that I should join a party that is going in search of him to-day?"

To his surprise, the Colonel immediately assented, and added: "I will go with you. When do you start?"

"I will go to-morrow," said the Captain, and start of to make inquiries concerning the hunt. He learned to his surprise that the man had started fully an hour before. Hastening back to the Colonel, he suggested that by hurrying they might overtake the game. As the Colonel agreed, the Captain said he would be ready immediately, that he had only to get his gun.

"But where are the guides?"

"Guides!" said the Captain. "What do we want of guides? We have only to follow in their tracks, and we will soon overtake them."

"Why," said the Colonel, "the woods are too thick for us alone, and without a guide I will not go."

So the Captain departed a second time, and very soon returned with two guides. So they

or the wonderful plumage of the birds that flew above their heads, or the luxuriant foliage that surrounded them, but they pressed on, only thinking of overtaking the others.

The woods grew thicker at every step, and they walked on slowly, keeping a sharp lookout on all sides. At last they arrived at a place where the wood was so thick that they were obliged to stop, and one of the guides went boldly in to see if it was safe for them to go farther. Just then the other guide pointed out to them a beautiful bird.

The Colonel and Captain both fired at it. It fell, but as it fell it caught on the branch of a tree. It was too high for the Colonel to get it. At that moment a slight rustling was heard, and looking directly in front of him, the Colonel saw a magnificent tiger making ready for a spring. A glance told him that they lived depended upon the success of the guide, as he was the only one whose gun was loaded.

The guide said it also, and instantly fired, but the shot only wounded the tiger, and made it more enraged. The Colonel was a brave man. He began loading his gun, keeping his eye fixed on the brute. The tiger gave a mighty spring, but it had scarcely left the ground when the report of a gun was heard, and it fell. It was a few feet of the Colonel. The other guide, hearing the shots, had hurried back, and had arrived just in time.

As they were walking home, the Colonel said to the Captain, "Now do you see the use of guides?"

There is a very good lesson in Master Reed's story. Though I do not tell his age, as he requested me not to do so, yet I may safely say that he is a very young contributor. Perhaps he may read some of our favorite authors in time to come.

THE GARDEN, CALIFORNIA.

I notice every week that you print in the Postoffice Box nice letters written by young people. May I write one? We have a very nice garden, and are very much pleased with our mountain home, which consists of about 200 acres, a part of which is cultivated. We have peach, apple, fruit trees, and about six acres of choice grapes. We are never lonely up here, as we go to school in summer, and in winter we practice our music, and there is quite an affair, as we have three violins, a piano, a violoncello, a guitar, and a fife, though at present we practice only on the piano and violins. Harry and I play duets on both together. Very often after my afternoon music on my guitar when I return from school. I am gathering curiosities, and some time I hope to have a nice cabinet. I will exchange sand (put up in little bottles) from Woodward's (near Cliff House Beach, and Santa Cruz Mountains, for sand from any State except Michigan, New Jersey, or Kansas, or from any foreign country. I will also exchange some pressed leaves, for others.

ADA B. WALTERS.

THE POSTMISTRESS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I go to school. I have five studies, and I like them all. I will compose a verse called "Ruby":

Ruby is a little girl with dark hair and dark eyes. Her mother is a farmer, and her father lives with her aunt Mary in the country. Her aunt is very kind to her, and lets her feed the chickens. She can go to town whenever she wants to. She will be six years old to-morrow, and her aunt will give her a new doll.

FANNIE N. B.

I like to be acquainted with girls who are fond of school, and enjoy their studies. Your little composition is very good.

WATERBURY, N. Y.

This is the second letter I have written to YOUNG PEOPLE, but the other was not published, so I thought I would try again. I am ten years old. My home is in Philadelphia. I have had two months my sister and I have been visiting my grandmother, who lives in a small town situated near Lake Erie and Lake Chautauque, where the air is very pure and lovely. The days are very pleasant, and the scenery so pretty that I have enjoyed many a delightful hour. There is only one thing in Philadelphia that I do not like the same time, and that is to go on a hill about halfway between the two. The town of Chautauque is a very queer place. There are a good many tents and buildings, and the people are packed together; it would be very bad if a fire broke out there. During the Assembly, which is held in August, there are crowds of people there. The lake is very nice for rowing and bathing.

FANNIE L. S.

THEY, N. Y.

Once upon a time a family of swallows lived in our chimney; they cried morning, noon, and night. One day we heard a louder noise than usual. We all rushed into the room, and found all the little swallows lying on the floor, dead. We took them and put them in a box, and shut the chimney up. But with all our precautions we forgot one thing, which nearly proved fatal—we forgot





## A STORY WITH A STICKY PLOT.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

NOW listen, girls, and listen, boys;  
A story I will tell  
About a curious accident

That once a dog befell—  
Likewise his master, master's wife,  
And master's boys as well.

To guard the shop where groceries  
For sale his master keeps,  
Each night this dog at half past nine  
Beneath the counter creeps,  
And on a mat spread there for him  
With eyes half-open sleeps.



Well, on one night, a chilly night—  
And rainy, too, for that—  
While sleeping thus, he heard a noise,  
And, starting from his mat,  
Saw nibbling at a box of cheese  
An ancient long-tailed rat.

He gave it chase among the pails,  
The firkins, and the kegs;  
But much I doubt if many rats  
Possess such nimble legs,  
For with the greatest speed it sped  
O'er butter, lard, and eggs.

At last beside the barrel which  
Molasses held he penned  
The would-be thief, and proudly barked,  
"The chase is at an end,  
And soon you'll be the same, I think,  
My spy cheese-loving friend."



Then up the barrel climbed the rat,  
And quickly dropped behind.  
And all entreaties to come out  
Most prudently declined,  
Which so enraged the baffled dog,  
He growled and howled and whined.

But finding that no use, he eyed  
The cask his prey had skipped;  
And then he tried to climb it too,  
But on the faucet slipped,  
And round it turned, and straight there—  
from  
The sugary fluid dripped.

It dripped and dripped for hours two,  
For hours three and four;  
It dripped and dripped until it could  
Not drip a driplet more,  
And like a dark and sluggish pond  
It lay upon the floor.

The poor dog tried to turn and flee,  
But, oh, it held him fast,  
And in a strife for liberty  
The wretched moments passed,  
Until his master was aroused  
By his loud yells at last.



And down he came in haste (he was  
A man quite small and thin)  
To learn the cause, so late at night,  
Of such a dreadful din;  
And learning, kicked off both his shoes,  
And promptly waded in.

He seized the dog's hind-legs, and pulled  
With all his might and main;  
He seized his fore-legs, then his tail,  
Then his hind-legs again;  
But though he pulled and pulled and  
pulled,  
His efforts were in vain.



"Oh dear! oh dear! what shall I do?"  
He muttered, with a frown,  
When up his feet went in the air,  
And he sat quickly down,  
Just as I've seen—and you, no doubt—  
A silly circus clown:



Sat quickly down, but up again,  
It seemed, to save his life,  
He could not get; and loud he screamed,  
In voice shrill as a fife:  
"Help! help! help! help! Come here at  
once,  
My children and my wife."

Down came the wife (she was quite stout,  
But yet she fairly flew).  
"What is the matter, dear?" she cried—  
"Oh, *what* is wrong with you?"  
And stretching out her hand to him,  
She sat down quickly too.

And, running after, came the boys,  
To sit down on the floor  
In the same way their pa and ma  
Had done awhile before.  
Oh, 'twas the drollest thing e'er seen  
In any grocer's store.



I don't know how they all got free  
At last, but I know that  
The rat again the barrel climbed,  
And on it coolly sat,  
And laughed and laughed as never laughed  
Another ancient rat.

# HARPER'S

# YOUNG PEOPLE

## AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 212.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Tuesday, November 30, 1883.

Copyright, 1883, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$1.50 per Year, in Advance.

### THE LOST CITY.\*

OR, THE BOY EXPLORERS IN CENTRAL ASIA.

BY DAVID KER.

#### CHAPTER VI.

IN A ROBBER VILLAGE.

WHEN Ernest opened his eyes he hardly knew whether he was dreaming or awake. The darkness, the uproar, the flames, the raging mob, the domes and minarets of Cabool, had vanished like shadows, and he was lying under the shade of a tent, in a smooth green valley shut in by low hills, upon which the mid-day sun was shining in all its splendor. There was a bandage around his left arm, and another around his head, which ached terribly; and altogether he felt weak and dizzy, as if he had just recovered from a long illness.

He was still gazing round him, when a well-known voice said:

"Awake at last, Ernie? How do you feel now?"

Turning upon his elbow—for he was still too weak to rise—Ernest beheld Tom Hilton lying on the other side of the tent, very pale, and with a strip of blood-stained linen across his forehead, but with the true American look of fearless self-reliance still bright in his sunken eyes.

"Is that you, Tom? Where are we?"

"Talk French, old fellow," answered Tom, in that language. "There's always one man among these fellows who knows English, and he'll be set to watch us, you may be sure. Poor Cavagnari's killed, and all



CARRIED AWAY TO THE MOUNTAINS.

\* Begun in No. 207, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

his men, and we're prisoners. Luckily the Afghans don't know that I understand Pushtu [the language of Afghanistan], and I've gathered from their talk that they belong to an independent hill tribe, over which the Ameer has no power; and now that the fight's done they'd be glad to get home at once, if we didn't hinder 'em."

"We?" echoed Ernest, in amazement. "How's that?"

"Why, it seems that half a dozen of them have been hired to take us alive, I suppose with the idea that we were somebody of consequence, for whom they might get a big ransom. But just as they were slipping away with us, up came a party of the same tribe, who stopped them short, and insisted upon a share of the ransom if there was one. It's never very difficult for six-and-twenty armed men to persuade six, so at last they agreed to camp here, twelve miles from Cabool, until this mysterious 'chief' turns up who hired the fellows that took us, and then it'll be settled what's to be done with us."

"Can it be Sikander who's done it to save our lives?" asked Ernest, quickly.

"I'm afraid not. We'd be all right in *his* hands, but he's told me all about his own tribe, and these fellows don't fit the description at all. However, when he comes we'll soon see whether he's Sikander or not."

"And this 'll be he coming now, I suppose," said Ernest, as a general shout and a tramping of horses' hoofs announced some new arrival in the camp.

The next moment a group of horsemen rode into the open space within the circle of tents, headed by a man whose face our heroes could not see, but whose height and figure certainly reminded them of Sikander. He leaped from his horse and came straight toward the tent. In another instant the prisoners saw scowling down upon them the lean, dark, wolfish face of their Persian enemy Kara Goorg!

In a moment the whole truth burst upon the unhappy boys. Kara Goorg, while obeying the orders of his Russian employers—for they could no longer doubt that his real "mission" in Cabool was to stir up the tumult which had ended so fatally—had gratified his own private hatred by bribing the Afghans to kidnap them in the general confusion. Their attempt to save Cavagnari had made the treacherous design easy, and they were now at the mercy of one to whom mercy was unknown.

"Ha!" cried the Persian, with a mocking grin, speaking in English that Ernest might understand him. "fine Master come low down now, eh? How he like when he get sold for slave? how he like when Tartar whip him with horsewhip, and put out his eyes if he try run away? What Colonel say when he hear his son wash feet of Afghan chief? Fine Master strike 'Persian dog'—but Persian dog turn and bite!"

And he kicked Ernest fiercely in the side.

Such an insult, offered by such a man, roused Ernest's English blood to a pitch of fury which, for the moment, gave him back all his lost strength. He sprang to his feet, and in another instant would have been at the throat of the Persian had not Tom Hilton caught his arm.

Tom's watchful eye had noticed several Afghans standing listening at the tent door, and turning to them, he addressed them in Persian—for even at that critical moment his American shrewdness warned him to conceal his knowledge of their native tongue.

"Sons of the mountain! we are the captives of Afghan warriors, and the shadow of an Afghan's tent should be sacred. Whose dog is this Persian coward that he should dare to lord it among valiant Afghans and good Mussulmans as if their camp were his own? I am the son of a chief and a warrior, whose riches are great and whose hands are open; and if I must die, let me die by the hands of brave Mohammedans, and not be barked to death by a Persian cur whose fathers were slaves to the slaves of *your* fathers."

Tom's skillful allusion to the ancient hatred between Persia and Afghanistan, and his hint about his father's wealth and generosity, were not lost upon his hearers. A murmur of approval followed his words, and Kara Goorg, who had half drawn his Persian dagger, with a growl of fury, which our hero's complimentary remarks fully justified, sheathed it again, and began to look uncomfortable.

And well he might. Ignorant of Tom's knowledge of Persian, he had asserted (in the belief that his prisoners would have no chance of contradicting him) that they were persons of inferior rank, whom he meant to sell for slaves as a punishment for having affronted him. To the Afghans hired to kidnap them the story seemed perfectly natural, and the moderate reward quite sufficient for such a service, while their comrades, in demanding a share of the profits, were actuated rather by a belief that the captives were likely to fetch a good price than by any suspicion of their real rank.

But now the tables were turned. The kidnappers learned for the first time that they had been cheated (and that, too, by a Persian), while their companions discovered that the prize in their hands was much more valuable than they had supposed. Neither discovery boded good to Kara Goorg's plans, and that worthy thought it high time to cut the conversation short.

"Why should these dogs laugh at the beards of Afghan warriors, and make them eat dirt?" he cried. "Do we not know that lies run from an unbeliever's tongue like water from a burst water-skin, and that every rogue will boast himself a descendant of many princes, though in his own land he is but a porter or a seller of figs. The sun is sinking, and I have far to go. Ho! Badja [children], carry forth these sons of burned fathers, and bind them upon your horses."

But as his attendants outside came forward to obey, the Afghan chief—a handsome young giant of six feet three, with hair and eyes as black as the loose trousers of embroidered velvet which he wore below his snow-white tunic and crimson sash—haughtily waved them back.

"Is it not said," he observed, in a slightly mocking tone, "that 'hurry belongs to Shaitaun' [the Evil One]. Why is our Persian guest in such haste to depart? His words are as wise as those of Lokman the Sage; but would porters or fruit-sellers tempt us to keep them prisoners in the hope of a ransom (and perhaps to kill them in our wrath at being balked of it), when they might go free at once by proclaiming who they are?"

The Persian's jaw dropped at this shrewd retort, and a lurking grin flickered over the grave faces of the Afghan warriors.

"That chief wasn't born on the 1st of April—that's a fact," chuckled Tom, translating the speech to Ernest: "he's been there before."

"But why not tell them at once that Sikander's our friend?"

"Not much. These hill tribes are always quarrelling, and Sikander may have killed this man's father, for all we know. Gently's the word."

Meanwhile the young chief called up one of his men who had served for some time among the Russians at Tashkent, and questioned Tom in his presence as to his father's name, rank, friends, and personal appearance. Tom's answers were frankly given, and confirmed by the Afghan soldier. Another man, who had picked up a little English, was then sent to question Ernest, whose answers tallied exactly with those of his friend. The evidence against Kara Goorg was complete.

But the Persian was not the man to lose both his plunder and his revenge without resistance, and he resolved to try the effect of a little bullying.

"These prisoners are mine," cried he, "and I am not one upon whose beard every rogue may throw dust. Let those



who wrong me dread the wrath of the Ameer and the vengeance of the Oorooso" (Russians).

"The shadow of the Ameer's throne only covers Cabool," replied the young warrior, scornfully; "it is not long enough to reach our mountains. As for the Russians, if they want our prisoners, let them come and take them; and as for thyself, know that he who threatens Ahmed Khan doth but cast fire-brands into the lair of a tiger."

The last words, uttered in a fierce tone, completely cowed the blustering Persian, who was still hesitating how to answer, when Ahmed Khan kindly saved him the trouble.

"Thou hast come hither in treachery, but a guest's life is sacred with Afghan warriors. Begone in safety, and thank Allah that we are not traitors like thee!"

This was a settler. The traitor had no wish to encounter with his eight men thirty-two well-armed Afghans, and sneaked away, glaring back over his shoulder with a look that haunted Ernest's dreams for many a night after.

Meanwhile, at a sign from the chief, one of his men brought our heroes a large bowl of coffee, which, thirsty and feverish as they were, was very refreshing. But no sooner had they swallowed it than they both fell fast asleep.

That night an Afghan goat-herd, lying rolled up in his sheep-skin *pooshteen* (cloak) among the crags that overhung a steep rocky pass in the hills bordering the Cabool plain on the northeast, was aroused from his nap by a tramping of horses' hoofs, and saw a long train of armed horsemen filing through the gorge. In the midst of the band was a led-horse, with a kind of overgrown pannier slung on either side, and a human figure half sitting, half lying in it. The goat-herd naturally took these strange riders for wounded men; but they were really our two heroes, still sleeping soundly from the effects of the drugged coffee, by which simple device Ahmed Khan had saved them the fatigue of the journey, and himself the trouble of looking after them.

When the boys opened their eyes again they beheld another change of scene quite as startling as the former. The green plains had disappeared, and now mountains upon mountains rose up against the sky far as the eye could reach, bare, stony, lifeless, unrelieved by tree or bush, their countless clefts gaping like thirsty mouths under the blistering glare of the sun.

All this was seen through the one narrow gateway or rather gap in one of those huge gray walls of dried mud twenty-five or thirty feet high so common in Central Asia. This wall, which was nearly circular, inclosed a considerable space, over which were scattered broadcast, without any attempt at arrangement, a number of little box-shaped clay hovels, with flat roofs and low, narrow doorways. In the midst of these the Afghan band were just dismounting from their horses, while a score or so of women in long blue mantles, the folds of which almost hid their faces, were unsaddling and rubbing down the beasts, or lighting fires to cook the evening meal. Altogether, what with the glittering arms and prancing horses, the strange dresses and swarthy visages, the huge dark wall in the background, and the bright blue sky over all, this robber village made a very effective picture.

Half a dozen children, brown and shaggy as forest monkeys, had already come scrambling out to meet their fathers, and one grim old warrior, whose scarred features looked just like a railway map, was dandling a little round-faced baby on his brawny shoulder.

"See that old boy petting the baby," cried Ernest. "He must be a good sort anyhow."

"Must he?" said Tom, with a queer smile. "Do you know what I heard him say just now? 'These two Christian dogs shot my brother in the fight at Cabool, and the first chance I get I mean to kill them both.'"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## CHIMNEYS: THEIR HISTORY.

CHIMNEYS seem so natural to us that we forget that there was a time when they were unknown. They were invented about the same time with clocks and watches. No house in ancient Rome or Athens had them. The Greeks and Romans heated their rooms with hot coals in a dish, or by flues underneath the floor. The smoke passed out by the doors and windows. You could always tell when a Roman was about to give a dinner party by the clouds of smoke that came out of the kitchen windows. It must have been very unpleasant for the cooks, who had to do their work in the midst of it.

The tall chimneys that rise over the tops of the houses in New York and Brooklyn, pouring out their clouds of smoke, would have seemed miracles to our ancestors a few centuries ago. Even the pipe of a steamer or the chimney of a kerosene lamp they would have thought wonderful. In England, in the time of the Conqueror (1066), the fire was built on a clay floor or in a hole or pit in the largest room of the house. The smoke passed through an opening in the roof. At night a cover was placed over the coals. Everybody was by law obliged to cover up his fire when the bell rang at a certain hour. In French this was *couvre-feu*, and hence the word "curfew" bell.

Chimneys began to be used generally in England in the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth. No one knows who invented them, or when they first came into use. We find them first in Italy. In Venice they seem to have been not uncommon as early as 1347. In 1368 they had long been in use at Padua. They were at first built very wide and large, so that they could be easily cleaned. The wide chimney-pieces of some of our older houses are very curious.

But as time passed on chimneys were made taller, narrower, and often crooked. When they had to be cleaned it was customary to send boys up into them to remove the soot and ashes. It was then that the saddest stories were told of the little sweeps who were forced to climb up the narrow flues, and come down torn, bleeding, and covered with soot. These poor creatures, who were often not more than seven or eight years old, were sometimes suffocated in the foul chimneys they attempted to clean. When they reached the top they were expected to look out and give a loud shout. No boy would ever become a chimney-sweep from choice, and they were often driven to climb the chimneys by the fear of a whipping. The cruelty of the master-sweeps was fearful.

The little chimney-sweeper has passed away. His place is taken by a patent broom and a colored operator. Chimneys are built two and three hundred feet high. In Birmingham, England, one fell down recently on a large factory, killing and wounding thirty or forty workmen and others. The tallest chimney in New York is that of the Steam-heating Company.

The chimney is one of the most useful of inventions. We can not well understand how the Greeks and Romans did without it. But with us it is everywhere. Our lamps would never burn without a chimney; our steamboats and engines would be helpless without it; our factories are moved by it; it warms our houses, and gives employment to thousands of people.

In the days before chimneys were invented men lived in clouds of smoke. The walls of the finest palaces in ancient Rome were soon covered with soot and filth. It was impossible to keep them clean. The mosaics and the paintings on the walls soon became discolored. In the castles of England and France it was still worse. Here the huge fire blazed in the centre of the great hall. The smoke covered the roof with black drapery, and the savage knights and squires were forced either to endure the cold, or to live and breathe in an air that was dangerous to sight, health, and life itself.



## TWO SISTERS.\*

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

**I**F either of these little girls  
In heart or household were the pet,  
I think it was the pearl of pearls,  
The little dancing Harriet.  
The painter drew their portraits well,  
As fresh and bright as morning dew;  
And still we feel the magic spell  
Of tossing curls and eyes of blue.

Almost a hundred years ago,  
A hundred years of dust and dreams,  
They tripped so gayly to and fro.  
Ah me! how very strange it seems!  
And think, through all the changing hours  
Of all these rolling weeks and years,  
The little hands have held their flowers,  
The rare blue eyes have shed no tears.

## ROBIN ADAIR

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.



**T**HE ship *Texas*, with the tow-boat alongside all ready to take her to sea, lay at the end of Lewis's Wharf, Boston. All that Captain Stearns and his officers, with the pilot, were waiting for was the arrival of the crew, who, of course, would not come aboard till the last moment.

Dadridge—known as "Dod" Billings—a strongly built, bright-faced young fellow of fifteen, was standing in the door of the "boy's

room," a tiny apartment at the after or rear end of the forward house.

He was whistling softly to himself, his thoughts being divided between the parting with his mother and father in their "down East" home a couple of days before, and a little natural self-congratulation that after having made two successive voyages as "boy" with Captain Stearns, he was to now rate as ordinary seaman at eighteen dollars a month.

"I wonder what that young chap wanted with Captain Stearns?" he thought, as a slender, pale-faced youth came out of the cabin. After looking about him in a bewildered sort of way, the boy finally spoke to Dod.

"Will you direct me to—the boy's room," please?" asked the new-comer, who was dressed in a very new and sailorish suit of blue. His voice was pleasant, but rather hesitating and low.

"This is it," answered Dod, briefly, with a backward nod of his head.

"That—*closet*!" exclaimed the other, glancing up at Dod, as though not sure that he could really be in earnest. Dod, who began to suspect the truth, preserved a provoking silence.

"I am Robin Adair," continued the other, knitting his brows, "and I thought, if I shipped as 'boy,' I could be alone by myself, separate from the—the common sailors."

Robin had not the slightest intention of saying anything offensive, but Dod flashed up at once.

"I'm a common sailor," but Captain Stearns told me that I could keep my berth in the boy's room another voyage, and I mean to, too," he added, with unnecessary force.

"Oh, very well, it does not matter much," was the reply, in a manner that Dod took to mean that it *did* matter considerably. And swelling with inward anger, he looked on while Robin dragged a small sea chest and some bedding—all very new—to the room, and proceeded, awkwardly enough, to stow them away.

"What possessed Captain Stearns to ship that useless specimen, and for a winter passage, too, I don't see," grumbled Dod, who, himself one of those exceptional boys known as "born sailors," had a secret contempt for any one aspiring to be a sailor who had white hands and a delicate complexion. For Dod, who was one of the best-natured fellows in the world, had learned to grumble a little, as became his profession, yet his heart was always in the right place.

But in the arrival of the crew, and the bustle and confusion of getting under way, the new-comer and his affairs quite passed from his mind.

Occasionally in the scurry and confusion of making sail, Dod had a glimpse of luckless Robin being hustled hither and thither by the busy crew, or heard him scolded sharply, for some small sin, by Mr. Briggs, the active young second mate. But it was not until the decks were cleared up and the watches chosen that Dod had any chance to exchange speech with his new room-mate.

And then the speech seemed to be all on one side. For Robin, who was naturally shy and quiet, was beginning to be a little seasick and a great deal homesick, and only replied in the briefest manner to Dod's friendly questioning. That he had lived in the country, and never was at sea before, was all that Dod could discover, and mentally deciding that Mr. Robin Adair was "putting on airs," Dod determined to let him severely alone until his reserve should wear off.

No one can imagine the terrible misery that the first fortnight at sea brought to the delicately nurtured, shy, sensitive boy. It would have been bad enough in the finest weather to have endured the coarse jokes of the sailors and the sharp scolding of the officers, but when, added to these, was a continuation of gales that almost invariably make up a midwinter passage across the Atlantic, the situation of poor Rob, entirely unused to anything like hardship or exposure, was really pitiable. And then, too, there was no one to whom he could unburden himself, for he mistook Dod's curt speech for gruffness, just

\* This beautiful little picture is copied from a miniature by the English artist Cosway. The portraits are those of Lady Georgiana Dorothy and Lady Harriet Elizabeth Cavendish, daughters of William, fifth Duke of Devonshire. The little folk were born in 1783 and 1785.

as Dod took his silence for sullenness; so the two went on mutually misunderstanding each other, just as many older people have done, and will do until the end of time.

One night, after four terrible hours spent aloft in shortening sail amid terrible squalls, with cutting sleet and hail that made ropes like wire and canvas like oak boards, the port watch was sent below, with the significant warning to "stand ready for a call."

Tired, exhausted, and wet to the skin, the two boys entered the room, Rob heart-sick and sore, Dod sleepy and out of sorts. Scarcely had they pulled to the door, when the latter began:

"I say, Adair, why don't you do something besides hang on and shiver when we're aloft stowing the topsails? I have to pick up my share of the yard-arm and yours too. What a coward you are aloft!"

"I know it, but I can't help it," was the answer, in a low, dispirited tone that went straight to Dod's heart, though he was too stubborn to let it be seen. Yet if Rob had spoken again, Dod would have "taken it all back," as he told himself. But Rob, removing his wet oil-skin in silence, crawled into his bunk, with every bone in him twingeing like the toothache.

Thinking how uncommonly comfortable the little stived-up room, with its wet, sloppy floor, and its two berths full of damp bedding, looked, when lit up by the jangling tin lamp, as contrasted with the darkness and cold without, Dod got into his own bunk, boots and all, knowing that before long they would be called out again, for the voice of the storm was waxing fiercer and fiercer, while the terrible rolling and pitching of the ship told of an increasing wind and sea.

Insensibly Dod's thoughts travelled home and motherward, as those of every true boy are sure to do at such times.

"If this sort of thing makes *me* feel bad," muttered Dod, drawing a wet sleeve hastily across his eyes, "how must Rob feel? What a pig I've been, anyway!" Leaning over the edge of his berth as he thus communed with himself, he gently touched the shoulder of his room-mate, who was lying with his face buried in his pillow.

"A little homesick, eh, old fellow?" he said, in a tone of such kindly interest that Rob, starting suddenly up, seized his hand in both his own with a fervor that considerably surprised his more practical companion.

"Oh, if you only knew—" he began, when his further speech was abruptly checked by a great thumping at the door, accompanied by a gruff,

"Turn out here 'n' shorten sail!"

"Never mind," said Dod, springing lightly from his berth, feeling his heart growing very warm and tender toward the homesick boy; "there's nothing now to do but heave the old ship to, and then we'll get a whole watch below—a thing we haven't had for thirty-six hours."

Oh, the discomfort, the misery, of blundering out on

deck in the darkness of a December night, with a terrible gale shrieking and howling through the straining rigging!—a gale laden with alternate squalls of sleet and hail. Overhead, the partly clewed-up topsails are slatting against the yards with thunderous force; under-foot, the reeling, heaving deck is drenched with green seas; while the great ship herself goes tearing on over the tempest-tossed ocean, as though driven by the fiends of the storm. But everything pleasant or unpleasant must have an end, and after a long struggle with the stiffened canvas and a vast amount of yard-bracing, the *Texas*, hove to under the snugest possible canvas, began laboriously climbing the mountainous seas as they rose before her.

It was the starboard watch that was sent below after all was snug, and Dod, drawing Rob nearer to him, stood huddled under the lee of the hatch-house for such shelter as it might give them.

"Two hours longer of wet and cold," said Rob, through his chattering teeth, "and then—"

"Hold on all for your lives!"

Hardly had the ringing order risen above the din of the storm when a towering wall of black water, meeting the uprising ship with resistless force, crashed in on deck, sweeping everything before it.

Throwing one arm about the waist of his companion, who was helpless with fear, Dod attempted to seize one of the stanchions supporting the "gallows" where the boats were lashed; but he was too late.

The wild torrent, which for the moment threw the ship nearly on her beam ends, swept the two boys away and outboard as though they had been straws. But from the lee pin-rail, which was completely under water, the fore and main braces were at the same moment washed to leeward in tangled, straggling coils. The two boys were held for one strange second between the outgoing and incoming wave. Dod still clung to his half-insensible companion when he felt the touch of a rope across his face.



"HE FELT THE TOUCH OF A ROPE ACROSS HIS FACE."

To seize it with the strength of despair, and guide the hand of his companion to this hope of safety, was the work of an instant. And then, as the *Texas* loomed dim and phantom like through the darkness above them, the reflex or incoming wave swept them back with lightning speed almost to the ship's rail, and in another moment the two, drenched, numbed, and half drowned, were hauled in board by a score of willing hands.

The ship *Texas*, looking rather battered and storm beaten, was lying in Bramley Moore Dock some two weeks later. Captain Stearns was in his cabin, and with him a tall, handsomely dressed gentleman, who had followed the old ship by steam-power, and arrived in port some time before her. He was walking nervously to and fro as he listened intently to Captain Stearns, who had narrated, far better than I have done, the story just told.\*

"It was a narrow shave for the youngsters, General Rogers," Captain Stearns was saying, "though once, in the old ship *Kentucky*, I had three men washed from deck while lying to in a gale off Hatteras, and the 'reflex wave,' as they call it, *actually swept two of them fairly back over the rail*, inboard, ten seconds later. The third, poor fellow, was lost. You would have been amused to have seen Robin and young Billings hang together for the rest of the voyage," continued Captain Stearns, returning to his original topic. "Why, they were like two brothers. Dod did his best to learn Rob a little sailorizing, but it was no use."

"I'm glad of it," was the answer, "for after this Rob will love his home all the better. There are only Robin and myself left," continued General Rogers, rather sadly, "and it was a great shock to me when my boy took this fancy to try a sea-faring life."

"But if anything had happened," said Captain Stearns,

"I should not have blamed you," quickly answered the General; "and so I felt, when I informed you that I had found out from the lady of the house where he was lodging that he was going to pay you a visit in the morning, and requested you to ship him at once. I sailed for Liverpool three days after the *Texas* left, and I can not tell you how I have watched and waited for the ship's arrival."

A sudden knock at the door startled them.

"Come in," called Captain Stearns, with a meaning smile at the General.

General Rogers slipped into the Captain's state-room, leaving the door ajar. Enter Dod and Robin, looking rather embarrassed.

"Well, boys, what is it?" asked Captain Stearns, pleasantly.

Robin looked at Dod, who cleared his throat.

"If you please, sir," said Dod, twisting his cap nervously in his fingers, "Robin—hem—thinks he won't go another voyage, and won't you advance him money enough to pay his passage back to Boston in the steerage, and take it out of my advance wages; he'll pay me some day, when we get back to the States."

"What do you want to go home for, Robin?" asked Captain Stearns, in a voice of affected wonder; "you're not tired of a sailor's life already, I hope?"

"I want to tell father how *very, very* wicked I was to leave such a good home," returned Rob, in a low voice, "and to ask him to forgive me."

"It's all right, Rob; I think you've learned your lesson," said a familiar voice, at the sound of which Rob gave a great cry, and rushed into his father's arms, after the most approved method laid down in story-books.

When Dod Billings came home after the next voyage he displayed to the admiring eyes of friends and school-

mates a remarkably handsome gold hunting-case chronometer, on which was engraved:

PRESENTED TO DODDREDGE BILLINGS,

*As a reward for kindness and a tribute to heroism,*

BY HIS FRIENDS

GENERAL J. G. ROGERS, U. S. A., AND ROBIN ADAIR ROGERS.

When he again returned from a longer voyage—this time as second mate of the *Texas*—he found hanging in his room an oil-painting representing the ship *Texas* hove to in a gale of wind, in one corner of which was the artist's name, but not in full—"Robin Adair,\*" And I hardly know which of the two gifts he values the most.

## OUR OLD-FASHIONED PARTIES.

BY LUCY C. LILLE.

THE other day a young lady of about eleven years of age, who is one of my particular friends, showed me an invitation she had just received to a party. The hours were from eight to twelve, and what weighed most on my little friend's mind was the question of her toilet, for she was to have a new dress of pink silk foulard for the occasion, and it seemed to me as though in her anxiety concerning this all chance of honest, downright fun in the anticipation and in the frolic itself was lost.

Perhaps there was something dreamy in the air that day; perhaps it was because my little friend's aunt, to whom I was talking, reminded me by a few chance words of very dear old times; perhaps it was just because we were all circled about a cozy fire with a little five-o'clock-tea table before us and a gentle spirit had diffused itself. But for one or all these reasons my friend and I began to talk of the parties we used to go to, nearly twenty years ago—parties in "our street"—and one by one the children gathered about us, and we had to go on always telling "more."

It used to seem to me as if we had always lived in "our street"—all of us who played together, for, singular to say, in our recollection no one had moved, so that we knew every child very intimately. We had no mysteries from each other *except* on the subject of parties. We each gave one party every winter, and it was an understood thing that a certain degree of secrecy, a flavor, as it were, of mystery, was allowable.

We could not exactly say *how* or *why*, but there was always *something* in the manner and air of the girl who was going to give a party which made us suspicious, and when we came out in the afternoon to play, we watched such a one with a feeling half of admiration, half of awe, and would exchange whispers on the subject when she was not present, each giving an opinion as to whether it really was or was not likely that she intended to give a party. I remember once, after watching one of the girls in our street three days in this manner, and observing she had *just* the very precise way and manner of a girl who had "party" on her mind, it turned out that she was only going away to the funeral of a distant relation. We never quite trusted that girl after that. Her name was Phoebe, and, unreasoning as it may seem, I never could thoroughly like the name since.

Well, it was always the case that the day the invitations were sent out, the girl who was to give the party never came out to play. We had certain understood rules of etiquette, you see, and this was one of them. It was always taken for granted that the other children wanted to talk it over, and it would be embarrassing to do so in our hostess's presence. For this purpose we always assembled on the steps of what was known as the "empty

\* This incident, with the exception of an entire change of names, is that of *Texas*, indeed, the leading features of this story.—F. H. C.



house," for in our recollection no one had lived in it, and as it had a stone portico and five wide steps, and seats each side of the portico, we thought it a "lovely" place to sit and talk in.

The houses in our street were of different kinds and sizes, and I presume the incomes of the different households varied considerably; but it never made the least difference to us in those days who was rich or who was poor. We never expected any splendor or any show at any one's party; and while we knew in a general way, for instance, that the R—s never had a great many dishes for supper, nor any special entertainments, and perhaps Mr. R— was poor, we never thought of criticising the R—s' parties, but looked forward to them with special delight, because on such occasions we always went up to Grandmamma R—s' room, and were allowed to look over her treasures.

The M—s, we knew, gave the finest entertainments of our street, but still they never violated those unwritten laws of ours which decreed that all parties should begin at half past 4 P.M., and be ended by 9.30 or, at latest, 10 P.M., and that games should come in a certain order, and the boys be made to stay with the girls, and *not* go off by themselves.

The invitations were always written on gilt-edged note-paper—only the other day I was looking at one of them—and they came in very highly glazed gilt-edged envelopes, and ran as follows:

*Misses Katie and May M— request the pleasure of your company on Thursday, January 10, from 4 to half past 9 P.M.* R. S. V. P.

We were all very particular about that R. S. V. P., which I suppose all girls to-day know means *Respondet, s'il vous plait* (Reply, if you please), and were quite in a flutter until the replies had been sent, and we took a keen delight in watching the windows of the hostess's house when our messenger was sent over. Nothing but severe illness ever prevented us from accepting. Mumps or measles was an excuse, but oh! with what sad effect upon our street! It was an awful thing not to go to a party, and what a delightful thing to go!

We nearly all wore curls in those days, so that that morning everybody's hair was always in papers. Those very papers had a fascination for me, and it was so interesting to see them unrolled, and find out how each curl came out. We never had any afternoon lessons such days, but directly after the school-room dinner we were told to lie down for an hour.

At about three o'clock we were roused from these delights by the entrance of our nurse with the clean starched muslins, our silk stockings and slippers and ribbons. These were duly put on, and over them our Red-Riding-hood cloaks; all children had these cloaks then. Then we were taken to the scene of entertainment. We never minded walking down the street thus attired. Everybody understood it.

Arrived at the house, we always ran up quickly to the dressing-room. I can see that at the M—s' house very clearly now—a large solemn looking room, with a bed draped in lace, and a French dressing-table with soft lace and silk hangings, and a long mirror in which we could see our small selves comfortably from top to toe. One agony was always in store for us—one, happily, not known to the children of to-day. My sister and I on such occasions always became horribly, painfully, madly, conscious that our hair was *red*, that the long thick curls hanging down to our waists were almost a disgrace. Red hair in those days was considered a calamity, and the fact of possessing it made us painfully self-conscious the first few moments we were in the drawing-room. I can remember on one occasion the shiver with which I heard a lady say to our hostess's mamma: "Oh, those children with the *red*

hair are the little—s, aren't they? Dear me!" Perhaps the "dear me" did not mean what I fancied it did, but it struck like a damp chill upon my joy that afternoon.

We always played games as soon as the party was assembled, the first being, as a rule, "Oats, peas, beans," a game the words of which I always supposed, and so I am sure did many another in our street, were but one word, "Oatsbiesbeens"; and as this was followed by

"And barley grows  
Where you, nor I, nor nobody knows,"

I grew to be a great girl before I gave up the idea that "oatsbiesbeens" was a curious vegetable, hard to find, but still a known product of the land I lived in. We next had "Pillows and keys," and then "Little Sally Waters," and with intervals of conversation and looking at the stereoscope, etc., this led to supper-time, when a march was always played on the piano.

We not only marched solemnly to the dining-room two and two, but also around and around the table twice or thrice before taking our places. Do the little girls I know now like hot biscuits, and preserves, and waffles, and cold chicken, and turkey, and fried oysters, I wonder, at their parties? We did, I know, and this repast, wholesome in kind and bountiful in supply, was always provided for us about six o'clock. Then we returned to the parlor for more games and dancing.

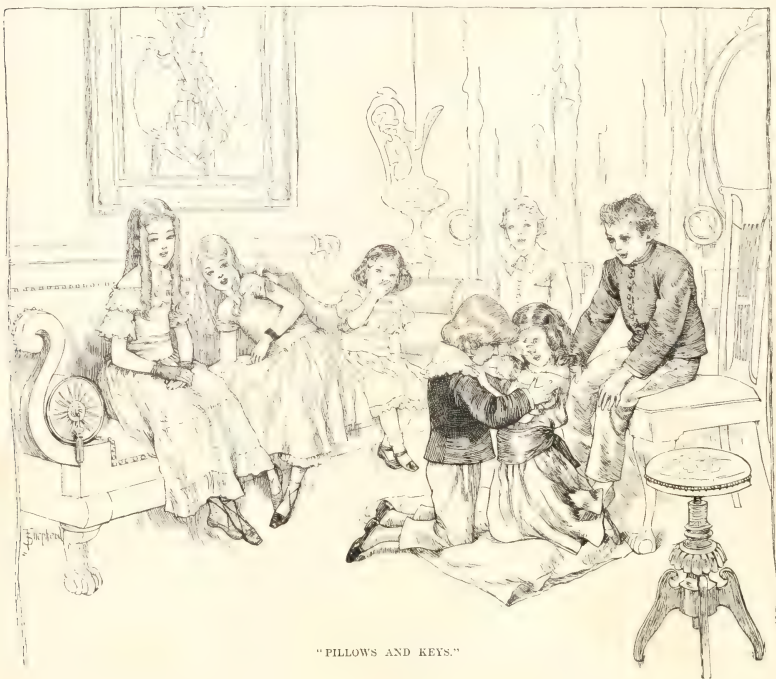
There were always a great many boys who didn't want to dance, and some who didn't know how. The former were artfully coaxed, and the latter given into the hands of some little girl who knew enough to pilot them through the Lanciers, or what was always known as the "quadrille." Then we danced the Esmeralda, and then the Varsovienne and the Danish dance, and then the schottische and the polka.

Nobody knew how to waltz then. The girls danced with each other, or with the boys, just as it happened, and I can say every dance was enjoyed, from the first step to the last. In the Lanciers, *how* we enjoyed the marching figure! The old-fashioned music one never hears now was always played for the Lanciers then everywhere, and the strain which opened that figure used to seem to us the most beautiful of harmonies. In the quadrille I think we liked best the *visiting figure*, where one always gave the left hand to the right of her partner. There was a curious fascination about the little *twirl* we took in returning to our own places.

A boy named Towsey in our street always did that so nicely that we all wanted to dance as his *vis-à-vis*, and one time he said: "See here, I think it's real mean of you girls to make such a fuss about that," and for a month at least we were all horribly ashamed. We felt as if Towsey must think us so rude and forward; and it was no comfort even when Katie M— said one day: "Well, I don't see as Towsey's such *dreadful* importance anyway," though it did clear the air a little to have such an opinion boldly expressed.

We always had one or two sitting-down games—"Stage-Coach" and "Going to Jerusalem" being unfailingly popular with the boys, while "Post-office" was better liked by the girls. At some houses they had magic-lanterns, and our eldest brother always came down at our house and did tricks, but I think we liked the ordinary routine of games and dances best.

At nine o'clock we again went down to the dining-room, this time for ice-cream and lemonade and cake, and after that came the announcements of the maids and nurses, the scramble into our wraps, the fervent though sleepy good-byes, the peals of laughter from the boys' dressing-room—they always seemed to fight over *their* things those boys—and the going out into the winterstarlight, happy, excited, thrilled, and just touched by vague sorrow that it was over, and so home and to bed and asleep before ten o'clock.



"PILLOWS AND KEYS."

The boys gave parties equally with the girls, but we girls never thought them *quite* as nice, and perhaps our slight contempt was felt at last, because I remember one terrible occasion. There was a boy in the corner house who was known to have his own way about everything, and it became apparent one February that he meant to give a party. High were our hopes, and Eddie W— was eagerly observed. Imagine, then, the disgust and disappointment of the street when the invitations were sent out to *our brothers only!*

In the whole history of the street, in the oldest girl's remembrance, such a thing had never been heard of, and it was clear that there was nothing to do but to treat the whole affair with silent contempt, and so we never condescended to make the least inquiry as to that exclusive entertainment, about which I am to this day ignorant. The one only item concerning it in which we took *any* apparent interest was the fact that midway in the evening some boys who were called the "Fourth Avenue roughs" made their appearance, claiming that Eddie had invited them, and only took their leave after a scrimmage with the other guests. Katie M— reported confidentially that Mr. W— had said to *her* father that it was the *last* party Eddie ever should have. I believe we concluded after this to restore him to our favor, but we never alluded to his party; and if he had wished to humiliate us, he must have felt disappointed.

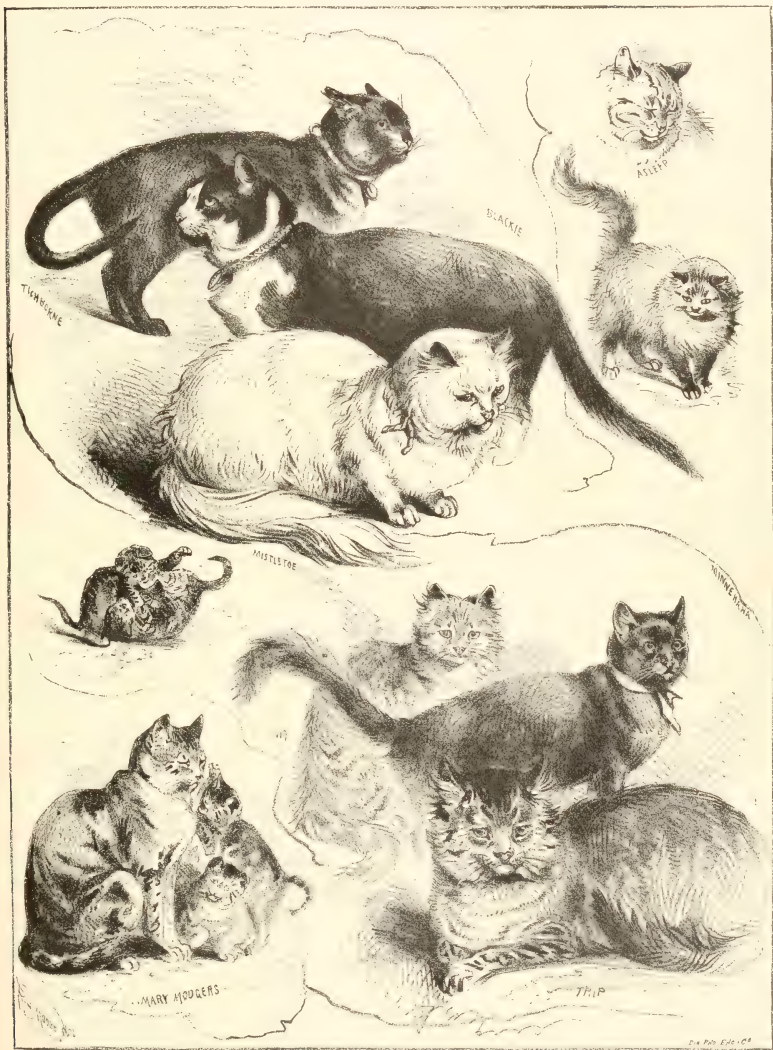
Such, with slight variations, were the parties in our

street twenty years ago. I wonder how they would impress the young people I so dearly love to-day. How would the early hours, the simple fare, the plain little toilets, the happy, careless dancing, and old-fashioned games please them? I know that I look back with gratitude and delight to the entertainments of those childish days, which never wearied, never overexcited, never produced discontent or false ideas and ambitions, but were only joyous hours in simple lives of genuine *children*.

#### OUR PET PUSSY CATS.

**W**HAT would life be to little folk without pets? Very dull and commonplace, would it not? And where is there a more delightful pet to be found than puss? On the following page our artist has given us a group of pet pussy cats, and how soft and sleek they are, with their warm fur and bright eyes! Not one shows a claw. Blackie and Mistletoe, Minnehaha and Trip, who would imagine they could ever get angry, and snarl and bite? But then everybody, even cats, are always on their good behavior when they are having their pictures taken.

Puss has been a pet ever since we have known anything about the world. Yet whence she came, and what nation first tamed her and made her a household friend, nobody knows.



PET PUSSY CATS.

Nothing whatever is really known about the origin of the domestic cat. When, where, and how it became domesticated not the most learned naturalists can say. You may read about the animal in half a dozen dead languages, and you may find it sculptured on the stone remains and on the various other monuments of all the cities and nations of the past. A book might be written on the cats of ancient Egypt. Darwin says the animal existed long before man. Perhaps, as Dr. Gordon Stable suggests, if this be the case, "it was the cat which first domesticated man."

A belief is held by many naturalists that the "tabby" of our firesides comes from the wild mountain cat; but there are certain differences between the wild and the domestic cat, notably in the form of the tail, which seem to point to the fact that our pussy is not a relative of the original wild cat. It is not altogether improbable that the Egyptian cat is the real ancestor of our domestic species.

The classification of the domestic cat may be made with every share of reason as follows: Of the short-haired species, five primary varieties—tortoise-shell, black, white, blue or slate-color, and the tabbies; of the long-haired, or Asiatic, no division has been attempted, nor would such division be of practical value in the present state of cat-fancying. The European cats are further divided into secondary varieties as follows: Tortoise-shell pure; tortoise-shell and white; black; pure black and white; blue pure, and blue and white, tabbies; red, brown, blue and silver, and spotted.

Cats are credited with the greatest number of bad qualities. They have been said to be false, treacherous, cruel, ungrateful, spiteful, and what is perhaps worse than all, thieves. In this last respect they have often been slandered, as in the case of the unfortunate lodging-house cat supposed to have taken two bottles of vinegar, half a dozen lemons, and a pound of sugar! One redeeming quality it is admitted to possess, and that is the love of home. Indeed, so strong is this instinct in cats that it has been stated that the unearthly sounds heard at dead of night, when puss and his friends meet on their rambles on the fences, is but the bemoaning of their short absence from home; that they then give vent to their feelings in their peculiar version of "Home, sweet Home." It is difficult, however, to distinguish that touching melody amidst the variations.

Still, pussy possesses some good qualities. Cats will often show a very strong personal attachment, and they themselves are often warmly beloved by their owners. Mohammed's cat must have made herself beloved by her master in no common degree, for the Prophet cut off the sleeve of his garment rather than disturb the repose of his favorite, which had fallen asleep on it. Petrarch was so fond of his cat, and it showed such affection for him, that he had it embalmed after death, and placed in a niche of his apartment.

It is a well-known fact that a cat will have such a love for a kind mistress as to intrust the care of its kittens to her and her alone. An instance of this kind happened but a short time ago. A lady had a beautiful cat, from its color known as Whitey. Whitey had three very beautiful kittens; but before these pretty creatures saw the light of day the original owner of Whitey gave her away to a lady who lived some little distance off. Her old mistress was sitting in her drawing-room one day, when a well-known "meow" caused her to look up from her work. There was Whitey, with a kitten in her mouth, which she carefully deposited in the lady's lap, and with another plaintive "meow," which seemed to say, "Just take care of him till I come back," went off in search of the rest, which one by one were brought over and placed, according to Whitey's notions, in safe-keeping. When Whitey's new owner came to know what had been going on, she procured the return of the kittens, and they were sent back.

but the mother had clearly made up her mind on the point, and the next day brought them all back again.

That cats have the means of communicating ideas one to another seems possible, and a story told by the Rev. J. G. Wood would seem to show it. He says that a friend of his had two cats, which were kept in a wine-cellar; one was an old cat and the other a young one. The older cat had a fondness for mice, but, from age and weakness, was unable to capture many. In this difficulty a bargain seems to have been made between the two, and the young one would frequently present the older animal with fresh-caught mice, and always receive a share of the older cat's meat in return.

That pussy will always be highly regarded as a household pet there can be no doubt. The interest felt in her is shown by the cat shows held both here and abroad. The one recently given in Boston was a most successful affair. People of all classes sent their pets, and attended the exhibition themselves. Prizes were distributed, and as much honor done to the inmates of the various cages as if they had been rare curiosities from remote parts of the world, and not the commonplace associates of our daily lives, at home in our kitchens, taking their meals from our hands, and enjoying cozy naps on our hearth-rugs.

## AMATEUR BOOK-BINDING.

BY C. H. V.

SOME of our readers have asked us to teach them a simple method of binding books so that they can do it without the aid of machinery or costly tools.

They are probably aware that when the material of a book comes from the hand of the printer it consists of a number of large sheets that are commonly twenty inches long and fifteen broad. Eight pages of the book are printed on each side of a sheet in such a peculiar order that when the sheet is properly folded the pages will be correctly arranged by the numbering. To see how this is, take a sheet of paper that measures fifteen inches by twenty. With a ruler and pencil draw lines across the sheet so as to divide it into eight equal parts. Each of these parts is a page. Number them thus:



Now turn the sheet over, and number the pages on this side in this way:



Now to fold the sheet, lay it on the table with the side up that has on it 2, 15, etc.; bring page 3 over upon page 2, creasing the sheet in the middle. Then the four pages lying upward will be numbered 4, 13, 12, 5. Bring page 5 over on page 4 and crease in the middle again. Pages 8



and 9 will now lie upward. Fold 9 over on 8, and the sheet will be folded as it should be, and is now called a signature. In a book there may be 20, 30, or more such signatures, which are numbered so that the binder will know in what order to place them. These numbers are placed at the bottom of the first page in each signature.

There will next be required two pieces of wooden board of the size of the pages, or about a quarter of an inch longer and wider, just as the cover of the book is a little larger than the pages. These boards are to be used as a press, the folded sheets being laid evenly between them, but with the edges on the folded sides extending out beyond the sides of the boards about one-eighth of an inch. The whole is then squeezed tightly together by two screw clamps such as carpenters use.

While still in the press, from four to seven saw-marks, according to the size of the book, are made in the back of the sheets. The middle ones are to contain pieces of strong twine, which hold the book together. The cuts on either end are what are termed the kettle-stitch cuts, or where the thread is fastened at either end of the book after having passed round the band.

The next part of the work is to sew the folded sheets together, attaching them at the same time to short pieces of strong twine stretched across them at the back.



To do this a wooden frame is needed to hold the twines in their proper place during the sewing. In the diagram the dotted lines are the twines which are fastened to the upper and lower parts of the frame.

They are set up to conform to the saw marks which have just been made in the back of the sheets. The kettle-stitch cuts are shown in the diagram. The clamps and boards are now taken off, and the folded sheets are sewed one by one to the twines in the following way: Take the first sheet, pass the needle and thread from the outside through the first hole in between pages 8 and 9, then out through the second hole, then round the first twine, then in again through the second hole, drawing the twine snugly into the cut. Then pass on inside to the second hole and twine, treating them and the third ones the same as the first. The needle and thread come out at last through the fifth hole. The second sheet is now laid on and sewed like the first, in reversed order, and so on. When the thread has left the last hole of the second sheet it should be run round the thread at the first hole of the first sheet, and similarly throughout, so as to connect the sheets at the holes where there are no twines.

When the sheets have all been sewed, the twines are cut off so as to leave about an inch of twine hanging out above and below. The edges must now be cut smoothly. Do this with a ruler and a sharp knife. After this cover the back or folded part of the sheets with a coating of glue. When nearly dry the folded edges can be hammered over with gentle taps of the hammer, producing the convex back and the concave front.

A strip of muslin is next glued fast to the back of the book, having been cut so wide as to overlap one inch both ways. The overlapping parts of the muslin and the ends of the twines are laid upon the outer leaves of the book and pasted fast to them. These outer leaves are usually made of strong dark-colored paper. The ends of the twines are also untwisted and spread out so as to lie smooth. Two pieces of pasteboard are now cut of the proper size for the cover; and a piece of cloth or leather is cut of the needed size and shape to extend over the entire back and sides of the book, and to lap a little under the edges of the pieces of pasteboard. Then the outer leaves and the muslin are pasted to the cover. The book is then placed in the press and kept there until dry, in order that

it may come out in a smooth and regular shape. Instead of extending the leather over the entire cover, it may be allowed to lie only over the back of the book and about an inch of the two sides along next to the back. The book is then said to be half bound; and the remaining part of the pasteboard sides is finished by having cloth or colored paper pasted on. Ornamental corners of leather may be added. A small square piece of leather cut in two diagonally will be of the needed shape.

To put on the title in gilt letters the binder applies a little of the white of an egg over the space where the letters are to be. When this is dry rub the leather with a rag slightly greased, and then lay on the gold-leaf. Next take common type used by printers, heat them a little, and stamp on the letters. The heat makes the gold-leaf stick where it is wanted, and the rest is rubbed off with a rag. All the gilt ornamentation on book covers may be put on in a similar manner.

To get a clear understanding of these directions the learner should examine different kinds of books very closely; and if he has an old and valueless one he can take it to pieces and put it together again. Perhaps he can improve its condition. At least he will learn some of the minor details which our limits forbid us to explain at length. He must remember that in book-binding, as in all other arts, patience and repeated trials are requisite for acquiring the skill that produces neat and handsome work.

## ART AMONG THE ROSEWOODS.

BY WADSWORTH WHEAT.

ONE morning, on his way from the village, Jube Rosewood met a photographer taking a group in a little cottage doorway, and there was something so interesting to him about the performance that he spent an hour or more studying particulars and finding out all there was to be learned about the travelling wonder. When he returned home he took a roundabout way to the wood-shed, and had an interview with himself there for about an hour. There was a deal of business done evidently, for you could hear from without a vigorous chopping and hammering, and noises that suggested his having found more tools than a carpenter usually falls heir to. When he had finished inside, and made several voyages to the house for lime and charcoal and an old bed-quilt or so, he moved around to the green again. Meeting Cuffie and Cato as they were about starting for a mole-hunt, he shouted: "Hey, yo' chillions! run an' fetch Angy heah dis instance! Dar's bus'ness on han' dat 'quies her particular tention!"

The two youngsters at once hurried themselves and their rags around the corner to do Jube's bidding, and in a moment returned with a spare-looking minglement of bare feet, calico gown, and frowzy top-knot, that rejoiced in being the pride of the Rosewood household.

"Angy," said Jube, addressing her as she approached, "dar's gwine ter be a pictur'-gal'ry started ober in de wood-shed, whar fokes dat's han'some kin fin' it out, and git duplicates ter gib deir nabobs. Yo'm de pusson dat's sorter speckled ter drum up trade an' fetch in de victims, an' ef yo'll kin'er frizzle up, an' 'low as how Cuffie an' Cato is yo' chillions, an' yo'm got ter hab deir pictur's tuk ter sorter a'vertize de kin' ob angels dey is, de bus'ness 'll open shop ter de 'tention. Is yo' gwine?"

"Jube, I's workin' a nel'fant on dat yer woosted tab fo' mammy's rockin'-cheer, an' ef yo'll gimme time ter git 'nough stitches in de tail ter hol' it on, I'll jine yer," was Angy's reply.

Jube readily agreed. The elephant's tail was attended to. Angy and her party made their toilet, and appeared at the door of the wood-shed. Here everything was in readiness for a brisk business. At the end farthest from the

house, and within a few feet of a door which was but rarely used, the amateur photographer had placed his camera. Upon a pile of wood he had placed an old double-X buck, and within its upper V, aiming directly toward the usual entrance to the shed, rested a large-sized nail keg. This was open at one end, and closed for the time being at the other by an overhanging piece of bed-quilt. To the left of the apparatus was a rude shelf, upon which were some band-box covers that seemed to be traced with charcoal designs of live subjects. A good-sized window on one side supplied a fair light, while near the entrance a churn, a wash-tub, and a coal scuttle were arranged bottom upward for the accommodation of guests.

Jube advanced to meet his visitors with a bow that certainly endangered his spine, and politely seating the party—Cato upon the churn, Cuffie upon the coal scuttle, and Angy upon the broader basis of the wash-tub—opened the conversation with, "Does yo' puppus habin' yo' kro-moze tuk dis mornin', missus?"

"Mos' possible I does," replied Angy; "leastways I's come ter 'quire der costnue ob der spekelation, an' ef I

a tin blacking-box from his pocket, and with the air of one holding a two-hundred-dollar stem-winder, remarked:

"Now ef yo'll fix yo' eyes on dis kinary-bud" pointing to a stuffed crow in the corner—"an' hol's yo' breff till I gibs yo' de signum, yo'll 'blige de artis'."

Notwithstanding the tickling match that was going on between Cuffie and Cato, and Angy's efforts to keep them from getting hopelessly tangled in the skeleton skirt, Jube held up the curtain of the camera until his blacking-box watch indicated the regulation time; and then, with a snap of the tin cover he dropped the drapery, shouted "Dat 'll do," and drawing out the bandbox cover from beneath the instrument, retired for a moment behind a hoghead in a dark corner of the "gal'ry." Appearing shortly, he walked proudly toward the group with his "negative," saying: "Dar's a crane dat does jestice to de 'casion. Mebbe dar's some p'intz dar dat yo'll fin' missin' when yo' come ter look fo' 'em, but de linerments is natchal, an' de zemblance dat's dar an' mo' sim'lar to de subjec' dan ef dey wuz twins."

Angy took the picture, and while Cuffie and Cato indulged in all sorts of antics over it, gave it a careful examination, and said:

"Dat's to'fable. Nobody kin say dar's flatumry in dem feechers, but de out-lines is all dar. Sho' 'nough de chillens looks like dey wuz gehawkin' 'roun' on a paddle-wheel, but dat's owin' to de tantrums ob de subjec's, I 'spee'."

"Jesso," returned Jube. "Dar's no spy-glass, no matter how intel'gen' dey is, dat 'll pac' fy all de kicks outen chillen's legs ter dat condition dat dey'll be ca'm in de pictur'. P'aps, dough, ef yo'll be kin' 'nough ter look in de chube 'nudder time dar'll be some 'provement'."

"I's 'gree'ble," replied Angy, "ef yo'll jis grope de fam'ly nose-gay, moreover, we'll sot fo' one ob dem *nepus fulcrums*, pervided yo'll promis' dar won't be no squinch-eyes in dar."



"SCAMPER OUT O' HERE, YO' CHILLENS."

don' hab ter gib a mo'gage on my chillens ter pay fo' de 'wes'ment, we'll properly be tuk."

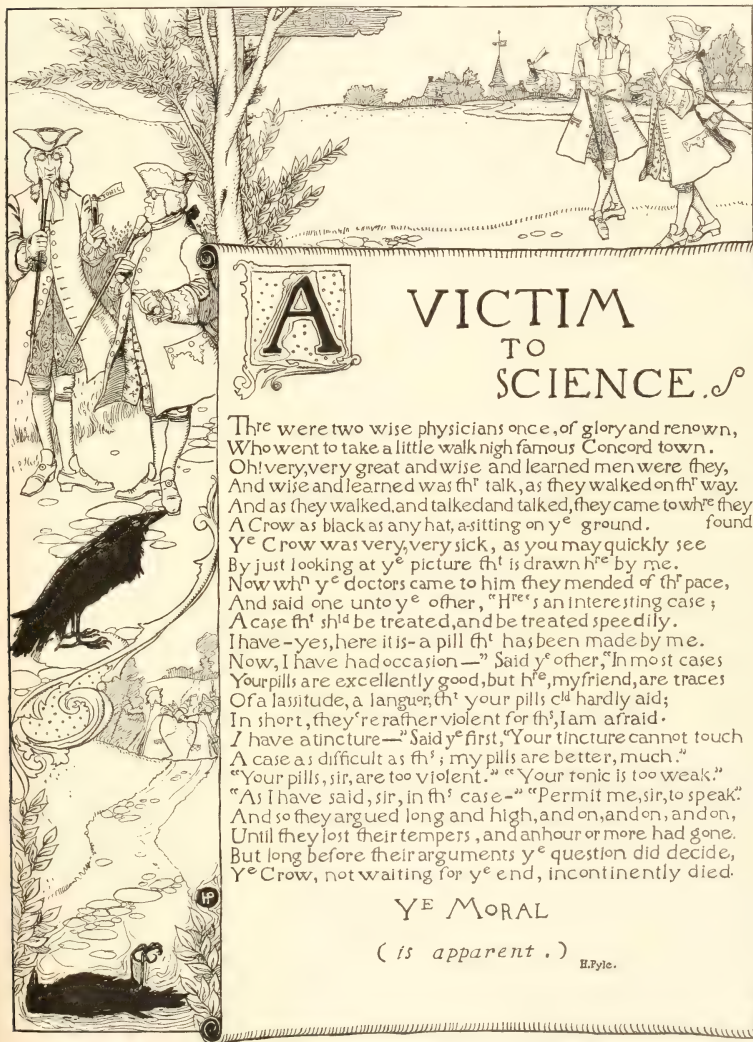
"Thar'll be no trubbel 'bout de tumms, missus," said Jube, as he walked toward the shelf and returned with a few specimens. "We don' quar'l wid nobody 'bout pennies, an' wha' we skimps up on one cus'mer we lumps it on de nex' one 'cordin'ly."

Jube set to work to group his subjects, putting Cato on Angy's lap in such a way as to throw the skeleton hoop, which she regarded as the most attractive article of her toilet, forward with an open chicken-coop effect. Cuffie was given a kneeling posture, his boots slipping down to the knees in the operation, and jutting out far enough to one side to give the idea that the understanding of the youngster was manly in the extreme. Jube finally walked to his nail keg, covered it with the bed-quilt, and went through all the movements necessary to get a proper focus. Then putting a previously prepared blue band-box cover in a crack in the mouth end of the keg, he drew

Jube promised, and the family were grouped for another trial. What the artistic result might have been can not be recorded, for just as Jube had put his head in the nail keg to arrange the focus, the door immediately behind him was opened with a bang, and Mammy Rosewood entered like a whirlwind, shouting:

"Scamper out o' here, yo' chillens. De ole man's been screechin' fo' yer dese fo'teen hours, an' he's down dar in de fish-pon' 'poin' 'roun' huntin' fo' yo' fragmen's. Skip down dar, an' tole 'im wha' come o' yer."

The group retreated through the other door with "neatness and dispatch," but poor Jube, going over with the toppled nail keg, was obliged to remain with his head exploring its interior, and his heels kicking vigorously in the direction of the roof, until his mammy pulled him out, and sent him flying out of the wood-shed pursued by an animated barrel stave. And so the "gal'ry" was closed, and the taste for art in the Rosewood family discouraged for a time.



## VICTIM TO SCIENCE. ∞

There were two wise physicians once, of glory and renown,  
Who went to take a little walk nigh famous Concord town.  
Oh! very, very great and wise and learned men were they,  
And wise and learned was th<sup>r</sup> talk, as they walked on th<sup>r</sup> way.  
And as they walked, and talked and talked, they came to where they  
A Crow as black as any hat, asitting on y<sup>e</sup> ground. found  
Y<sup>e</sup> Crow was very, very sick, as you may quickly see  
By just looking at y<sup>e</sup> picture th<sup>t</sup> is drawn h<sup>ic</sup> by me.  
Now wh<sup>n</sup> y<sup>e</sup> doctors came to him they mended of th<sup>r</sup> pace,  
And said one unto y<sup>e</sup> other, "H<sup>er</sup>'s an interesting case;  
A case th<sup>t</sup> sh<sup>d</sup> be treated, and be treated speedily.  
I have - yes, here it is - a pill th<sup>t</sup> has been made by me.  
Now, I have had occasion -" Said y<sup>e</sup> other, "In most cases  
Your pills are excellently good, but h<sup>ic</sup>, my friend, are traces  
Of a lassitude, a languor, th<sup>t</sup> your pills c<sup>d</sup> hardly aid;  
In short, they're rather violent for th<sup>t</sup>, I am afraid.  
I have a tincture -" Said y<sup>e</sup> first, "Your tincture cannot touch  
A case as difficult as th<sup>t</sup>; my pills are better, much."  
"Your pills, sir, are too violent." "Your tonic is too weak."  
"As I have said, sir, in th<sup>t</sup> case -" "Permit me, sir, to speak."  
And so they argued long and high, and on, and on, and on,  
Until they lost their tempers, and an hour or more had gone.  
But long before their arguments y<sup>e</sup> question did decide,  
Y<sup>e</sup> Crow, not waiting for y<sup>e</sup> end, incontinently died.

Y<sup>E</sup> MORAL

( is apparent . )

H. Pyle.



## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.



## THE GOOD-NIGHT PRAYER.

I OFFER up to my heavenly Father, in the twilight of the day, the best and dearest children who are at this pleasant hour just getting ready to go to bed. How many pretty bed-time stories the mothers are telling, and how many sweet good-night kisses are given, and happy little songs are sung! I am sure that no child who reads the Post-office Box ever goes to sleep at night, or rises in the morning, without saying a prayer to the Father in heaven who takes care of this great busy world, and of the people in it. I would be very sorry if I thought the older boys, even when away at school or beginning active life, gave up this regular habit of childhood.

I have been writing two little prayers—one for morning and one for evening—which I think some of the children may like to learn and repeat in addition to those already known.

## Evening Prayer.

May I this day, Lord, obey  
Be true, obedient, kind, and sweet,  
Attend to what my parents say,  
On errands run with willing feet;  
I thank the Lord for happy rest,  
I know He sends me sleep's best,  
And if I sleep or if I wake,  
I'll think all things for Jesus' sake.  
Amen.

## Evening Prayer.

Dear Lord, I pray Thee round my home  
To bid the watching angels come;  
Take care of all I love to-night;  
And guard us till the morning light;  
Pardon Thy little child for sin,  
And make me clean and pure within.  
And when I rest, and when I rise,  
Thy Jesus let me feel in my eyes.  
This prayer I very humbly make,  
And offer it for Jesus' sake.  
Amen.

The next little prayer, which is beautiful and reverent, has been kindly sent to the Post-office Box by a friend, Mr. John M. R. Leeburg, Texas:

I thank Thee, Lord, for last night's sleep,  
My soul and body this day keep,  
Guide me all sinfulness to shun,  
My feet in wisdom's ways to run.  
In usefulness help me to grow,  
What should be done teach me to know;  
And promptly may I ere the night,  
Thy spirit teach within my heart,  
That I from Thee may not depart;  
And if I die ere day be done,  
Give me a home with Thy dear Son.  
All this I ask for Jesus' sake,  
Who on Himself my sins did take.  
Amen.

The little poem which follows may not please the children quite so much as it surely will their fathers and mothers, very likely their dear grandparents. A home away from home is a complete when it has a grandmother or grandfather in it, and sometimes these old people, who have young hearts still, write lovely things for the Post-office Box. So it is only fair to slip in this bit of verse for them. It was composed by Mrs. Barbaud, one of the earliest writers for children, when she was over seventy years old. All the rest of the poems were written by her, and are in a charming sketch which forms part of *A Book of Sibyls*, recently published by Messrs. Harper &

Brothers. Miss Thackeray says it is almost sacred to her because it was dear to her gifted father, and also to one who had tended his childhood as well as that of his children:

Life, we've been long together  
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;  
Thy hand to part when friends are dear;  
Perhaps 'twixt cost a sigh or tear;  
Then steal away, give little warning,  
Choose, thank God, this hour,  
Say not good-night, but in some brighter clime  
Bid me good-morning.

## SHEKLAH, MOUNT LIBAN.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—Would you like to hear about a journey which I took last spring? Our party consisted of papa, grandma, my brother Theodore, and myself, with our two faithful men, and a donkey boy. We set out about 10 a.m. on the 23d of the beautiful month of May. After riding a few hours we quitted the foot of the sea, and seemed to be blocked in on all sides by mountains. Some were rocky and barren, while others were covered with waving wheat and olive or mulberry trees, and just in front of us rose the beautiful white caps of the other part of the Lebanon range.

All this time we had been descending into the beautiful valley of the Damour. In this valley was a "khan," or inn, only a few feet above the Damour River, where we stopped to lunch, where the horses came up from the water, and where we refreshed us. After we had finished our food, we saw to see a mill where flour was ground. When we came back, grandma and I pressed some ferns to the wall. At 3½ o'clock we started on toward the Deir. We were cordially received by the teacher, Maalim Naoum, and his wife, Maalim Loulou, at whose house we were to sleep that night. They brought us in some lemonade, and when we were quite rested the teacher took us out for a walk around the town.

The streets were not broad, but nicely paved; the sidewalks were made of stone, and the houses broader than usual, and remarkably clean for this country. Presently we came to an open square, where was a beautiful fountain made of stone, and a small marble table in the center. It was an old place where the massacre was begun between the Druses and Christians in 1860, and to several other places which are not important enough to mention here.

The next day, which was Wednesday, we started, after an early breakfast, for B'teddeen to see the Prison. It is of ancient work, mostly of carved stone that must have required a great deal of time and skill. Theodore and I had never seen anything of the kind before, and enjoyed it very much. In going out of the Prison, and on the way, we went up to the prison, which has been lately built, and near that we saw men at work on the new prison hospital.

Then we went to a place half-way between B'teddeen and Mukhtara, where was a spring, and above it a walnut-tree. There we ate our lunch, and rested awhile, and then went on our way. The road was very good, and we went up the hill, on the top of which Mukhtara was situated. I never saw such a pretty place. I climbed into a cave that leaned away over the water, as if trying to get out of the cave, and down to the river, and I could not help thinking as I sat there of the beautiful crystal river in heaven. We went on and on, and at last we came to a place where we were to stay at Maalim Dawood's house. A good many men came in to see papa, and when the news spread that we were with him, crowds of women and children came and stood around the door and windows and stared at us. The teacher brought us in a small low table, upon which we ate our supper. After that papa went out to attend a prayer-meeting, and when he was very tired and sleepy, asked the women to retire and leave us to go to bed.

The next day grandma said she hardly felt able to go on, and so she stayed at home. The teacher, so she returned to Deir el Kumer to await us there. After seeing her off we went up to the place of the Jublat family, and were shown all through it, and we saw the Beg and the old "Sit," or lady, the mother of the Beg, and then we took a long walk, and came back about noon.

That afternoon we started off for Jezzeen. It was a hot day, and the ride a long one. On arriving at the pretty town we found our way to the teacher's house, where we had been told to spend the night. We were quite pleased to see such a neat, pretty home. The teacher Tony had married, about eight months before, a teacher from the Sidon seminary, Maalim Hoda. After we had rested, Teacher Tony took us out to see the water-falls, for which that place is famous. The water, which comes down from the measured falls, and found the bed 24 feet down a perpendicular precipice of rocks. We stood on an opposite precipice and looked across the river, and the foot of the mountain, and the fine white dust, showing all the colors of the rainbow in the setting sun.

The next morning we went out to visit the beautiful Jezzeen, which is a rocky road thirty feet square. At one end was a table with a large Bible, a few books, and pen and ink, with a chair beside it for the teacher. The pupils sat on a mat upon the floor; their books and slates were

kept in a closet in the wall. After leaving the school we took a walk about the town, and then went home. While we were waiting for our lunch and preparing for the return journey, papa went to call on a "Sheikh," and we joined him there.

Soon after leaving Jezzeen we began to ascend a steep mountain path, which was very narrow, and in one place Butroos, our cook, who rode a very small donkey, placing a foot on a rock on one side of the road and a foot on the other, let the donkey pass first, and then we went on. We had an hour, or perhaps more, going up, up, and around and around the mountain, then along a path that made me dizzy to look down, it was so steep and high. After a while we had to dismount, the road was so rocky. Our destination was a famous castle cut out of the rocks, but which was mostly fallen away, where two hundred years ago a rebellion had taken place, and the ruler was killed. In some places we had to pass between ledges of rocks not more than two or two and a half feet apart.

After we had gone all through the castle, and had seen the secret chamber, we mounted, and went on to the little village of Neeha, where we visited the school. We did not stop long, but went on to our next resting-place, which was Omeir, a village a distance from Neeha. On arriving there we went to the house of one of the pupils, a very low round hut, and we stayed with them. And such a dinner! I don't think the boys and girls in America have ever tasted one like it. A low round table was set before us; on it were placed alternately dishes of lamb and milk, rice rolled up in grape leaves, and plates of honey and home-made cheese; in the center a platter with a chicken stuffed with rice, pine-seed, and spices, and around it dishes of "lebb," or sour milk, dates, and dried figs, besides Arab bread and hard-boiled eggs. It was really disconcerting to sit down to such a dinner. However, we managed to dispose of about one-fifth of what was on the table. When we could eat no more, we tried to make us eat.

On the morning of the 11th we went on to Mukhtara, where we had left some of our things. On arriving there we collected our property, and made our way to the teacher and his wife, who had been so kind in inviting us to stay at the Deir el Kumer. We made pretty good time, and reached there about 1 o'clock. We were very glad to see grandma and papa, and we had enjoyed our noon calling on some natives.

The next day, which was Sunday, we went to church, and read Sunday books in the morning, and did the same in the afternoon. In the evening there was a prayer-meeting held in the teacher's house, which we attended.

The next day, after an early dinner at half past eleven, we started on our journey. The journey was with half-glad, half-sorrowful feelings that we took our departure. We were happy to see the old ones at home, but we were sorry we could not stop longer to tell you about our journey. Our seven days' journey so much. Papa promises to take Theodore and me to Baalbek before long, and you have been interested in this journey, so I shall be glad to tell you about it. We go. I hope this letter is not too long to put in the Post-office Box.

JENNIE C. P. (11 years old).

A little correspondent who has taken so interesting a trip, and who has learned to describe it so well, is very anxious to see the Post-office Box. Should you go to Baalbek, Jennie, we will all be glad to hear about the trip. Edith and Theodore will see their letters in the next number.

## HARRY'S PUPPET-SHOW.

I am a little boy seven years old. I want to tell you how I made a puppet-show. I took the frame of an old box, nailed a piece of sheet on it, and there was my puppet frame. Then I made some puppets, and there was my puppet-show. I piled some books under it, and set it up in front of the lamp. I had Cinderella and Bluebeard. Perhaps some of the boys would like to do this.

## HARRY'S PUPPET-SHOW.

I fear my little boy's explanation is not very clear, but my puppets were a great success. I drew the figures on paper, and cut them out, folding up the bottom so that they would stand between the lamp and the frame, and the shadows were fine, especially Cinderella and Bluebeard.

## HARRY'S MAMMA.

This little letter has been waiting a long time. The other day, on opening a drawer, I heard a mournful rustling, and there it was, looking up reproachfully in my face. I hope some of the little fellows will make a puppet-show like Harry's.

The three following are Indian summer letters, and all come from Batavia, Illinois:

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—This is the first time I ever wrote a letter to a lady with whom I am not acquainted. I am a boy eleven years old, and have been very busy in getting up my tree. Nearly all of the leaves have fallen from the trees. Chestnuts do not grow here. The sumac leaves are very nearly gone. My mother is very glad when there is sunshine so late in the au-







### BO-PEEP AND LITTLE BOY BLUE.

**L**ITTLE Bo-peep a watch did keep  
O'er her sheep while the reapers were reaping;  
When she heard a horn sounding over the corn,  
Boy Blue round the beech-tree was peeping.

### A CURIOUS TRICK.

**G**ET a piece of string about six or seven feet long. Tie the ends together. Take off your coat and place the string over your arm, and your hand in the pocket of your waistcoat. Then propose to remove the string without taking your hand from your pocket, and without passing the string over your hand.

To remove the string: pass a loop under the part of the waistcoat which is over your right shoulder. Then pull up the slack, open out the loop, and put your head through it, being careful not to twist the string. Next pass the loop under the waistcoat above the left shoulder, and put your left arm up through the loop.

The string is now released, and can be drawn down the body, when it will fall off at your feet.

An assistant may be employed to pass the string as directed, but the trick is more effective if done single-handed. In this case, put your left hand through the right armhole of the waistcoat, take hold of the string, pull up the slack, and pass the loop over your head. When doing this be careful to put the string which was at first in front of your fore-arm behind your head. Then let go of the string, and put your left hand, from left to right, through the left armhole of the waistcoat. Catch hold of the string again, pull it through the armhole, and pass your left hand upward through the loop.

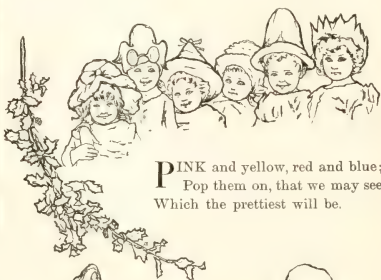


### FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

**F**RENCH and English, three and three;  
Merrily we'll strive to see  
Which side will the stronger be.

Johnny, Susan, little Bell,  
Pull against Tom, Bob, and Nell;  
Merrily they pull, and well.

Now the English are over the bound;  
Now the French are down on the ground:  
Which are the stronger they have not found.



**P**INK and yellow, red and blue;  
Pop them on, that we may see  
Which the prettiest will be.



"SEE WHAT WE FOUND IN OUR MOTTO PAPERS!"



"MAMMA, I CAN'T FIND MY OTHER STOCKING."

# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 23

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Tuesday, November 27, 1883.

Copyright, 1883, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$1.50 per Year, in Advance.



## A COOL-HEADED BOY.

The Story of a Thanksgiving-Day.

BY MRS. KATE UPSON CLARK.

"YOU can't go to school to-day, Edward," said old Mrs. St. John to her grandson. She was placing the scanty breakfast on the table as she spoke, and her face was very sad. "Grandpa's feeling worse than ever this morning, and you'll have to tend switch for him again to-day. It won't make quite so much difference as it would if 'twasn't the day before Thanksgiving. There's



going to be a little vacation anyway, and a day more or less doesn't make much difference."

"No," replied the boy—a large, strong-limbed fellow of fourteen—"won't make much difference. I've been thinking, anyway, that I wouldn't go to school much longer. I oughtn't to. Grandpa's getting feebler all the while. Let me see—how many days have I been out of school tending switch for him this fall?"

"Well, there was one—or was it two?—that Sam Pentecost did it. That was before they thought you was big enough. It didn't take long, after the manager saw you, to decide that you could tend switch just as well as your grandpa, did it?" The old lady looked at her grandson with fond pride.

"No," he rejoined, modestly. "I'll keep an eye on you," said the manager, "but I reckon you'll do. Every day your grandfather isn't able to work you may take his place till you hear from me to the contrary." That was pretty good, wasn't it, grandma?"

It had, indeed, been a very great joy to the St. Johns that the boy had been deemed capable of filling his grandfather's place sometimes. It was one of the rules of the railroad that when any switchman was ill he should provide and pay for a substitute to do his work. This had borne very hard upon the St. Johns, who had nothing to live upon excepting the old man's wages. Edward was a very bright and ambitious lad, and his dead father and mother had begged, almost with their last breaths, that as good an education should be given him as possible; but they had left no property behind them, and misfortunes had fallen thickly upon old Mr. St. John and his little family. Edward had been impatient for a long time to go to work, but the old man had answered: "I know Mr. Belding would give you a good place in his store, Teddy; but I guess I can 'stick it out' a year longer. I want to give you just as much schooling as I can for your father's sake. We can get enough to eat and wear for another year, I'm sure, and send you to school too."

But the old man had not counted on the "chills and fever," which had been troubling him for several months, and, as his wife said, he was now feeling worse than ever. She and Edward, upon making the calculation which the boy had proposed, found that he had lost ten whole days from school during the short fall term just ending, and had spent every holiday in helping his grandfather.

"You see, grandma," Edward went on, between rapid mouthfuls, for it was nearly time for him to be at his post, and he couldn't waste the minutes over his breakfast—"you see, if I went into Mr. Belding's store there would be something coming in every week, and pretty soon more pay if I did well. If I'd been there all the fall, we shouldn't be having such a dreary Thanksgiving-day as to-morrow is going to be. Thanksgiving!" groaned the boy, bitterly: "grandpa sick, and no turkey nor anything, but bread and ham and mush: I'm not thankful a bit."

"Edward, how can you!" cried his pious grandmother, astonished at this outburst from her usually quiet, gentle boy. "Don't speak so loud, or grandpa'll hear you, and it'll make him feel bad. We're all alive, and we are not nearly so needy as some, and the Lord will provide. 'Tisn't going to be such a Thanksgiving as we used to have, nor such a one as I hope we'll have another year, but we've enough to be thankful for, dear knows. Cheer up, Edward! you're grandma's light and joy, you know; *you* mustn't get blue." But in spite of her struggle to be brave the old lady had to brush a tear away as she bade the boy good-by, and watched him make his way across the stubble fields, on which as yet no snows had fallen, toward the Linville station, where he was to work, and which lay nearly a mile away.

The switch was set just right for the first train, and he walked past it up to the telegraph operator's room to see if there was any news or if there were any special in-

structions to receive. No; everything was all right, and through the morning the freight trains, expresses, and "accommodations" dashed by in their usual succession.

About two o'clock, however, things began to get mixed up. An express was late, so that another one had to be telegraphed to wait for it at Sherburne, the next town to Linville on the east; while at Stillwater, the next town to the west, two freight trains were blocked up, waiting for a clear roadway. At last a freight engine ran off the track just beyond Sherburne, and after that everything went helter-skelter. Edward felt excited, and tended his switch with greater care than ever.

At four o'clock the down express from Sherburne was standing in front of the station, several minutes behind time, but with warning signals out, which the engineer thought would be enough to protect his train from an up express which was just then due, and the rumble of which, not so very far away, could be distinctly heard at the station. All would have been well if only the engineer of the Stillwater train had been on the alert; but he, knowing that he had the right of way, had not been paying much attention to the road in front. He was, therefore, so frightened when he saw the Sherburne train blocking the path that he reversed his engine and applied the air-brakes so suddenly that he broke the connections of the latter, and the heavy train went rushing on, in spite of the reversed engine wheels, with tremendous force, to meet, apparently, an awful doom.

Edward St. John was one of perhaps a half-dozen at the station who recognized the condition of things, and he sprang toward his switch, thinking that he might possibly avert the terrible calamity by turning the approaching train on to the siding. But his heart almost stopped beating when he saw that the engine of the standing train was a half-length over the switch.

"Back! back! back!" he cried, grasping the switch with one hand, and waving wildly with the other. "For Heaven's sake, back!"

There was a little puff of steam as the engineer grasped the boy's meaning, and the great engine began to move slowly backward. But the coming train was almost there. A dozen men rushed forward to pull the boy away.

"Get off; get off!" they cried. "You'll be killed!" But he did not move, and there was no time to speak. One thought, though, flashed through his almost distracted mind, as he felt the hot breath of the engine against his cheek. "It's either I or a hundred others—perhaps both. But it had better be I than a hundred!"

Oh, so slowly the engine moved off the switch! The boy could have touched both engines when at last it was free. Then, like a lightning stroke, he made one mighty effort. The front wheels of the on-coming engine just caught the switch, and the whole great train went crashing safely past the horrible danger, on to the side track.

Then everything turned black before the eyes of the brave boy, who had so nearly given up his life for "a hundred others," and he fell, a little unconscious heap, with his head resting on the iron bar which, in obedience to his frantic grasp, had moved those stubborn rails, and sent the on-coming train forward into safety.

A score of men rushed forward to lift him up and bear him into the station, where all was in a state of the wildest confusion, and into which men came pouring from the newly arrived train, crying, "What was it?—what's the matter?"

"Matter!" sang out a sturdy brakeman, who had seen the whole thing, and whose voice broke a dozen times as he made his brief reply.

"Nothin', only that this yer boy's saved a lot o' you fellows from bein' jammed ter pieces."

"How? What'd he do? What's his name? Tell us about it."

A universal shudder ran through the listening throng



as the tale was told. They surged around the only just-reviving boy, every one anxious to get a glimpse of the young hero. Then, as there began to be talk of the train's moving on, and no step had been taken to reward him for his bravery, some one proposed that a subscription paper should be sent around. It was done, and within a few minutes a purse of five hundred dollars had been made up and handed to the bewildered boy.

It was scarcely fifteen minutes after that horrible moment of suspense, when it had seemed as though eternity and time were brought face to face, before the trains had both moved on, and the usual dullness and silence fell over the Linville station.

Then Edward got up, looking very pale and weak.

"Mr. Barton," he said, to the station-agent, "can you get somebody else to tend switch the rest of the day? There didn't anything hit me, but I feel awfully queer. I'll be around or send somebody to-morrow."

"Go home, my boy," said the station-agent. "You've earned a rest if anybody has. Glad they paid you so well. They'd oughter. Lots o' passengers 'bein' Thanksgiving time, lucky for you—but all the same, it would 'a been bad if you hadn't 'a tended to that switch." And the station-agent shook the boy's hand as he passed slowly through the door and out upon the platform.

There were two burly fellows standing there, apparently waiting for him. He knew them. They were track men, and rough but kindly fellows.

"We seen ye, by— we seen ye," said one of them. "an' we hain't no fault to find with the what you done, an' now ketch on there, Jake! we're goin' to see ye safe home. You ain't strong enough to git over them stubby fields to-day." And before the astonished boy could tell what they were doing the men had joined hands, hoisted him in air, and were carrying him bodily through the cheering crowd toward his grandfather's cottage, attended by a large party of small boys. One of these, ambitious to be the first to tell the news, rushed ahead, and delivered the following account of the affair into the astonished ears of the aged couple there.

"You see, it's Ed" (puff, puff). "He seen 'em comin', Ed did" (puff, puff). "'n' he shoved 'er to, 'n' my" (puff, puff). "'how they hollered! 'n' they give him lots 'n' lots o' money" (puff, puff). "'n' Ed he just fainted dead away— Fortunately just here a more competent person took up the tale, or the poor old folks would have gone crazy. Ere long the boys ran home, dispersed by the judicious advice of the men, and the little family was left to itself.

What a proud and happy day it was for them all!

"And now," said Edward, when he had begun to feel more like himself, "I'm going to get up, and go down to the village and buy a turkey and some 'fixings,' and we'll have a dinner to-morrow 'as is a dinner," and he smiled a happy smile into the proud old faces looking down into his.

"Well! well!" his grandmother was saying, not stopping to discuss his plan at once, "I guess the manager's glad enough you was in grandpa's place. You wouldn't ever have thought of doing that, would you, grandpa?"

"No, no," said grandpa, modestly. "I'm too old to fly round spry as Ted here."

"And as for your going down to get some Thanksgiving 'fixin's," went on his grandmother, "you lie still awhile longer. To-night 'll be soon enough, and you are all used up; I can see that."

So Edward waited, and it was well that he did, for before the sunset light had died out of the chill November sky there was a knock at the humble door of the St. Johns, and in walked the village minister and Mr. Belding, the store-keeper, and the most important man in the town. Between them they carried a large basket, which proved to be filled with almost everything that you can think of which is suitable for a Thanksgiving feast.

"We have heard of your brave act, my boy," said the minister, looking down admiringly into Edward's flushed face. "You must have thought pretty quick, and acted almost before you thought."

"It all happened in a jiffy, sir," returned Edward, smiling. "I must say I hardly knew what I was doing, and I can't hardly remember now just what I did."

"Well, we all know," said Mr. Belding, kindly. "It's all over the village, and some of us made up a little Thanksgiving basket for you, just to show that we know pluck when we see it, and like it too." Then, lowering his voice a little, "I know how anxious you are for an education, Edward, and some of us have decided to send you off to school for the rest of the year to the best place within reach. And then, Edward, I want you to go in with me for good—in the store. You know I haven't any boy to come after me, and I've always liked you. Well, I won't say any more now, for I see you aren't any of you very strong to-night; but we wish you a happy Thanksgiving, and you can think about what I've said."

Before the bewildered family could fairly grasp the meaning of the brilliant offer which Mr. Belding had made he and the minister were off, and they were by themselves once again. A more genuine Thanksgiving was never enjoyed than that which followed.

The programme that Mr. Belding had suggested was carried out in later years, and Edward St. John is now, though still a young man, one of the most respected citizens of Linville. Whenever Thanksgiving-day comes around he thinks of that awful moment when his boyish hands moved the rod that saved the lives upon two crowded trains, and of the happiness which followed. Many others think of it too, and bless the name of the brave boy to whose presence of mind, under God, they owe their existence to-day.

## A THANKSGIVING BUNDLE.

BY CAROLINE LE BOW.

GRANDMA is hunting the garret over.

What do you s'pose she wants to find? She only laughed when I asked the question.

Said, "Run away, Tom, and never mind." She pulled out some trunks and an old oak chest,

A spinning-wheel and a queer old chair;

When I told her I'd help her she looked so funny!

What do you s'pose she's doing up there?

Grandma had sent for all the children

To spend Thanksgiving with her at home;

She was keeping a secret she knew would please them,

And planned a surprise when the time should come.

Aunt Amy from Boston had brought a bundle,

She gave to grandma in *such* a way,

While she said with a laugh, "I've brought you something

You wanted to have for Thanksgiving-day."

"I know what it is," Tom told his cousins,

When grandma had carried it out of sight;

"It's one of those puddings that dear Aunt Amy

Knows we're so fond of—I bet I'm right!

I'm glad she brought it: there's lots of raisins,

And grandma will give us a great big slice;

But I can't think what there is up garret

For Thanksgiving-day that's a very nice."

But when the children were called to dinner,

What *do* you suppose was waiting there?

At the end of the table they saw what grandma

Had found up garret—an old high chair,

And the cunningest baby tied within it—

The bundle Aunt Amy had brought along—

A blue-eyed, dimpling, darling cousin.

Who gravely gazed at the noisy throng.

"I see," cried Tom, as they danced, delighted,

"What grandma was hunting for so up there;

I'd never have guessed that we'd have at dinner

A baby tied in our old high chair."

And such a day as that glad Thanksgiving!

They never had had in their lives before;

They had pudding with raisins, besides the baby,

And felt that they never could want for more.

## WORK FOR NIMBLE FINGERS.

A PEN-WIPER.—FIGS. 1 TO 3.

**T**HIS pen-wiper requires a circular piece of card-board three inches in diameter, bound around the edge with black silk ribbon. The top is covered with folded leaf-

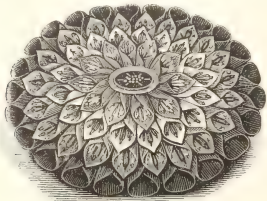


FIG. 1

shaped points of cloth ornamented with long chain stitches of silk. The outside row is of black cloth, the inner rows of red, light blue, and dark blue. Fig. 2 shows one of the points spread out, and Fig. 3 shows it folded and fastened.



FIG. 2.

At the centre of the pen-wiper, and covering the stitches of the inside row of points, are two circular pieces of cloth, one red and one black, placed one upon the other, and fastened down

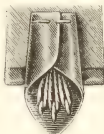


FIG. 3.

with knot stitches of yellow silk. The bottom of the pen-wiper is covered with black cloth over a thin wadding interlining.

A CROCHET SCARF.—FIGS. 4 AND 5.

This pretty scarf is easily made by any one who knows how to crochet.

It is worked with white zephyr wool and a bone crochet needle in lengthwise rows. Make a chain of 145 stitches for a foundation, fasten off, and begin at the other end. Work loosely and lightly.

1st row.—Form a loop, take a loop through the back of each of the first 3 stitches, and draw the wool through the 4 loops now on the needle. \* Make a chain stitch, take a loop through the back of the chain stitch just made, take another loop through the same stitch through which the one before the last was taken, and take 2 loops through the back of the next 2 stitches, making 5 loops in all; draw the wool through these 5 together (see Fig. 5); continue to repeat from \* until you reach the end of the row, then fasten off.

2d row.—Form a loop, take a loop through the first stitch in the last row, a loop through the next stitch, and another through



FIG. 4

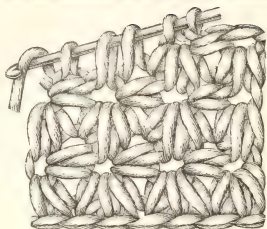


FIG. 5

the following one, then draw the wool through the 4 loops together. \* Make a chain stitch, take a loop through the back of it, then take a loop through the same stitch through which the last of the preceding 3 loops was taken, and a loop each through the next 2 stitches (see Fig. 5), draw the wool through the 5 loops on the needle, and continue to repeat from \* to the end of the row. Fourteen more rows worked like the 2d finish the scarf.

Work a row of loose single crochet stitches across each end, and into these knot short strands of wool to form the fringe.

## THE LOST CITY.\*

OR, THE BOY EXPLORERS IN CENTRAL ASIA.

BY DAVID KER.

## CHAPTER VII.

AN AFGHAN GAME OF FORFEITS.

**H**APPILY for our two friends, the old Afghan's kind intentions respecting them had to remain unfulfilled for the present. Such a prize did not fall into the hands of the tribe every day, and Ahmed Khan was as careful of his prisoners as if they had been his own children while awaiting the return of the messenger whom he had sent to Cabool to treat with Colonel Hilton for their ransom.

Meanwhile their strength revived in the pure mountain air, and their wounds, which, though severe, were not dangerous, healed rapidly. Within the stronghold they were allowed to walk about as they pleased, for the gateway was always guarded, and the wall too high to be scaled. Indeed, even if they could have climbed it, they would have gained little, for on all sides but one it overhung a sheer precipice of nearly a hundred feet.

Even within these narrow limits, however, the boys found plenty to amuse them. The very first day their dinner consisted of a dish quite new to both—a real Afghan "pillau," made of a lamb roasted whole with the wool on, the entire inside being taken out, and the carcass stuffed with rice, plums, raisins, and spices. On the same evening Tom's attention was attracted by a great shouting and laughing in one corner of the camp, which proceeded from a troop of children who were playing the old Afghan game of "guarding the shoe." A shoe is laid on the ground, and defended by one side, while the other tries to carry it off. All the players hop on one foot while holding up the other with the left hand, and any one who falls or puts down the upheld foot becomes a prisoner to the opposite party. Tom and Ernest, always ready for fun, joined in on different sides, and before the game ended were the best of friends, not only with the children, but also with their fathers, who were greatly

\* Begun in No. 37, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

amused to see their national game so well played by two foreign "unbelievers."

But all the band were not equally friendly to our heroes, whose presence seemed grievously to offend the elder Afghans, among whom the national hatred of "the yellow-faced English" was far greater than among the younger and more unthinking men who had formed the escort of Ahmed Khan. Foremost among those hostile to them was old Selim, the old man who had vowed their death in revenge for their having killed his brother; and as day after day passed without bringing any news of the ransom or of the Afghan sent to arrange it, Selim and his party lost no chance of declaring that the "Christian dogs" had imposed upon the chief with a lying tale, and ought to be put to death forthwith.

Thus matters stood, when one evening Selim's baby, which seemed in no way to share its father's hatred toward the two boys, who made a great pet of it, was playing on a heap of rubbish in an angle of the wall. Tom Hilton had just caught sight of it, and was running toward it, when suddenly he saw a large spotted snake glide out of a cleft in the wall, with an angry hiss, close behind the unconscious child.

With one bound Tom was between the serpent and its intended victim, just in time to receive the prong-like fang in the fleshy part of his outstretched hand. The next moment he had the snake by the throat, and with one blow of a heavy stone pounded the flat slimy head into a shapeless mass. Meanwhile the cries of the frightened infant had drawn several Afghans to the spot, including

Selim himself, who, the moment he saw what had happened, snatched up his child and rushed away with it like a madman to his own hut.

Tom's hurt was promptly looked at by a hatchet-faced old gray-beard with one eye, who acted as surgeon to the band. This learned gentleman began by holding a lighted stick\* to the pin-like wound, from which flowed a thick black gout of venom, followed by drops of blood. The doctor then sucked the wound, and ended by applying to it a root which he had previously chewed into a pulp. Whether from the strength of the medicine or the weakness of the poison, Tom felt no farther inconvenience except a slight inflammation of the hurt hand.

Just as the dressing was completed, old Selim, having at length assured himself that his child was unharmed, came back as hurriedly as he had gone away.

"Christian," said he, "I vowed to make thy father childless, and lo! thou hast saved me from being childless myself. When thou hast need of aught that a man can do, think upon Selim the son of Yakoob."

But although Tom's chief enemy was thus converted into a friend, his other ill-wishers were as bitter as ever, and it was perhaps as well for the prisoners that their foes had just then something more serious to think of. For now came rumors that the English were marching upon Cabool to avenge the massacre, and that detachments of their troops had already been seen among the hills above Jelalabad.

\* The same remedy is used by the African Hottentots.



A GAME OF FORFEITS.

Such a chance of fighting and plunder was too good to be lost, and one morning at sunrise Ahmed Khan, with a fillet of white linen inscribed with a text of the Koran wound round his sword arm to give him strength in battle, rode out of the stronghold with forty of his best men at his back. According to Afghan usage, a turban was unrolled and stretched across the gateway as a charm against evil; but by some mischance one end of it came loose, and fluttered down upon the young chief as he rode underneath it.

At this evil omen the Afghans grew pale, and old Selim, who was left in charge of the camp, implored his chief to turn back.

"What is to be *will* be," answered the Mussulman. "If I am fated to die, who can escape destiny? Come what may, my sword shall not be slack."

And away he went like a whirlwind.

A week passed without any news from him or his followers. At length, on the seventh evening, a solitary horseman was seen coming up the hill, haggard, ghastly, his gay dress all torn and soiled with dust and blood.

Instantly the whole band were around him, and a score of trembling voices asked what had befallen.

"There is but one God, and Mohammed is His prophet," said the Afghan, in a hollow voice. "The soul of Ahmed Khan is in the gardens of Behest" (paradise), "but his body is food for the vultures of the mountain. The unbelievers' steel is red with the blood of our brothers, and I alone am escaped to tell it."

For an instant it seemed as if the dreadful tidings had turned to stone all who heard them, and then there broke forth a yell like the cry of a wounded tiger.

"Well may all go ill with us," roared a fierce-looking warrior, "when we suffer these unbelieving dogs to live among us. Upon them, brothers, and slay without mercy!"

In a moment every sword was out, and the savages came yelling around the two prisoners, who, thinking that all was over, set their backs against the wall, and looked round in desperation for some weapon that might aid them to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

But they were not left unfriended. Selim, who at the news of the chief's death had sunk down as if overwhelmed, threw himself with one bound between the boys and their assailants, and stood grimly facing the howling throng, with his terrible yataghan flashing over his head.

"Stand back!" shouted he, in a voice of thunder. "Would ye kill him who saved my child? Let one man of you lift a hand, and he shall feel how Selim's sword can bite!"

The savages hung back for a moment, and Selim, giving them no time to rally, went on in a commanding tone:

"Are you quarrelling like women when the enemy is at your gates? Yusuf, Ali, Hussein, ride down the valley; perchance ye may meet others of our brethren who have escaped from the battle. The rest of you load your guns and saddle your horses; and do thou, Mahmoud, climb the wall, and watch if there be any sign of the English unbelievers marching this way."

This last suggestion startled even the reckless Afghans, who obeyed without a word. The four fiercest of the gang being thus got rid of, and the rest too busy with their horses and arms to think of anything else, the doomed lads had a short breathing-time, and looked around them in the hope of being able to fly. But a brawny Afghan was sitting on the ladder with which Mahmoud had scaled the wall, and half a dozen others were cleaning their guns in the gateway; so there was nothing for it but to await the end of a respite which they knew could not be long.

And so it proved. No signal being given of the English approach, the Afghan ranks gathered once more around Selim, clamoring for the blood of the captives. Selim saw that to resist would only cause an immediate conflict, in

which he and the three or four men who supported him (for nearly all the friendly Afghans had perished with their chief) would have no chance of saving the prisoners, and he resolved to try a stratagem.

"Brothers," cried he, "why should true believers quarrel about foreign infidels? If it be their fate to fall by your swords, it can be soon decided. Let us have a game at 'Pasha Wuzereer,' and he who becomes 'Wuzeer' shall decide their destiny."

This proposal was received with a shout of approval by the Afghans, who, hasty and capricious as children, were delighted with the novel idea of deciding the fate of their captives by their favorite game.

"Pasha Wuzereer" somewhat resembles our own game of "forfeits," differing from it, however, in being played with dice. It is regulated by three casts, viz., "Amcer" (King), "Wuzeer" (Prime Minister), and "Ghal" (thief). The fourth throw (farmer) counts for nothing. The players go on casting until one throws King and another Minister, before which no throw is allowed to count. When both are placed, the next who throws "thief" is seized by the Minister, who leads him up to the King, saying, "I've caught a thief." The King asks, "What has he done?" and the Minister makes some absurd answer, such as "He has stolen his sister's coat," or "He has plucked a horse's feathers off." The King then sentences the culprit to some punishment as absurd as his supposed crime, and so the game proceeds, with great shouting and laughter over every fresh forfeit.

As if on purpose to tantalize those whose doom hung upon it, the game on this occasion moved unusually slowly. It was long before any one threw King, and still longer before the cast of Minister came. But at length Selim threw Minister.

The old warrior's face brightened, it being his plan to sentence the next man who cast "thief" to guard the prisoners with his life; and the "King" being one of his own party, was quite ready to assist the scheme. But fortune was against him. The very next throw was "King," and the rules of the game obliged the existing King to yield his place to the new one, while in another moment a new Minister ousted Selim, who bit his lip savagely as he gave up his place.

"I've caught a thief!" cried the Minister, seizing a man who had just thrown "thief."

"What has he done?"

"Spared the lives of two unbelievers."

"Let him take his sword, then, and kill them both."

Selim attempted to spring up, but stumbled and fell. The Afghan seized his sword with the intention of making his forfeit good; but before the blow could fall there came a sudden and startling interruption.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## NANNIE'S THANKSGIVING.

BY THOMAS OAKES CONANT.

I.

NANNIE was six years old when the Revolutionary war began. She was a bright-faced, golden-haired little girl, who lived with her grandparents in the old town of Machias, Maine, which was then a part of the colony of Massachusetts Bay.

Nannie's father, Captain Jerry O'Brien, had sailed the ocean for many a long year in his good ship *Jeannette*. He was known far and wide as a brave and skillful seaman, and wonderful tales were told along the coast, among sea-faring folk, of his daring and gallantry in battling with the storms that swept the Atlantic, or with the more cruel pirates who sailed the seas in search of booty.

The Captain was mightily proud of his stanch and tidy vessel, and when on shore would spin yarns by the



hour together about her splendid behavior in trying circumstances; and Nannie, sitting by his side with wondering eyes, was never tired of hearing him sound the praises of his noble ship.

But proud as Captain O'Brien was of his ship, he was a thousand times prouder and fonder of the dear little motherless maid who was growing up like a lovely flower in Grandma's quiet home. She was his only child. Her mother had died when she was two years old, and dear Grandma O'Brien had taken the child to her heart and home, to care for her during the Captain's long voyages to distant ports.

Every time Captain O'Brien returned Nannie seemed to him fairer and sweeter than when he had last parted with her, and he began to long for the day when he could retire from the sea and settle down on shore, so that he might be always with her. For though a rough and hardy sailor, and a little too eager sometimes to risk a brush with any foe man that came across his path, he was as tender-hearted as he was brave, and loved his "baby," as he fondly called her, with an almost passionate devotion. But that happiness was not to be for a long, long while.

One bright October day, after a brief visit to his home, Captain O'Brien sailed away on what he thought would be a four or five months' voyage. But this time, in addition to the perils which must always be encountered on the great deep, there were other dangers almost as great to be dreaded. War had broken out between the American colonies and England. Although Captain O'Brien's vessel was a simple merchantman, yet in these troubled times the English men-of-war would not hesitate to attack her, and she would be regarded as a rich prize, and as fairly belonging to the spoils of war.

Nannie bade her father good-by with more than usual tenderness. She was growing older, and realized more keenly the perils of his undertakings. Besides, she felt a strange anxiety and dread such as she had never before experienced. It seemed as if she were looking into his dear face for the last time, and her girlish heart was wrung with secret fears of which she would not for the world have let him know. So with a smile on her lips, but with tears in her blue eyes, which would come in spite of her, she clung to him and kissed him, until he said in his bluff way, but with a suspicious huskiness in his voice:

"Tut, tut, my Nannie, you have me stay at home like a lazy land-lubber, while bolder men brave the perils of the sea?"

With one more hug and kiss, she answered proudly, "No, indeed, dear father: you know I would not."

And so they parted. Nannie watched the *Jeannette* drift slowly down with the tide, until darkness came on and shut the white sails from her sight. Then she hurried to her little chamber, where even kind Grandma could not see her tears, and cried as if her heart would break.

## II.

Days, weeks, and months went by. The good ships came and went; battles were fought, victories won, and defeats suffered, but nothing was heard of the *Jeannette*.

Five months, six months passed, yet still no tidings. But news travelled slowly in those days, and Nannie, wondering at the strange silence, went about her wonted household tasks, expecting every day to hear. Seven, eight months dragged along, and then came news. The *Jeannette*, while in the Bay of Biscay, had been chased by a British frigate in a heavy gale, and in trying to escape had run on the rocks and gone to pieces, and every soul on board was lost.

Such was the sad story brought to Machias by a sailor, who had been a prisoner on board the English frigate, and witnessed the disaster. At first Nannie would not, could not believe it true. Then the remembrance of her foreboding when her father went away came back upon

her with double force, and she was almost ready to give way to despair. She had often heard older people speak of a "presentiment" as something sure to come to pass, and she said, mournfully, to herself, "Oh, it was surely a presentiment, and I shall never, never see my dear father again."

Grandma O'Brien was very kind and tender in her treatment of the little girl. Sometimes she tried to comfort her with the thought that her father, who was an expert swimmer, might have succeeded in overcoming the hungry waves, and escaping to land. Again she would say: "At any rate, my child, your father was a good man, and if he could not escape the sea, he is now safe with your dear mother in the blessed haven above."

Somehow Nannie's troubled heart could not find as much comfort in this view of the case as in the other. In the solitude of her own room, or when resting in her favorite seat by the shore, she tried to picture to herself her father's strong arms buffeting the terrible breakers, and struggling successfully to land, and then his joyful return to his dear home and Nannie. Yet as week after week glided away, and the well-meaning neighbors spoke gently to her, with bated breath, of the "departed," hope grew fainter, until she was almost tempted even to cease praying for his return. But she could never quite bring herself to that, "*Perhaps* he is living yet," her heart would cry out, "and I must pray for him until I know he isn't."

Summer came and went. Autumn, with its store of ripened fruits and glowing tints, deepened into early winter. Despite the cruel presence of war in the land, the farmers' barns and cellars were filled with plenty; and wherever the country was free from the invading armies the people made ready to celebrate the time-honored feast of Thanksgiving-day. Such bustle of preparation as prevailed in every house: such chopping of mince-meat, such baking of pies and cakes, such frying of doughnuts, such fattening of turkeys and chickens—what pen can do justice to the theme!

At last the day came—the one glad day of all the year to the staid and sober Puritan, when the solemnity of even the most solemn visage relaxed, when good cheer ruled in every household, and when families gathered under the old home roof-tree to give thanks to the gracious All-Giver for the blessing of the garnered harvest.

Poor Nannie! She had done her part bravely in the busy labors that go before the annual feast. But many a secret tear had stolen down her cheeks as she bent over the savory dishes her deft hands had made. It was more than a year since her father sailed, and now the Day had dawned on which, except the last, he had always managed to be at home. The old house was full to overflowing with uncles, aunts, cousins, and other relatives to the third and fourth degree. White-haired grandsir, with a tremulous smile on his aged lips, was trying hard to be cheerful himself and to make others happy, while the memory of his brave son would bring the tears unbidden to his dim eyes. Grandma, more bustling and active than he, kept herself too busy to weep; but now and then her kind hand would steal over poor Nannie's golden tresses as she hurried past, in so caressing and tender a way that the child was nearly overcome with her pent-up grief.

At the appointed hour all went in solemn array to the meeting-house, where prayers and psalms of thanksgiving were offered up, and a mighty sermon, two hours long, was preached, so that every one was made devoutly ready for the good things awaiting them at home.

But Nannie, as they returned, stole quietly down to the beach for one more lingering look toward the sea, and one more simple prayer—alas! a sadly pathetic, unhelpful one now—before the cloth was spread. There was a vessel working slowly up the bay with all sails set; but Nannie knew it would be some time before it reached the wharf. So, brushing the tears from her eyes and hurry-

ing to the house, she plunged resolutely into the business of the hour.

The table was soon laid, the smoking viands were placed upon it, and grandsir's trembling voice gave thanks. No trifling offering sufficed for so solemn an occasion! The Giver of every good gift must not be put off with a mumbled word, when an hour or two was to be given to bodily feasting. The old man dwelt upon the mercies of the year. He counted them up in order, and enlarged upon them, and praised the Lord for them, while the rest stood reverently with bowed heads, young and old together, till the prayer should end. But when, with lower tone and deeper feeling, he prayed that the manifold blessings of the year might yet be crowned with a richer joy—the return of the absent son and father to his loved ones, safe and sound—

when a strong deep voice outside of the house took up the bass at the concluding line.

Nannie's quick ear caught the sound, and with flying feet she came bounding from her room. Before the wondering questions at the table were half spoken she was out of the house. There was one wild scream of delight, and Nannie was locked in her father's arms.

### III.

As soon as the first surprise and joy at the Captain's return had calmed down a little they all sat down to dinner, which lost nothing of its good cheer from the brief interruption. The Captain ate with an appetite sharpened by his sea-voyage, but Nannie, too happy to think of eating, sat watching her father with beaming eyes as he told

of his wonderful escape from the angry sea.

When the *Jeannette* went down, he said, he was thrown on the rocks, and knew nothing more until he found himself lying on a soft bed in a cozy little room which opened out on a lovely garden. Afar off he heard the sound of music, more delicious than his ears had ever heard, even in dear New England.

At first he thought he was in paradise, and that the song was the heavenly chorus of "Moses and the Lamb." But presently a door opened and a black-robed nun stole noiselessly in. When she saw he was awake she said something in a foreign tongue, which he could only answer with a smile and a look of gratitude.

She quickly retired, and in a moment returned with a cup of delicious chocolate and a large biscuit, which she dipped in the chocolate and gave him to eat. How good it tasted to the sick man!

Afterward he learned enough of the language to find out what had happened to him, and how he came to be in so good hands.

He had been cast on shore by the waves, apparently dead, and was picked up by fishermen and carried to the

Convent of St. Ursula, hard by, where he was tenderly nursed by the good Sisters until life and health returned. But a severe wound in his side was slow to heal, and it was many weeks before he was in fit condition to travel.

At last, however, he was able to set out for home. Taking grateful leave of his kind nurses, he journeyed by slow stages to Paris, where he was heartily welcomed by the American ambassador, Dr. Benjamin Franklin. Before long he sailed for America in a French war vessel bearing troops and supplies to the struggling colonists. And so, like one restored from the grave, he returned at length, in time to give a new and more joyful meaning to "Nannie's Thanksgiving."



"NANNIE WAS LOCKED IN HER FATHER'S ARMS"

poor Nannie's heart gave way, and with a sudden sob she left her place and sought refuge in her own room.

At Grandma's request no one followed her, and the accustomed Thanksgiving hymn was raised. It was a curious hymn, one of those rude versions of the Psalms in which our pious forefathers delighted, but which we irreverent folk could hardly sing without unseemly laughter. But they saw no absurdity in its quaint expressions, and sang it with serious earnestness to a sounding fugue. They had reached this stanza—

"Ye monsters of the mighty deep,  
Your Maker's praises spout;  
Up from the deep, ye codlins leap,  
And wag your tails about!"—



GREAT EXPECTATIONS.



## A SINGULAR RIVER.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

WITH his fingers locked tightly in his crisp, curly hair, Jackman Rolf—Jack, for short—sat resting his elbows on the table, which supported a canvas-covered copy of *Horsberg's Sailing Directions*, on one of the open pages of which his eyes were steadfastly fixed.

Opposite him, in a similar attitude, was his brother, Sylvester, now in his fourteenth year, was two years younger than Jack. Before Sylvester lay a well-worn *Physical Geography*, open at the map of South America. He was supposed to be studying his day's lesson. In reality his mind was "far, far at sea." For Jack Rolf, who, as every one was, was "a born sailor," had just returned from his first voyage with his father, Captain Merrill Rolf. He was full of enthusiasm for his new life, and could talk of little else but the sea and everything connected with it, to all of which Sylvester listened eagerly, particularly as Jack, being a keen observer, and possessing a good memory, was a most delightful talker.

"I say, Jack."

No answer. In fancy Jack was again clinging to the *Paul Revere's* weather mizzen-rigging, as she scudded at lightning speed before a terrible cyclone which they had encountered on the return passage. And Jack, aided by the map before him, was mentally comparing the route over which they had sailed, to escape running into the dreaded storm centre, with the route there laid down.

"Jack!" this time rather louder.

"Ay, ay, sir!" was the dreamy answer. And then, with a sudden start, Jack came back to his home surroundings—to the old-fashioned furniture, and his dead mother's picture over the mantel, and Sylvester opposite him yawning over his lesson.

"Well, what is it, Sillybub?" Jack asked, good-naturedly.

"I should like to sail up the Amazon, the biggest river in the world," replied Syl, glancing at the map. He didn't really care in the least about the Amazon, but he wanted to make Jack talk.

"Three weeks ago I crossed a bigger and wider river than the Amazon ever pretended to be," said Jack, briskly, as, shutting the cover of his book with a bang, he leaned back in his chair and softly whistled an old sea-song.

"Why, Jack Rolf!" exclaimed Sylvester. "Three weeks ago you were at sea."

"Yes," replied Jack, calmly, as he fixed his gaze on the fly-studded ceiling, "and it is altogether different from any river that I ever saw or heard of."

"How?" questioned Sylvester, curious to get at Jack's meaning.

"Oh, every way," was the somewhat indefinite answer. "In the first place," Jack continued, slowly, "it flows in a sort of immense circle—"

"A river flowing in a circle!" scornfully interrupted Sylvester.

"—And there is one part of it," pursued his brother, "that for quite a long distance—some hundreds of miles, I think—flows up-hill."

"Oh, no doubt," was the ironical response. "Anything else?" Sylvester had managed by a great effort to gulp down if I may so express it the circular flow of this wonderful river, but the up-hill movement was rather too much of a strain.

"Anything else?" repeated Jack—"oh yes, lots. No matter how cold it is," he went on, gravely, "this river I speak of never freezes, for two reasons: one is that the water is almost warm, and the other, because it won't stop running long enough for Jack Frost to get his grip on it, for there is always a three or four knot current or tide."

"I don't see how it can run when it's all *tied*," interrupted Sylvester, with inward delight at being able to re-

member and bring into active service an old newspaper joke.

Jack cast a pitying glance at his brother, but made no reply to such an ill-timed attempt at wit.

"The river of which I speak has no one definite source or outlet, though it branches out in two or three directions. Another curious fact is that while its surface is exactly level with the top of its banks, it has never been known to overflow them during the heaviest rain-falls, or to lower the fraction of an inch during the driest seasons."

"Are its banks mud, or gravel, or rock, or what?" inquired Sylvester, who was thoroughly mystified.

"Neither," his brother replied, gravely. "Banks and bottom alike are of cold salt-water."

"Gulf Stream!" exclaimed Sylvester, upon whose mind the truth had suddenly dawned. "What a goose I was not to have known what you were driving at long ago!"

Opening the thick canvas-covered book in which he had been reading, Jack called his brother to his side, and directed his attention to a diagram of the eastern and western continents.

"Away down there, near the South American coast," said Jack, pointing to the spot with his finger, "the big Amazon is all the time pouring an immense volume of water into the sea, which lies sweltering under a tropic sun."

"Don't understand how the sea can 'swelter,'" broke in his irrepressible brother.

"That, my boy, is simply a figure of speech," was the unmoved answer. "But to continue. This sun-warmed current, following the shore-line at a distance, passes through and carries with it the heated waters from what some scientific person has called the two great caldrons—the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico. It then enters the Florida Straits, where some say that the Gulf Stream proper fairly commences, because here are its first two definite boundaries—Cape Sable on the one hand, and the island of Cuba with the Bahamas on the other."

"But whereabouts does it begin to run up-hill?"

"Not far from Cape Sable," Jack replied, "though perhaps the expression that I used was rather too strong. What I meant was that the Coast Survey soundings have shown a gradual rise from this point, where the stream is about thirty miles wide, clear up to Cape Hatteras, where it is more than twice that width."

"And why does the Gulf Stream always run to the north and east?"

"Well," replied Jack, slowly, "there are different theories on that point. The daily motion of the earth from east to west has something to do with it. Then, again, it is claimed that the waters of the Gulf Stream and its tributaries are saltier than the sea which hems it in, consequently evaporation takes place faster, so that the water is always hurrying in to take the place of that which the thirsty trade-winds are lapping up. And perhaps the trade-winds, blowing steadily from the northeast, help to force this moving body of water in the direction of the Caribbean Sea."

And then, by the aid of diagrams, Jack showed his brother how this wonderful river in the sea, after following our own coast-line for hundreds of miles, splits in sunder above the fortieth parallel of latitude.

"This branch runs up to the northward and eastward," said Jack, pointing out the tiny arrow-heads marking its course, "while the other, tending due east, at last overflows its banks of salt sea, and is spread out over thousands of square miles along the European shores. Then describing a grand sweep, of which mid-ocean might be called the middle, it helps form the great equatorial current which in turn is swept toward the Caribbean Sea."

"But, Jack," said his brother, with a puzzled look, "why don't the Gulf Stream water mix with the ocean?"

"Well," Jack slowly replied, "that is pretty hard for me to explain, because I don't fully understand it myself."



But as nearly as I do understand it," he continued, "it's something on the same principle as the fact that hot and cold water don't unite in a dish till they're, so to speak, stirred up together pretty thoroughly. And then they say that bodies of water of different densities won't mix readily, which is another reason, for the Gulf Stream is considerably saltier than the ocean which hems it in. But just see, Syl," Jack went on, warming with his subject—"just see how beautifully the Creator makes every thing pull together, so to speak. Now the earth is a conductor of heat, you know."

Sylvester didn't know, but nodded his assent, and Jack went on:

"Well, if the Gulf Stream flowed directly over the bottom of the sea, it would soon lose its temperature. But the Almighty has so arranged it that away up in the northern regions a polar current is set in motion, and comes sweeping down to meet the Gulf Stream somewhere near the Grand Banks. When it strikes the warm current it sinks to the bottom, and so puts itself between the Stream and the bottom of the ocean, so that the water is kept at exactly the proper temperature."

"But what's the use of the Gulf Stream, anyway?" persisted Sylvester.

"Use of it!" echoed Jack; "I guess this would be a pretty uncomfortable country to live in if there was no Gulf Stream. Only for this current to carry away the heated water from the Gulf of Mexico and Caribbean Sea, the whole region down there would be a parched, sun-baked, dried-up desert, where no one could live nor anything grow. And the same excess of heat that it brings away from the torrid zone is spread out where it is most needed further north. It tempers our own climate to a slight extent, but its greatest power is felt across the ocean. But for the warmth it scatters broadcast in its eastern sweep, the British Islands, which are in the same latitude as Labrador, would freeze up solid, and France might have sleighing all the year round, for aught I know. Then, again, vessels bound from Southern to Northern ports get the advantage of its two and three knot current, and in winter, when they are 'iced up' on our own coast, a few hours' sailing brings them into warm water, which melts off the ice and thaws out the sailors. Oh, I can tell you, Syl," said Jack, drawing his lecture to a close, as he caught his brother hiding a yawn, "the Gulf Stream is a great institution."

And as Sylvester came to think it all over afterward, he was of the same opinion.

## A BARMECIDE FEAST.

A Game for Thanksgiving Evening.

BY G. B. BARTLETT.

AUTHOR OF "NEW GAMES FOR PARLOR AND LAWN."

AFTER all the good things we have had at dinner—the turkey and plum-pudding, the pies and puddings, and bonbons—how shall we spend the evening? After all this feasting, will not a Barmecide feast be just the thing? We will go to work, like the famous Barmecide in the *Arabian Nights*, and arrange a splendid entertainment, which we will enjoy, even though we have only imaginary dainties to regale ourselves upon.

The company must sit at one end of the room, across the middle of which two shawls are hung to form a curtain. This curtain may be opened and closed simply by lifting the shawls by the lower corners, which touch the floor in front, and by dropping them into place when the scene requires. Two persons are needed to manage these shawls.

Two other players are next chosen as head cooks, who select as many actors for each scene as they require, taking care to give to each person an equal chance to act.

When all is ready, the cook calls his company behind the curtain to prepare some article of food, the name of which can be acted by following the sound of each syllable, even though it may be in the most absurd and far-fetched manner. He then announces to the company the nature of the dish by saying,

"We will begin our feast with a soup."

After this he states the number of plates—or syllables—in which they are to take it, and proceeds to exhibit it at once.

No one must guess until all the scenes have been acted.

The other cook then calls his actors, and proceeds to furnish a second dish, choosing always something that naturally follows what has gone before.

The scenes may be acted in tableau, charade, pantomime, or opera, with or without preparation; but as an impromptu dialogue is always more pleasing and natural than one which has been studied, only the idea need be given, leaving the conversation to the inspiration of the moment.

### A SOUP, IN THREE PLATES.

Scene 1.—A French dancing-master is giving instruction to some young ladies for the opera. He plays the violin by means of a racket and a cane. They take many steps, and whirl about upon their heels; he insists that they learn to turn on one toe. They practice earnestly, and follow each other in line. He still insists upon the use of the toe, and whirls in front of them, stopping suddenly. Each of the dancers tries to imitate him, but in so doing steps heavily upon the toe of the unfortunate master, who goes limping off, holding his foot in his hand, while all waltz madly round until the curtain falls.

Scene 2.—A little girl is asleep on a couch, covered with drapery. A group of children dressed in white, with bright garlands of flowers, enter. A ring is formed around the couch. The child sits up and rubs her eyes, as if dreaming. Two of the taller girls go behind the couch, and place a crown of flowers on the head of the dreamer, while the others kneel before her. They sing the following

#### ODE TO MAY.

Bring out my thickest flannels and my rubbers, granny dear,  
For this will be the coldest day of the glad new year—  
Of all the glad new year, granny, the bleakest, coldest day  
That ever you have seen, granny. I'm to be queen of the May.

With a wreath of paper roses upon my sneezing head,  
O'er damp and dewy meadows my footsteps will be led  
Where the cow slips in the pasture, so boggy is the ground,  
With all the misery-be-antium, and the snow drops all around.

The pine-clad hills around me enjoy their nice warm furs,  
And the little pussy willow don't the brook-side puns;  
I need not gather knots of flowers—the wind makes my nose gay;  
The end so bright, like a beacon-light, will cheer the first of May.

Scene 3.—An old gentleman sits in an easy-chair. He wears a cap and dressing-gown, like an invalid, and has one foot bandaged and propped up on an ottoman. The doctor comes in, and he complains bitterly of his toe. The pain is all in his toe," and he groans and makes a great fuss. The doctor tells him there is nothing the matter, and in examining the toe happens to strike it a blow against the ottoman. The old gentleman hops around on one foot in great agony, screaming, "My toe! my toe!" The curtain falls.

The whole word, "Tomato," is then guessed by the spectators. The second cook chooses his company, and announces,

### A FOWL, IN TWO PLATES.

Scene 1.—Cushions, mats, carpets, and rugs strew the floor, and are draped over the furniture. A large man, with long beard, and flowing robes of curtains, wears a huge white turban, and sits cross-legged on a divan in the centre of the room. Slaves enter, and make salaams before him. He makes a sign, and two of the attendants drag in a captive, who kneels before the Sultan. Orders are given to execute him. They wind a rope around his neck, and proceed to pull on the ends of it, when the daughter enters, and entreats her father to spare the life of the captive. After much persuasion, the sentence of imprisonment is substituted for that of death, and the culprit is hurried away by the attendants, two of whom soon return, and with low bows approach the Sultan. One of them hands him a key, which he hangs on his belt by a gold chain; he then dismisses the attendants by a wave of the hand. The daughter kneels, and covers her face to hide her tears.

Scene 2.—The same scene as before. The daughter is still trying in vain to persuade her father to relent. He seems at last worn out by her importunities, and angrily bids her to furnish him some music. She goes out and returns with a guitar, and tries for a long time to tune it to accord with her voice, and makes several attempts to sing on the same note without success.

At last she begins a dull and monotonous air, and observes that her father begins to nod and grow sleepy. At this she sings on a lower key, and continues until the old man falls sound asleep, and leans over upon his cushions. She then takes the key from his belt, and, without any further ado, unlocks the door. She softly returns, leading the prisoner, whom she sends away with many cautions not to disobey again her father's commands. The captive seems very happy and grateful for his release, and bids her good-by, with many promises of amendment, and the daughter takes her place behind her father, and holds the key above his head in triumph.

The curtain falls, and "Turkey" is guessed.

The next set of players then propose to furnish



A VEGETABLE IN THREE SLICES—FIRST SLICE

## JELLY IN TWO SPOONFULS.

*Scene 1.*—A city street. A very stylishly dressed lady is walking along, with a string in her hand, which she pulls upon from time to time; at last she gives a very hard pull, and the end of the line appears, to which a small dog collar is tied. She seems very much excited at the loss of her favorite dog, and asks every one who goes past if he has seen her pet. She at last salutes a crusty old gentleman, who is very unwilling to reply, and after some high words, he blames her for her folly in making so much fuss over the loss of a miserable cur. At this remark the lady is overcome with anger and astonishment, and cries out, "Oh that I should have lived to hear my beautiful Fido called a cur!" She faints into the arms of an apple woman who enters with her basket on her arm.

*Scene 2.*—A tragedy is being rehearsed by a company of amateurs, each one of whom claims the principal rôle, and to show his or her fitness for the part, all recite some poem or dramatic passage. At first they recite their selections one at a time, appealing to the others to listen to them, but soon, finding no auditors, all proceed to declaim at once with all their might, and using the most absurd gestures. At length a person who has been sitting at a small table at the left, with his hands held over his ears, as if distracted by the noise, tries to make himself heard, and begs them to proceed one at a time, in order that he may be able to form some idea of the powers and style of each individual. Each one then in turn tries to do justice to the soliloquy of Hamlet, by reciting as much of it as he can readily remember, in the most unnatural manner possible, until the manager informs them that not one is suited for any part in any play. Each actor then assumes an attitude of disgust.

The curtain falls as the word "Curtain" is uttered.

## A VEGETABLE IN THREE SLICES.

*Scene 1.*—The curtain rises on a camp of gypsies, who are preparing their evening meal. Some busily stir the fragrant soup;

little children bring sticks, and prepare to light the fire as the hunters enter with their game, and all chant some gay song. Shouts are heard, and all seem filled with fear. The men pretend to fire their guns, and some soldiers enter, and take seven of the gypsies prisoner. One of them, however, hides behind the firewood, and an old woman puts the iron pot over his head to conceal it from view.

*Scene 2.*—The same group of prisoners stand with their hands bound, and the soldiers are preparing to lead them away, when a messenger enters, and says there should be eight of them. Where is the other? A vigorous search then ensues, and at last the messenger sees the pot move. He kicks it over, and discovers the culprit, and leads away the complete number, after carefully counting them.

*Scene 3.*—The gypsy camp is deserted by all but the women and children, who set up a prolonged howl of despair, by screaming "Oh!" but afterward the captives return, and are received with great rejoicing by the mourners, who again express their feelings in a joyful "Oh!"

The curtain falls, and "Potato" is guessed.

The players go on to act the names of as many viands and table ornaments as possible. When they grow tired of the amusement, or the hour for breaking up has come, a vote is taken as to which word was best represented.

This ballot is secret. Each member of the company writes the name of the word he approves on a slip of paper. These slips are collected in a plate, and counted, after being assorted.

The cook who planned the successful scenes is then decorated with a medal of honor made of a thin round cake, which he receives with the homage of his admiring friends, who crowd around him with congratulations.

Dozens of words can be found by any ingenious boy or girl, which are as suitable for the purpose as those given as examples. The more strained the meaning, the funnier the scenes will appear, and every home will furnish an abundance of costumes and furniture for the furnishing of the feast.



HARRY HAS A HORRID TIME THANKSGIVING-NIGHT





THE BITTERFLY.

The butterfly, an idle thing,  
Nor honey makes, nor yet can sing,  
As do the bee and bird;  
Nor does it, like the prudent ant,  
Lay up the grain for times of want,  
A wise and cautious board.

My youth is but a summer's day:  
Then, like the bee and ant, I'll lay  
A store of learning by;  
And though from flower to flower I rove,  
My stock of wisdom I'll improve,  
Nor be a butterfly.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

## THANKSGIVING.

**D**o you ever hear, dear girls and boys, something which a quiet, unobtrusive, anonymous Matthew Henry, said about Thanksgiving? I not, listen, and let me tell you, for I think you will not forget his idea if once you hear it. It was that the best thanksgiving is just thanksgiving. Do you understand his meaning? Then, Hannah and Jennie, Reuben and Arthur, Dick and Daisy, if you do, you will never, never go about frowning, or pouting, or finding fault when little things vex you, but will always wear sunny faces, and make those around you as happy as you can.

And now, my pets, here is your own little Thanksgiving hymn, which the Postmistress has written for you, and which she hopes you will like to read, sing, or recite:

## A SONG.

For sowing and reaping, for cold and for heat,  
For sweets of the flowers, and gold of the wheat,  
For ships in the harbors, for sails on the sea,  
O Father in heaven, our songs rise to Thee.

For parents who care for us day after day,  
For sisters and brothers, for work and for play,  
For dear little babies so helpless and fair,  
O Father we send Thee our praise and our prayer.

For teachers who guide us so patiently on,  
For frolic with mates when our lessons are done,  
For shelter and clothing, for every day's food,  
We bless Thee, our Father, the giver of good.

For peace and for plenty, for freedom, for rest,  
For joy in the land from the east to the west,  
For the dear starry flag, with its red, white, and blue,  
We thank Thee from hearts that are honest and true.

For waking and sleeping, for all that we see,  
We children would offer our praises to Thee,  
For God is our Father, and bends from above  
To keep the round world in the smile of His love.

BRADLEY, DEVER.

**DEAR POSTMISTRESS**—Your kind words at the bottom of my first letter made me feel a little encouraged, so I write again. Do you know, you seem to me like a sweet friend, and I am sure you must be very nice, you say such pleasant things in your little correspondence as to make me tell you about our trip from Kreuznach to Biarritz. The first day we went to Nancy, which is a lovely French town with eight large, handsome gates, and beautiful fountains and churches. We saw a chapel after the style of the Medici Chapel in Florence, where the Dukes of Lorraine are buried, where Louis XV. and Louis XVI. and Marie Theresa and Marie Antoinette (as I have said) had been to "meditate." I am not sure but they will add Tom's and my name to the list.

My meditation was, How ugly some of these dukes and duchesses must have been.

Then we went to Paris, and saw many things we did not see when we were there before. They have taken down the centre part of the Tuilleries which was burned by the mob. We went to the Louvre. I made a sketch of Greuse's "Girl with the Broken Pitcher." At the Salon we saw the pictures of the modern French artists; some were very nice, and some again seemed to be just the contrary. As you entered the building it was like a garden filled with statuary, but with walls colored with dark red, and sofas and chairs all about, but grass and flower beds were there; upstairs were the galleries for the pictures. We went to the panorama of the siege of Paris in 1870; we went up a pretty dark stairway, and we came on to a platform where the pictures made a circle around us, and as we turned and walked around it seemed as though the country about Paris was around us, and fighting going on on all sides. It looked so real I could hardly believe it was a picture—the ambulance wagons with a red cross on them, the camp fires, the wounded and dead men, the knapsacks and traps scattered about, and dying horses—the smoke in the distance was like life; and I was glad when we went down the stairs into Paris, because then I thought the pictures were over. We were picking Dame and the Pantheon, and mamma told me about the hunchback of Notre Dame. We went to the Conciergerie to see where Marie Antoinette was confined before her execution, but could not get in.

After a few days we left Paris, and went through a beautiful cultivated country, with miles and miles of vineyards; they were picking grapes, but we had hard work to buy any at the stations. A little bunch would cost twelve cents. We spent one day at Bordeaux, where we did not see much of, as the pouring rain prevented. From there through the country was flat, with a great many pine-trees. In some of the poorer parts of the country we saw people working on stilts strapped to their legs, with a long pole in their hands. As we neared Bayonne the country improved. If I am not mistaken, Bayonne was never taken by the English, and this city that would not take a part in the St. Bartholomew massacre. Oh! I remember a picture, at the Salon, of Catherine de' Medici counting out of the Louvre the morning after the massacre, looking so haughty and yet proud when she saw the dead bodies lying about her.

From Bayonne to Biarritz, which is on the Bay of Biscay and the border of Spain, the rain was pouring down, but from our salon window we could view the sea, rocks, and light-house, and the Bay of Biscay, and the mountains, and we have a little house of our own. The waves are something beautiful when they dash over the rocks. The sea has worn great big holes through the rocks, and has made fountains, and some of them like high fountains. There are many Spanish men and women on the beach. There is nothing to say about the women, but the men are dressed in the costume of Aragon and other parts of Spain. Some of them have on a "robin's-egg blue" velvet suit, the jacket being short, so as just to show a little of the waist. Some of them have red embroidery on the jacket; below the jacket there comes a broad red piece of cashmere twisted around the waist, and in this shawl they wear a pair of white trousers; the two-piece ones are robin's-egg blue trousers, which come to a little above the knee, and are open on the sides, with silver filigree buttons; then a white pair of full drawers, which tie just below the knee. The stockings are of a light gray; the man said they cost forty francs. You may wonder that a pair of stockings should cost so much, but they last a lifetime. They are like socks, and have the heels colored, and sandals kept on to their feet by straps of worsted stuff. On their heads they wear a black felt hat, which is called a "barret," and is edged round. A man told mamma that the Spaniards did not want a king, but a republic, and Portugal and Italy did too—that of countries wanted a republic, and that Spain and now France and the United States were; he thought it was either in South America or Mexico.

I live a prosperous life here, because the doctor says I must not have any lessons, which I do not, my heart, but poor Tom has to grind at German and French. I send you some Edelweiss I bought on the Rhine. It is a national, dearly prized flower of Switzerland. The Swiss love their flowers from the mountain-tops under the edge of the glacier to his lady-love, and as long as she keeps this water she keeps his love, but that is, if she does not lose it. I hope you will never lose it, but love the giver. Good-by. I will write you again some time—no stated time is ever given in my life. Tom and I have a little garden, and a little house, but in this house, the son of the "conqueror," he looks like a frog.

As I have been ill this week, and must not tire myself, I got Jean to write this letter for me.

KATIE R.

Many thanks, dear, for the Edelweiss. I hope you will very soon be well again, and in the mean time, as you have no lessons, you might keep a journal of the various interesting visits you make, and now and then call some extracts for the Post-office Box.

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

You printed my letter of two years ago. Shall I write again?

Cozy is here yet, and we have Honor, one of her last spring kittens. Cozy and I are always quite willing to let her do as she likes. Mamma thought he could take Cozy's room at home and let her go to the store to live. Cozy has tried the store, and is home again to stay the best of his kind. Mamma told me some stories about what she did at times she would have relished after the mice, and finding great rats in the cellar, and how she would go into the office and saddle Cozy, and how she would take him to the cat that comes there for a nap every day from the next store, and how she would purr and sing to him while he pried the books or wrote his letters, and finally, on Monday afternoon, I let him hear into the old market basket and take her to the store. When papa came home and night he told me he feared Cozy had an away, for no one had seen her. He left her purring, and eating the lamb-chops I had tucked in the basket with her, up in the sundry room at noon, and when the men came no one could find her anywhere. I had seen her Tuesday noon, and then papa said I might go in the street cars after school to see if I could find her, for I could not think of anything but dear Cozy, and how I was crying, and how I was, and how grieved she would feel at such treatment. So as soon as the afternoon hour at school was over I went down to the store alone in the car, which I never did before, and I let him see stairs with me, and I called "Cozy," "dear Cozy," on every floor, among all the boxes and barrels and bags, and I went up to the next floor, the end of the fourth floor, and I was calling "Cozy," "dear Cozy, Nellie has come for you," "what should we hear but a little faint mew, and then we saw two shining eyes, and Cozy came jumping up with his arms, and purrled like anything, and I held her closely until the ache went out of my little heart. Then we took her down in the elevator, and I showed her to papa, and he was so glad to see her, she was not in the store, and she purrled for them, all safe in my arms, while they stroked her soft fur. Honor is a very elegant, with the same love as Mamma, but she is not so fond of me, but he is not Cozy, and can never take her place.

I was intending to write to you last Saturday, but I had a school party and did not have time. The three teachers and the children in my room, and some of my other friends, came to it. The children swung in the doorway swing, and played with the Cozy-dolls in the corner, and Cozy, dear, the little doll-house, and drew the walking dolls about, and held the big dolls, and put the dissected organs together. Then we played games. But the funniest thing was, when we had finished our paper caps and bonnets at supper, and looked like the story pictures. Each one laughed at all the rest, but did not know how funny she looked herself.

When I wrote to you before, I told you I did not care much for story books, but I do think the Jimmy Brown letters are just splendid. I think we all like them better than any thing else in the paper.

So many children have interesting collections. I must tell you about my collection of biscuit dogs. There are over fifty, all different, from one to four inches tall. They are arranged on top of a low book-case, and attract a good deal of attention. I have a few more, but they were quite as interesting as mamma's cabinet.

I study geography and arithmetic now, and Swinton's *World Book* and a *Supplementary Third Reader*, which I like best. I have not missed yet in spelling, and I have won the medal two weeks this month. I was in this week, but another girl in our room won it, and I was not there.

I think very much of my three bound volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE; and the fourth volume, which is the last, is just as good as the last number comes, is as full of good things as the others are. I like the last pages, and all the animal stories especially, and the pictures.

NELLIE B.

I am glad your favorite Cozy was found so soon, but the wonder is that she did not get lost to look for her home without waiting for her little mistress to come in search of her.

SHEILA, MISS LEBANON.

This summer a little friend has lent me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like it very much. I would like to tell you about it, but I can't tell you where Shenlan is; it is on Mount Lebanon, above Beirut. I am an American boy, but I was born in Syria. If I could write well, mamma says I could write a book, and I am sure it is a thing that would be new to them. I have a beautiful Arabian steed, and a cat with two kittens, for my pets. The horse is papa's, but I ride it a great deal more than he does. I have a dog, and a cat here. The carriage-road from Beirut is a half-hour from here. Everything is brought to our house by mules, and by camels, and by donkeys, or mules, and our mountain mule-paths are very rough and rocky. Our wood is brought on mules. Almost everything here is paid for by weight. The man who sells the mules is called a muleter, and the muleter who brings it, and the man who sells and splits it; so it is weighed three times. Milk,







### THREE PUZZLES FOR THANKSGIVING.

**NO. 1.** Match the dominoes end to end, and read the rebus, paying no attention to the spots. The answer is a line from one of Shakespeare's plays. In the small inclosure on the right will be found the name of the character who speaks the line.

**No. 2.** The musical rebus gives a line from another of Shakespeare's plays.

**No. 3.** The eleven large initials have attachments in which may be found symbols or letters for forming a word. Arrange these words in proper order, and find a quotation from a third play of the great "Bard of Avon."

### PUMPKIN-PIE.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

**T**HROUGH sun and through shower the pumpkin grew,  
When the days were long and the skies were blue.

And it felt quite vain when its giant size  
Was such that it carried away the prize

At the county fair, when the people came,  
And it wore a ticket and bore a name.

Alas for the pumpkin's pride! one day  
A boy and his mother took it away.

It was pared and sliced, and pounded and stewed,  
And the way it was treated was harsh and rude.

It was sprinkled with sugar, and seasoned with spice,  
The boy and his mother pronounced it nice.

It was served in a paste, it was baked and browned,  
And at last on a pantry shelf was found.

And on Thursday John and Mary and Mabel  
Will see it on aunty's laden table.

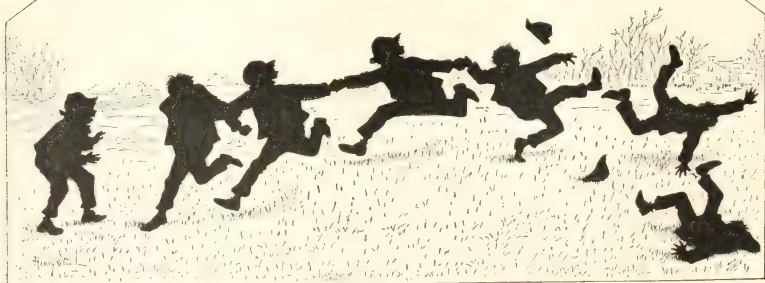
For the pumpkin grew 'neath a summer sky,  
Just to turn at Thanksgiving into a pie.

### THE INTERIOR OF THE EARTH.

**T**HAT the interior of the earth is the seat of great heat is a familiar truth. Volcanic eruptions show the fact. Mining experiences, moreover, have furnished us with the rate at which the heat increases, which is generally computed to be about one degree Fahrenheit for every fifty-five feet of descent. But mining experiences are necessarily very limited. The deepest mine in England, that of the Rosebridge Colliery, near Wigan, takes us down only 2442 feet, and to a temperature not much exceeding ninety degrees Fahrenheit. It is hot enough to make the work exceedingly trying to the miners, but that is all.

But, if we may assume a uniform heat in descending, the temperature at a depth of fifty miles may be expressed in figures at 4800 degrees Fahrenheit. In other words, at less than an eighth of the distance which lies between the surface of the earth and its centre the heat would be about twenty-two times the heat of boiling water at the sea-level. Figures might, of course, express the heat at greater depths still, but figures fail to convey any idea to the mind of that which must necessarily exceed all imagination. Suffice it to say that in

descending we must soon come to a heat so great that no substance with which we are now acquainted could, under any conditions which we can imagine, exist in it in either solid or fluid form.



SNAPPING THE WHIP.

# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 214.

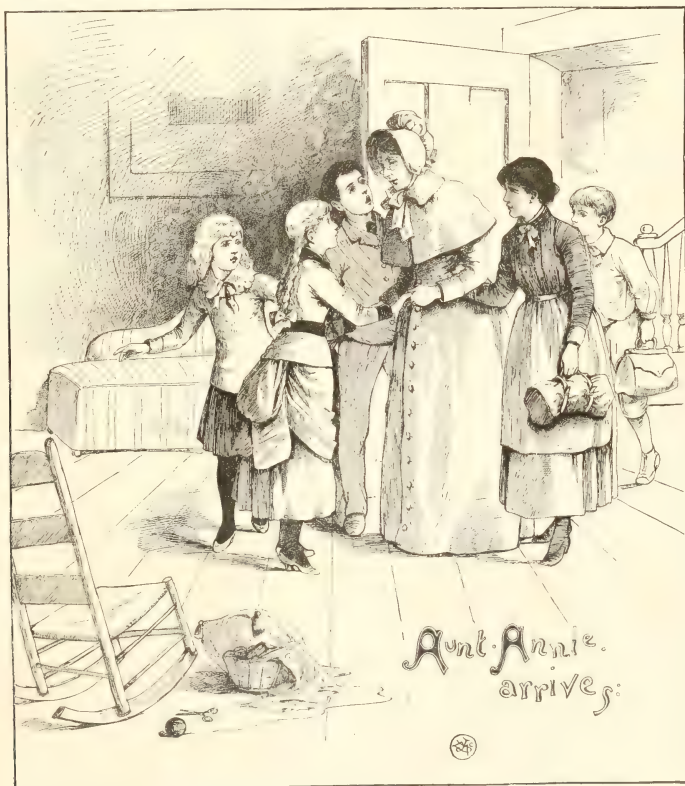
PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Tuesday, December 4, 1883.

Copyright, 1883, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$1.50 per Year, in Advance.



Aunt Annie  
arrives.

## OUR CHRISTMAS TREE; HOW IT GREW.

BY SIDNEY DAYRE.

I.

"GOING—going—gone! Good by! Good by! Fling an old shoe after them, Polly. Hurrah! Hurrah!" "Be sure you take a good rest, children," mother called back to us.

We watched the omnibus out of sight with great glee, but we could not help a sort of forsaken feeling as we went into the quiet rooms. However, the sadness only lasted a few minutes, and as Phil came back from seeing mother off, and told how her dear gentle face had seemed to brighten with every breath of fresh air and every new sight and sound, after her long confinement to the house, and how the twins were fairly running over with laugh and chatter, we grew wild again, and sang and shouted until old Bridget put in her head with:

"An' is it crazy intirely ye're all gone?"

It was so delightful to feel free once more, to make a noise in the old house, where for the last three months the quiet which comes with sickness had brooded. Scarlet fever had come among us, bringing, we had feared more than once, the shadow of the dark angel's wings in its train. And now, at last, all were well, and mother had gone to her old home for a rest, with the twins, who needed a change.

"Three weeks to Christmas," said Phil, as we gathered about the grate after tea. "What are we going to do?"

"You know we all agreed, when mother said we couldn't have a thing this year except good wishes and a good dinner," said Agnes.

"I know we did," said Ruth; "but I do think, after the forlorn times we've had, we ought to have some kind of a jollification."

"It takes money to get up jollifications."

"Not much. Let's have a Christmas tree?"

"Oh, let's!" cried Polly.

"You little geese! Don't you know we haven't a single cent?"

"I don't care," said Ruth; "we can make lots of nice things ourselves, and just think what a surprise it would be for mother and the little girls."

"We couldn't even buy a box of wax tapers."

"We'll use tallow candles, then."

"Nonsense! All dripping and greasy; and who wants a tree without that beautiful soft light that wax tapers give?"

"Perhaps they'd come along somehow," said Polly, hopefully. "Let's try it, anyhow; let's begin something, even if it don't grow into a tree."

"Yes," chimed in Ruth, "we've been talking about a tree for years, and we've always been too busy to have it. Now we're all out of school, and three weeks before us."

"Well, I'm in favor of doing something," said Jack; "but if we set our stakes for a tree, let it be a tree, I say! 'Aim high,' as the copy-book directs."

"Let us be up and doing, then," said Ruth, jumping up. "I'm going to begin this very minute." She ran upstairs, and soon returned with a bag of worsteds.

"That everlasting sofa pillow!" said Polly. "If you're going to fill that in, we'd better have our Christmas tree on the Fourth of July."

"I'm going to cut out the filled-in part, and make it into a pincushion for mother's room. That shabby old thing there is a perfect disgrace. I can fill in these corners in an hour. I'm going to finish the edges with worsted cords, with tassels on the corners."

II.

The five of us, Polly, Ruth, Jack, Agnes, and Phil, ranged up from eleven to sixteen. I am not going to say which of them I was, for I then should be in modesty bound to represent one of us as a very tame and uninter-

esting person, and we don't wish to have it supposed that there is any such creature among us.

Much of the next day was spent in rummaging amid brains and bags and boxes, and in forming and discussing plans. Many delightful things were thought of, which could be made for mother or the twins, and these were openly talked of, while the gifts to be interchanged among ourselves had to be managed more privately.

Toward night Jack came into the house in high feather. "I've struck the very thing!" he exclaimed. "Jim Brand's going to lend me his scroll-saw in exchange for my club skates. I shan't want them, for I'm going to saw like fury."

There was a great clapping of hands, for we all knew that no end of pretty things could be made with a scroll-saw. He had further traded some old school-books for wood to use, and he began work with energy.

For three days Jack's saw kept up one continuous roar, seeming to run races with Agnes's tucking on the machine. Then he had turned out a pair of brackets which each girl secretly wished might be intended for herself. But after listening to our admiration he coolly carried them out of the house, coming back in an hour.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, "I've got a splendid thing now!"

"What, Jack? Is it a secret? Do tell us."

"I've traded away my brackets—"

"Oh! those beauties?"

"—For two magnificent—life-like—portraits—of—the Father of his Country."

"George Washington?" asked Ruth.

"George Washington!" exclaimed Agnes, without raising her eyes.

"Well, now, I thought you'd all be pleased," said Jack, in a disappointed tone, as he started toward the barn to feed the cows.

"So much for boys!" said Ruth, with a most disgusted air. "To think of those lovely brackets going for two of those poky old portraits that everybody's sick of already!"

"Ruth, I'm ashamed of you," said Phil, solemnly.

"Where is your patriotism?"

"I don't care," said Ruth. "Wherever you go you're sure to see the Father of his Country. He's hung in half the houses, and he's in half the school-books and on all the green stamps, and lots of other things."

An hour later Jack came into the house, and held up two one-dollar bills.

"There! Don't you call those finely executed engravings of Washington?"

"Jack! is that what you meant, you tease?"

"Now ain't you sorry for your disrespect to that good old gentleman, Ruth?"

"Oh, it's not that I love Washington less, but money more, you see."

"This is the first of a general fund for the tree," said Jack. "We are no longer a penniless set."

"Jack, you're a jewel; and you're right, Jack. One can't have too many *such* pictures. I wish I had a hundred!" And Jack was sent at once to buy the wax tapers.

"But I'm getting so sick of home-made stuff!" said Ruth. "I wish we could buy *some* things; and, Agnes, I know how we can get some more money. I have the smartest sort of a thought."

"Let it out carefully, Ruth."

"Let's sell the butter."

Two little Alderney cows which mother thought as much of, we told her, as of us children, kept us supplied with butter. In summer there was enough to sell some every week.

"But mother don't like to have us stint ourselves at the table. She doesn't think it is healthy."

"Humph! I don't think there's much stinting when we've plenty of milk and everything else. Come, let's do it. Just think how it will add to Jack's fund."



After some discussion it was agreed, and Jack carried the next churning to town, bringing back in exchange therefor two more life-like portraits of Washington. We began to indulge in dreams of magnificence.

Two dolls' heads were bought, and for the next two or three days baby-land reigned, for all hands joined in loving co-operation in preparing a treat for the darling twins.

All went well, and we worked on without any interruption until one morning, when Agnes went into town for a careful selection of tempting wools, which were to be knit into wristlets for the boys, and brought home two letters. Oh, those letters!

"Here's one for you, Jack, from Bob; and this one's for mother. Who can it be from? 'Your affectionate sister, Annie Marston.'"

Mother had said all letters were to be read, and Agnes read the few lines to herself, her face gathering a very blank look as she did so.

"What is it? Don't keep us all waiting."

"Go to spend the holidays with thee and thy dear children. Be with thee on the 19th." To-morrow's the 19th, and there's no time to tell her mother's away."

"Listen to what Bob says," cried Jack, opening his letter. Bob was a cousin who had been sent to a school not far from us, and had met Jack:

"The folks say you are to have a visitation from Aunt Annie. Don't I congratulate you, though! I haven't seen her for a long time; but she came to our house once, and didn't we young fry have a glory time of it! She's as deaf as a post, and always gets mad if anybody don't talk loud enough, or if they let on they think she's deaf. And she can't bear young people."

We gazed into each other's faces in dismay.

"What shall we do?"

"I know just how she looks," said Jack, with a groan. "She's got one of those doleful faces, all drawn down, that make you think she's thinking, 'You're all poor miserable sinners.'"

"Tall and lanky and skinny," put in Ruth, "with a very scanty skirt to her dress."

"Children," said Agnes, with dignity, "I'm ashamed of you all. I think Bob's a very disrespectful, ill-behaved boy, and he has no business to write such stuff about his relatives, especially when they're so much older than himself. If she's deaf, she's very much to be pitied, poor thing! and I'm sure I don't wonder she don't like young people, if she's been used to such as Bob."

"Hear! hear!" cried Jack. "Agnes, you'll do for a preacher."

"And as she is coming," went on Agnes, "we must be kind to her and make her as comfortable as possible."

Dear, sweet Agnes! Two months ago she had lain so near the dark river that after she came back to us who loved her we could not quite get over the idea that her soft eyes must have caught a glimpse of the beautiful shore. Her words carried weight with them, and as Phil got up and kissed her, we all firmly resolved that Aunt Annie should never have reason to guess, through word or look of ours, that her coming was considered a most fearful, terrible, chilling, freezing, paralyzing damper upon our Christmas festivities.

### III.

"Come in, Aunt Annie; we've been watching for you," shouted Agnes.

"You must be very tired," screamed Polly.

"And very cold," shrieked Ruth.

"Thank thee, dears. How's thee do? how's thee do?" said Aunt Annie, in a cordial voice. "Yes, of course I'm sorry not to find thy mother at home" (Phil had told her about it as he brought her from the depot), "but," with an affectionate glance, "I'm sure there's enough of thee left. And what big girls and boys thee's grown!"

She chatted pleasantly with us at tea, but asked as we were leaving the table:

"Thee don't think I'm deaf, do thee, dears?"

"Oh, Aunt Annie," said Agnes, coloring, but not lowering her tones, "do we talk so loud?"

"We *are* rather a noisy set, I believe," said Phil, at the top of his voice.

"So mother always says," helped out Ruth, in accents which might have aroused the seven sleepers.

We had arranged mother's room very nicely for Aunt Annie, and she seemed willing to retire to it very early, acknowledging that she did feel tired.

"I think her face is just as pleasant as it can be," said Jack.

"It isn't a bit drawn down and sour, and she isn't skinny."

"Nor her skirts scanty."

"What a pity she's so dreadfully deaf!"

"And that she don't know it. Do let's be careful so she won't get angry with us. I wish she'd get to like us."

We were so careful that we all felt hoarse by the time breakfast was over the next morning. We then showed Aunt Annie most of our Christmas doings, though we kept back some of the brightest articles, and if she thought such things sinful, she was too polite to say so.

"I wonder if she thinks all we're doing is vanity?" remarked Ruth. "I've heard say that some of the Quakers think it's wicked to keep particular days at all—Christmas and such—that it's just a kind of paganism."

"Oh, I suppose she thinks we're a pack of heathen," sighed Agnes.

But on the day when Agnes had to leave sewing-machine and patterns and scraps of silk and dabs of gum to go to the kitchen and make a great fruit cake, Aunt Annie went too, and gave very willing and valuable help. She frosted it so beautifully that we all exclaimed when Agnes brought some colored sugars to ornament the top.

"It will spoil it," we urged.

"I know it, but the twins will not be satisfied without mother's initials, and plenty of ornamentation besides."

For mother's birthday was the day after Christmas, and a cake was always made in honor of it. So an astonishing wreath of roses soon surrounded an elaborate "G. C.," and the cake was placed on the sideboard, the admired of all beholders.

Just about the time that frosting was fairly dry, we heard a sound of jingling bells, and Sue Harley put in her pretty face, glowing with the frosty air.

"I've only a minute to tell you—wanted to let you know yesterday, but had to see so many—there's a surprise sociable down at Mrs. Graham's to-night, and of course you'll all go. Good-by."

Agnes looked thoughtful, then grave, then despairing.

"There 't is," she said, in a tone which would have been peevish if it had been anybody but Agnes. "Some of us have got to go, and whether we do or not, something's got to be sent. It must be folks who haven't anything else to do who fly around and get up things in such a hurry. There's no time to make anything, and nothing in the house to make it with if there was."

"We can't send anything at all."

"We must, Ruth; we must send that cake."

We were all horrified.

"It's too bad, I know," admitted Agnes; "but the Gramhams wouldn't understand it if we staid out of it, so it's the only thing to do."

That's how that cake came to get into our Christmas story. We could have wept as Jack carried it away in a big basket.

"Probably be left over and sold at auction for half what it's worth, and we with not a cent to buy it," growled Ruth.

It was put up at auction. A basket of doughnuts and



FINISHING "MOTHER'S PINCUSHION"

a cold turkey were sold first by a fun-loving church member, who seemed quite impressed as the gorgeous thing of combined sweets was placed before him. The energy he brought to bear on its sale was simply bewildering.

"Well, now, ladies and gentlemen, what am I offered for this most splendid cake? Dollar 'n' a half—'n' alf, 'n' alf, 'n' alf. Make it seventy-five? Thank you, ma'am. Two? I'm offered two dollars for this incomparable cake. Half I'm offered? Three 'n' alf, 'n' alf, 'n' alf. May I have the four? Ladies, have you pondered well the spices in this cake? You have heard of spicy breezes—those breezes owe their fragrance, as they blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle, to the very varieties of spice found in this cake. Doesn't the thought of it waft you in spirit to flowery meads and meandering rivulets? Four?—Four dollars, fr dol'rs, fr dol'rs, fr dol'rs. Gimme the half? Four dollars *and* a half. Will you gimme the five? Five dollars. Thank you, ma'am—cheap for the flowers alone. FID'rs, fid'rs, fid'rs, fid'rs—don't forget that this is the last chance for securing such a prize. Five and a half I'm offered five—and a half—going!—going!—going! Five dollars 'n' a half—going!—going!—GOSE!"

Agnes's face beamed all over as she looked at Ruth, and both felt so well satisfied with the good price which the cake had brought that they went back in good spirits to finish the play in which the young people had been engaged.

But when at last, tired and sleepy and cold, we reached home, the first thing which met our astonished eyes, standing on the sideboard, just where it had stood in the afternoon, was that cake!

No one could give any account of it. Bridget was cross, and in answer to all our inquiries only grumbled at sitting up so late for us. And when we expressed our surprise to Aunt Annie, she seemed deafener than ever.

It was a mystery.

## IV

"At last! at last! Christmas-ee! How *have* we lived so long without mother and the little ones!"

"The Campbells are coming—hurrah! hurrah!" shouts Jack. The omnibus loomed through the snow-laden air, and he and Phil tore in, each with a twin on his shoulder, while the girls rushed to the gate for mother, and then vigorously swept snow before her all the way in.

"Merry Christmas! merry Christmas!" "Glad you are

'come!" "Glad to be home, my darlings." "Glad you are looking so well." "Glad!" "Glad." "Glad!"

"Glad to see thee, Gertrude dear. Hope thee's all well." Aunt Annie's voice scarcely penetrated through the joyous clamor as her gentle face appeared among us.

"Less noise, children," said mother. "Bless me, dears, what a fuss you do make! How do you suppose your aunt can stand such screaming?"

We wrinkled our foreheads and shook our heads at her, but she did not seem to understand.

"And why is the parlor shut up?" For mother always believed in keeping the pleasantest rooms open and used.

"Oh, only a little surprise for the twins this evening," whispered some one.

A most enjoyable excursion through the snow to an evergreen-clad hill had been taken by the entire force to secure a tree, and it now stood awaiting its charmed blossoming.

All the afternoon Phil and Agnes were mysteriously busy behind closed doors. There was running to and fro and much carrying of things carefully covered. Long before night Patty and Madge, the twins, were so brimful and running over with curiosity that it was difficult to coax them into patient waiting until those doors were flung open, and Phil escorted Aunt Annie in, while mother followed, surrounded by the rest of us.

There it was, that tree of ours!—planted in faith, and watered by energetic work.

Not a thing had Phil and Agnes hung upon it which was not wholly or partly the work of our own hands. If all the loving thoughts and words and looks with which they had been made could have been sewed, or knitted, or sawed, or painted, or pasted into them, and could have shone out in their own true light, I am sure they would have glowed with a radiance which would have dimmed the glory of the wax tapers.

"You dear children! How have you done all this, and in so little time?" said mother.

"Indeed, thee's all done well, dears." Aunt Annie's face beamed as brightly as any face among us, and we could not detect in it the slightest shade of protest against such worldliness.

And now new mysteries connected with that tree began to appear.

Half hidden between a tidy for mother and a framed picture for Ruth was found a tiny box containing a chain and locket for Polly. Home-made things, indeed!

Not far from it was a lace handkerchief for Agnes; then a breast-pin for Ruth. All unnecessary finery was a rare luxury in our family. The excitement grew intense when a pair of sleeve-buttons for Jack, a dainty set of doll's dishes and an astonishing picture-book for the twins, came to light, and arose to its highest pitch when nearly at the last Agnes spied a box addressed to Phil; it held a fine assortment of water-colors, with everything else needed by an amateur artist.

Then we made a rush for mother.

"Oh, mother, how good you are!"

"But how could you do so much?"

"And you shouldn't have spent so much money on us."

"I, dears? I haven't spent a cent."

We stared blankly into each other's faces.

"Then," said Polly, in a voice as of one driven against her will to a most unlikely conclusion, "it was—Aunt Annie!"

"Sh-h! Polly, she'll hear you."

There was a funny little smile and a pretty color on Aunt Annie's face as we looked more sharply at her where she sat examining one of Phil's drawings.

"Oh, Aunt Annie, *did* you give me this?" screamed Ruth, rushing to her side.

"And me this?"

"And *this*?"

"And *THIS*?"

As we crowded about her with a noise which might well have driven one crazy, she put her hands to her ears with a look of comical appeal.

"Children," cried mother, severely, "I am astonished beyond measure at the noise you make. What will Aunt Annie think of such rudeness?"

"Mamma, she's deaf!" said Polly, in a low voice.

"Who's deaf?"

"Why, Aunt Annie."

"How ridiculous!" said mother.

"Then thee *did* think I was deaf?" asked Aunt Annie.

Through that busy day we had all failed to notice that mother had talked with her in her natural voice.

"Then you're *not* deaf?" asked Jack, with such an amazed tone that she laughed until we all laughed with her.

"Oh, how we've shouted and shrieked at you!" said Agnes.

"How did you ever hear it?"

"Why did thee think I was deaf?" she asked.

"Twat that everlasting Bob," said Jack.

He ran to get Bob's letter, and, in spite of Agnes's efforts to stop him, read it aloud.

"I see how the mistake occurred," said mother. "There is another Aunt Annie, the widow of your father's half-brother, who is very deaf, poor thing."

"And this is what thee thought of me when I came to thee, is it?" said Aunt Annie, looking over the letter with an amused face. "Thee dear ones! Gertrude, they have behaved like angels to me, all the time believing I hated young people!"

Not deaf! We could scarcely understand it. As we thought over the past week we blessed Agnes from our very hearts that she had inspired us not only to behave kindly, but to feel kindly, toward Aunt Annie. How thankful we were to be able to remember that not one word had been spoken which could wound the keenest ears!

With one impulse we crowded about her, and hugged the dear soul until she was almost smothered. Then we joined hands, drew her into the circle, and danced around

her. It was a way we had when we felt more than usually uproarious. There were so many of us, you see!

Ruth stopped us suddenly, and looked at Aunt Annie.

"Aunt Annie, now answer. Was it you that had that fruit cake brought back for us, or was it not?"

"Well, dear, if thee will make me tell, I suppose it was."

That's all about our Christmas tree. We were all glad we had undertaken it. As we got quieted down, and mother called us around her at the piano, and sang "Glory to God in the highest," I am sure our hearts were fuller of love to Him and to each other that we had tried to make this blessed Christmas a time long to be remembered.

## THE STORY OF A WINTER CAMPAIGN.

BY GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON.

**N**EARLY all the countries in Europe were making war upon France in 1795. The French people had set up a republic, and all the kingdoms round about were trying to make them submit to a king again. This had been going on for several years, and sometimes it looked as though the French would be beaten, in spite of their brave struggles to keep their enemies back and manage their own affairs in their own way.

At one time everything went against the French. Their armies were worn out with fighting, their supply of guns had run short, they had no powder, and their money matters were in so bad a state that it seemed hardly possible for France to hold out any longer. In the mean time England, Austria, Spain, Holland, Piedmont, and Prussia, besides many of the small German states, had joined together to fight France, and their armies were on every side of her.

A country in such a state as that, with so many powerful enemies on every side, might well have given up; but the French are a brave people, and they were fight-



CAPTURE OF THE DUTCH FLEET BY THE SOLDIERS OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

ing for their liberties. Instead of giving up in despair, they set to work with all their might to carry on the war.

The first thing to be done was to raise new armies, and so they called for men, and the men came forward in great numbers from every part of the country. In a little while they had more men to make soldiers of than had ever before been brought together in France. But this was only a beginning. The men were not yet trained soldiers, and even if they had been, they had no guns and no powder; no clothing was to be had, and there was very little food for them to eat. Still the French did not despair.

Knowing that there would not be time enough to train the new men, they put some of their old soldiers in each regiment of new ones, so that the new men might learn from the veterans how to march and how to fight.

In the mean time they had set up armories, and were making guns as fast as they could. Their greatest trouble was about powder. They had chemists who knew how to make it, but they had no nitre to make it of, and did not know at first how to get any. At last one of their chemists said that there was some nitre—from a few ounces to a pound or two—in the earth of every cellar floor; and that if all the nitre in all the cellar floors of France could be collected, it would be enough to make plenty of powder.

But how to get this nitre was a question. The cellar floors must be dug up, the earth must be washed, and the water must be carefully passed through a course of chemical treatment in order to get the nitre, free from earth and from all other things with which it was mixed. It would take many days for a chemist to extract the nitre from the earth of a single cellar, and then he would get only a pound or two of it at most.

It did not seem likely that much could be done in this way, but all the people were anxious to help, and so the cry went up from every part of the country, "Send us chemists to teach us how, and we will do the work and get the nitre ourselves." This was quickly done. All the chemists were set at work teaching the people how to get a little nitre out of a great deal of earth, and then every family went to work. In a little while the nitre began to come in to the powder factories. Each family sent its little parcel of the precious salt as a free gift to the country. Some of them were so proud and glad of the chance to help that they dressed their little packages of nitre in ribbons of the national colors, and wrote patriotic words upon them. Each little parcel held only a few ounces, or at most a pound or two, of the white salt; but the parcels came in by tens of thousands, and in a few weeks there were hundreds of tons of nitre at the powder-mills.

As soon as there was powder enough the new armies began to press their enemies, and during the summer and fall of 1794 they steadily drove them back. When they met their foes in battle they nearly always forced them to give way. They charged upon forts and took them at the point of the bayonet; cities and towns everywhere fell into their hands, and by the time that winter set, in they were so used to winning battles that nothing seemed too hard for them to undertake.

But the French soldiers were in a very bad condition to stand the cold of winter. One great army, under General Pichegru, which had driven the English and Dutch far into the Netherlands, was really almost naked. The shoes of the soldiers were worn out, and so they had to wrap their feet in wisps of straw to keep them from freezing. Many of the men had not clothing enough to cover their nakedness, and for decency's sake had to plait straw into mats which they wore around their shoulders like blankets. They had no tents to sleep in, but, nearly naked as they were, had to lie down in the snow or on the hard frozen ground, and sleep as well as they could in the bitter winter weather.

There never was an army more in need of a good rest in winter-quarters, and as two great rivers lay in front of them, it seemed impossible to do anything more until spring. The English and Dutch were already safely housed for the winter, feeling perfectly sure that the French could not cross the rivers or march in any direction until the beginning of the next summer.

The French generals, therefore, put their men into the best quarters they could get for them, and the poor, half-naked, barefooted soldiers were glad to think that their work for that year was done.

Day by day the weather grew colder. The ground was frozen hard, and ice began running in the rivers. After a little while the floating ice became so thick that the rivers were choked with it. When Christmas came the stream nearest the French was frozen over, and three days later the ice was so hard that the surface of the river was as firm as the solid ground.

Then came an order from General Pichegru to shoulder arms and march. In the bitterest weather of that terrible winter the barefooted, half-clad French soldiers left their huts, and marched against their foes. Crossing the first river on the ice, they fell upon the surprised Dutch, and utterly routed them. About the same time they made a dash at the strong fortified posts along the river, and captured them.

The French were now masters of the large island that lay between the two rivers, for they are really only two branches of one river, and the land between them is an island. But the ice in the farther stream was not yet hard enough to bear the weight of cannon, so Pichegru had to stay where he was for a time. Both sides now watched the weather, the French hoping for still harder frosts, while their enemies prayed for a thaw.

The cold weather continued, and day by day the ice became firmer. On the 8th of January, 1795, Pichegru began to cross, and on the 10th his whole army had passed the stream, while his enemies were rapidly retreating. He pushed forward into the country, sending his columns in different directions to press the enemy at every point. The barefooted, half-naked French soldiers were full of spirit, and in spite of frost and snow and rough frozen roads they marched steadily and rapidly. City after city fell before them, and on the 20th of January they marched into Amsterdam itself, and were complete conquerors.

Hungry and half-frozen as they were, it would not have been strange if these poor soldiers had rushed into the warm houses of the city and helped themselves to food and clothing. But they did nothing of the kind. They stacked their arms in the streets and public squares, and quietly waited in the snow, patiently bearing the bitter cold of the wind for several hours, while the magistrates were getting houses and food and clothing ready for them.

This whole campaign was wonderful, and on almost every day some strange thing happened; but perhaps the strangest of all the events in this winter war was that which is shown in the picture. Pichegru, learning that there was a fleet of the enemy's vessels lying at anchor near the island of Texel, sent a column of cavalry, with some cannon, in that direction, to see if anything could be done. The cavalry found the Zuyder Zee hard frozen, and the ships firmly locked in the ice. So they put spurs to their horses, galloped over the frozen surface of the sea, marched up to the ships, and called on them to surrender. It was a new thing in war for ships to be charged by men on horseback, but there the horsemen were with strong ice under them, and the ships could not sail away from them. The sailors could make a fight, of course, but the cavalry, with their cannon, were too strong for them, and so they surrendered without a battle, and for the first time in history a body of hussars captured a squadron of ships at anchor.



## THE LOST CITY.\*

OR, THE BOY EXPLORERS IN CENTRAL ASIA.

BY DAVID KER.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE VALLEY OF DEATH.

ALL the time this game of life and death was going on Mahmoud had never stirred from his watch-tower upon the wall; and just at that moment he sent forth the long shrill cry which the well-known signal of danger, following it up by shouting:

"The Gookhas, brothers! the Gookhas!"

At the name of these mountaineers of Nepal, the fiercest and most dreaded of all the Hindoo troops in the British service, everything else was forgotten in a moment. All was confusion, which was increased tenfold as the three scouts sent down the valley came galloping in, with full confirmation of Mahmoud's evil tidings. To attempt any defense of such a wide circuit of wall with their scanty force against disciplined soldiers was hopeless; and Selim, who alone of the whole band seemed to preserve his presence of mind, gave orders for the mounting of the women and children upon the strongest horses, and the instant abandonment of the stronghold.

Meanwhile our heroes began to hope that they might be overlooked in the general confusion; but they were promptly undeceived by hearing the Afghan who had already been so active against them remarking that "it was now time to kill the two unbelievers."

"Wilt thou be always a father of asses?" cried Selim, whose cunning brain had already planned how to use this new turn of events to his own advantage. "Know you not that if you shed their blood, the English will kill our people in like manner; whereas, if we keep them as hostages, we may hereafter give them in exchange for our brethren who are in captivity? Let the Feringhi [European] youths write that as the English deal with their prisoners, so will we deal with ours, and it shall be left at the gate for those who come to read."

This new view of the case quite took the Afghans by surprise, and all agreed that Selim's plan was excellent. Tom Hilton, whose hands were loosed for the purpose, wrote the required message with a piece of charcoal on a strip of white linen, which was then fastened in a conspicuous place just outside the gateway. But his American smartness prompted him to turn the Afghans' ignorance of English to account by adding a postscript for the benefit of any British officers who might be with the Gookhas, telling the route by which they were to cross the mountains in their retreat—a measure which was to lead to consequences of which Tom never dreamed.

And now began a march such as our heroes had hitherto known only through books of travel. All around, the barren, gloomy ridges stood up black and blasted and hideous, crossing and recrossing each other in every direction like the threads of a spider's web, and seeming to form one horrid complicated trap for every living thing once entangled in it. Through this dismal maze they zigzagged as best they might, now along ledge paths barely three feet wide, now among fallen boulders as high as the roof of a cottage, now over heaps of crumbling earth, from which rose at every step clouds of hot, prickly dust that well-nigh choked them.

During the first day our two lads went on foot with the rest, the horses being reserved for the women, children, and older men. But the less-seasoned Ernest soon began to give way under this terrible strain, and Tom, for some wise purpose of his own, pretended to be equally ex-

hausted. So, on the second morning, Selim dismounted one of his own men and put the two boys upon the horse, with the perfect approval of the band, who were now fully alive to the value of their hostages.

"Ernie," said Tom that night, speaking French, as usual, "here's a glorious chance for us. I heard them say there are signs of a fog, and if it comes they won't be able to see us two yards off."

"But what good will that do?"

"*Everything!* To-morrow we'll pass a place that I've heard Sikander describe many a time—the Valley of Death, where you go along a path no broader than a teatray, with three hundred feet of precipice below, and overhead a great black cliff full of cracks and clefts, like that place half-way down from Jerusalem to Jericho. Now, you see, they leave our feet and hands free, and this scarf with which they tie us together is a trashy old thing, which one good tug ought to settle. If the fog comes, we'll wait till we get out on to the ledge, and the minute you hear me scream we'll tumble off on the side next the cliff, push the horse over the precipice, so that they may think we've all gone down together, and then creep into one of the holes and hide till they're gone. What do you say?"

"I'll do it," said Ernest, setting his teeth; "but can't we manage it without killing the poor old horse?"

"No; he must go; for *then*, don't you see, they'll think *we're* fallen over along with him, and not make any hunt for us. Now go to sleep while you can, old fellow, for you'll have enough to do to-morrow if the fog comes."

The fog *did* come, sure enough; and by the time they reached the perilous ledge path that overhung the terrible "Valley of Death," day was literally turned into night. But frightful as was the risk of such a passage in such weather, the Afghans durst not hang back, for they were now in the territory of a hostile clan, and the lives of the whole party might depend upon their getting across it as quickly as possible to the friendly tribes beyond. The horses had been shod with felt, and the perfectly noiseless passage of this long train of shadowy horsemen along the brink of that fearful precipice, through the gray, sullen mist, had in it something indescribably weird and ghostly. In that dead silence the excited boys could almost hear the loud throbbing of their own hearts.

Suddenly Tom Hilton set up a terrific shriek, which made every horse in the cavalcade start and rear. Instantly both lads were off their beast, the scarf that bound them was torn asunder, and as the poor horse fell headlong down the precipice, with a piercing cry, they wriggled into a narrow cleft, and were hidden from view.

## CHAPTER IX.

## LOST ON THE MOUNTAINS.

"So far, so good!" muttered Tom Hilton, as the wild cries of the Afghans died away in the distance. "Their horses have taken fright, and they'll have quite enough to do to manage *them*."

"I am sorry for that poor horse, though," said Ernest. "But what are we to do now?"

"Take the back track, to be sure, and find our way down into the valley by the same way that we came up. Those Gookhas can't be far off, and once we sight *them*, we're all right."

Tom spoke as confidently as if the thing were already half done, and his cheeriness communicated itself to his companion, whose fatigue seemed quite forgotten in the delight of being free once more.

But, as those who have marched through Afghanistan know to their cost, it is easier to find one's way through the most pathless forests of Brazil, or over the widest prairies of the far West, than amid the fatal net-work of

\* Begun in No. 199, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

mountains that reaches in one endless maze from the source of the Cabool River to the frontier of Kashgar. So long as the ledge path continued, indeed, they could not easily miss their way, there being not footing enough for a cat anywhere beyond its two or three feet of rocky surface. But it came to an end as suddenly as if the earth had swallowed it, and to the bewildered eyes of the wanderers the whole country seemed one endless succession of fathomless gulfs and unscalable precipices, among which they looked in vain for any trace of the way by which they had come. They were *lost*!

The two young explorers eyed each other in silent dismay as the fearful truth burst upon them; but even in this crisis Tom Hilton was ready with an idea.

"If we can't find our way back, Ernie, there's something else we can do, which is better than staying here and starving, anyhow. This is just the time when the Afghans mostly come down from the higher mountains, and we're likely enough to fall in with some of them. Now, I heard Selim say yesterday that all the people of

this district are special enemies of his tribe; so it seems to me that if we tell them we've just escaped from Selim's crowd, and give 'em the news of Ahmed Khan and all his men having been killed, they'll feel like giving us a good reception. Anyhow, I guess it's worth trying."

Ernest agreed that it was, and having discovered a goat track that led away to the left among the crags, they proceeded to follow it.

Suddenly Tom stopped short, held up his finger warningly, and crept forward to the edge of a projecting crag that flanked their path to the right, Ernest silently following.

Although a faint glow still lingered on the hill-top all below was already wrapped in deep shadow, but just at the foot of the cliff over which they were peering the gloom was broken by the glare of a huge fire, around which several tents were pitched, while a number of figures in Afghan dress could be seen constantly passing and repassing.

"I say," whispered Tom, "this is a case of 'out of the frying-pan into the fire.' These fellows are Selim's tribe too; I know them by the color of their turbans and the shape of their tents."

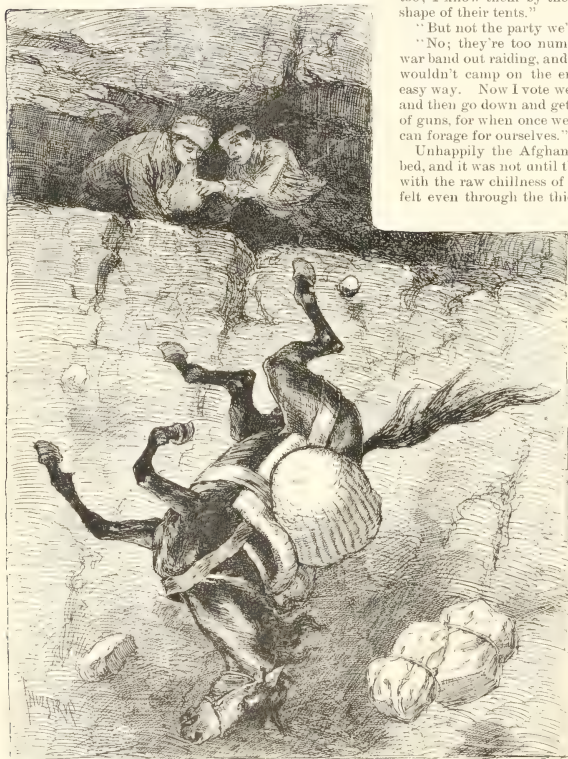
"But not the party we've escaped from, surely?"

"No; they're too numerous for that; they must be a war band out raiding, and a pretty strong one, too, or they wouldn't camp on the enemy's ground in this free and easy way. Now I vote we just wait till they're all asleep, and then go down and get hold of some food and a couple of guns, for when once we have arms and ammunition we can forage for ourselves."

Unhappily the Afghans seemed in no hurry to go to bed, and it was not until they were both almost benumbed with the raw chilliness of the night air, which made itself felt even through the thick Afghan mantles given them by their late guardians, that Tom at length gave the word to descend.

The descent was almost as sheer as the side of a house, and had not the fire-light shown them where to plant their feet, they must certainly have been dashed to pieces. Even as it was Ernest twice escaped as if by a miracle from falling headlong to the bottom, and when they at length reached the ground below, both were so exhausted that they could hardly stand.

Luckily their descent had been perfectly noiseless, and the keenest eye could not have detected their figures amid the black shadows of the rocks. But the first glance showed them, to their no small dismay, that their difficulties were only beginning. Reckless as the Afghans were, they had not forgotten that they were on hostile ground, and the fire-glow played upon the tall figure of a sentinel who stood leaning upon the sickle-shaped butt-end of his long rifle not twenty yards from the spot where they lay.



"THE POOR HORSE FELL HEADLONG DOWN THE PRECIPICE"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"DOLLY, ISN'T CHRISTMAS JOLLY?"



## EARLY AND LATE.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

WHEN Tom was a boy it was often said  
That he never wanted to go to bed;  
And he really appeared to take delight  
In running about the streets at night.  
Ah! much too long would have been the day.  
And weary enough he'd have been of play.  
If this very wide-awake little chap  
Had not extended his morning nap.

He'd sit up with the owls, and with eyes as bright  
As theirs, oh, ever so late at night;  
But no one had a chance to remark  
That Thomas ever arose with the lark.  
"Early to bed and early to rise  
Will make a man healthy, wealthy, and wise,"  
Was an old-fashioned notion, Thomas said,  
And well enough for a sleepy-head.

But as Tom grew older he left the owls,  
And imitated domestic fowls  
By going to bed, oh, not as he used,  
But as soon as the chickens began to roost.  
And he had no patience, I've heard them say,  
With those who wanted to sleep all day,  
For he was around and out-of-doors  
In the early morning doing his chores.

And that is the way we turn about  
From youth to age, there isn't a doubt;  
And the very things that we once despised  
Become the things that are highly prized.  
And if when you're young you take delight  
In being up with the owls all night,  
When you are old you'll think it absurd  
To copy the ways of so dull a bird.

## THREE TRAPPERS.

BY PAUL E. WIRT.

"BOB, you may go along, if you want to, and help look after the traps," said Douglas Elton, the eldest of Mr. Elton's three sons, to their little five-year-old brother, one bright Saturday morning. The boys Doug and Will had been supplied with strong steel-traps by their father, and offered a reward for every musk-rat they should trap along his mill-race, or about the mill-pond up in the woods.

The Elton boys, like all lads, were fond of anything that resembled a hunting adventure. Will and Doug both thought that they would have liked to have gone through Africa with Paul Du Chailu, whose books they were so fond of reading, and that the very finest fun the world could afford would be the capture of a gorilla in his native forest. But as circumstances confined them to their own village, and there were no gorillas nearer than Africa, the next best thing was steel-traps and musk-rats.

The rats had become very numerous, and by their burrowing under and around the dam, at the pond, and along the race were doing a deal of damage, causing the dam and race to leak seriously, and endangering the banks.

Doug instructed Will to get the oars, while he, with his mother's consent, prepared Bob for the trip. Will had a gun that he insisted on taking with him, saying, "It may be we will want to shoot something."

The little party started off up the race in high spirits to look after the traps that they had set the night before by Doug and the miller. They had put them in the most likely places, baiting them with various things, some with turnips, some with apples, others with fresh meat or a small ear of corn. There were ten traps in all, and the boys were in high glee, wondering and guessing what might be in them.

"Who knows but that we will have something in nearly every trap?" said Will. "There is such a lot of the creatures, anyway, that we can hardly fail to get half a dozen at least. Then if father gives us—"

Just at that moment a large blue jay flew screaming up

the race, and Will dropped his calculations in order to get his gun ready for a shot at the jay. But the bird had disappeared before the young hunter was more than half prepared, and he did not get a shot. Not long after this they arrived at the dam or pond in the woods.

The trees about the pond were in some places very thick or dense, and some were very large. It was quite a wild-looking place, and Will said he was glad he had brought his gun along. "Because," said he, "we might meet some awful big animal here, and then what would become of Bob if we had no gun?"

Doug explained that his gun would hardly be powerful enough to kill anything but a bird, but Will would not believe it, and said,

"You wait now, Doug, until we see a bear or something like that, and see me drop him."

They had now looked at one or two traps, and found nothing in them. On looking at the third it appeared that something had eaten all the bait, and in another they found some hair sticking in the teeth, which Will declared was bear hair.

Soon they came, after some scrambling along a rocky path, to an open space on the edge of the pond, where the boat lay. It was with a good deal of trouble that Bob was got through the tangle of the path, so that when they arrived at the boat he asked Doug to help him into it, and promised to sit there and wait until the boys had looked at a trap or two that had been set a short distance up a little creek.

After examining these traps it was their intention to cross the pond, and look at the traps on the other side. Doug could manage a boat very well, and swim like a fish; and, more than that, he was strong and careful; and so it was that his mother and father trusted him to go about almost anywhere and take Bob with him.

Doug lifted Bob safely into the boat, tied the rope to a stake on the bank. Then they started to look at the traps just a little way up the creek. This time they felt sure of not being disappointed. They considered the creek an especially good place to catch something, and they approached the traps through the little jungle very carefully.

As they neared the first one they heard a great snort, and beheld a terrible shaking of the bushes about the place where the trap had been set.

"Hurrah!" cried Will. "We've got something this time sure, and it's no musk-rat, either."

Something had been caught, evidently, and the creature, whatever it was, seemed to be making a wild effort to tear the trap to pieces. Neither Will nor Doug was accustomed to the sound of a bear's voice, but the noise they heard might easily be taken for a growl.

Will plunged boldly forward, and Doug followed close behind his brother, though, if the truth were told, his heart was beating quite rapidly, and his desire to encounter wild beasts in their native forests was lessening at every step.

An opening in the wood presently showed them a large black animal caught in the trap, and struggling wildly to get loose.

"Where's your gun, Will?"

"I've got it here all right."

"Now's your time. Don't go any nearer." Doug evidently felt that they were within close enough range, and that it would be folly to attack a bear in too close quarters. Not that he was afraid—oh no!

"Stop till I take aim. You were the one who didn't want me to bring the gun. I tell you it will be the means of saving all our lives."

"Bang!"

There was a loud report. Over went Will backward, the gun having a decided genius for what is known as "kicking." Apparently, too, the shot had taken effect.

There was a terrible snort coming from the spot where



the trap lay, a sudden pull, and away rushed the black wild thing through the thick bushes toward the pond, the trap sprung tightly around one foot, and its chain dangling and jingling about its heels.

"Will, are you dead?" Doug's tone was decidedly fearful.

"Not a bit of it." The hero of the successful shot scrambled to his feet. "Where has the bear gone?"

Where, oh, where?

There was the blankest silence for about a minute. Then another snort and a wild rustling among the bushes told them that their prey was rushing off in exactly the direction where the boat lay. Doug and Will stared at each other an instant, and then, hearing a little scream from Bob, they tore with sinking hearts toward the boat.

In a few minutes they had reached it. To their horror, they beheld the little craft being rapidly towed out into the middle of the pond by the black creature, whose head was barely above water, and which to the view of the excited boys appeared to be the head of some unknown black animal, with a great fringe of long gray hair about its shoulders and neck.

The chain attached to the trap around the leg of the animal had become entangled in the rope of the boat as it dashed down to the bank, and now the terrible creature was swimming rapidly out into the pond with poor, pale, frightened Bob clinging wildly to the boat.

What was to be done?

Whatever his accomplishments as a hunter may have been, Will was a bright lad, and the sight of his darling little brother Bob towed away toward destruction by the wild brute which he had infuriated with his powder and shot nearly drove him frantic. Quick-witted in this moment of great trouble, he pulled off his boots and coat, and placed his open jackknife between his teeth. Then running around to a point of land that ran out into the pond, where the distance to the moving boat would be shorter, he plunged fearlessly into the water.

Then began an exciting chase. Will knew something terrible might happen to Bob any moment if not cut loose from the swimming animal. He could not make out what the creature was. In fact, he was too frightened to observe closely. Away went the boat, heading across the pond, and in hot pursuit swam Will, gaining upon the boat at every stroke.

But the boat had nearly reached the opposite shore before he caught up, and just as he laid his hand upon the stern it struck the projecting limb of a dead tree in the pond. In an instant Bob was shaken from his seat into the cold water by the furious plunging of the animal as it rushed up the bank.

The rope stood the test no longer, but broke, and the beast tore off through the bushes with the chain again dangling at its heels. Will, clinging to the boat with one hand, caught Bob's clothing with the other, and after a little struggle both reached the bank. Drenched and cold, they clambered into the boat, and pulled for the opposite shore.

Here they found Doug. He was an exceedingly frightened boy, and the embrace he gave his two brothers showed what he had suffered during that terrible swim.

"Oh, Will! First you nearly shot yourself, and now you've nearly drowned Bob and yourself too. Do let's go home."

"All right, old fellow; but how about those adventures you were always wanting to have?"

"I think I'd rather read about them than go through them. Wasn't it an awful beast?" Doug's teeth fairly chattered.

It was an exciting story that they had to tell to their parents. Will declared the animal to have been of "awful size, black, and furious." The wound that he gave it when he shot at it must, according to his description, have

been of a deadly character. Little Bob was too frightened to give any account at all. Doug said he did not get one fair look at it, and could not say what it was. Will, however, came in for great praise for so bravely swimming and saving his little brother.

At dinner that night, while the event was still being discussed, there came from the lane that passed the house a familiar grunt! grunt! grunt! In a moment more the listening party heard the occasional rattle of a chain dragged leisurely along the ground.

This brought Will to his feet and to the door in an instant. In another moment all had followed him, and were at the door, looking inquiringly at Mr. Elton's long thin black hog, with a trap, a chain, and part of a rope dangling to one of its hind-legs, while about its neck was a yoke, lately placed there by the miller to prevent it from rooting, etc. About the yoke had become entangled vines, dried grasses, moss, and the like, which gave hoggy a very foreign air.

The whole family looked upon hoggy a moment, and hoggy looked upon the family. Then all laughed heartily, save his hogship, who grunted himself slowly into the barn-yard, laid himself wearily down, and slept, dreaming of traps, mill-ponds, boats, small boys, and big boys with and without guns.

## WORK FOR NIMBLE FINGERS.

### LUNCH BAG.

**S**OME strong and durable material, such as carriage leather or enamelled cloth, is best to make the bag of, and the most serviceable lining is stiff light brown paper, which can be frequently and readily renewed. The bag is not sewed, but is held together instead by steel stud-buttons slipped through slits, or else by shank buttons held by a ring inside.

Cut the outside material ten inches wide and eighteen long, and the lining an inch narrower and two inches shorter; slope both a little narrower toward the ends, which form the top of the bag. Cut two strips, for the sides, four inches wide and twenty-three long, and slope them down to a width of three inches along the middle nine inches; bend down both ends to make the strips as long as the front and back together, and turn down the side edges an inch. Cut a flap four inches deep to hang inside the top of the bag. Now turn in the inch of material that projects around the edge, bend in the bottom, and that of the sides as well, in the manner shown in the illustration, and then make the slits for the buttons an inch apart along the edges, being careful to make those of the flap and sides correspond with those on the front and back. Prepare two ribbon handles, to be fastened in with the top buttons, and the parts of the bag will be ready to button together.

A little decorative stitching, worked with thick saddlers' silk, will improve the appearance of the front.

### PINCUSHION.

Make the covering for the cushion, which may be either square or oblong, of dark-colored silk or satin. To decorate the silk for the top cut a large flower or other figure out of a piece of gay-colored cretonne; vein or mark it with stitches in colored silks and gold thread; then, having pasted it on the silk to keep it in place while working, sew it down around the edge with gold-colored silk. Sew a thick colored cord around the edge of the cushion over the seam.

### SKATE BAG.

Two pieces of dark green cloth or flannel, sixteen inches long and seven wide, are required for the outside of the bag, and two pieces of leather or enamelled cloth for the lining, cut half an inch narrower and an inch shorter



LUNCH BAG.

than the cloth pieces. Slope the bottom to a point as shown in the illustration, and work an appropriate outline design or motto on one side with bright-colored silks. Sew up the outside of the bag, then sew up and set in the lining; hem the top, and run a thick cord into the hem. A handle made of a double strip of the cloth, sixteen inches long, is attached at the sides.

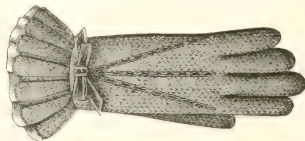
## GIRLS KNITTED GLOVE.

A ball of fine knitting silk and some No. 19 steel knitting-needles are required to work these gloves. Begin at the wrist, casting on 224 stitches; the number will be considerably less after the scalloped cuff is finished and the hand reached. In the first 3 rounds knit 7 stitches and purl 7 by turns. 4th round.—\* Knit 5 stitches, knit 2 together, purl 5, purl 2 together; continue to repeat from \*. For the next 3 rounds knit 6 and purl 6 by turns. 8th round.—\* Knit 4, knit 2 together, purl 4, purl 2 together; repeat from \*. In the following 3 rounds knit 5 and purl 5 by turns. 12th round.—\* Knit 3, knit 2 together, purl 3, purl 2 together; repeat from \*. For the next 3 rounds knit 4 and purl 4 by turns. 16th round.—\* Knit 2, knit 2 together, purl 2, purl 2 together; repeat from \*. In the following 3 rounds knit 3 and purl 3 by turns. 20th round.—\* Knit 1, knit 2 together, purl 1, purl 2 together; repeat from \*. For the next 2 rounds knit 2 and purl 2 by turns. 23d round.—By turns put the thread around the needle and knit 2 stitches together; in the next round, when the thread loops are knitted off like stitches, a row of small holes will be formed, through which an elastic braid or a narrow ribbon is drawn when the glove is finished.

Now continue in plain knitting for the hand. It will take about 76 rounds, or a few more or less, according to the

length. In the 9th of these rounds begin the thumb gusset by purling the 37th and 39th stitches; in the 11th round begin to widen for the gusset, and to do so knit 1 stitch and purl 1 besides out of the 38th stitch; in the 15th round knit 1 and purl 1 out of each stitch of the preceding widening, and continue to widen in this manner after every 3 rounds to the 49th, inclusive, when the gusset must be 18 stitches wide; during this time always purl the edge stitch on each side of the gusset in every second round. Having knitted 4 rounds after the last widening, prepare for the thumb itself. Divide the 18 stitches of the gusset on two needles, and, leaving the rest of the stitches aside for the time being, set up 8 new stitches on a third needle, and knit the thumb on these 26; knit about 36 rounds, and then begin to point it; to do this narrow by knitting 2 stitches together 5 times at regular intervals in the next round, and then in every following second round narrow above each narrowing in the preceding round until the stitches are all exhausted, when fasten the end of the thread securely.

After the thumb is finished pick up 8 stitches out of the loops of the 8 cast on at the beginning of it, and continue the hand until the tops of the fingers are reached. Narrow at both the beginning and end of the 8 stitches, 3 times, each time after an interval of 2 rounds. Take up the little finger first, setting aside for it the first 8 and the last 8 stitches on two needles, and casting on 6 new



GIRL'S KNITTED GLOVE.

stitches on a third; in the 3d round of the finger narrow on both sides of the 6 new stitches; about 30 rounds will be needed for it; point it in the manner described for the thumb.

Next, for the third finger, take up 6 stitches out of the loops of the 6 cast on for the little finger, put 8 from the back of the hand and 7 from the palm on separate needles, and cast on 6 new stitches; knit the finger to the required length, about 38 rounds, but in the 2d, 3d, and 4th rounds narrow at the inner or palm end of the 6 new stitches and of the 6 taken up from the little finger. For the middle finger take up the 6 cast on for the third, cast on 6 new stitches, and take a few more stitches from both the back and the palm than for the third finger; otherwise knit it in the same way. For the forefinger, which comes last, take the rest of the stitches from the hand, and the 6 at the side of the middle finger; work it to the same length as the third.

Finally, work three chain-stitched lines on the back of the hand with a crochet needle, and set a ribbon frill inside the cuff.



PINCUSHION.



"A REAL THANKSGIVING DINNER."

## THANKSGIVING AT BELLEVUE HOSPITAL.

BY AUNT MARJORIE PRECEPT.

**D**ID it ever happen, little ones, that three or four of you had the measles at the same time, and mamma had to turn part of the house into a hospital? Perhaps it was a great airy room on an upper floor, and there, quite away from the rest of the family, you spent some days or weeks. The time, of course, seemed very long, but you had plenty of toys and story-books to amuse you, and were as comfortable as it was possible for children to be when ill and obliged to stay in bed.

The getting well again, however, was very pleasant—in deed, almost jolly—and one of the most delightful things about it came when you began to care what they sent up for your meals. Such tea parties and luncheons as you had when the doctor said you were little convalescents (a big word which simply means that you were getting well again), and would soon be off the sick-list! And then good-by to the hospital!

Well, the children who were well enough to eat a Thanksgiving dinner at Bellevue Hospital last week enjoyed it a great deal more than you did your tea party. It seems a sad thing to say, but many of the little folk who are lying ill in this great building have nothing so pleasant in all their lives as the days they spend here, though many hours are spent in severe pain, and the time only comes now and then when they can enjoy a meal or find any pleasure in the playthings that are provided for them.

Everything at the hospital is clean and quiet and safe. The nurses, in their white caps and aprons, have bright, merry faces, and their voices are sweet and gentle. The doctors are strong and kind, and know just what to do to ease an aching limb or soothe a dreadful pain. Nobody is cross. There is no hiding under the bed or in the cor-

ner for fear of a poor drunken father, who has been taking vile poisonous stuff until he does not know what he is doing, and is ready to beat and kick the children and their tired, frightened mother.

Many a little child who is brought to Bellevue, and placed in one of the neat cots in the Children's Ward, has been made ill through the carelessness or fury of parents whom liquor has changed into brutes. Others have been made ill by the bad air or the scanty food in their dark and crowded tenement homes. Here they have the pure air that blows from the broad East River to breathe, and all day the sun looks in at the shining windows, and the doctors say there is no better medicine than sunlight for the little patients.

Can you wonder that the children sometimes cry, and are very sorry, when the time comes for them to go home? They must leave the large, airy, pleasant rooms, the good doctor they have learned to love, the little friends they have made in the ward, and their own special nurse.

There were no tears on Thanksgiving-day. Of course not. All who were well enough had a real Thanksgiving dinner (turkey, and cranberry sauce, and—think of it!—pumpkin-pie) at a real table, which was drawn away from its place, and set for them on purpose. Those who were not well enough to be out of bed, but were well enough to have a drumstick or a taste of jelly, sat up among their pillows, and took their dinners there.

The nicest part of it all was that nobody was left out of the fun. The very sick ones, even, knew it was Thanksgiving-day, and were glad. Kind ladies and gentlemen came and looked at them. The parched lips were refreshed with oranges or white grapes, but the kindness was better. And some of the ladies could sing, and they sang so sweetly that the children felt as though the hospital were heaven.



indistinct, and she wants so much to send her the ferns; there is no name. We both love HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and especially the Post-office Box Exchange, and we are anxious to know the names, and what they do, and that they are reading the same stories we are. With much love to the Postmistress, we are,

JESSE AND KATIE R.

If the little Massachusetts girl sees this, will she write to the Postmistress, please, and give her name and full address?

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

I want to tell the boys and girls about a little game mamma made up, and we enjoy very much. We call it Mother Goose. First one begins by repeating a rhyme from Mother Goose as fast as she can; then the next goes on with another, without a pause. It is very funny, because we get mixed up so that we don't know what is coming next.

This is my first letter to you, though we have read the letters for four years in the paper.

ALICE HORTON, B.

NE CAHAWESSE, ONTARIO.

It is almost a year since I got Young People for a Christmas present. I like it so well I think I can hardly do without it next year. I am nine years old, and I go to school. I tried the Dolls' top Cake, and found it very nice. I want to join the Little Housekeepers. If you print this letter, I will send some receipts next time I write. I have some flowers of my own, of which I make the greatest care. I have some of their names are Gertrude and Lucia. My name is WINNIE G.

WATSON, NEW YORK.

My birthday came on the 28th of October, and I was then nine years of age. Last summer I went up to Quaguo Lake, in Broome County. It is a lake of water nearly a mile long and a half wide. There are row-boats and sail-boats in plenty there, and I enjoyed rowing. The water is one hundred and ten feet deep in many places, and I found it up to my neck in green hills, tall trees, beautiful wild flowers, and pretty mosses. There were nice cottages filled with people seeking rest and pleasure.

Walton is a large village, with six churches, and a graded school, which I attend. I love to study, and I go to Sunday-school, which numbers over three hundred scholars.

I have a very good friend nearly two years, and like it very much. I like Mrs. Little's stories; and reading "Dick and D." with great interest.

HELEN ROSE S.

PENNSYLVANIA, NEW JERSEY.

I am a little boy only six years old. I am so small that the people call me Tom Thumb. I weigh thirty-six pounds. I go to school, and my letters, but I can not write, so my papa is writing this for me; but as soon as I get big I will write you a letter myself. We live on the east-end of the Delaware River, where there are steamboats and ships. I have three brothers and three sisters, and we are all glad when Harper's YOUNG PEOPLE comes. Please publish this if you have room.

ALVIN D. K.

PAID, NEW YORK.

I am a little Boston girl twelve years old, and last June I came to Europe with my papa, mamma, sister, and brother. Now my papa has gone home, and each week he sends me the dear little journal HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and all the little people who read this paper will know what comfort it is to me when I am so far away from my dear home. My sister and I read all the stories in the paper, and then read them aloud to my little brother, who is as yet too young to read. After we have read all the stories, we often copy the pictures, and paint them. In the last paper, after reading the story of "A Seed of Darkness," I have painted a picture of the little girl, dear Alice, and painted it, and it is now on its way to America, and will soon greet my own papa.

I see so many queer things here in Paris that will amuse the little people who read this paper that I can not resist the desire I have to tell you a few of the queer sights one sees here, so different from American sights. Every day and Saturday is a market-day, and all the farmers, with their wives, donkeys, and carts, come into Paris and unload their provisions, some of them carrying as much as two barrels, where the sidewalks are very wide, they taking the outer half of the sidewalk, where they put up their stalls, and sell all kinds of fruits, vegetables and half a score of different kinds of all kinds, and many little shell-fishes we never see at home. One kind of shell-fish is just like our lobster, but about two inches in length, and

we have a great desire to eat them, but the French people tell me that they would soon decay, and be offensive. Another kind of shell-fish is like our lobster, but they are not so large as the other kind, and is nearly half head, and has two large staring eyes like black beads. There are always plenty of ribbon fish, four or five inches long, which are when brought instantly killed, or else carried off by the cook in a way that makes me

wish I could buy every little rabbit in Paris to save them from their sad fate. The women who tend these stalls are neatly dressed, with white caps and aprons, and ask every one to buy. They talk so fast, and seem determined to make me buy whether I care to or not. At these markets they also sell dry-goods of all descriptions, flowers, crockery, linens, and bed-spreads, and they are always cheaper than one can buy them in a shop. People know that the vegetables will all be fresh in all the markets all over Paris on these market-days, so it is not strange that we meet at every turn ladies with their servants, and the servants carrying a huge basket filled with provisions, and going to the great open market-places. You find these sidewalk markets all about Paris; you come upon them when you least expect it, and I find it rare fun to watch them as they pass by. I have seen them at exactly three o'clock in the afternoon the policemen appear and order the marketmen off, and it is always wonderful to me the short time in which they get themselves and their goods into the carts and are off. Some have great carts and little donkeys. The carts are so shaped that when they are loaded the donkey is nearly covered up. Other carts are pulled by men, and the goods are harnessed into them with leather straps; they are too poor to keep a horse or donkey.

My sister and I go with our *bonne*, or house-grown person, to market every Monday, and with us we take our tops, which are so different from those we have at home that I must tell you about them. They are made of straw, and are worn top to bottom, and are taller than our tops, and in order to keep them going we have to whip them with a little whip which has a long lash which, I think, is made of the skin of a snake (perhaps). We can only keep them going from one crossing to another, so we have to start them very often, which is not very easy to do. The way we start them is to stick them upright in some dirt at the foot of a tree, and whip them until they get on to the sidewalk, and then each lash we give them makes them walk along in any direction we wish.

The workmen and work-women work on Sunday as well as any other day. You see them sweeping the streets. They carry large wooden shoes on their feet, and have large bundles of the twigs and branches of the trees that grow outside the city. Chimney-sweeps as well as street-sweepers are paid by the day. One of my papa's horror two came last Sunday and insisted upon cleaning the chimney, and after it was done asked for *pour boire*, which means a little money for the drink. I have never seen a workman or work-woman do anything for one.

I have just been out to walk a little way, and saw outside a shop door some chestnuts three times as large as the ones we have at home. And I will finish this letter now, as I bought a pound of them, for I am in haste to see if they are as good as the American ones, and in my next letter I will tell you the result.

MARTIE L. E. S.

A very bright letter, and the bright eyes that read it will be quite eager to have Martie write again, and tell of other things which she sees in Paris.

ROCHESTER, MISSOURI.

This is my first letter. I could not write well enough, but was afraid I could not write well enough. Last summer we went over to Norway to visit our aunt and uncle, but when we got there we found that she was dead. I have six little pet-parrots, and have two cages for them. I took them with me when we went over to Norway; they sang nearly all the time, but while we were there I lost one of them. I was very sorry, because it was the largest one of them all. But while we were on the ocean I got awfully seasick, and wished I was back at home, and a dog and a cat would be with me, and I would preach, and do anything else we wanted him to do; but he got seasick as well as the rest of us. He did not die; I gave him to my little cousin in Norway.

I have one of the prettiest little nephews here staying with me; he is only three years old, and is as smart as any child I have ever seen. He is so much of my grown sister, because she pets him and gives him everything he wants. He is the pet of the family. My father and mother are both good people, but my father is the oldest. We live out in the country. My father has a large farm, with a large white house on it, and my mother raises all sorts of fowls. Mamma gave me a hen, six chicks, and a turkey. I have also seen and pet pigs. They are just as fat. Please, Mrs. Postmistress, print my letter.

LEE S.

BRIDGEVIEW, KENTUCKY.

I thought I would write you a letter, and tell about my trip to the Southern Exposition at Louisville. It was on the second day of the National Dog Show. I wish all the little boys who read Young People would come and see the big and little dogs, the fat and lean dogs. If I could have had my choice I would have taken a large mastiff worth \$600, and then I would have ridden in the carriage with the dog. I was surprised to see a Kentucky boy, coming from a State where they have fine horses, riding a



#### DIEFDELL, HARD

Deafell hard lessons  
For little mites of dirt,  
We frown all up our foreheads,  
And waddle up our tails  
We're teacher had to study  
And then preaches should find  
To divvy school lessons  
It isn't very dull.

#### OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

AMONG the most delightful experiences which come to the conductors of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE are such letters as the one which follows. Heartily thinking the writer for her cordial, womanly words, we invite to them the special attention of parents, teachers, and friends of the young:

I am not one of the dear little girls who write so prettily of baby brothers and sisters, dollies, and dainty cooking receipts, neither am I one of the honest, bright-faced boys who tell of their various home lives from front over the world, but, instead the mamma of several girls and boys who think that HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is one of the necessities of life, and I am inclined to agree with them; for nourishing food for the brains is as necessary as for the body, and where can better or more instructive brain food be found than in your invaluable paper, even including that interesting but hardly edible, though useful, creature the angle-worm?

What a power the paper is! is really beyond estimating, and the unseen influence it exerts will never be known until the time when all secrets are revealed. Let me tell you of one instance connected with the Exchange Department. Over two years ago a little boy living in a large Western city sent an exchange for stamps. His name was a peculiar one, and as he supposed his family was the only one of that name in the city, he was greatly surprised to find another exchange next to his with the same peculiar name. The surprise was mutual, and as the two lived near neighbors, an acquaintance was soon made. No. 2 proved to be a young man alone, and a stranger in a strange city, with no friends, but living a remarkably upright life, though exposed to all the temptations of a great city. The new-found friends took pity on the lonely stranger, and made him one of themselves, and with them he is commencing what promises to be an honorable career with a brilliant career. So much from an exchange for stamps. I have, for want of space, only given you the outlines of a true story, but, if I am not mistaken, even that will interest you. I have long wanted to write to you my appreciation of and delight in your paper, but numerous home duties have always interfered. Like a large body which, though slow to move, goes with great speed and to a great distance when once started, so I fear my letter has been carried to an unreasonable length now that it has been fairly commenced. I have been so much in the love that started it the sincere admiration of one who signs herself, very truly yours,

AUNT FANNIE.

SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.

We live on a farm; we used to live in Chicago, but we like the farm best. There is a lovely lake here, and we live right on the bank. We have lots of hens and chickens, and they are nearly all named after me, so never could begin to tell them. Our colts are pets too, and they are Clover, Buttercup, Baby, and Bessie. Papa threshed a short time ago, and we got four little mice out of the stack. We made a cage a little like the one in YOUNG PEOPLE, and they seemed to enjoy it running up the little ladder, but at last they have long wanted to get out the bars, and our little kitten, named Queenie, caught them.

I want to tell you about my pictures. I have nearly three hundred, and think them very interesting. I took a cage of cats from Harper's WEEKLY. Katie received some silk patches from a little girl in Massachusetts. The postmark is



dog, would you not? I liked the Art Gallery best of all, and the picture of the two donkeys better than anything in it.

I go to Ogden College, and as I am only eleven, I am the youngest boy. I study Latin, English Grammar, Physical Geography, and White's Complete Arithmetic. I like the professor in physical geography very much; he not only explains how coral grows, but how my toe-nails grow. I ride on the name of the Prince, and have a pony called Betty that good old Anglo-Saxon name Betsey. She is just two years old, but very gentle. I ride her without a bridle.

R. C. P. T.

REB BULF, CALIFORNIA.

I am a little boy ten years old. I am attending school here, and like to go very much. I live right on the banks of the Sacramento River. Sometimes the Prince, and have a pony called Betty that good old Anglo-Saxon name Betsey. She is just two years old, but very gentle. I ride her without a bridle.

WINNIE B. L.

WATKINSON, IOWA TERRITORY.

I am ten years old. I have no pets except a white cow. She is very gentle. I take care of her, and like her very much. I go to school; I am in the third grade. I like to go to school very much. I am in the highest class, and am in the Fourth Reader. I study reading, spelling, arithmetic, and geography. My partners and I intend to catch fish and rabbits, and make and make lots of money.

VODDIE H.

NEW YORK CITY.

We are two little girls, Ellie and Alice. We both live together. Alice is thirteen years old, and Ellie is fifteen years old. We are great friends, and we thought we would make up a book and give it to our friends. We love to read, but letters very much, and we would like this letter to be published very much too. We have three pets, and they are all canaries—Nell and Dick and Gypsy. The other birds we have are very cunning. Cherrie was one. He died, and I cried; but I got over that. And we had another bird, and his name was Santa Claus. Don't you think that was a funny name for a bird? We got it one Christmas. We have a big play house; it is so big that I can go into it; it is lovely house. We have a big doll; she is thirty years old. I hope you will be pleased with this letter. It is our first, and I hope all the little girls who read this will be pleased with it too. Alice wrote this letter, because Ellie's eyes are very weak, and she has had to go through with some nuts and candy. We now have to close, with much love from Ellie and Alice, and a kiss from each of us.

ALICE D. M. and ELLIE A. R.

NORWICH, CONNECTICUT.

I am a little girl nine years old. I have three pets—two kittens and a bird. My kittens' names are Lion and Toby; the bird is named Tommy. I have a dear little brother; his name is Tommy; he is a dimpling darling. I go to school every day. I like my teacher very much. I have been out in the country all summer. I had a vacation. I saw the cows and horses; I drove the cows home every night from pasture. I can ride horseback. I like to feed the chickens.

MARY A. F.

TRENTON, MISSOURI.

I have a pony. My papa keeps a lively stable. I like the story of the Last City very much. I have a little sister eight years old. I go to school, and I like my teacher very much. I read in the Fourth Reader.

I am in the school-house. I am nine years old, and have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for four years.

HUGH S.

NACVAC, NEW YORK.

I go to school, and my lessons are arithmetic, reading, geography, grammar, spelling, and writing. I am twelve years old, and am on the third floor. I like my teacher very much; she helps me with my lessons. I live nearly a mile from the school. My brothers are studying at the school. My brother Louie and I went nutting lately, and we got a great many nuts. Louie has spurs, so he could climb a great many trees that other boys could not. He has a large tree of wild, and his thumbs are at the top, and no one can climb it unless he has a ladder; it has very large nuts on it. I have a little brother who is two years and one month old; he goes to Sunday-school, and is very good; he don't make any noise at all; he is in the infant class, and mamma teaches that. His

name is Eddie. He runs around the floor, and plays horse, and sits down on the top of the cat and plays with it. My brother takes YOUNG PEOPLE, and we all look for it on Tuesday. Eddie likes to look at the pictures, and so we do all, and we all like to read the stories. I like to read too long to be printed. I must go to my lessons, so I will have to say good-by.

ANNIE W.

FORT SALLING, MINNESOTA.

I live six miles from St. Paul. I go to school, and study history, geography, reading, spelling, and arithmetic. I have an Indian pony, and she is very pretty; her name is Indian Sioux. Last summer I had a garden. I like Peter D. Chau and James Otis. The stories I like the best are "Kissing the Pearl," "Reg," and "The Lost City."

I give you the list of books I have read: *My Aping Kingdom, Scotland's United States, Hishou, Tiger, Tiger, Stories of the Garden Country, Last of the Jungle, Wild Life, Under the Pyramids, The Country of the Deaf.* I am ten years old.

WILLIAM J. R.

You are forming a taste for very good reading.

NELLIE WEIDENBACH, MASSACHUSETTS.

Although one of the older ones, I am an admiring reader of YOUNG PEOPLE, and have been for several years. Like many others, I think it is the best paper ever printed for the young people. I think in vain of anything that could possibly improve it.

I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness to its columns for many hours of pleasure, for knowledge of various persons, places of note, and many other things too numerous to mention.

GRACIA A. S.

Thank you very much for these kind words.

ISBERGARD, VIRGINIA.

We are two little sisters ten and eight years old. We have been wanting to write to the Post-office Box for some time. We have two brothers and two sisters. One of our brothers has a little cat named Stella. Helen has a cat named Tabby. We have two pet chickens named Eddie and Modjeska. Our uncle sends one of our brothers YOUNG PEOPLE; when it comes we don't do anything but read. We are so fond of the paper that we don't know what we will do when the subscription runs out. Lillie takes the *Washington Evening Star*, but loves to read YOUNG PEOPLE best. Please print our letter, as it is our first to a paper.

LILLIE and HELEN B.

Perhaps that kind uncle will renew the subscription when he finds how much you all enjoy YOUNG PEOPLE.

NEW YORK CITY.

I have often wanted to write to you, but I can not write very plainly, so mamma is going to write for me. My mamma is going to take me some day to the children in St. Mary's Hospital, that you used to tell about in the Post-office Box. I am a little boy eight years old, and I have no brothers or sisters to play with. I have a cat named Stella, and she has five kittens. We are boarding in the city, and they are in the country, where I can not see them. I am very lonely because I have no one to play with, and I have never written to you before, so I hope you will print this. I shall wait every week for it, and then I will show it to my papa, and surprise him.

LEO Y.

When you go to St. Mary's you will see the little fellow who is in Harper's Young People's Cot, and you may give him my love.

DECATUR, ILLINOIS.

I am eight years old. I have not seen any letters from here, so I thought I would write to you. I have a cat named Charlie, and I love him very much. I have a cat, and some chickens. I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE ever since it was first published, and like it real well. I go to school every day, and I like the Third Reader, and study writing, arithmetic, and geography. I hope my letter is not too long, and that I may see it in print, as it is the first I have written. I remain yours,

ANNA E. C.

The next letter, though brief, pleases me very much. A young lady who is at fourteen her father's housekeeper, and the teacher of her younger sister, deserves great praise:

PINEY POINT, MARYLAND.

Though HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE comes in the name of my younger sister, my father, my brother and I all like it very much. I like to read it, and enjoy it quite as much as she does. I think "Nan" was a lovely story, and I was glad to see that Mrs. Lillie was going to write another. I am fourteen years old, and have been reading it for my father four years. There are no schools around here, so I have to teach my sister. I do not live over a mile from Piney Point. Here there perhaps some of the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE have been during the summer. A good many guests come there to fish and bathe.

I hope you will print this, as it is the first I have ever written to you. I am, dear Postmistress, your friend,

NELLIE M. I.

As my sister was writing to you, I thought that I would add a postscript. I will be eleven on the 9th of November, and have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since last Christmas, and I think it is the best magazine I ever read. My sister and I have for pets a dog named Ginn, a little gray kitten named in the country, but I am going to have a bird. My papa is an artist. I take drawing lessons, and I guess I am going to be an artist too. With love to the Postmistress,

SADIE A. I.

BENSON, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am a little girl twelve years old. I have a sister thirteen years old. We are always glad to have Wednesday come, so we can get the paper. I have no pets now, as our little water-spaniel died this summer up in the country, but I am going to have a bird. My papa is an artist. I take drawing lessons, and I guess I am going to be an artist too. With love to the Postmistress,

HERMINIA R.

Thanks for letters received are due to Hattie J. P., Nellie J., Sarah L., Thomas L. K., Nellie K., Constance, Herbert M. B., Flora E., Belle A., Willie Shirley P., Katie L. J., John A. S., Nellie B., Emma L., George C. L., Ann, Philip S. R., Harry R. W., Gertrude B., E. C. M., Anna J., Addie R., Daisy W., Grace F. P., F. B. M., Grace A. C., Charles D., Edith S. P., Ella G., Lucy G., Elsie L., Julia and R. L., Mamie S., Myrtle C., Winnie W., Ida Alice P., and A. R. D.

Mary W. and Pearl H. I am glad you both like the paper so very much, and very sorry that Mary has been ill—Hatty F., 308 Broadway, Kansas City, Missouri. No, indeed, I do not think Western elite at all behind Eastern ones. In fact, I think the children everywhere are wonderfully clever. Hatty is studying German, and would like to correspond in that language with some other little student. Louie S. B.: I would so much have liked to publish this letter, my dear, but there is no room. I hope you will always write when you feel like doing so.

Willie Lee F., Sadie R. O., May R., and Bertha R., all the way from Mississippi, sent very successful Indian-summer letters.

## PUZZLES FOR YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. Belonging to a city. 2. Order of service. 3. Pointed. 4. A monstrous bird. 5. A dark lake. 6. At one time. 7. A guardian. Initials and finals read downward give a vehicle and a word meaning to variegate.

No. 2.

ENIGMA.

My first is in Jew's-harp, but not in guitar. My second is in tobacco, but not in cigar. My third is in watch, but not in guard. My fourth is in organ, but not in drum. My fifth is in organ, but not in drum. My sixth is in candy, but not in gum. My seventh is in scholar, but not in school. My eighth is in command, but not in rule. My ninth is in assembly, but not in communion. My whole was a President of the Union.

MAMIE C. R.

No. 3.

A WORD SQUARE.

1. A girl's name. 2. A sign. 3. Is not action. 4. Is before. MAMIE C. R.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 211.

No. 1.—1. Rye. 2. Dovey. 3. Scilly. 4. Harrow. 5. Wick. 6. Shire. 7. Mare. 8. Trees. 9. Reading. 10. Cowes. 11. Man. 12. Hull. 13. Don. 14. Dec. 15. Wye. 16. Sybil. 17. The Wash. 18. Bath. 19. Holyhead. 20. Tay. 21. Fairhead. 22. Ayr. 23. Cork. 24. Wrath. 25. Clear. 26. Skye. 27. Wharf. 28. Wells. 29. Eden. 30. Camel.

No. 2. F L A W A T L L A N N E L L I N E N T L N

No. 3. A looking-glass. Dunkirk.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Lida West, Johnny H., Mamie Eccleson, Rose Fairhead, James Todd, Margaret Phillips, Jack Thompson, Little Edget, R. C. D., Anthony Dow, and Leonie Jerome.

[For Exchanges, see 24 and 24 pages of cover.]

## CONTRASTS.

BY G. B. BARTLETT.

AUTHOR OF "NEW GAMES FOR PARLOR AND LAWN."

THE players are arranged in two rows, one each side of the fire-place, and any even number of persons can join, as each one must have an opponent directly opposite, who sits facing him. The occupants of the chairs next the fire-place act as leaders, and the one on the right begins the game by choosing some noun. This word is whispered to the next in line, who communicates with his neighbor in turn, until all on one side have heard it. He then requests the player at the other end of his line to begin by saying to the person opposite him, "My object is like —, because it is —; it is unlike it, because —," of course naming some other word, which he selects according to its resemblance to or difference from the noun chosen by his side.

For instance, the word to be compared may be a pie, and he may say, "It is like the moon, because it is round; it is unlike it, because it is good to eat." If the player opposite to the speaker fails to guess the word before the leader can count twenty, the next on the line above the propounder of the puzzle speaks in his turn: "It is like an old bachelor, because it is crusty; it is unlike him, because it is sweet." If this is not guessed, the next

in turn may say, "It is like a soldier, for it has quarters; it is unlike him, for it prefers a hot fire." The next may say, "It is like the sea, for it is full of curra(e)uts; it is unlike it, because it is still." One may compare it to a summer day, because it is hot. Another may say it is different from a summer day, because it represents many seasons. Great care must be taken to render these replies more or less difficult to understand, and yet truthful at the same time.

After a little practice the word will be easily guessed by even the youngest players; but no one must give an answer but the person to whom the remark was addressed, for if he thinks he has the correct reply it is for his advantage to keep his secret until his turn comes to guess, for the first guesser becomes the leader of his side. After a word has been correctly named the one who is first to guess it takes his place at the head of the line. It is now his turn to select the word for the side to guess which gave out the first word.

If a player gives a guess out of turn, he takes his place at the foot of the line, and turns his chair so that his back is toward the other players opposite, in which position he must remain until the word has been answered correctly by some one on his side. When the leaders are changed they take the places and chairs of the ones who succeed them. The game goes merrily on until each one has had an opportunity to act as leader.



THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MARKET:



THIS LITTLE PIG STAYD HOME.



THIS LITTLE PIG HAD ROAST BEEF:



THIS LITTLE PIG HAD NONE



THIS LITTLE PIG CRIED "WEE! WEE!"



ALL THE WAY HOME.

# HARPER'S

# YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 215.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Tuesday, December 11, 1883.

Copyright, 1883, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$1.50 per Year, in Advance.



"WHAT A PRETTY LITTLE DEAR IT IS!" SAID CLAUS.—SEE STORY ON PAGE 82.



## BOREAS BLUSTER'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS

*"To each what that blows no good."*

## I.

IT had been a hard, cold, cruel winter, and one that just suited old Frozen Nose, the Storm King, whose palace of ice was on the north shore of the Polar Sea. He had ordered Rain, Hail, and Snow, his slaves, to accompany Lord Boreas Bluster on an invasion of the temperate zone, and when they had done his bidding he harnessed up his four-in-hand team of polar bears and went as far south as he dared, just to see how well they had obeyed him. How he roared with laughter when he found nearly all vegetation killed, and the earth wrapped in a white mantle as thick as his own bear-skins piled six feet deep! There was no nonsense about that sort of work.

"Catch any pert, saucy little flowers sticking up their heads through such a blanket!" said Frozen Nose to himself. "No, no; I've fixed 'em for a few years, anyhow. They're as dead as door-nails, and Spring with all her airs and graces will never bring them to life again. Ugh! how I hate 'em and all sweet smells! Wish I might never have anything but whale-oil on my hair and handkerchiefs for the rest of my life!"

"There's no fear but what you will, and stale at that," said the ugliest of his children, young Chilblain, giving his father's big toe a tweak as he passed, and grinning when he heard Frozen Nose grumble out:

"There's the gout again, I do believe!"

But Boreas Bluster, coming in just then, saw what was going on, and gave Chilblain a whack that sent him spinning out of the room.

To tell the truth, Boreas was not as hard-hearted as he looked. He was the most honest and straightforward of all Frozen Nose's friends. To be sure, he had to obey stern commands, and do many things that required a show of fierceness, but in the course of his travels he often yielded to a kind impulse, and restrained his fury when to indulge it would have pleased old Frozen Nose mightily.

This very day he had met with a strange adventure, which had been the occasion of a hasty return to the palace, and had so stirred his heart that the whack he gave young Chilblain was but the safety-valve to his feelings—a sort of letting off of steam which otherwise might have exploded and burst every block of ice in the realm.

In the many furious storms which had occurred of late Boreas had seen the destruction of numerous forests, and had even assisted in laying waste the country. But one night an avalanche had buried a hamlet from which only one living soul had escaped, and that was a young child—a mere sprig of a girl, with hair like the flax and eyes like its flowers, a little, timid, crying child—whom B. B. had actually taken in his arms and carried all the way out of the woods, over the mountains, and finally into Frozen Nose's own palace by the Polar Sea.

Never had such a thing happened before. Never had the tones of a child's voice pierced his dull ears, and made that big sledge-hammer of a heart positively ache with its throbs. It was a new and even a dangerous feeling; for though he made young Chilblain's impertinence the pretext of an outburst, he might just as readily have given a cuff to the hoary-headed Prime Minister, Sir Solomon Snow-Ball—and then there would have been a revolution. But happily for the peace of the Polar Sea palace, B. B. was satisfied with Chilblain's howl of rage, and in another moment had sunk down into his favorite arm-chair of twisted walrus tusks, and was lost in thought.

It was a curious scene, these three old men half asleep in their bear-skins, smoking long pipes of smouldering sea-weed. No fire danced on the hearth, no lamp shed its

lustre, but the moon's pale beams gleamed on the glittering walls and lit the ice-crystals with its silver rays. B. B.'s thoughts seemed to be of a troublesome nature, for he sighed heavily, almost creating a whirlwind, and at last, looking cautiously at his companions, and seeing they were asleep, he rose and went softly from the room. In the hall was a huge pile of furs, among which B. B. gently pushed until he found the object of his search, which, lifting carefully, he bound about him with thongs of reindeer hide. Then pulling on his immense snow-shoes, and drawing his cap closely about his ears, he went out into the night.

B. B. was aware that it would be impossible for him to keep his little Flax-Flower any longer in Frozen Nose's dominions: indeed, he had only hidden her in the hall until he could decide what course to pursue, for he knew only too well that Chilblain, in seeking revenge, would be sure to discover his secret, and do all he could to injure him. Personally, he had little to fear, but the punishment for mortals entering Frozen Nose's realm was death, and Flax-Flower was mortal.

With the speed for which he was so celebrated, Boreas slid over the ground in a southerly direction, never stopping until he had come upon what seemed to be a river which led down to a dark forest of pine-trees.

He was now at least three thousand miles from the Storm King's palace, and could afford to rest. Wiping his brow, and panting still with his recent efforts, Boreas drew a corner of the bundle of furs away from the face of Flax-Flower, and looked at the sleeping child. As he did so a thrill of tenderness made him long to kiss her, but he knew that his rough caress would chill her with fear. So, softly wrapping her up again, he plunged into the pine forest. Stopping again when in the middle of it, he gave a shrill whistle, which was responded to by one fainter and farther away, and presently a dwarf in the garb of an Esquimaux emerged from the dusky gloom, and bending low, said,

"What will you, my master?"

"I would see thy lord, the good Saint Nicholas—the Storm King's enemy. Is he at home?"

"He is at home, but he is no man's enemy. What message shall I bear him?"

"Tell him that Boreas, of the Frozen Noses, awaits him."

The dwarf vanished, and returned.

"My lord bids thee enter, but entreats thee to be gentle, and remember the manners of his court."

"That was a needless charge, considering my errand. Never has my mood been more peaceful. But it strikes me as passing strange thus to dictate terms to one of my station," responded Boreas, proudly.

"Pardon," answered the dwarf, "but we are no sticklers for ceremony, and recognize no rank save goodness. Follow me if it be thy wish to enter."

Pushing aside the heavy boughs on which the snow lay in icy masses that rattled and clashed like bolts and bars, he uncovered a low arched opening into what seemed a vast snow-bank. Through this tunnel he and Boreas made their way to a broad court which was as airy as a soap-bubble, round in shape, with pillars and dome of glass, through which streamed rays of light softer than sunshine and brighter than moonbeams.

From this court a broad, low stairway led to another apartment, which was as free from any show or splendor as the kitchen of a farm-house, and, indeed, in its suggestion of homely comfort and hospitality it was not unlike that cheery place. A Saxon motto, meaning "Welcome to those who hunger," was carved in the wooden frame of the fire-place. The floor was sanded, the tables and chairs were of oak, blackened by age, as were also the timbers of the ceiling, and cut and carved with curious devices.

On a big settle by the fire sat an old man, whose twinkling eyes could but just see through the shaggy and snowy



brows which overhung them, and whose white beard fell in a flowing mass upon his breast. What could be seen of his face bore a kind expression.

"Ho, ho, old Bluster!" he cried, in a clear and merry voice, drawing up and around him the sheep-skin mantle which was beside him, "what new freak is this of yours to enter our peaceful dwelling? Methought you were so sworn to do the Storm King's bidding that no power other than his rough sway could compel your presence. Come you on your own account or on his? Be it either, you are free to partake of our bounty. Ho, there, Merrythought! heave on more logs, and heat the poker, that we may thrust it fizzing into our tankards: 'tis always bitter cold when Boreas is abroad."

The dwarf skipped quickly to his task, assisted by a dozen others, and Boreas, unstrapping his bundle, drew little Flax-Flower, still sleeping, from the furs.

"Mine is a strange errand, good Claus—so strange, that I hardly know myself to be myself. Rough and stormy as I am ever, a child's misery has made me for once gentle. You know my mad career, my furious passions, and that they indeed are the strength of Storm King's realm. Too well I knew that I should be but the sport of mocking derision if I appealed to his mercy in behalf of this suffering child. Mercy, did I say? He knows none. Death alone could have met this little creature, whose cries have aroused within me the deepest feelings I have ever known. To be honest, I have not always been the fierce being I appear. Many and many a time, unknown to you, I have followed you on your errands of love and pity, and watched with admiration the course you have pursued. This has induced me now to come and ask your favor for my treasure. Wake, little Flax-Flower, wake!" he continued, gently kissing the child's eyes, who, so stirred, rubbed her sleepy lids with rosy little fists, and looked around in astonishment.

"Ha!" said the good St. Nicholas; "this is indeed a strange story for you to tell, friend Bluster. Ho, there, Merrythought! send for Mrs. Christmas, my housekeeper. The child may be frightened at our grim faces. But what a pretty little dear it is!" said Claus, in the kindest tones, putting out his big fat hand to caress her. To Boreas's surprise Flax-Flower did not shrink from his salute, but with a bright smile bounded into the old man's arms and kissed him.

Turning away with a pang of jealousy, Boreas muttered, "She wouldn't kiss *me*; but no matter. That settles it. She's in the right place, and I'll leave her. Farewell, Claus; I'm off. No, no; I've no time for eating and drinking. Frozen Nose will be thundering at my absence already. There's a storm brewing even now; I feel it in my bones." So saying, he tramped noisily out of the apartment, nearly knocking over a fleshy dame in ruffled cap and whitest apron, whose rosy cheeks were like winter apples, and who bore in her hands a huge mince-pie in which was stuck a sprig of mistletoe.

## II.

"Come, mother, cease thy spinning, and look at the lovely tree that Olaf has brought thee; it stands as straight as himself in the best room. Surely thou wilt deck it to please him."

"Ah, Fritz! how can I?" said the forester's wife, rising from her wheel, with a sad but sweet smile, in obedience to her husband's wishes.

"But there is surely no reason for longer indulging thy grief. Our child is too happy in heaven to wish her return to earth, and whatever the good God sends of pleasure or innocent mirth we should take with thankfulness. Look at the tree; it is the very image of Olaf's own strong youth. Make it pretty to-night, and he will be glad. A good friend is he for two lonely beings like us to possess."

"You are right, Fritz," said the wife, wiping a tear from her eyes. "For Olaf's sake I will dress the tree and bake a cake." So saying, she tidied up her best parlor, and took from a brass-bound chest the gay ribbons and trinkets which had not been used since the Christmas-eve her little one last spent on earth.

Very lonely and sad would these two people have been but for Olaf, the son of their nearest neighbor. It was he whose clear ringing voice might be heard in the forest when returning from his work, and Fritz said that it made labor light but to hear him. It was he, too, who, when Fritz had been lamed by the fall of a tree, had borne him home on his strong young shoulders; so it was no wonder that the good wife was grateful to him. Often at evening he made their fire-side bright with his songs and merry stories, and now it was but just that they should shake off their sorrow for his sake; so the good wife drew out her spotless board, and kneaded spice-cakes, and spread her best damask, and set out the fine china.

"Ah, if I had my little one!" murmured the good woman. "But God knows best," she quickly added, as she remembered many blessings.

"Here comes Olaf!" shouted Fritz from below. "Come quickly, lest he think thee tardy."

"Yes, yes, I come. I see him," was her reply. "But what is that he carries?—something he has picked up on the way?"

"A Christmas gift for thee," was the merry answer from Olaf's ringing voice, as he laid a strange bundle in her arms.

## III.

Little Flax-Flower had been with St. Nicholas a whole long week. In that time she had been in every nook and corner of his dwelling. She had seen all his elves and dwarfs at work manufacturing every known toy to be found in the world. She had watched the dolls' dress-makers; she had ridden the toy horses; she had blown the brass bugles and beaten the drums until Mrs. Christmas had to put cotton in her ears.

Now all this was very delightful, and made Santa Claus laugh long and loud. He would not have cared if she had brought the house down on his ears, so long as she had a bright smile and a kiss for him. But when Boreas Bluster stopped to see how his young ward was getting on, he shook his head gravely, and told Mrs. Christmas he feared she was spoiling Flax-Flower. But Mrs. Christmas laughed just in the same manner that Santa Claus had done, and declared that the child must have all she wanted.

Unfortunately Flax-Flower went into the kitchen one day, and finding all the cooks busily making sugar-plums, helped herself so largely to taffy that she was made very ill; she ate, besides, quite a menagerie of lemon-candy elephants, camels, and kangaroos, which disagreed with themselves and with her; so that her head ached, and she had to be put to bed, with a hot-water bottle and a mustard draught for companions. This happened just as Boreas had stopped in to inquire about his pet, and he shook his head gravely when Mrs. Christmas related the incident. But Santa Claus only laughed till the air seemed full of merriment.

"Ah, my dear Claus, I see you have too easy and gentle a nature to deal with willful little mortals in an every-day way; besides, you have to think of so many that it unfits you for the care of a single one," said Boreas, in his least gruff manner. "I shall have to find another home for Flax-Flower."

"Well," replied St. Nicholas, "I confess I can refuse nothing to a good child. Children to me are all like so many empty stockings—made to be filled. But I have had some doubts about keeping Flax-Flower. Mrs. Christmas and I are afraid it will make the others jealous; it is that, and not the stuffing down lollipops, that makes me



"SHE ATE, BESIDES, QUITE A MENAGERIE."

think you are right. Now her feast-day comes soon—I mean Mrs. Christmas's day," said Santa Claus, with a nod—"and if you will just give my sleigh a lift, I think I can tuck in Flaxie and carry her to some people I know—some people who will appreciate her and be kind to her; yes, and even cross in a wholesome way, seeing that's what you approve of."

Here Santa pretended to be very gruff himself, but Boreas saw through it. He knew that St. Nicholas, on the whole, believed that Flaxie would be better off without so much amusement and without so many temptations to do nothing but play all day long, and this was the way the matter ended.

Just before Christmas-day Santa Claus's sleigh was brought out into the beautiful court I have described; eight lively young reindeer were harnessed to it, and thousands of toys were packed in it; furs were wrapped around Flaxie, who was now quite well, and Mrs. Christmas herself made up a box of delicacies for her to eat on the way.

"Think of us often, dear child," she whispered, "and give my love to *everybody*."

Then the dwarfs gave the sleigh a push from behind, the bells of the harness rang out a merry peal, the reindeer pranced, Santa Claus snapped his whip, and away they flew, with Boreas behind them on his snowshoes.

"Now, Flaxie," said Santa Claus, after they had skimmed over the snow with lightning speed for hours, "before you go to sleep, as I see you are doing, I want to speak to you. I want you always to remember this visit to my house with pleasure, and tell all the children you may meet how much I love them, how much it pleases me to know that they are good, and how it really distresses me when they are not; tell them, too, that as long as Mrs. Christmas lives we will do all we can for their happiness, and all we ask in return is a grateful spirit. Do you think you can remember all this? Well, as you say you can, tell them also to hang up an extra stocking, whenever there is room by the chimney, for some little waif that hasn't a stocking to hang up for himself. Now go to sleep as soon as you please, and may your dreams be sweet!"

Cuddled down in the comfortable furs, Flaxie knew nothing more till she found herself awake and in the arms of a tall young fellow, whose name was Olaf, and who carried her into the brightest, nicest little parlor, and set her down in front of a fine Christmas tree, saying:

"There, Mistress Kindheart, see what Christmas has brought you. I found her in the forest, and a great bearded giant told me to bring her to you."

"Oh, Olaf, it is my little Lena come back, I do believe!" cried the woman, while tears of joy ran down her face.

"Nay, mother, nay," said her husband; "but she shall take our lost one's place.—Come, little one, tell us who thou art, and from whence thou art come."

Then Flaxie told the story of her visit to St. Nicholas, while Olaf, Fritz, and his wife listened in amazement.

Much as Flax-Flower had enjoyed all she had seen and done, it was delightful to be again with people of her own flesh and blood, and learn to say the sweet word "Mother."

That Christmas was a merry one, but no merrier than the many which came after, for Flax-Flower became a dutiful daughter to the kind people who gave her a home. She and Olaf were like sister and brother to each other, and they were known throughout all the country-side for their kindness to the poor and unfortunate, especially at Christmas time.

Frozen Nose still reigns in his palace on the polar sea, and it is mainly owing to him and his wicked son Chiblain that nothing more is known of that still unexplored region; but Boreas Bluster spends much of his time with good St. Nicholas and Mrs. Christmas. He tires of the severity of his life, and likes a snug corner where he can relate the story of his finding Flax-Flower, whom he still loves very tenderly. Often on an evening he ventures down to take a peep at her in her happy home, and little does she suspect that the cooling breeze at the close of a warm day is Boreas's gift of thoughtful kindness.

## THE LOST CITY,\*

OR, THE BOY EXPLORERS IN CENTRAL ASIA.

BY DAVID KER

## CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

## LOST ON THE MOUNTAINS.

IT was, indeed, as Tom Hilton had said, "out of the frying-pan into the fire"; but the daring young American was not easily disheartened. Profiting by his experience in the Ameer's garden, he lowered himself into a deep trench scooped by the torrent which had once poured through the cleft by which they had descended, and crawled along it until he reached the tents, closely followed by his comrade.

Finding all quiet, the boys cautiously left the trench, and keeping well in the shadow, proceeded to help themselves. Tom seized a goat-skin bag full of wheaten bread and dried fruit, while Ernest Clairmont slung over his shoulder a half-devoured joint of goat. The latter then clutched a gun that lay beside a slumbering warrior, while Tom Hilton, seeing a splendid rifle hanging with its ammunition pouch across the door of the nearest tent, crept up and seized it.

In doing so, however, he came within the circle of light cast by the fire, and the sentinel's eye was instantly upon him. The native mantle might have disarmed suspicion, but his fair skin betrayed him at once. Uttering a hoarse cry of rage, the Afghan levelled his rifle. But just then something glittered behind him, and with one convulsive spring he fell heavily upon his face, his gun going off harmlessly in the fall.

The next moment came a yell that awoke all the echoes of the silent mountains, and out of the darkness broke a wave of fierce faces and glittering weapons, sweeping right down into the camp. Then rose on high a wild clamor of rage and alarm, as the half-awakened sleepers sprang up and seized whatever weapon came first to hand. In a moment the whole camp was in one whirl of hand-to-hand battle, blows raining at hap-hazard amid the darkness, pistols and rifles flashing through the gloom like summer lightnings, and death coming no one knew whence or how.

Meanwhile the boys, unnoticed in the confusion, had got clear of the camp, and were scrambling across the river-bed beyond it, in which the long drought had left only a tiny stream trickling through the centre of a wide waste of sand and gravel. But along the farther bank stretched a belt of thick, wiry scrub, dense enough to screen them from every eye; and they were hurrying toward it when a terrific clamor from behind told them that the beaten Afghans were fleeing in the same direction, while their pursuers, following close at their heels, were cutting down man after man.

There was no time to lose. The boys dashed through the water and over the pebbles, and had just gained the top of the bank, when a deep booming sound shook the air, followed by a deafening crash, and an inky-black torrent came rushing and roaring down the dry channel, sweeping away like leaves the whole crowd of combatants, whose livid faces stood out spectrally in the rising moonlight for one moment before the swirling foam closed over them.

"Poor fellows!" said Ernest; "I wish we could save some of them. Thank God it didn't come a minute sooner! Ha! what's that?"

It was a solitary horseman, struggling in mid-stream. A high gravel bank had saved him for the moment, but it was fast giving way, and another instant must seal his doom. Just then a ray of moonlight struck full upon his face, and the boys recognized Sikander!

## CHAPTER X.

## SIKANDER'S NEWS.

"TURN round!" roared Tom Hilton, recovering from his momentary stupor. "The rock! the rock!"

The brave Afghan, cool as ever in that deadly peril, heard and understood. One rapid glance over his shoulder, and then, just as the gravel gave way beneath him, he turned his horse's head and set it straight at a huge sloping boulder, nearly six feet broad by as many high at the upper end, which lay a little behind him. The swirl of the current was tremendous, and horse and rider almost disappeared in the boiling foam; but they rose again instantly, and another moment saw them safe upon the rock.

By this time the fury of the flood was beginning to subside. No longer pent up between the cliffs whence it had issued, it had spread itself over so wide a space as to lose much of its force and volume. In the softer soil near the camp it had already ploughed a deep channel, through which it was rushing so fiercely that Sikander had evidently no chance of crossing *there*. But the farther



\* Begun in No. 199, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

bank, high, shelving, and stony, soon shallowed the stream on that side so much that Sikander, having given his spent horse time to rest and breathe, found little difficulty in reaching the spot where the boys were standing.

A cordial greeting passed between the three friends so strangely reunited, and our heroes hastened to offer Sikander a share of their provisions, which they had not yet found leisure to touch. The Afghan, who was quite as hungry as themselves, readily assented; and there, in the heart of the lonely mountains, with the cold moon looking down upon them, and the rushing torrent at their feet, the three wanderers made a hearty meal.

"Noble Aghas" (gentlemen), said Sikander, when they had finished, "since God, the all-merciful, hath brought us together once more, let us not linger here. Such of my poor lads as the flood has spared must be far away by this time, and the river will be impassable on that side for at least three days to come. Hear me! They who feed their flocks beyond these hills are my friends and brothers; wherefore let us hasten to sit under the shadow of their tents. My horse will bear ye both with ease, and I will lead him by the bridle."

But the boys objecting to this, it was agreed that they should ride by turns, and away they went.

On the way Sikander told them sundry pieces of news which considerably astonished them. They now learned for the first time that Cabool was again occupied by the British, the Ameer a prisoner in their hands, and Cavanaugh's murder being avenged by numerous executions. From these events he turned to others that interested them even more. Immediately on learning that they were still alive (which he heard from one of his own men, who had seen them borne off by Ahmed Khan's band) he had gathered his warriors and started in pursuit, accompanied by Colonel Hilton. The Colonel, however, had been struck down at the very outset by a fever resulting from overfatigue and distress of mind, and was now lying in the British lines near Cabool—"watched night and day," added Sikander, "by my old comrade, the English soldier whom you call Bill."

"What? isn't he dead, after all?" cried Ernest, when this was translated to him. "Hurrah for old Bill!"

Sikander proceeded to relate how he had found Ahmed Khan's stronghold occupied by a Goorkha detachment, the English leader of which, in reply to his questions, had produced the written message left there by Tom. Sikander had set off at once in the direction indicated, but he had followed by mistake the trail of another party of the same tribe—an error resulting in the night attack which had come so opportunely to save our two heroes.

"And Professor Makaroff?—do you know anything of him?"

"He who sought the Lost City? Evil has come to him, as to all who seek it. On our march we met one of the Afghan hunters who were with him, and he told us that the Cabool guide led them astray among the hills of the Bolor-Dagh" (the range bordering Afghanistan on the northeast), "where the men of the mountain fell upon them and slew many of them, and scattered the rest; but whether the Russian himself were living or dead, he could not say."

"I'll be bound that Persian rogue, Kara-Goorg, had a hand in that, as he has in everything that's bad," growled Tom.

"Kara-Goorg? The day after the fight he went to the Russian Ambassador, and said he had paid some men to take you away and keep you safe until all was quiet again, but that the Afghans had taken you from them by force; and the Ambassador gave him great praise, and sent him on a mission to some of the chiefs of the north. Perchance I may meet him there, and then—" A clutch of his sword hilt completed the sentence.

Day was just breaking when they turned the corner of

a huge cliff, and saw before them a fortress, similar to that of Ahmed Khan, standing in the midst of a green valley. The boys were surprised to see so many sheep feeding around the wall; but they afterward learned that the mountain Afghans preserve their sheep for the sake of their milk, and live on goat's flesh instead of mutton.

Several figures were already moving about, and Sikander hailed them with a peculiar cry, which was instantly answered. A few moments later the Afghan was being warmly greeted by his old friends, while Tom and Ernest, who, now that all danger was over, could hardly keep their eyes open from fatigue, were led away into the fort, and made as comfortable as its resources permitted.

Tom's first thought on waking was to communicate with his father as quickly as possible. With a sheet of white bark, and a soft red stone ground into a point, he managed to write a few lines, which Sikander sent off at once by one of the tribe disguised as a pilgrim, with the assurance of a large reward if he delivered it safely.

And now for the next four or five days our heroes enjoyed a perfect holiday after all their troubles. They learned to drink ewe milk, which they thought a little too sweet just at first, and to eat goat's flesh, which inspired Ernest with a joke about "Billygoatawney soup." They studied Afghan cookery, and even practiced it in the queer little native ovens, which consist merely of a hole scooped in the earth, and sheltered from the wind by two or three piled-up stones.

When evening came, Tom's recital of his adventures eclipsed every other *kesseh-gou* (story-teller) in the camp, the mountaineers being in raptures at the defeat of their enemies, and the way in which the boys had outwitted and escaped them. Finally both lads made such brilliant scores in a shooting match that the old chief himself complimented them by saying that their father must be a famous robber to have trained them so well.

This characteristic praise was aptly followed by the ceremony which they witnessed that evening. A warrior led up his infant son, who was just old enough to run alone, to a hovel, in the clay wall of which a small hole had been cut. Through this hole the father made his child creep to and fro, while the by-standers shouted in full chorus, "Ghal shah!" (be a thief).

"I suppose that's the Afghan way of saying, 'Be a good boy,'" said Tom to Ernest, as they stood watching. "Fancy some careful American father apprenticing his son to a thief, and commanding him to be faithful and industrious, and do credit to his profession!"

"It is a queer country, certainly," answered Ernest, "where a thief's held in honor, and a laboring-man looked down upon as a disgrace to his family. It just reminds me of that old fellow in Homer who thought Telemachus such a fine gentlemanly looking man that he must be a pirate."

The next morning in came Sikander's raiders, who had at length succeeded in crossing the swollen river in quest of their missing chief. Their coming was the signal for a grand feast, after which Sikander announced that as one day would suffice to rest the party, they might all start for Cabool on the second morning following.

Here, then, our heroes' adventures might have ended, this strong escort being an ample security against every danger. But in an evil hour they recollected that they had not yet tried their skill upon the wild goats of the surrounding hills; and such a chance of tracking down the shyest game in Afghanistan, and requiting the kindness of their hosts by providing them with some fresh meat, was too good to be lost.

"When once we get back," said Tom Hilton, "there'll be an end of our adventures, so we may just as well have one more before starting."

That "one more" did it all.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



## FOR GRANDMAMMA.

BY MARY A. BARR.

"O H, Willie, whisper soft and low,  
And sit close to me, dear;  
We've got a secret sweet, you know,  
That Grandma must not hear.  
"We'll count our dollars, you and I  
(I'm sure you will not mind),  
And then for Grandmamma we'll buy  
The grandest thing we find.  
"I think 'twould be a splendid thing  
To buy for Grandmamma's hand  
A darling lovely diamond ring,  
The brightest in the land.  
"No, Sis, we'll buy a watch of gold,  
One that ticks clear and loud;  
I'll go with you—I'm strong and bold,  
And do not fear a crowd."  
They counted out their little store,  
Each penny that they had,  
And talked their plans all o'er and o'er,  
This little girl and lad;  
While Grandmamma, unseen, unheard,  
Sat smiling, with head bowed,  
Listening to every loving word;  
And though she spoke not loud,  
She blessed them both, so glad and proud.

## SANTA CLAUS.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

WHAT on earth do you think has happened? The other day I was at Tom McGinnis's house, and he had some company. He was a big boy, and something like a cousin of Tom's. Would you believe it, that fellow said there wasn't any Santa Claus? I was ashamed for him, and I told him at once that he could never have any little hatchet.

Now that boy distinctly did tell—but I won't mention it. We should never reveal the wickedness of other people, and ought always to be thankful that we are worse than anybody else. Otherwise we should be like the Pharisee, and he was very bad. I knew for certain that it was a fib Tom McGinnis's cousin told. But all the same, the more I thought about it the more I got worried.

If there is a Santa Claus—and of course there is—how could he get up on the top of the house, so he could come down the chimney, unless he carried a big ladder with him; and if he did this, how could he carry presents enough to fill mornahundred stockings? And then how could he help getting the things all over soot from the chimney, and how does he manage when the chimney is all full of smoke and fire, as it always is at Christmas? But then, as the preacher says, he may be supernatural—I had to look that word up in the dictionary.

The story Tom McGinnis's cousin told kept on worrying me, and finally I began to think how perfectly awful it would be if there was any truth in it. How the children would feel! There's going to be no end of children at our house this Christmas, and Aunt Eliza and her two small boys are here already. I heard mother and Aunt Eliza talking about Christmas the other day, and they agreed that all the children should sleep on cot beds in the back parlor, so that they could open their stockings together, and mother said, "You know, Eliza, there's a big fire-place in that room, and the children can hang their stockings around the chimney."

Now I know I did wrong, but it was only because I did not want the children to be disappointed. We should always do to others and so on, and I know I should have been grateful if anybody had tried to get up a Santa Claus for me in case of the real one being out of repair. Neither do I blame mother, though if she hadn't spoken about the fire-place in the way she did, it would never have happen-

ed. But I do think that they ought to have made a little allowance for me, since I was only trying to help make the Christmas business successful.

It all happened yesterday. Tom McGinnis had come to see me, and all the folks had gone out to ride except Aunt Eliza's little boy Harry. We were talking about Christmas, and I was telling Tom how all the children were to sleep in the back parlor, and how there was a chimney there that was just the thing for Santa Claus. We went and looked at the chimney, and then I said to Tom what fun it would be to dress up and come down the chimney and pretend to be Santa Claus, and how it would amuse the children, and how pleased the grown-up folks would be, for they are always wanting us to amuse them.

Tom agreed with me that it would be splendid fun, and said we ought to practice coming down the chimney, so that we could do it easily on Christmas-eve. He said he thought I ought to do it, because it was our house; but I said no, he was a visitor, and it would be mean and selfish in me to deprive him of any pleasure. But Tom wouldn't do it. He said that he wasn't feeling very well, and that he didn't like to take liberties with our chimney, and, besides, he was afraid that he was so big that he wouldn't fit the chimney. Then we thought of Harry, and agreed that he was just the right size. Of course Harry said he'd do it when we asked him, for he isn't afraid of anything, and is so proud to be allowed to play with Tom and me that he would do anything we asked him to do.

Well, Harry took off his coat and shoes, and we all went up to the roof, and Tom and I boosted Harry till he got on the top of the chimney and put his legs in it and slid down. He went down like a flash, for he didn't know enough to brace himself the way the chimney-sweeps do. Tom and I hurried down to the back parlor to meet him; but he had not arrived yet, though the fire-place was full of ashes and soot.

We supposed he had stopped on the way to rest; but after a while we thought we heard a noise, like somebody calling, that was a great way off. We went up on the roof, thinking Harry might have climbed back up the chimney, but he wasn't there. When we got on the top of the chimney we could hear him plain enough. He was crying and yelling for help, for he was stuck about half-way down the chimney, and couldn't get either up or down.

We talked it over for some time, and decided that the best thing to do was to get a rope and let it down to him, and pull him out. So I got the clothes-line and let it down, but Harry's arms were jammed close to his sides, so he couldn't get hold of it. Tom said we ought to make a slippernoose, catch it over Harry's head, and pull him out that way, but I knew that Harry wasn't very strong, and I was afraid if we did that he might come apart.

Then I proposed that we should get a long pole and push Harry down the rest of the chimney, but after hunting all over the yard we couldn't find a pole that was long enough, so we had to give that plan up. All this time Harry was crying in the most discontented way, although we were doing all we could for him. That's the way with little boys. They never have any gratitude, and are always discontented.

As we couldn't poke Harry down, Tom said let's try to poke him up. So we told Harry to be patient and considerate, and we went down-stairs again, and took the longest pole we could find and pushed it up the chimney. Bushels of soot came down, and flew over everything, but we couldn't reach Harry with the pole. By this time we began to feel discouraged. We were awfully sorry for Harry, because, if we couldn't get him out before the folks came home, Tom and I would be in a dreadful scrape.

Then I thought that if we were to build a little fire the draught might draw Harry out. Tom thought it was an excellent plan. So I started a fire, but it didn't loosen Harry a bit, and when we went on the roof to meet him



"THEY GOT HARRY OUT ALL SAFE."

we heard him crying louder than ever, and saying that something was on fire in the chimney and was choking him. I knew what to do, though Tom didn't, and, to tell the truth, he was terribly frightened.

We ran down and got two pails of water, and poured them down the chimney. That put the fire out, but you would hardly believe that Harry was more unreasonable than ever, and said we were trying to drown him. There is no comfort in wearing yourself out in trying to please little boys. You can't satisfy them, no matter how much trouble you take, and for my part I am tired of trying to please Harry, and shall let him amuse himself the rest of the time he is at our house.

We had tried every plan we could think of to get Harry out of the chimney, but none of them succeeded. Tom said that if we were to pour a whole lot of oil down the chimney it would make it so slippery that Harry would slide right down into the back parlor, but I wouldn't do it, because I knew the oil would spoil Harry's clothes, and that would make Aunt Eliza angry. All of a sudden I heard a carriage stop at our gate, and there were the grown folks, who had come home earlier than I had supposed they would. Tom said that he thought he would go home before his own folks began to get uneasy about him, so he went out of the back gate, and left me to explain things. They had to send for some men to come and cut a hole through the wall. But they got Harry out all safe; and after they found that he wasn't a bit hurt, instead of thank-

ing me for all Tom and I had done for him, they seemed to think that I deserved the worst punishment I ever had, and I got it.

And I shall never make another attempt to amuse children on Christmas-eve.

### BABY WHALES.

BY ARTHUR LINDSLEY.

A WAY "on the Northwest" you will need to go if you expect to find the scene which is shown in the picture on page 89. Old and young whales you may see, it is true, in many parts of the ocean, and without going to any great distance. Right along our own coast here whales are cruising in greater or less numbers at all seasons, and you may remember that in April of last year YOUNG PEOPLE had an article on whales and their capture, the drawings for which were made from a specimen just killed on the south shore of Long Island. But it was no such whale as this. That whale was of the species commonly found throughout the middle regions of the North Atlantic, which never grows to a very great size (meaning great size for a whale), one which makes fifty barrels of oil being larger than common. The whale shown in the drawing, however, is a "steeple-top" or "bow-head," and lives, as I have said, "on the Northwest," never coming down to as low latitudes as this, and seldom reaching 55° or even 60° N.

And it is a huge and mighty beast as well, for when our whalers first reached that distant whaling ground many a steeple-top was killed by them that yielded 250 barrels of oil, and some which turned out full 300. And while a slab of whalebone four feet in length from the species of our coast is of a very fair size, I have seen steeple-top "bone" which measured fully fifteen feet, and I saw at one time, in a single lot, many thousands of pounds, not a single slab of which was less than twelve feet long, and they ran from that to fourteen.

I have called them Northwest whales, meaning by "Northwest" the waters of the extreme North Pacific, and so on through into the Arctic Ocean. It was in this region that our people hunted them for so many years, until they were compelled to abandon the fishing because they had almost destroyed them all. But it is probable that the "steeple-top" and "bow-head" and "right whale" of Greenland are all of one species in both the Atlantic and Pacific oceans.

But we started to talk about the babies: let us go back and look at the drawing. Very contented that little fellow seems to be, does he not? And why he should not be I can not tell. His mother is holding him in her arms just as your mother held you when you were a baby. Maybe you think your mother had a more comfortable couch or chair or place on which to rest than is shown here, but I doubt if she found it a bit more enjoyable.

This mother has rolled over on her side, put her upper arm over her baby (the lower one is under water, and you can not see it), and apparently they have both of them gone fast asleep. The cradle is large enough for both, and it rocks smoothly and easily, for the long roll of the Pacific is swinging them to and fro to their perfect contentment. See how it washes up along the mother's sides and throat,



"ROCKING THE 'BABY.'"

and over the baby's back. Perhaps it seems to you a dreary place and way to live, and so doubtless it would be for you, but, you see, you have never been a whale, and were not designed to be.

They are fitted for it, and they swing and rock in their cradle to their full enjoyment, as much as you did in yours. But alas! their cradle is not always a safe one, easy as it is. They may, perhaps, be awakened from their sleep unexpectedly and roughly. Men hunt whales, you

know, and kill them for the sake of their oil, and this old mother shows so plainly what an immense number of barrels she could turn out that you may be sure the sight of her would fill a whaler's heart with joy, and his boats would be lowered at once to make sure of her. Before I sat down to write this article I showed this drawing to an old whaling Captain, and it raised his interest wonderfully at once.

"Well! well! well! That fellow has been on the North-

west, sure. No use talking. He never could draw no such an old cow and calf as them 'less he had seen 'em. There! do you see that? That is what that picture means to me." He had taken off his coat, and rolled up his sleeve almost to the shoulder, and as he spoke he held out his arm to me for my examination. I could see at a glance that above the elbow he had been injured dreadfully. The arm had been broken in at least three parts, and in healing the pieces had not been set so skillfully but that the limb was deformed, and showed the places of fracture.

"There! that is what I got for interfering in just such a thing as that, and served me right, too. I had no business to have done it; ought to have known better; ought to have known how the critter would fight. But then you know how whalemene take all sorts of chances. Come, I reckon I'd better tell you the story. It won't do you no harm, anyhow."

"All right, Captain; go ahead. I will risk the danger."

"Danger! Maybe you would not have liked to risk the danger I was in, and the licks I got with it. But never mind: here's the yarn. You see, I was in the old *Betsy Morgan*. 'Twas in '52. I was first mate of her, and I came mighty nigh never being anything more than mate, or ever making another voyage, anyway. If any fellow ever was close on going to kingdom come and did not get there, that fellow was in the bow of my boat that day, and his name was Jim Perkins.

"We had worked well over to the westward, and were close in on the Kamchatka side, in about 56° N. There had been a thick fog all that morning, and when it lighted up just before noon there lay a large whale, perfectly quiet, not two cables' lengths from us. It did not want any glass to show us that it was a cow and her calf.

"Of course no noise was made: every man was afraid to speak above his breath. The Captain was a slow-going sort of fellow, but he hurried up to me, whispering as though the whale was right there, 'Mr. Perkins, what do you think?' I had made up my mind before he spoke; I was just going to start. 'Captain Green, we can get her. She is sound asleep. Lower your boat. I will have mine down, and I believe we can *paddle* up to her and get an iron in before she is awake.' The old man laughed; he had known me ever since I was a boy. 'Jim, if you are going to harpoon a whale while she is asleep, don't trust no boat-steerer at the work: do it yourself.'

"Our boats were down and we in them without a sound, and slowly the men paddled toward the whale. You know that in common whaling the boat-steerer pulls the bow-oar, lays in his oar as they come near, rises, and takes up the harpoon—or *iron*, as it is called—strikes the whale, and then changes places with the officer who has been steering, but who then comes forward, ready to use the lance.

"This time, as the Captain had said, I sent my boat-steerer aft, and took my post in the bow, with my iron in my hand, for we were already so near the whale. Captain Green allowed my boat to go ahead, for he told the crew afterward there was not another man in the ship he would have 'trusted to strike that whale but Mr. Perkins.' You need not suppose that I did not know the risk I was running. I saw that with that young calf the old one would fight most awfully, for it was plainly only a day or two old, and she would have to stay by it close. As my crew worked their way up I was studying what it was best to do, whether I should kill the calf first and then strike the cow, or whether I should put an iron into her first thing. As we were close upon them, and I saw how she lay, I made up my mind quick.

"If the man who drew that picture had stood by my side he could not have drawn any better what I saw. We were coming up just aft of that fin which she has over the calf. Right behind the fin, and forward of where that sea is washing up on her side, I could see where her 'life' lay,

and I knew that I could put my iron straight into it, and I knew that if I did that all the mischief she did afterward must be done mighty quick.

"My crew paddled up so still that our bow actually went between the fin and her body, but before the boat touched her my iron had gone to its mark. And the thing that really waked up that whale was the dart of my harpoon *through her heart*, for that was where we found it when she was cut up, or rather that is where *they* found it, for I did not, as you shall hear. Her plunge was ugly, but the men had shot the boat back as the iron went down, and we just cleared the sweep of her flukes, but not before I had thrown my second iron and killed the calf.

"All that followed was like a flash. I just heard the shout of the Captain, 'Look out, Jim!—the old man was too much excited to remember the 'Mr. Perkins' then. I saw the whale spout a solid stream of blood, and I knew that she was killed. But on the instant came the awful thrash of her flukes again, and my boat was stove, and every man of us afloat, and that was the last thing I knew for three days.

"That blow was the death-stroke. Captain Green told me when I was—so that I could talk that after it the whale scarcely moved; he said he never saw a full-grown whale killed so right out-and-out in all his whaling. In fact, the way the first mate 'served out that old bow-head cow on Kamshat' was the boast of the crew through the whole voyage, and got me the command of my first ship.

"But, as I said, I knew nothing of it for a long time. When the fluke came down it not only crushed my arm—for you see in how many places it broke it—but it also hit my head so violently that the concussion of the brain was fearful. I have sometimes thought that I had instinctively thrown up my arm to defend my head, and that in that way I saved my life. I do not know.

"The three men nearest me were also stunned, and one of them had his wrist broken, but no one was killed. The forward part of the boat was smashed to pieces, or, as the Captain expressed it, 'there was not enough left to make a thole-pin.' But the whale made us one hundred and sixty-five barrels, and all the accidents went as part of the common experiences of whaling.

"Captain Green never could get tired of talking the affair over. Long after he had left the sea, and was quietly settled down at home, he never could see me but that he would begin upon it. The very last time I saw him—he was then seventy-four years old—was in a car on the Shore Line Railroad. He stopped me as I passed, and began, 'Captain Perkins, what is your private opinion of the prudence of harpooning a bow-head whale when she is asleep, with her baby in the cradle alongside?' And then he burst out with a laugh that fairly shook the car."

This was Captain Jim's story, told as a whaleman would tell it. That he had a great deal of pride in the terrible stroke of his "iron," which took the old mother's life so suddenly, was manifest, and the idea of anything more than his common duty in killing the baby never occurred to him.

## DEB'S "GIVE-AWAY."

BY MARY A. LATHBURY.

IT was two weeks before Christmas, and about nine o'clock in the morning, that the door of a pretty brownstone house facing G— Park opened very suddenly, and two young girls appeared. They looked eagerly up and down the street, and then began an indescribable little hopping dance, partly to keep warm, and partly to express their delight at the appearance of the postman, who was just coming around the corner.

There was a rapid shuffling of the letters when they came, and then two little shrieks when a letter came to



the surface which bore upon its face a rather feeble groping after the "English hand" so dear to the girls who attended Miss Q——'s school.

The address, on being studied out, was apparently meant to read,

*Important.*

*Miss Debbie Dunham,  
124 E. 11th St.,  
New York.*

"Oh, I hope they've given in!" cried one of the girls, eagerly, while the letter was opened and the door shut at the same moment.

There was a jubilee in the breakfast-room, and this was the reason why: Seven cousins had met in this room the morning before to listen to an original idea proposed by Debbie Dunham, who was the hostess. Four of the cousins, Ned and Susie Palmer and the Dunham boys from Cleveland—Frank and Fred—were spending the holidays at the home of Mr. Dunham, Debbie's father, while the other two, Grace and Gussie Appleton, lived up the Avenue. Christmas had been coming for about a year, Debbie said, and the nearer it came the more she dreaded the "Christmas-present" business. It was the same old story always—trying and trying to think what to get or to make for boys, and what would be sure to please the girls, and *what in this world* to give to the grown-ups that would not seem small and mean compared with the presents she was sure to receive from them.

"Really and truly," wound up Debbie—looking as unhappy as she could with her "shining morning face"—"it's been an awful burden. And after Christmas I feel so horribly selfish and dissatisfied; don't you?" (There was an awkward silence.) "But I have a brilliant idea, I think. It isn't wholly original, but it's original as I have adapted it. What do you say to having a 'give-away'?"

"I thought you couldn't think of anything to give," said Grace Appleton.

"Not in the old way; but in this way I could."

"Just be good enough to describe 'this way,' Deb," said Fred Dunham.

"Well, instead of spending our money for each other at those tempting places on Broadway, let us invest it in flannels and coal and groceries, and— Now I know what you think, by the way you look, Gussie, and I know it sounds Sunday-schooly, and I don't expect you to like it all at once, but I *know you will*."

"But that only settles half the question. What about receiving presents? You can't prevent that."

"Why, yes, we can, Frank; just listen. One of us can be appointed secretary, and write notes to all our sisters and our cousins and our aunts, saying that we 'do not receive' this year, except in a certain way, from anybody. That we are receiving, however, for other folks, and that anything in the way of warm clothing and groceries will be thankfully received and faithfully distributed by a committee of seven."

"Oh, Debbie Dunham! we shall be called the 'Saintly Seven,' or something—I know we shall."

"I don't care what anybody says, if *you* only really want to do it; but if you don't, it can't be done, of course."

"See here, Debbie," said Ned Palmer, who would not let his love of fun cover his true feeling, "I'm in for it, of

course, and so are the boys. We don't care for presents, and whatever of a fandango this is going to be, you can reckon on us to help. Can't she, boys?"

"Certainly!" said Fred, who nevertheless felt his heart sink, though his manliness came up, as a hoped-for bicycle vanished into another year. You can put me down, Deb."

"Ditto," said Frank. "Three cheers for Captain Deb!"

"Oh, Frank, don't, please! You are coming up grandly, but we are not unanimous yet, you know;" and she sent a troubled glance over to the bay-window where sat Grace and Gussie Appleton.

"I think it is very lovely of you to think of such a thing, of course," said Grace, "but I could not consent to have notes written to our friends refusing gifts from them. How do we know that they intend to make presents, all of them? I *could* not consent to it."

"Nor I," echoed Gussie.

"I think you are right," said Debbie. "We'll have no notes declining presents. We will just ask for a contribution to our Christmas 'Commission' for sweet charity's sake. But we can have a general understanding that we are to have no presents, can't we? Mamma and Aunt Susie can fix it, I know."

Two pairs of eyes in the bay-window fell under this arrangement, and the color in two faces rose, and Debbie, whose genuine kindness of heart was equal to her energy, relieved the situation by saying:

"Well, let's adjourn 'until we have further light.' That's what Dr. Barnard said in the library the other evening, after they had talked the 'new theology,' as they call it, for three hours. Now let's talk it over with our mothers, and meet here to-morrow morning and decide."

"We have promised the morning," said Gussie; "but in the afternoon—"

"But we must know early, there is so little time to prepare. You can send me a note early, can't you?"

"Yes, we will send you a note," said Grace; and then the conference broke up.

This was on a Monday morning, and on Tuesday morning the note was received as described in the opening of this sketch. It ran thus:

"DEAR DEB,—We are with you, and you can count on us for anything. And we might as well confess that it was all because we were too selfish to give up what we knew we were going to have from papa—no matter what now. It's all right, and we have been horribly selfish. Do forgive us, and we will come around this evening and talk it up. GRACE and GUSSIE."

This was the missive that Deb threw up as she entered the breakfast-room, and, catching it, described a circle round her head, and dropped it beside her father's plate.

"Ah!" said Mr. Dunham, slowly running his eyes from Deb to the note. "What's this?—Choctaw! Every letter looks as if it is being struck by lightning! Here, mamma, you have the sixth sense, and can read it, perhaps." And it was tossed across the table to Mrs. Dunham, who read it with suitable feeling and emphasis.

Oh, the conferrings and the confidings, the busy, buzzy times of the two weeks that followed! We will not lift the curtain once during that time, dear YOUNG PEOPLE, but skip to the third act, and the next to the last scene of the Christmas "Commission."

Debbie had said, "Of all things, don't let's do anything to make a display of our work—that would spoil everything"; and so no merry-making had been devised. The commissary stores were to be sent away on Christmas morning, and on Christmas night, after all work and care was past, there was to be a gathering of the family for the usual Christmas dinner. But on Christmas-eve, as Deb and Susie sat cutting slips of paper to be used in la-

bellling the parcels, Susie said, "Ain't you very, very tired, Debbie?"

"Yes," said Debbie, reluctantly; "but then I like it. Don't you?"

"Of course I like it; but I wish we could think of some way to have a bit of fun out of the work this evening to make us forget how tired we are. It will take us two hours to get everything labelled."

"My dears," called Aunt Susie from her willow rocker, "why don't you play at French fair? If French royalty could get so much pleasure out of playing at peasant life, why shouldn't you? I will make mob-caps for you girls, and box-caps for the boys, out of tissue-paper. Anice will lend you long white aprons, and the boys can wear towels for aprons, and you can improve your French by chattering to each other all the evening."

"Lovely! How *did* you think of it?" cried Susie, flying off to the others; and Deb saved herself from crying from

The circle broke at the first opening of the door, the boys retreating in good order, and the girls taking refuge behind a barricade of boxes at the end of the room. All but Deb—when was Deb ever known to fail in an emergency? She gave two or three glances behind at her retreating friends, then stood her ground, and received with a pretty, quiet courtesy the guests that were filling the room, until the six had recovered themselves sufficiently to join her.

Poor Deb! she scarcely lifted her eyes, and was glad of the fiction that made her a French peasant at a fair (which Aunt Susie had gracefully managed to continue), so that she need not talk about what they saw around them. But if the guests did not use their tongues, they used their eyes, and the little "Commissaire" was thoroughly examined. Susie's wit, which had failed her for a moment, did her good service in turning the whole affair into a play, and when supper (a new surprise to the seven) was

announced, and the mob-caps and the box-caps were led out by their friends, it was all explained that nobody could be blamed but the guests themselves.

The matter of the "Commission" had got into the air, and the young people had talked it over, and decided that it was a duty they owed to themselves to find out how to get up a "give-away." They had leagued themselves with Aunt Susie—who has a great weakness for young people—and they had been allowed to come as a "surprise," and now they should never be satisfied—*never*—if they could not help in the matter of distribution. (This last from a group of five youths, ready to "do and dare.")

At this announcement Debbie turned for a few words with her mother, and then said that their services would be accepted with thanks; that if each would appear the next morning at nine with an express wagon, Richard and the boys would carry down the things, and they could have

the privilege of delivering them. Everything was carefully addressed.

The five glanced at each other, then came up manfully to the mark, and thanked Debbie for the honor of being allowed to assist in other than the French sense.

There was a mischievous twinkle in Debbie's eyes when, later, she said to Aunt Susie: "Isn't it a fine thing that those boys will really go among the poor and see things for themselves? And, besides, the little experience in driving an express wagon will not hurt them; will it, Aunt Susie?"

It was all done before noon the next day, and the volunteer expressmen vied with the cousins in saying that they had never known such a Christmas before. As for Debbie, it was the first really happy Christmas of her life, and, except for a little puff of self-satisfaction now and then that would rise and cloud her tender conscience, she was sure she had found the kind of Christmas they have in Utopia.



"THEY HAD JOINED HANDS IN A FLYING CIRCLE."

pure weariness by laughing heartily, and crying out, "The 'Commission' a French fair! How appropriate!"

In the great store-room over the stables there was a novel scene an hour or two later. On tables and boxes all around the room were piled scores of parcels of all shapes and sizes, and on the floor were bags of flour, baskets of provisions, and barrels of vegetables and coal. Deb's intention of receiving contributions from her family friends only had been overruled, and stores had been coming in in the most astonishing way all day from—no one knew where.

At half past nine the last bit of work was done, and Debbie had sent word by Anice, who had come with an anxious inquiry from Mrs. Dunham, that they were quite through. They had joined hands in a flying circle, and were singing a merry song, when the door opened and a crowd of young people came pressing into the room, all with very eager and curious faces, and led by Aunt Susie.



LILI'S MORNING TOILETTE.



THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER

## HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

ONCE more the rolling year has brought the merry Christmas-tide, and once more HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, following the example of good old Santa Claus, has laid in such a stock of good things for the little folk that they are piled up and overflowing. With HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE Christmas last from the first of December until February. It may do for Santa Claus to make his one visit in a single night; but YOUNG PEOPLE knows the children better, and declares that two months of Christmas is not a minute too much. Last week Sidney Dayre opened the merry festival with her charming story of "Our Christmas Tree." This week Mrs. Hays, Miss Lathbury, and Jimmy Brown contribute Christmas matter. Then next week comes our Christmas Number, which is entirely devoted to Christmas, the Post-office Box and Exchanges being in accordance with our usual custom, omitted, to re-appear again in the following issue. It is hardly necessary to say that the Christmas Number will be just as full of good things as we can make it.

The opening story, "A Disappointed Christmas," illustrated by Mr. F. Dielman, will be from the author who during the past year established such a hold upon the hearts of the little folk, Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie. So far our readers have known but very little of Mr. Ernest Ingersoll, but from him will come a striking boys' story entitled "Mrs. Larson's Christmas Gift," illustrated by our well-known artist Mr. W. A. Rogers. Mrs. Eyttinge contributes a tender little Christmas poem, illustrated by Mrs. Jessie Shepherd. To Mr. Howard Pyle and Mr. Edward I. Stevenson our readers will owe their thanks for a most charming little opera entitled "The Revolt of the Holidays," with Santa Claus as a prominent personage, suitable to be enacted on Christmas night or at any time during the holiday season. The concluding page of the Number will be given to a carol, the music by Mr. George William Warren, and illustrated by Mrs. Jessie Shepherd.

During the month of January there will be an article from the Right Rev. Bishop Dudley, entitled "Christmas Morning." Christmas comes to us, in Mrs. Louis M. Abbott, Mrs. Kate Upton Clark, and Miss Sophie Sweet, and Christmas poems by Mrs. M. E. Sangster, Miss Sarah J. Burke, and others.

We shall also give in our issue for December 23 the opening chapters of a new serial, entitled,

## "THE ICE QUEEN,"

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

Mr. Ingersoll has long since established a reputation for telling delightful stories to little folk. In this story the scenes are laid neither on land nor sea. This sounds like a strange statement, but instead of choosing any part of earth or ocean

as a background for the tale he has to tell, Mr. Ingersoll makes his heroes and their companion, called, from her merry temper and clear common-sense, the "Ice Queen," traverse one of our Northern lakes for a distance of over a hundred miles when the waters of the lake are held fast by winter's icy chain. The incidents of this journey form the body of the story, and it is one which in interest and novelty will not disappoint those who have formed high expectations of the serial stories to be found in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

NORTHON, NEBRASKA.

A very dear auntie in New York sends me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE this year, and I watch eagerly for Thursday's mail, which brings it to me. I can't tell you how much I enjoy it. All the stories are nice, but I think I laugh most over Jimmy Brown's, and the Post-office Box I like very much. I am seven years old, and was born in Erie, Pennsylvania, where my papa and little sister Helen died when I was two years old. Mamma came to Nebraska, hoping the change of climate would make me strong. Sutton is a nice growing town, and, unlike most, has a beautiful natural grove of forest trees, many of which look as if they might have been growing here for centuries.

I go to school, and am learning to write, but do not yet write well enough to write a letter. Mamma is writing this for me. I have a beautiful little kitty, gray and white, but she followed me to Sunday-school, and never came home again. I was very sorry. When you go to California I want you to come to Sutton and see mamma and me. I inclose five cents, for which will you please to send me a Nautilus pattern for my daily length 12 inches?

MILLY M. G.

Thanks for your nice little letter and the kind invitation. I suppose the dolls were pleased with her new dress. So far I have not heard of a single doll so unreasonable as not to be proud of the Nautilus.

WILKESMERE, NAKED LANGSTON'S, NORTH CAROLINA.

Do any of you remember still the Sunday-school at Woodsboro? It has begun to grow again, and has gone on steadily ever since—has grown and improved all the time. All our help has come through the readers of this dear little Post-office Box. We have been helped so much that we had not to ask you for anything for some time. Now I would like some simple books to teach me to read. It is the first class in reading lessons. The scholars come and go, as from year to year they move to other land, and often get too far away. This gives us constantly new scholars; and we have to teach them all. We have now in school we have taught so many. We have now in the school that are reading in the Bible ten who taught their letters to, and ten more who only know the first letters. We have learned so much. Then, too, it is near Christmas-time, and any help you can send me for the tree for them will be most acceptable.

MRS. RICHARDSON.

Mrs. Richardson's little school is a self-defending effort on her part to teach the poor white and colored children on her own and the neighboring plantations, so that they may learn to read, and also to sing hymns, and know something about God, conscience, and duty. She will acknowledge in the Post-office Box whatever gifts of books, papers, picture cards, or half-worn clothing are sent to her. Through her perseverance a pretty little church has been built, and many readers of YOUNG PEOPLE helped to furnish it.

WINTERMAN, OHIO.

We are a little boy and girl thirteen and ten years old. We wrote before, but did not see our letters in print. We have a white pointer dog (his name is John), and we have two pretty cats. We had a little kitten, but it died; its name was Cute. I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and Willie takes *Golden Days*. We have a baby brother seven months old; his name is Charlie; he is very strong. I like to go to school. Did not you when you were a little? I think Jimmy Brown's stories are very funny. Good-by.

WILLIE AND FANNIE D.

WYANDOTT, IOWA.

I am a little girl, and live here with my papa, mamma, and grandma. I have only one pet, a dear gray cat; her name is Helen McGregor, and she is as old as myself—eight years. My papa writes for the newspapers, and I took a trip with him to Rugby, Tennessee, a few weeks ago. We had such a nice time; but then I always have good times with my papa. We went over to a bridge, which spans the Kentucky River, and is 276 feet high; I believe it is the highest bridge in the world. On our return home, when we were crossing it, papa took me out on the top of the tower to see the grand sight, and the wind was blowing so hard that papa, the conductor, and ex-Governor

of Ohio, of Kentucky, all held on to me to keep me from blowing away. We went to see Mr. Thomas Hughes—mamma and her granddaughters. They have such nice dolls, tinnautes, and lots of lovely pictures they brought from England; and Miss Hughes has two cats, and a puppy. I could tell you a great deal more about our visit, but I don't want to make my letter too long, and I do so wish to see it in the Post-office Box. I want to surprise papa. Mamma wanted me to write this, for she says I write very well for a little girl who has gone to school only one year besides this. I love to read your another letter, I will write it myself. Good-by.

Your little friend, ANNIE K. S.

Mamma must be thanked for being your amanuensis. I am sure you will not need one much longer.

NEW YORK CITY.

My cousin wrote a letter to you, and it was published, so I thought I would try too.

Will you please tell me whether I can send for two or three odd numbers of YOUNG PEOPLE of this summer? Must I send extra for postage?

I have three sisters, Beatrice, Ernestine (or Eric), as we always call her, and baby Amy. Eric is only five years old, and she writes me every day, a little piece of poetry about the swallow, which I send to you. She received no help at all. Don't you think it is good for a little girl only five? Mamma wants me to be a writer, and YOUNG PEOPLE; she says it is the best children's paper she ever saw, and is going to give it to five children on Christmas. I am nine years old, and my name is

THE SWALLOW.

With young ones safe beneath her breast,  
The swallow peacefully doth rest  
Within her safe and cozy nest.

The long, long night.

And then she cheerfully doth rise  
Beneath the blue and shining skies  
And all day long she flies and flies  
To seek food for her young;

And then she takes it in her bill,  
And flying, flying, flying still,  
Over river, dale, and vale and hill,  
Until she finds her nest.

Will you give ERIC the very sweetest kiss you can, and tell her it is from the Postmistress for these lovely little stanzas?

Yes, dear, you can obtain any numbers of YOUNG PEOPLE of the past summer by sending five cents for each to Messrs. Harper & Brothers. No extra charge for postage.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I am a little boy seven years old. I have two or three little pets, a bird, a gold-fish, and a tame tortoise. I had a dear little dog once, but it got stolen. I like YOUNG PEOPLE very much. This is the only letter I ever sent. I hope you will please have it printed; I would like to surprise my papa with it. I will not tell him, so, will you stop. Good-by, dear Postmistress.

LIZZIE D. VAN D.

The little boy's mamma told me he was ill. I hope he is now well. The dear child who writes the next letter has been a sufferer too.

I was eleven in the autumn. This summer I had typhoid fever, and have just had my hair cut, and my neck feels very funny. I have no pets but a turtle and a gold-fish. Four boys have teased me off she said, "Never mind, Diddle" (that's what she calls me); "Dad made it drew before, and He will make it draw again." Wasn't that cute?

LIZZIE D. VAN D.

BEAVER FALLS, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am ten years old, and have lived here nearly all my life. I have two brothers—one who is older than myself, and one who is younger, and a little sister not two months old. We have taken YOUNG PEOPLE ever since it was published. There are many subscribers at this place, but we were the first. I liked "Raising the Dead" very much; and I liked "Dick and D." just as much, only I wish they had been longer. I go to school, and study English, Four Rules, Latin, and Practical Arithmetic, Town's Speller and Definer, Lossing's Outline History of the United States, Givins' New Intermediate Geography, Grammar, and Writing.

JULIUS F. K., Jun.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

I am a little boy ten years old. I commenced going to school, caught the measles, and am now at home again. I have wanted to write you for a long time. My sister Katie wrote a letter to you, which you published, so I thought I would write one too. I have been to school very dearly, and have taken it for a number of years. I will always take it. If you publish this letter I will be very happy, as it is the first letter I have ever written to you, and will write soon.

CHARLES EUGENE F.

What a pity the measles went to school before you did! However, it's just as well to have the disease and be done with it.



## PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little girl twelve years old, and I am in the First Division Grammar. I have taken Young's People since last November, and I like every number. I am sure you will continue to take it. I tried Margaret Willis B.'s receipt for taffy, and everybody that tasted it thought it was splendid. I have not yet put their names on the taffy, however much I like to. I like "Dick and D." very much. We had a pet dog named Dash, but we took him to the country, and left him there, and he never came back. I wish to go to the country, or else we would not have left him for anything. He had long black curly hair, and he would not let anybody touch my brother or myself.

HILLEN B.

## GIRLS' INDUSTRIAL HOME, DELAWARE, OHIO.

I am glad you thought my letter worthy of a place in the Post-office Box, and, if your kind solicitation, will write to Young People again, and tell you more about the Home. It is situated about ten miles southwest of the town of Delaware, on a farm of about 180 acres. Its surroundings are pleasant and beautiful. The place is crowded, but not difficult of access. The grounds are tastefully laid out in gravel-walks and carriage drives, and ornamented with shade trees and flowering shrubs. The general management of the institution is under the direction of a superintendent and matron, but the seven different families are each provided with a matron, teacher and housekeeper.

The schools are graded as follows: A and B Grammars, and A and B Intermediate, and A and B Primary. I am in the A Grammar School. I study grammar, geography, reading, spelling, arithmetic, and United States history. My favorite study is geography. In addition to these we are taught to sew, knit, do laundry and general house work, and all other things which are useful, some of the girls learn to work fancy articles, knit lace, gloves, etc.

We have a beautiful library, and are well supplied with good books. Like to read, and spend nearly all my spare time in that way. We have on file in our library all the numbers of Young People since we commenced taking it. We also take and keep on file HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE, and the Century and St. Nicholas magazines. The girls enjoy reading the letters in the Post-office Box, from which we learn what the readers of Young People are doing, where they live, etc., and thus become acquainted, as it were.

The girls are received in the Home from nine to twelve years of age, and are kept until they are twenty. We have a Sabbath-school, and attend it regularly every Sunday. I am like many of the girls and boys who write to you—I would like so much to hear from you, and all the time I am thinking, come ever such good friends through the Post-office Box.

NELLY M. H.

This is an Indian-savage letter, so very well done that it must go in.

PANSY, INDIAN, MISSOURI.

I thought I would try to write a letter, as you requested your little friends to do. The country is so beautiful, and the foliage of the sumac is prettiest of all. I am very contented, and I like to climb the old fence, as it is a very bright scarlet. I will be sorry when all the leaves fall, because it looks so cheerful and bright now. I am situated in a beautiful place, and the children enjoy gathering the chestnuts as we go to and from school. My little brother is so daring and reckless! He climbs the trees, drops down, and then we take him to the home to mother, who dries them and packs them in jars, where they keep sweet and soft until we want to eat them. It has been rainy for two or three days, and I am afraid we will not see the sun, shine to-morrow, and if we don't I will be sorry, as we have a new church, and I want to go. Our chestnuts are all gone, the last of the chestnuts to be heard this winter. I enclose five cents for the Nautlius, sixteen inches size. I would like you to come down and see us.

FANNIE C.

## RIVER, REPUBLIC OF NICARAGUA.

I am a subscriber to YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it very much. My principal object in taking it is to perfect myself in English, which a neither writer nor speak as well as I could wish.

Three miles from this city is a beautiful lake, in the middle of which are two volcanoes, one called Onetepe and the other Maideira. The former has been in a constant state of eruption for the last three months, throwing out a great quantity of lava and lava stones. The illuminated crater at night presents a very beautiful appearance. Strange to say, the eruptions are not accompanied by earthquakes. The island on which the volcano stands was populated by Indians, who are very industrious, but who have been compelled to abandon their homes and farms for fear of being killed by the eruptions. There was very little in this country these poor people.

We have been waiting thirty or forty years for Uncle Sam who lives at Washington to help us to make the intermediate Canal, and we have not seen inclined to do it, we have at last discovered that "the gods help only those who help themselves," and therefore the government of Nicaragua has proposed to the other States of

Central America to guarantee three per cent. on \$75,000,000, which is the estimated cost of building the canal. When this canal is finished I suppose that there will be very few buyers even at that price. Oranges are as common here as blackberries in your country, and quite as valuable.

Nicaragua is waking up at last. The government is constructing a railroad from one end of the republic to the other, and telegraphs have already been located between all the principal cities of this State. It is not pleasant to think that when the Plurin Fado is abolished, in 1620 our largest cities, viz. Leon and Granada, had been founded one hundred years before. I was elevated with the old of the fable, the rabbit and the tortoise, and while we think that the Yankees are the rabbit, we are very certain that we are the tortoise, and will win the race.

I hope you will publish this long letter, for I want to make that trade of the oranges and apples.

Your letter shows that you are gaining a good English style, and I think YOUNG PEOPLE will prove itself an excellent help to you in this.

## CONTRIBUTOR.

I want to write a letter to the Post-office Box I live a mile and a half from Cottonwood Hot Springs. People who have the rheumatism go there to bathe in the hot water, and soon get better. I was elevated with the old of the fable, and had a nice present given to me. It was a large book. There is a large spring half a mile from here, and some fish-ponds; and three miles from where, still farther up the mountains, is a beautiful lake. I was up there last summer, and had a nice time riding in a boat and fishing for trout. There are several silver mines around here. We get some beautiful silver ornaments from them. I would like to send the Postmistress some of them out of papa's mine. I will send you a little more that grows on the mountains above mine.

ERNEST S.

The moss is exquisite, almost like a pencil tracery. Thank you, dear.

## PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

"Dick and D." and "The Lost City" are lovely stories. We have two kittens, and I make one play on the piano. I had to give one of my dogs to a friend, and I have to let four kittens go. They chained her for a week, and let her loose on Monday, and on Tuesday the man who owned her went away, and she came home. We have a pony. I have a lovely tame bird, and we have some plants in the nursery, and he sits on them all the morning. I have a stove, and I would love to join the Little House.

CLARA A. R.

So you may.

## NEW YORK CITY.

We are two little girls aged nine and ten, and take great pleasure in reading all the letters that are printed in the Post-office Box, and thought we would write a little one ourselves to see how it would look. We would be very much obliged to you if you would tell us of some pretty things to make for Christmas presents. We have made so many we can not think of anything to make this year.

BENTLEY G. and CORINNE Y.

Some very lovely things which little girls may make for Christmas gifts will shortly be suggested in YOUNG PEOPLE. Little girls of our age often can not be expected to do very difficult needle-work, but if you look about, and find what papa, mamma, and aunt would like best, you will, at least, try to please them. A pretty bookmark, a little knit cap called a cozy for the teapot, a band for Eddie's hat with his name on, or a dainty tidy, may be made by clever little girls.

Thomas M. C. W. M., and John G. M.: Your proposed exchanges would violate our rules.—J. B. Brown, Jun., and Thomas Niles, Newport, Rhode Island, would like to correspond with young stamp collectors with a view to exchanging.—Johnny A.: Against our exchange regulations.—Louis P. O.: Your letter would be exchanged if you desire.—Sam Jones, Madison, Wisconsin, would be glad to receive second-hand books, magazines, and juvenile papers suitable to interest a little girl through a long Wisconsin winter. She will acknowledge everything sent by a postal card to the donors. Some of you may be pleased to give the advice recently given in YOUNG PEOPLE with regard to books which you have done with, and Jeanie will not wish a story less because you have read it first.

Miss Laura K. I. is a valuable friend of YOUNG PEOPLE, a valuable assistant in teaching the elements of drawing to her little pupils, and the latter have been much interested in making kites and other toys from the diagrams given. Even the wee ones have been stirred to try their skill.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

DIAMONDS.

1.—1. A letter. 2. A cavity. 3. Something worn in the Highlands. 4. A drawing. 5. Wearing. 6. A term of affection. 7. A letter.

2.—1. A letter. 2. A boy. 3. Profit. 4. Agents. 5. A turning. 6. Before. 7. A letter. VOIGRE.

3.—1. In list. 2. An adverb. 3. A body of water. 4. A numeral. 5. In mind. W. H. COLBURN.

No. 2.

A RIDDLE.

Why does a sailor know what the moon is made of?  
1. A. A. 2. C. E. and A. K. T.

No. 3.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A great general. 2. A celebrated battle. 3. A vegetable. 4. The beginning. 5. A quadruped. 6. Guarding. 7. An American river. 8. Source. Initials and finals read downward give respectively the names of a celebrated battle and the defeated general.  
C. E. and A. K. T.

No. 4.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 10 letters.  
My 7, 8, 2, 10, is to exist.  
My 3, 8, 2, 4, is to be a bird.  
My 1, 7, 3, 10, is not fat.  
My 7, 6, 5, is part of the body.  
My whole is the heroine of one of Longfellow's poems.

ROSE-BUD.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 212.

No. 1. Wren. Holly. Plum-cake.

No. 2. L E M O N D A R E D  
D O G R E P L  
N D

M	G	P
D	O	S
M	O	F
G	E	S
Y	E	N
W	I	Q
W	I	Q
G	E	I
S		L

The answer to the Thanksgiving Puzzle on page 64 of No. 213 is as follows:

No. 1. Dominions 3, 1, 4, 8, 2, 7, 6, 2. "The dinner is on the table." General Ann Page. Act I, Scene 1, *Henry Winton of Windsor*.

No. 2.—"I sit down and feed, and welcome to our table." Act II, Scene 7, *As You Like It*. No. 3.—"Dainty bits make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits." Act I, Scene 1, *Love's Labor's Lost*.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Lettie M. Mason, Frances M. White, Sarah Lee, Dottie, Grace, Florence, Mabel, and Annie Knight, Philip S. Wescott, Mary N. Shafer, S. M. Woodward, Maudie Bizelew, Prescott Hyton, Hugh H. McKenzie, Donald Brown, Elizabeth, and Maudie, Thomas, and Walter K. Stuart, Robt. Elmore C. Dick, Dickinson, Little Fidget, and Emily Day.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]

## A FROG HE WOULD A-WOOING GO

A FROG he would a wooing go—  
 Heigho! says Rowley—  
 Whether his mother would let him or no.  
 With a roly-poly, gammon, and spinach.  
 Heigho! says Anthony Rowley.



But while they were all thus a merry-making—

Heigho! says Rowley—  
 A cat and her kittens came tumbling in.  
 With a roly-poly, gammon, and spinach.  
 Heigho! says Anthony Rowley.

So off he set with his opera-hat—  
 Heigho! says Rowley—  
 And on his way he met with a rat.  
 With a roly-poly, gammon, and spinach.  
 Heigho! says Anthony Rowley.

"Pray, Miss Mouse, will you give us some  
 cheese?"—  
 Heigho! says Rowley—  
 "We'd like a nice piece, if you please."  
 With a roly-poly, gammon, and spinach.  
 Heigho! says Anthony Rowley.

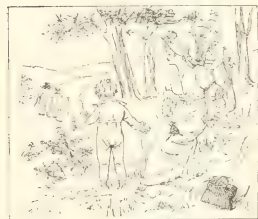


"Pray, Mr. Rat, will you go with me"—  
 Heigho! says Rowley—  
 "Pretty Miss Mousey for to see?"  
 With a roly-poly, gammon, and spinach.  
 Heigho! says Anthony Rowley.

"Pray, Mr. Frog, will you give us a song?"—  
 Heigho! says Rowley—  
 "But let it be something that's not very long."  
 With a roly-poly, gammon, and spinach.  
 Heigho! says Anthony Rowley.

The cat she seized the rat by the crown—  
 Heigho! says Rowley—  
 The kittens they pulled the little mouse down.  
 With a roly-poly, gammon, and spinach.  
 Heigho! says Anthony Rowley.

This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright—  
 Heigho! says Rowley—  
 He took up his hat, and he wished them good-  
 night.  
 With a roly-poly, gammon, and spinach.  
 Heigho! says Anthony Rowley.



Now they soon arrived at Mousey's Hall—  
 Heigho! says Rowley—  
 And gave a loud knock, and gave a loud call.  
 With a roly-poly, gammon, and spinach.  
 Heigho! says Anthony Rowley.

"Indeed, Miss Mouse," replied Mr. Frog—  
 Heigho! says Rowley—  
 "A cold has made me as hoarse as a hog."  
 With a roly-poly, gammon, and spinach.  
 Heigho! says Anthony Rowley.

But as Froggy was crossing a silvery brook—  
 Heigho! says Rowley—  
 A lily-white duck came and gobbled him up.  
 With a roly-poly, gammon, and spinach.  
 Heigho! says Anthony Rowley.



"Pray, Miss Mousey, are you within?"—  
 Heigho! says Rowley—  
 "Oh yes, kind sirs; I'm sitting to spin."  
 With a roly-poly, gammon, and spinach.  
 Heigho! says Anthony Rowley.

"Since you have caught cold," Miss Mousey said—  
 Heigho! says Rowley—  
 "I'll sing you a song that I have just made."  
 With a roly-poly, gammon, and spinach.  
 Heigho! says Anthony Rowley.

So there was an end of one, two, and three—  
 Heigho! says Rowley—  
 The rat, the mouse, and the little frog-gee.  
 With a roly-poly, gammon, and spinach.  
 Heigho! says Anthony Rowley.

HARPER'S  
YOUNG PEOPLE  
Christmas Number.

VOL. V.—NO. 216.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Tuesday, December 18, 1883.

Copyright, 1883, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$1.50 per Year, in Advance.



"IT'S A POUND, MY DEAR."—SEE "A 'DISAPPOINTED CHRISTMAS,'" PAGE 38.



## A "DISAPPOINTED CHRISTMAS."

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

I.

"Oh dear, it'll be just horrid! I sha'n't call it Christmas at all!"

"It 's too bad; but, Nello, don't you suppose we could make up something or other?"

"What kind of a thing?" Nello, who was a tall boy of ten, looked up from his desk with a contemptuous air; but this changed presently. In the midst of disappointment, even, he remembered Rose's way of "making up" things, and allowed his frowns to relax ever so slightly as he watched her.

"What kind of a thing?" he repeated, as Rose continued silent.

"Well, I've been thinking of things," said Rose, turning around from her position in the window. "Last night I made up a play in my mind. It was something like this"—and the sister, three years Nello's senior, came over to the fire-light with a very anxious and thoughtful manner. "We'll have to think it out," she continued, "for I haven't it all fixed in my mind even yet. It's a sort of play of being fairies, or perhaps Christmas angels."

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Nello. He had really been encouraged a moment ago, but now he looked savage again. Rose was certainly the older and by far the cleverer of the two; but, after all, as Nello often reflected, she was "only a girl," and as, such, likely to think of things and do things that would seem very babyish to a boy, even though he was only ten years old, and had a round face like a cherub's, with blue eyes and light curly hair, and a dimple in his chin. But happily Rose did not always allow herself to be discomforted by Nello's ideas.

"You see," she said, "I was wondering how ever we would contrive to amuse ourselves if Aunt Jenny had to be away over Christmas, and we in lodgings here with nobody but Maria, and then it occurred to me that perhaps we could make a new play. We will play we are Christmas fairies, and when we go out pretend we're invisible, and watch for some poor child, and try to find out what he wants, and then surprise him with it, for you know aunt said we could spend our money just as we liked."

"How should we find out about him?" said Nello, still dismal, yet willing to listen to the plan.

"Oh," answered Rose, cheerfully, "that would be easy enough: I could show you. Come, Nello, don't you think it sounds nice? There are plenty of poor children all about, only we'd pick out the nicest ones—I mean the ones we think Aunt Jenny wouldn't mind our speaking to, or following home, or something like that. I promise you I'll make it a lovely play. We have three days before Christmas yet. But come, Nello, let's see if the lights are being lighted in our house yet."

Nello followed his sister to the window, and listened to her chatter about the house opposite the one they were in, and which they had called "our house" from the first day they had observed it.

How the two American children came to be left almost alone for their Christmas in London is easily explained. They were travelling abroad with their aunt, Mrs. Forrester, whose eldest son was at school in Paris. The young man was to have joined his mother and cousins for the holidays, but a fever had broken out in the school; the mother was hastily summoned to her boy's side, and Mrs. Forrester had been compelled to leave the children in London in the care of the trusty servant who had accompanied them abroad.

They had planned such a delightful holiday! They

were to have gone to the pantomime and to Madame Tussaud's, and no end of what Nello called "jolly places." But now all thoughts of the kind had to be given up. The outlook certainly was not very cheerful, for Russell Square, London, in December, is not a very inspiring place, and although there was no fog, the weather was dull, and even with ten dollars to spend just as they liked, a walk every afternoon or evening with Maria was not the kind of amusement either Rose or Nello considered nice enough for the holidays.

The source of special interest in the neighborhood was what the children called "their" house. This was a large quiet-looking brick mansion directly opposite the corner on which they lived, and the fascination to the little Forresters consisted in the glimpses they had from time to time of the beautiful rooms within, or of the lady of the house and her constant companion, a young girl of about sixteen. Every morning regularly the old lady and her companion went out for a drive. The children at such moments had a vision of the long hall and the staircase, with its window and landing and gallery of pictures. They were divided always between their anxiety to watch the carriage and the house, and Nello proposed their taking them in turns, and comparing notes afterward—an arrangement which had worked admirably until the morning of this day, when Rose, who was observing the hallway, saw a wonderful sight. A door opened, a tall boy appeared, and at his heels five of the most enchanting little brown and white dogs.

"Oh, Nello!" she had only time to say, when the boy opposite vanished from view, disappearing within some other doorway. As for Nello, he had only seen that the young lady wore a different gown to-day—something embroidered—and that her wide felt hat had beautiful plumes upon it; but how could this be compared to the vision of a boy and five dogs?

"Perhaps we shall see them this afternoon," said Rose, the consoler, to her brother, as they stood in the window watching for the accustomed lighting of the rooms opposite. "Now let us think about our play for to-morrow."

It really was quite pleasant to plan for it. Maria had not come in as yet to light the candles on either side of the tall old-fashioned chimney-piece, but Rose and Nello liked best to sit in the fire-light at this hour of the day, when the objects in the large, primly furnished sitting-room seemed to take on a new character of their own. When Maria came in with the tea-tray, she almost stumbled over the two little figures on the rug, and who now, fully in the spirit of their new plan, jumped up, ready to confide it in part to the old nurse.

"You see, Maria," explained Rose, "Nello is so disappointed over Aunt Jenny's going away for Christmas, and he is little, you know, and this will amuse him, and do good besides. We will want to go by ourselves, because we want to feel as much like fairies as possible, and we'll promise not to go far—not much further than the British Museum."

## II.

About ten o'clock the next morning the children departed, Nello holding Rose's hand rather tightly, considering that his character was that of a powerful genie named Albacroup, and Rose was the Fairy Queen Marvina—two names which were the invention of the night before.

They crossed the square, which was rather deserted at this hour, and not very bright, for a thin fog was creeping toward it, bringing a stinging sort of chill in its train; but presently they were in one of the side streets near Tottenham Court Road. To-day it seemed unusually crowded and busy, and the small genie and his fairy companion



were pushed about rather roughly, until they stopped to look in at an old curiosity-shop window.

The case was full of all sorts of delightful objects: high china vases with shepherds and shepherdesses on them; queer pieces of jewelry, work-boxes, tortoise-shell combs, fans, and beads of every description; and at the back were small bits of armor, some guns and rifles, with powder-flasks and horns richly inlaid or carved.

From time to time they could see, within, the face of an old man in a red skull-cap, and who seemed quite in keeping with the old wares which he had for sale, and in looking at him and his window the little Forresters almost forgot their mission. Suddenly Rose remembered herself, and at the same time Nello exclaimed, in an excited whisper,

"Oh, Rose, look at that little girl!"

A short distance from them stood a child about thirteen gazing wistfully into the window of a bakery where candies and sweets mingled their fascinations with cakes and buns and rolls, a pyramid of jam tarts occupying the central place of honor.

Hunger and something like actual suffering were in the childish face pressed so close to that alluring pane of glass. She looked very wretched, but had evidently grown used to shivering with cold, yet there was something attractive in her little figure, a certain sweetness in the thin features, the dark eyes, and small mouth, and decidedly an attempt at neatness in the poor, threadbare garments.

Rose took the lead at once. "I will speak to her, Nello," she whispered, her quick instinct of humanity making the little girl forget for the moment her character as a fairy. "She looks hungry. It would be nice to take her right into the shop and buy her a lot of things."

"And let her choose," responded Nello. "Yes. Hurry, Rose; she may go away."

But the little girl at the bakery appeared to be in no haste to end her vision of the delights before her. A strange patient look was on the face which she lifted when the children approached her, but for a moment she seemed not to understand what Rose said.

"We would like to buy some things for you," said the fairy Marvinna. "Will you come in and choose them?"

"That is just as a fairy would do it," thought Rose, as the poor child's face flushed with surprise and pleasure.

"Will you come in?" she said, aloud.

"Oh, thank you, miss," was stammered forth. "I—oh—I should be glad of some—rolls."

"Rolls!" said Nello, contemptuously. "Why, rolls are nothing. You must have cake and candies. Rolls are nothing."

The object of their charity smiled at the round bright-faced little boy to whom "rolls were nothing," and then all three children looked pleased together. They went into the shop, where Rose, with a business-like air, began making purchases, the poor child standing by with a delighted expression and Nello looking at her closely, while he asked in a whisper where she lived. But the little boy could not understand her answer. A street with a long name—a foolish name, Nello said afterward.

"Have you sisters and brothers?" he asked.

"No," said the girl, quietly; "there's only grandfather and me."

"And are you poor?" he added, gently.

"Yes," she said, in a low tone; "very poor, since grandfather broke his leg, and he's been in bed ever since."

"Oh dear!" said Nello, very much interested. "Won't you tell me your name? We are fairies now, Rose and I, but at home and *really*, you know, my name is Nello—that is, it is Nelson, but I'm always called Nello—and Rose is my sister."

The child smiled brightly. "My name is Agnes," she said, a little timidly, "and grandfather is John Truefitt.

Oh, thank you, miss," she added, suddenly, as Rose with great delight helped her to gather up the parcels—"I thank you so much!"

They were ready to go. Rose was wondering whether she had not better offer Agnes a little money. She had only spent one dollar, and fifty cents in money might be a great help, when a most extraordinary thing happened.

The girl had laid some of the parcels down on the counter, and was preparing to gather them all up in a more satisfactory manner, when, like a flash, a change seemed to come over her. Her eyes had wandered to the street, where the Forresters saw nothing in the least uncommon, but with an exclamation of "Oh! oh! I beg your pardon," Agnes suddenly darted forward through the door Nello was holding open, and before either of her new friends could say a word was gone, flying down the street, lost to view in the gray mist and fog of the morning.

Rose and her brother exchanged glances of dismay.

The woman in the bakery began to laugh. "Well, I say," she exclaimed, "that *was* a start. Wot ever's she gone for? The hussy—after your buying her all these things. I'd give it to her if I caught her."

"Oh," said Rose, hurriedly, "something happened which we did not see. She will come back, perhaps. Will you keep the things, please?—Nello," she added, in a quick whisper, "I think we had better go on now."

And poor little Rose, disheartened and half frightened, caught her brother's hand and swept him away out of the store, feeling that it was very hard work to keep tears of alarm or disappointment from gathering.

As for Nello, he was reduced to silence for a moment by what had occurred. Then he broke forth with: "Perhaps *she* was a fairy herself, Rose."

"Nonsense!" said his sister, a little sharply.

Poor Rose! she was hurt and bewildered, and her fancies about Albaroupe and Marvinna crumbled away, leaving her in a most uncomfortable frame of mind. "Fairies are foolish things to play about, Nello. But where *do* you suppose she went?" she added, feeling that even Nello's ideas might be a comfort at such a moment.

"Oh, perhaps she'll come back. Let us wait, Rose," pleaded the little boy. "She is sure to come back."

But half an hour's waiting availed them nothing. For what reason they could not divine, but the object of their impulsive charity had vanished, it seemed, completely and forever, and with her so much of their pleasure that they were glad enough to hurry home and to confide their disappointment to Maria. If their effort had ended in failure, at least there was a touch of unexpected adventure in it, and before dinner-time Rose had come to the conclusion that they would be sure to hear something further of the mysterious Agnes by going to the bakery at the same hour the next day.

"It is always better to go at the *same hour*," she said, impressively, to Nello; "perhaps we won't find her until the third time, but we'll *try*."

### III.

Rose came down the next morning determined not to let the disappointment of yesterday overshadow their breakfast hour.

Nello thought it great fun to have their meals alone together in the sitting-room. Rose sat behind the tea-tray, a wise-looking little maiden—not like Nello, for she had dark curls and brown eyes and a thin face—and Nello opposite, his round countenance and merry eyes composed into something like dignity when Maria allowed him to serve the cutlets or hand Rose the caster. On this morning, as Rose came into the room, she found him looking at two letters on the table.

"It has a French stamp," he said, handing one to Rose, "and you'll give it to me, won't you? Do read it quickly, Rose."



"SHE LOOKED VERY WRETCHED."

But the daily letters from her aunt were not affairs to be trifled with. Rose opened the envelope slowly, and then read the letter aloud to Maria and Nello.

Phil was better; they might be home for New-Year's Day, and if not, Rose and Nello were to come on to Paris; and meanwhile Mrs. Forrester said Rose could be "mistress" of everything, and Maria was to let her have her own way as much as possible.

Maria beamed with amusement at this, and both children laughed; but to Rose it meant greater freedom for her Christmas project; and being determined to try the effect of going again to the same place at the same hour, she hardly felt like spending any time in the usual watch of "their house."

But Nello had some information to give. Mrs. Toppett, the landlady, had a son who had just gone there as footman, and this youth Nello had been talking to the evening before while Rose was upstairs with Maria.

"And, Rose," said Nello, eagerly, "I know the old lady's name—it is Lady Blount—and that is her granddaughter, Miss Molyneux; and Joseph says they know the Queen and all the Princesses, and we may see them riding in the gate any day."

Rose laughed merrily, but she was greatly interested.

"And there's to be a Christmas party," continued Nello, growing doleful suddenly at the thought of their own

cheerless prospects, "for the little boy we saw. Oh dear! oh dear!"

"Come, Nello, perhaps we can have one by ourselves," said Rose, jumping up and putting her aunt's letter safely into her pocket. "Now let's go out again—it will be such fun if we can find her."

But on reaching the bakery they were told by the good-humored woman in charge that nothing had been seen of Agnes since the day before.

"If she comes this way, miss, I'll let you know, for sure," said the woman, after writing down the number of Mrs. Toppett's house in Russell Square.

It was small consolation, but the best that could be had, and the two children wandered home, pausing for another look into the old man's curiosity-shop window where a great many new articles seemed to have been placed since the day before. Among other things was the queerest-looking old book—a Bible it seemed to be—with yellow leaves and thick brown covers ornamented in silver. The fly-leaf where it lay open was written over and over with words in a curious hand, and Rose, who had a passion for books, and had seen a great many old ones in a collection at her grandfather's, was interested keenly in this rare-looking volume.

"Oh, Nello!" she exclaimed, "that is just the sort of book Grandpa Forrester would be so glad to have! How much do you suppose it is?"

This was said only from a habit of referring to Nello, who understood that no opinion was really expected of him, and who continued to gaze at the guns and swords while Rose was deciding to ask the price of the book if she dared venture into the dimly lighted shop.

In a moment she had concluded to go boldly in; and holding Nello's hand tightly, she pushed open the little door, which closed after them with a snap and

the tinkle of a little bell. Both were a little frightened, and they stood very still while Rose asked the price of the old book in the window.

The old man with the scarlet cap looked down upon the children with a queer smile wrinkling his face.

"Why, my dear," he said, slowly, "that's an odd thing for a little miss like you to care for. It's a pound, my dear."

"That is five dollars!" said Nello, opening his blue eyes. "So it is."

Rose hesitated, and then decided to wait for a consultation on the subject with Maria.

"I think, sir," she said, looking up at the old man with as serious an air as possible—"I think, if you can keep it for me until to-morrow, I might like to buy it."

And wondering why the old man smiled so strangely when he said "Yes," Rose took Nello by the hand, and they returned home.

#### IV.

It was the quietest of Christmas-eves. Rose, without moving or betraying herself to Nello, let a tear that could not be checked fall on the open page of her book; and as she gave her eyes a little hard rub, Nello moved one line of his tin army, and then looked out absently at the street.

"Rose!" he exclaimed, jumping up, "she's *there*!"

She meant but one person to both children now. Rose was at her brother's side in a moment.

Sure enough, there "she" was—a little drenched figure standing in the wind and rain on the street corner, with a wistful pleading gaze lifted to the window.

"Oh, Rose!" cried Nello, wildly, "what does it mean? Don't let her go this time. Oh, what shall we do?"

Rose felt the importance of the occasion, but she too was excited. "Nello," she said, breathlessly, "you stay at the window and keep your eyes upon her, and I will run down-stairs. No, we won't lose her this time."

There seemed to be wings on Rose's feet. She flew out of the door, down the dusky corridor and the wide, old-fashioned staircase into the hall.

The door had heavy bolts, but Rose with eager fingers pushed them back, and rushed to the steps, quite regardless of the rain and wind which beat upon her little figure.

Agnes saw her. In a moment she was at Rose's side, trembling and flushed and almost crying, while Rose exclaimed: "Oh, we are so glad! Come in, Agnes. That is your name, isn't it?"

And the poor little stranger found herself suddenly whirled into the big house by impetuous Rose, who could hardly express the satisfaction this strange meeting gave her.

"Never mind about being wet," said Rose, eagerly. "Come upstairs; we have a fire. Oh, why did you run away from us? we felt so dreadfully!"

Poor, bewildered Agnes did not know how to answer her new friend's rapid questions, and she was in a state of agonized indecision about going upstairs in her wet clothes; but Rose would hear of no excuses.

"It's all right; don't be foolish," she said, much as she would have done to Nello had he rebelled at a critical moment like this. "But, see here, you must come up to my room, and I'll give you dry things to put on."

Agnes by this time was entirely submissive, and Rose led her on past the sitting-room, up another circular flight of stairs to a long room with two beds in it, and a big fire burning cheerily in an old-fashioned grate.

"Oh, miss," said Agnes, standing still before the genial blaze, while Rose bustled about, getting some garments ready for her visitor, "you must have wondered; but just that minute I saw Mrs. Jorkins—that's the landlady—going down in such a hurry with the book—"

"The book?" Rose turned her face around from the wardrobe, where she was selecting a suitable dress from her own stock.

"Yes, miss. When mother died, you know, she made me promise never to part with it. I don't know why, but I promised her; and we couldn't pay the rent, and Mrs. Jorkins she said it could be sold, and she would sell it, and she'd take it when I was out; and grandfather he can't leave his bed, you know, miss, and she did come in and get it, and has sold it. I saw her pass with it in her hand." Agnes's voice faltered. Her eyes filled with tears.

"But what book was it?" queried Rose.

"Oh, miss, an old Bible. I don't know just who gave it to my mother. Mother died suddenly, and it was hard



"SHE FINALLY TOLD THE WHOLE STORY."

for her to talk; but she kept trying to tell me whose book it was, and what I was to do with it, and said over and over again I was never to part with it. An old Bible, miss, it was, with silver clasps."

"Oh!" exclaimed Rose. "I know I saw it; I know I did!" and while Agnes with trembling fingers was dressing herself, Rose described the book she had priced that morning.

"That's just where she sold it, miss," said Agnes, simply. "It did not seem at all so strange and wonderful to the poor child; but then she had not gone through all that Rose and Nello had. To her the most wonderful thing was this warm room, and the dry, comfortable clothes."

Rose decided very quickly what to do. She had a water-proof, and she was quickly arrayed in it; and then, leading Agnes down to the sitting-room and Nello, she told them what she meant to do. The book should be brought back, that being Agnes's greatest desire, and then—well, they would count up how much money there was left to make the Truefitts' Christmas a happy one.

When Rose Forrester is an old lady I wonder if she will look back to that Christmas-eve, and think all that happened very strange?

It was about three o'clock when she let herself quietly out of the front door, and turned toward Norton Street. The twilight was falling, and the lamps were being lighted, for on a rainy December day in London the dusk is early, and the streets show only spots of light here and there after four o'clock.

Little Rose was so absorbed by the importance of her errand that she thought of nothing else, and minded neither the hour nor the fast-growing darkness; only when she reached the old curiosity shop, and found herself in the midst of its confusion and queer objects, she drew her breath quickly, and began to feel a little anxious over the result of this afternoon's occurrences. She rejoiced that the old man remembered her, and that without much ado he gave her the volume in exchange for her gold piece, and when she was safely on her way back to Russell Square, she looked at the book, half smiling and crying together, and yet with a delightful consciousness that their Christmas *would* be a happy one for somebody.

As she turned to go, he explained to her that she must hold the book very carefully, for he had just begun to unscrew the clasps to see if they were worth anything as old silver, and so Rose kept it tightly clasped while she hastened onward past the shops, where Christmas-eve was evident in every window, and through the square, in which the leafless trees were beginning to grow very shadowy.

It was cold as well as wet, and Rose was glad enough to find herself in-doors again. She sped up the staircase, and rushed into the sitting-room, where she could hear Nello laughing gayly, and Agnes's voice in sweet, quick tones.

"Here it is," Rose said, and in her excitement over joining the other children she let the precious book fall to the floor.

They all stooped to pick it up, and at the same moment a bit of faded paper fluttered out.

"What is that?" said Rose. The clasp hung loosely, and as they picked up the book and the paper, Rose saw that the cover held a sort of flap, and the paper or letter had been hidden within it.

There was an awe-struck silence. All three children were on the floor, and they regarded the book and the discovery almost in dismay. Then Rose said, very gravely: "Agnes, this is a *letter*—do you see?" She held up the paper. "And oh, look, how it begins! Oh! oh!"

"Begins!" said little Agnes, faintly.

Rose jumped up, and in the twilight they read the first line: "Dear Lady Blount—" for that was the opening line of the faded, long-hidden letter.

V.

Rose stood still, feeling that something very strange had happened. Other people's letters never must be read—that she knew—yet how could she find out what ought to be done with this one, which had evidently lain unseen a long time in the book, unless she read it? "Dear Lady Blount!"—the words fascinated as well as startled her, and she looked from the sweet plain little face of Agnes Truefitt back to the paper again, a dozen ideas crowding into her mind before one took shape, and made her think of action.

"Agnes," she said, feeling very much like a general before battle, "do you know how that letter came there? It is to Lady Blount, and she—we know where she lives."

"I don't know anything about it, miss," said Agnes, wonderingly. "I never knew there was that flap place in the book."

"And your mother never spoke of any Lady Blount?"

"Not as I mind, miss. But, you see, I was brought up wi' grandfader, and only lived wi' mother two months before she died."

Rose looked out of the window across at "their house" with a beating heart. Her duty seemed very clear to her. No doubt, had Mrs. Forrester been at home, the matter would have been settled in a different and more formal fashion, but then Rose was only a little girl with the simple, direct ideas belonging to thirteen, and her very quiet life, in which she had been so often left to judge for herself. It did not occur to her now to hesitate. The letter must be taken over to Lady Blount, for whom it had been written, perhaps years ago, and she must then decide what should follow.

The rain had given place to snow—the vapory, cloudy flakes that in London are less like a storm than a thin white covering which vanishes soon, but gives everything a misty, silent look while it abides. Lady Blount's mansion was wrapped up in this mist of whirling white flakes, and Rose, as she stood a moment in the window, could but faintly see the lights in the great drawing-room windows.

There would undoubtedly be something very delightful about going there, yet the little girl felt her heart beating as she thought of talking to the strange old lady face to face.

"I will go," she said, suddenly, to Agnes and Nello. "It is only across the way; and then we will find out just what to do."

"Look for the boy," cried Nello, as Rose was leaving. The boy indeed! Rose's mind was occupied with a much more serious topic. What might not this letter contain?—what might it not lead to? Rose's heart was throbbing with excitement as she stood on the door-steps of the large house, and knocked rather feebly.

Inside, every one was full of the party to be given, and even the butler who heard Rose's little knock felt aggrieved that his work was interrupted. When he opened the door to the small figure in the water-proof, his first thought was to say something very sharp to her, but Rose Forrester's quiet, "I wish to see Lady Blount, if you please," had something in it which made the pompous-looking man in black stop short, and answer politely:

"Who shall I say, miss?"

"Oh, it does not matter," said Rose, quietly. "I only have something to give her. I—"

Rose was in the hall now. An impression of its length, the tapestried hangings, the beautiful wide oak staircase, and the pictures hung along the walls reached her mind and eyes very vaguely as she stood there clasping her letter. A door suddenly opened, and the young lady they had so often seen appeared with her hands full of flowers.

"If you please, miss," said the butler, stiffly, "this young lady says she must see her ladyship on business." The man spoke the word with a slightly sarcastic smile.

"Business?" The young lady stood still and looked at



Rose over her flowers with a sweet and friendly glance. "Come in here, my dear," she added, opening a door to the left; and as it closed upon them she said, "Perhaps you could tell me, Lady Blount is so engaged."

Rose looked up quickly at the young lady's kind, sweet face.

"Are you Miss Molyneux?" she said, with a little blush. "Yes, I can tell you. It is about a letter;" and just how my little Rose never knew, but she finally told the whole story.

Gradually Miss Molyneux's face changed its expression to one of deep interest. Before Rose had finished she had hold of both the child's hands, and was listening intently to every word. Rose had no thought of herself in all this; she told her story with absolute unconsciousness, and handed Miss Molyneux the letter with eager, trembling fingers.

"My dear child," the young lady said, as Rose finished, "will you sit here by the fire while I tell this to grandma?" and in a moment, with the letter in her hands, she had vanished.

Five, ten, fifteen minutes went by. Rose sat before the fire in the pretty little room, wondering how it would end; and then the door opened, Miss Molyneux came in with sparkling eyes, and Rose found herself being hurried along the hall and up the wide, shining oak staircase toward the drawing-room.

How strange it all seemed! To be actually going into the room for glimpses of which she and Nello had been so watchful! All the objects and the people in the beautiful parlor seemed in a sort of mist before her eyes. Preparations for the party were in progress; half a dozen young people were at work helping to fasten the last of the Christmas greens. Some one was playing on the piano, and three or four grown people were having afternoon tea before a great wood fire at one side of the room. Lady Blount was standing in the window, holding the letter in her hands, and she came forward at once to her poor, bewildered little visitor.

"My dear little girl," the old lady said, in the sweetest voice Rose had ever heard, "this is very strange. You have indeed been a Christmas angel. Do you know that this letter was written to me by an old governess of my daughter's? and it was never sent. Sit down here, my child; I will tell you about it."

Rose sat down, still dazed and wondering, while Lady Blount told her the story.

Long ago a nursery governess in the household, who had been brought up carefully by Lady Blount, married and went to live in a remote part of Scotland. After the first one or two letters nothing had been heard of her, and all efforts to trace her proved of no avail. Lady Blount had long since made up her mind that Agnes Martin—or Mrs. Truefitt, I should say—had been unhappy in her marriage, and felt too proud to let her old friends know of it.

Now in this strange fashion Rose had brought to the old lady a letter which the poor woman had written when she thought that she was going to die.

"And the Agnes you speak of is her child," said the old lady, with tears in her eyes; "and I promise you, my dear, her Christmas shall not be a lonely one. No doubt the poor mother in dying impressed upon her child never to part with that Bible, because my daughter had given it to her. It seems strange that all this time that bit of paper should have lain there unnoticed, but I suppose the little girl kept the volume carefully put away."

Rose seemed to have nothing to say after this, and she stood still a moment, only half conscious that the other people in the room were coming toward them, and that Lady Blount said, "Will you come back, my dear, to the children's party?"

It was certainly a moment of temptation, and Rose's first feeling was of great delight; but almost at once she

said, "Oh, thank you; but Aunt Jenny is so particular about where we go, and—"

Lady Blount laughed good-humoredly. "And we are strangers, you were going to say; was not that it? Well, my dear, you are a very sensible little girl, and quite right. I don't know many children who would have been so thoughtful about refusing an invitation—the old lady's keen black eyes sparkled—" and perhaps when your aunt comes home we'll make up for it. Now, will you tell Agnes to come over here to me at once?"

And so, Rose thought, this was to be the end of their Christmas adventure. As she said good-by to the old lady and pretty Miss Molyneux, and went out down the shining staircase, she could not help just a pang of disappointment over it all—the giving up of Agnes, the loss of the Christmas party, and the loneliness of their Christmas-eve, all wrought together, bringing her down from the pinnacle of delight she had reached an hour ago. But it was a great deal to see Agnes's joy on hearing of her good fortune, to send her over to Lady Blount.

After all, the pleasure and satisfaction of the day did not end there, for while Rose and Nello were watching the lighted windows of "their house" there came a knock at the sitting-room door. A man with a huge tray entered and put his burden down, saying:

"With Lady Blount's compliments, to Master and Miss Forrester."

And there was a great Christmas cake and a glass dish of bonbons, and two packages tied up in pink ribbons, which proved to contain a delightful book for Rose and a game for Nello, and in each a card with the dear old lady's name written upon them. And the next day Lady Blount herself came over to see the children, and to take them to the morning service in Westminster Abbey. This invitation Rose did not refuse, and a memorable morning it will always seem to her. She sat beside the old lady, and when the anthem was sung, and the Christmas hymn, a sense of comfort, peace, and good-will came into the little girl's mind, making her far happier, perhaps, than had she spent her Christmas all for herself, and not given part of it at least to others. And, driving home, Lady Blount told them of her plan. Agnes was to come and live with her, and be taught some useful employment, the old man being cared for meantime.

Rose felt very happy and thankful as she listened to all this. She and Nello were so absorbed in listening that they were fairly at their own door before they observed that a carriage had stopped in advance of them with familiar trunks upon it. And then came a new delight. Aunt Jenny had come home! The doctor had declared that Philip was out of all danger, and Mrs. Forrester had hurried back for the two children, having carefully provided against carrying any infection.

Mrs. Forrester was standing in the hall as Lady Blount's carriage drove up to the door, and when Rose rushed forward with, "Oh, Aunt Jenny, I have so much to tell you," Aunt Jenny answered, with her kiss, "Yes, my dearest, I know, and I am very glad."

Perhaps, after all, Rose's greatest victory was in her patience over a "disappointed Christmas," as she called it ever afterward, and turning her mind—and Nello's—as far from herself as was possible. Even if things had not resulted so pleasantly for herself, she thought a long time afterward, there would have been a satisfaction in those days in London. The Forresters and Lady Blount's household have always been good friends, and they have often talked over that Christmas of 1879. But suppose nothing such as we or Rose Forrester would call "nice" had happened to repay her for her generous action? I think, even so, Rose would feel now that she had not wasted, at that dear Christmas season, her own tribute to Him who above all things came to make us love dearly one another.



## THE CHRISTMAS-DAY.—BY MARGARET EVINGE.

OF all the days in all the year  
 The Christmas-day to you belongs,  
 The Christmas-day, my children dear,  
 When far and near sound happy songs;  
 For on that day, at early morn,  
 While loud rejoicings filled the skies,  
 The loveliest of babes was born,  
 The light of heaven in His eyes.  
 On Christmas-day, on Christmas-day,  
 Upon His mother's breast He lay,  
 While bright afar  
 Shone Bethlehem's star  
 On Christmas-day, on Christmas-day.

To grow in wisdom, and to preach  
 Truth, Faith, and Charity, and Love.  
 To wander through the world, and teach  
 The lessons taught to Him above,  
 All little ones He met to greet  
 And welcome, in His Father's name,  
 With kindly words and blessings sweet—  
 It was for this that Jesus came  
 On Christmas-day, on Christmas-day,  
 Made sacred by His birth for aye.  
 Of all the year,  
 My children dear,  
 To you belongs the Christmas-day.

## MRS. LARSEN'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

I.

IT was Christmas morning. The day was a bright one, and the boy had had more presents, especially of money, than ever before; nevertheless, as Harold lounged up and down the road, he was not wholly happy.

"It isn't exactly fair," he was saying to himself, "and yet I don't see how to help it. Wish I could think of some way."

This young worrypate was a stout-shouldered, open-faced lad of fourteen, and as he turned upon his heel at the end of the short path his eye took in a complete circle of mountains white with snow from base to summit. These mountains were not far away and indistinct, but close at hand. In fact, he stood part way up the slope of one; and he was almost two miles above the level of the ocean, on whose distant shore was his real home.

Between where he walked and the opposite mountain sank a deep narrow valley, or "gulch," as the Utah peo-

ple call it. Its farther side showed a few rocky crags, dotted with spruces, where the snow could not lie on account of the steepness; and he knew, though it was out of sight, that his own hill-side broke off into a similar precipice at the bottom.

Looking down the valley toward the right, he could trace the road for about a mile, until it disappeared behind a headland of granite, turning the sharp corner on a shelf the outer edge of which bordered upon the very brink of such a precipice as I have described.

"Somebody 'll pitch off there one o' these days," he said to himself, "if anything ever breaks loose on the car."

To the left the gulch sloped steeply to where, four or five miles distant, a vast pyramid of snow and rocks cut off the view, except that over its shoulder Harold could count the tips of half a dozen lofty peaks, shining like white marble against the intensely blue sky.

This was a silver-mining gulch far up among the summits of the Wasatch Mountains. One of the richest mines

was under the management of Harold's father, who usually spent the winter in the East, or, at least, in Salt Lake City, making only two or three visits to the gulch during the colder half of the year.

This winter, however, the mine had called for close attention, and Mr. Morton had persuaded his family to stay with him in his snug cabin on the mountain, where Harold had found life by no means dull. Indeed, the lad's complaint just now was that he was having too good a time, yet he could not see just how to give anybody else a share in it.

"Here am I," he was repeating to himself, impatiently, "with a pocketful of money, good warm clothes, and lots of sweet things to eat, and there is that poor Lud Larsen picking away day and night to keep his people in bacon and beans."

Hans Larsen was a man who worked in Mr. Morton's mine, and had been disabled by an accident, so that his son Ludovig, who was nearly Harold's own age, had become the whole support of his mother and his two little sisters.

"Father says it won't do for me to give him money or presents—'twould make all sorts of trouble among the miners. Mother looks after the two little ones, and I'm glad it isn't my business, for if there are any children in the world wholly hateful, those two babies of Larsen's are the ones. There's nobody else I know that needs help, or would take it for that matter, they're such an independent set out here. Yet it seems to me I'd like to do something in the way Ivanhoe and Richard the Lion-heart and those old knights used to. But, pshaw! that's all gone long ago, and nobody can do anything heroic nowadays,



IT SEEMED AN HOUR, THAT BRIEF SECOND OF EXPECTATION

especially if he's rich. A ragged boot-black or deck hand seems to turn out a hero once in a while, but people never think a fellow who has been to school, and knows how to be polite, might be brave too on a pinch. At any rate, I'd like to give somebody a present this Christmas that would really make 'em feel glad I was around."

## II.

Just as he was growling under his breath these regrets that the days of knightly valor were departed, and half despoising himself for the accident of having plenty of money, a shout of excitement among the men and boys collected in holiday attire at the ore house aroused his attention, and made him run to join them, forgetting his somewhat romantic worries in an instant.

The mines in these mountains were all at a great height, as silver lodes in the West are very likely to be, and the gulch itself was too steep and rugged to allow of building a railway into it. From its head, where the principal mines were clustered, to its foot, and a branch of one of the Utah railroads came up, there ran a tramway about eight miles long.

The grade of this road was very steep—perhaps 300 feet to the mile—and it was laid well up on the mountain-side, swinging in a great curve around the head of the gulch, then coming pretty straight down past where Harold lived, until it turned sharply around the rocky headland a mile below him, and followed the ins and outs of the hill-side to its lower end.

This steep and winding tramway answered well enough, because all heavy loads came down, nothing going up except empty cars or light loads of provisions and so forth. The cars were rude boxes about five feet long and half as wide, mounted on small low wheels. Three or four of them would be filled with ore somewhere up the track, and linked together into a short train. Then a man would mount the load, and loosen the brakes by moving a lever. Their weight would cause the heavy cars to start downhill at once, and would keep them running, the conductor controlling their speed by tightening or loosening the lever of the brake as he wished.

To go faster than ten miles an hour was thought unsafe, and when, as occasionally happened, a car broke loose and ran away down the grade alone, great damage was sure to follow.

The empty cars gathered at the bottom were hauled slowly up by tandem teams of mules, meeting and passing the down trains on side tracks. Harold's place was a sort of half-way station.

In coming down, these cars ran swiftly by their own weight, and no trip could be more exciting. It was as good as coasting, and very much like it, except that you had a mule to pull you back.

To-day, of course, was a holiday, and no cars were supposed to be running, yet surely there was one coming down the track from the head of the gulch. It could not be made out very well at first, but soon came into plainer view, spinning along the great half-circle which the track took at the head of the valley.

"It's a runaway passenger-car!" yelled a man in the excited group with whom Harold was watching the escape.

"Great ginger! she's a whoopin'," exclaimed another miner, as the dot was seen to shoot athwart the snowy background of mountain slope with ever-growing speed.

"There's somebody aboard—two of 'em!" was the next discovery. "Why don't they slow up? They'll jump the track sure, and it's no joke of a fall they'd get down the rocks along there."

"Maybe the brake's busted."

"No," Harold cried out: "It's Larsen's babies, and they don't know enough. I suppose they have been playing on the car, and turned it loose."

"Larsen's kids!" exclaimed the whole crowd. "They're gone 'coons."

What was to be done? If anything, it must be quickly.

The little car, rocking and jolting under its fearful speed, but holding to the track almost by a miracle, was spinning toward the group of men at a breathless rate.

In two minutes more it would be there, if before that time it had not leaped the track, and hurled into the ravine the two little girls who had sunk down between the seats, and were clinging to each other's necks in a frenzy of fright.

"Get a big rope," yelled one man. "Hold it in front of the car, and catch her in the slack."

Several men started at this suggestion to bring a cable. Perhaps the plan might have succeeded if it had been tried, but Harold felt, with a heart that almost stopped beating in horror, that the time was too short.

Then a thought struck him.

Beside the station was a side track, on which several ore cars were standing. He waited to ask nobody's advice, but sprang to the switch, opened it, and, with a strength he wondered at afterward, pushed one of these empty cars forward upon the main track. Closing the switch with one hand, and jogging the car with the other, he clambered in and began moving down the main track ahead of the runaway, which was chasing him like a thunder-bolt.

"I have half a minute the start," he said to himself, as he glanced back. "If only I can get well under way, I can catch it and slow up safely. If it overtakes me too soon, it'll bounce me off the track, and then—good-by all of us!"

He was rolling faster and faster every rod. His brakes were wide open, and already he was making twenty miles an hour—a perilous speed; but the babies behind him were running sixty, and one of their axles was ablaze.

Two seconds later they were so near that he could see the whites of their terrified eyes staring wildly from under their yellow curls. The lad never remembered how much he had disliked them half an hour ago. He was too full of the possibility of saving their lives and restoring them to their mother—a Christmas present worth even *his* making! In a twinkling now the wild car would strike him, and the dreaded precipice was hardly a rifle-shot away.

"I am not going half fast enough," he thought, with an agonizing picture of home faces flashing across his eyes, and a fleeting temptation in his heart to leap out into the safety of a snow-bank and leave both cars to their fate. But he put this feeling away with the next thought, and fixed his mind on his work.

Grasping the upright handle of the brake with one hand, he clutched the grimy and creaking old box with the other, and waited the instant that should tell whether he was to catch and hold and slow down to safety that runaway passenger-car with Larsen's yellow-haired babies, or whether they all should go over the cliff together.

It seemed an hour, that brief second of expectation, while the headland loomed almost overhead. Then came a shock, a frightful lurch and rumble, a hard grip upon the jerking brake-rod, a blinding sort of pause, and Harold realized that he was still upright upon the track, that his car was grinding its way to a sullen stoppage at the curve, and that he and the babies were safe on the very brink of the awful rocks.

## III.

Perhaps you may not call this feat a very great thing to do; but the men up the gulch thought it was just that, and nothing less. None of them expected to see any one of the three come back alive from that fearful ride.

It happened, just at the moment when Harold leaped into his car and pushed off, that his father came out of the house and caught a distant glimpse of him. Supposing his boy would be surprised and dashed to pieces before he



could get out of the road of the runaway, and not waiting to be told that Harold knew this car was coming, and had placed himself in front of it to try to catch it, Mr. Morton ran down the rough tramway as fast as he could go, followed by the whole crowd.

Both cars shot quickly out of sight, but the men hastened on, fearing every moment to come upon a wreck. You can imagine something of their joy when they saw Harold, safe and sound, standing beside the passenger-car, comforting as well as he could the screaming infants, who clung about his neck.

Mr. Morton folded his big arms tightly around all three, while the workmen pressed up to shake Harold's hand and slap him on the back, pretending not to see the tears on their Superintendent's weather-beaten cheek. Harold noticed these, though, and again seized his father's hand.

"Does mother know?" he asked, anxiously. "And will she fret? Bill Smiley"—turning to one of the boys—"please run and tell her I'm all right."

"No—no need of that," Mr. Morton exclaimed; "she doesn't know in what peril her brave boy has put himself."

"Brave?" Harold repeated, in a wondering tone. "Why, there wasn't anything else to do. It ain't worth bragging about."

That woke up a big miner who had heard plenty of boasting, but didn't often meet with modesty.

"Well, blow me over the range, if here ain't a feller as don't know he's got more sand than this 'ere whole chicken-hearted camp! Three cheers, boys, whoop 'er up! Now, then—one! two! three—T-I-G-E-R R-R!"

How those hurrahs did go up! Three or four Utah coyotes can yelp so loud and so fast that you will think half a hundred are in full cry. So these dozen men made the rocky walls of that valley ring with such cheers as you would hardly expect to hear from three times their number; and as the final tiger yell echoed up and down the cañon, Harold was lifted on to the front seat of the car, beside the babies, while the excited men began to push him back up the track in the grandest style they could arrange on so short notice.

Little Bill Smiley, taking a hint, scampered off ahead; and when the procession came near home Mrs. Morton was seen waiting. The men broke into a trot, and cheered again as the platform was reached, and the lad leaped off to be clasped in his mother's arms.

"I'm glad you didn't know, or wasn't around," Harold confessed to her; "for then, perhaps, I should not have dared."

"There wa'n't none o' the rest of us had the nerve, madam," said the big miner; "and I tell you them kids would ha' gone over the cliff, sure as shootin', if it hadn't been for your son."

"Oh, you're all making too much of this little thing," Harold broke in. "But what about those same 'kids'?"

Somewhat Harold's dislike of them was gone entirely. He was anxious about their comfort now, and would have quarrelled indignantly with any one who said their yellow hair, pale blue eyes, and snub noses were not as pretty as possible.

"Well, somebody would better take them home, I suppose," his father answered.

"Let's all go!" exclaimed Harold. "We can hitch up the mules and take you along, mother. You'll go, won't you?"

"If you would like it."

Five minutes later, therefore, the Mortons and several of the men had mounted the car, and were jogging up the snow-bordered tramway.

When they reached the head of the gulch, where were the mines and the little settlement in which the Larsens lived, nobody was on the lookout, and apparently neither car nor children had been missed. So Mrs. Morton and Harold walked on to the house, and knocked at the door.

leaving the little ones outside. A voice called, "Come in," and they entered.

It was a bare, cold, dark log cabin of two small rooms, in the further one of which, as they knew, stood Mr. Larsen's bed. A half-dead fire smouldered on the hearth, and at first their dazzled eyes could distinguish nothing else; but in a moment they saw that this front room also contained an extra bed, upon which lay the wife of the injured workman, as helpless as he.

"Are you sick too?" exclaimed Mrs. Morton.

"Yes'm. I fe bin sick since more'n a week ago—couldn't vash nor vork at all."

"Where is Ludovig?"

"He is gone to vork up at de Shpread Eagle Mine—and dis is Gristmas, too. It was too bad—too bad."

"Then the money I gave you for presents for—" Mrs. Morton began to ask; but the poor woman interrupted her.

"Ach, my goot frient, I had mit dat to puy some medicine. And dose goot tings to eat vat you did send—vell, I dinks de shildren vould haf been shstarved except for dose goot tings you sent. But dey're all gone already, and I don't know vat I shall do."

"Where are the babies now?"

"Oh, dey're oud to blay. Dey shstay too long, but dey must haf some fun. Bime-by dey haf mebbe to suffer too, shust like me."

At that instant the door was burst open, and a shock-headed boy who did not belong to the Morton party rushed in, shouting, "Oh, Mis' Larsen, your kids has gone down the road on a runaway car, and they is both kill—"

He had no time to say more. Harold leaped at him like a terrier at a rat, spun him out of the open door, and pitched him headlong into a cooling snow-drift, "To teach the blockhead more sense," as he explained afterward.

At hearing the last word of this rude messenger Mrs. Larsen had tried to spring up, but Mrs. Morton pressed her back upon the pillow, exclaiming:

"The children are safe. They did go down the track, but they were saved by—"

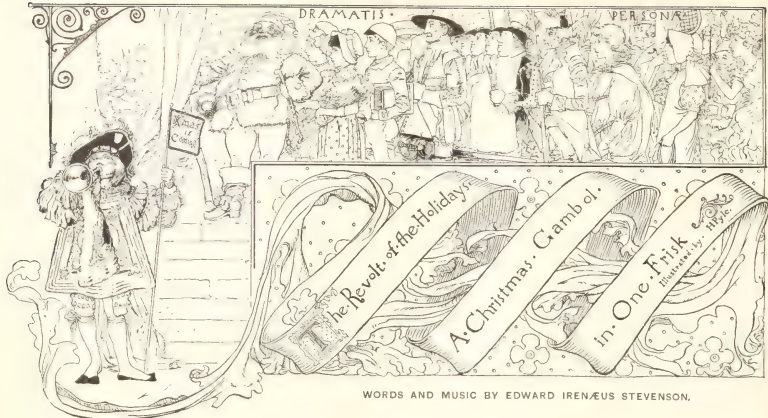
"A young fellow who happened to be there," added Harold, before his mother could pronounce any name; and going to the door he called the two children in.

To see the deep joy with which that poor mother welcomed back the lost little ones, and to feel what might have been the scene had they been brought to that distracted home dead instead of alive, was too much for the tender-hearted lad, and he began to poke the fire with tremendous vigor. The next thought was, supposing that he had failed, and that *his* had been the mother weeping over a lifeless child, and— But he couldn't stand this picture at all, and rushed out, exclaiming, "Awful smoky!" for fear somebody should misunderstand the water in his eyes and the chokiness in his throat.

More than one holiday has come and gone since then.

The Larsens still live in the gulch, but they are well off now, for their sore distress was discovered and bountifully relieved before it was too late. There were people enough to tell the little girls—getting to be big girls now—the name of the "young fellow" who saved their lives at the risk of his own, and gladly gave them all his Christmas money into the bargain, turning into a blessing what might have been a dreadful sorrow.

As for Harold—well, he has given up worrying because there is no chance nowadays to do anything heroic. He knows it is a more serious thing really to be a hero than most boys suppose in their dreams of knights and conquerors; and when, on Christmas, he goes to church and hears of Him whose perfect manliness all men pattern after who try to make the best of themselves, nothing goes home to his feeling and his understanding like the record that of His own will Christ gave His life for the help of those who were weak and in trouble. "Greater love hath no man than this"—nor greater courage.



WORDS AND MUSIC BY EDWARD IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, ETC.

<b>Fred</b> .....	Dark school suit appropriate to boy of eleven; strap of books; air of wide-awakeness.	<b>Easter</b> .....	(By a girl of ten.) Plain white robe; pale green mantle. Banner, a huge lily stem, on which hangs a large card-board egg, inscribed. Below her <i>Easter</i> dress she must wear full <i>Columbine</i> costume for the transformation.
<b>Dora</b> <b>Dorothy</b> {	Effectively contrasted Kate Greenaway costumes for girls of ten. Two pieces of bright Christmas fancy-work.	<b>New-Year's Day</b> .....	Comic dress suit, completely festooned with visiting-cards loosely tacked on. Banner inscribed, "January 1."
<b>Santa Claus</b> .....	(As identical with <i>Christmas Day</i> .) Wears the conventional Santa Claus costume, minus the pack, and with a huckle.	<b>Saturday</b> .....	(By a girl.) Comic fancy dress. Banner inscribed, and hung on a fishing-pole, tied with a tennis racket. A quantity of games and sporting articles upon her person.
<b>Thanksgiving Day</b>	Quaint black Puritan costume. Banner inscribed with name. Large pumpkin-pie of yellow paper; fork and plate. In his pocket or at hand a gorgeous red and yellow fool's-cap, huckle, and clock, for transformation-costume as Pantaloon.	<b>Ballet of the Jolly Frogs</b> (6)	Black costumes, relieved with yellow. Forks and plates.
<b>Fourth of July</b>	Continental military costume. American flag, inscribed. May carry a sky-rocket, a pack of fire-crackers, etc., disposed about his person, with the powder in them removed for fear of accident.	<b>Military Ballet</b> (80)	(Continental suits. German snapping cracker.
<b>Washington's Birthday</b> .....	(Similar dress to <i>Fourth of July</i> . Banner inscribed with name, surmounted by a hatchet.	<b>Fires and Fireworks' Ballet</b> ...	(As numerous as size of room permits.) Conventional costumes. Boys and girls of seven and eight.

The MUSIC is as suggested below:

For the Accompaniments and Incidental Music a small orchestra or string quartette to reinforce the piano-forte is very advisable. The music can be readily arranged. A Mason & Hamlin orchestral organ is nearly as admirable in its effect. In default of anything else the piano must serve. For the Prelude the brilliant little overture to Strauss's "The Merry War" is capitate; but any lively march or galop will do. The "Easter Chimes" effect is charmingly imitated by striking with a wand, quickly yet gently, some thin glass goblets set in the adjoining room.

SCENE: Upon which, as the Prelude is concluded, the Curtain rises. A large drawing-room, brightly lit up; wide-matted chimney at back. L., a door, before which a spy screen. Dora and Dorothy sitting busily by the fire. Raising themselves, they see the opening.

Duet. Air, "The Silver Churn," from *Patience*.

DORA AND DOROTHY.

Hurrah for Christmas holidays.  
The jolliest days of all the year!  
With merry hearts, and gifts, and plays,  
We welcome in our Christmas cheer.  
Each school desk now is gathering dust,  
Each lesson-book is thick with dust.  
Our every stocking's darned, because  
One rent would shock dear Santa Claus.  
DORA. Sharp Santa Claus!  
DOROTHY. Yes, Santa Claus.  
BOTH. And all the merry world around,  
Where boys and girls are found,  
Who is the one who will not say,  
"Hurrah for Christmas-day!"  
(As the refrain is played they turn to their seats.  
Enter Fred, comical. He flings down his books, etc. Music ceases.)

FRED speaking angrily.

There! Just go stay there, hateful things!  
I've studied till my whole head rings,  
And only two examples right.

Duet, "O shame upon you, horrid boy!"



How awful hard at work to-night

You two girls seem to be!

DORA. So hard at work! Do presents grow?

DOROTHY. To-morrow's Christmas-Eve, you know;

But boys don't have to sew and sew

For any Christmas tree.

[Sings]

FRED. Don't talk to me of Christmas trees,

Nor Christmas either,

If you please:

It means to me exam-

ination,

And endless headaches

and vexation.

In spite of—well, a

present or two,

I'm willing, girls, to

own to you

That of all the few hol-

idays, with their fun,

The long year brings

about.

Christmas is just the

very single one

I'd easiest do without.

(Dora and Dorothy

spring up, and stand

in shocked surprise.

F., pointing their

fingers at FRED.)





Oh, bitter blows the winter wind,  
And bare is many a wildwood tree,  
But Christmas sunlight gilds each bough,  
And fills the heart with revelry.  
*Chorus.*—What! do without, etc.

(As they sing the last measures they approach FRED threateningly. He retreats. A loud knock. FRED peers behind the screen, and returns.)

FRED. Be quiet. Such a curious stranger!

DORA. Oh, dearest Fred!

A tramp?



THANKSGIVING DAY.  
(entering politely)

No danger,  
Good-evening, my young friends. May I my name  
And errand to you youngsters here proclaim?  
FRED. Yes, sir; speak on.

THANKSGIVING-DAY.

In passing by, just as it chanced, I heard  
Your sentiments (to FRED) on Christmas-day; each word.  
You're right, my lad. 'Tis time to stop this stuff  
That people think about it. Long enough  
This heathen Santa Claus has fairly made  
Us other Holidays keep in the shade.  
But now, brave Fred, if you will aid the fight,  
A revolution shall break out this night.  
And each of us appear and claim his right.

(Unfurling his banner.)

I'm old Thanksgiving-Day. Boldly I cry,  
"This Christmas-Day no greater is than I";

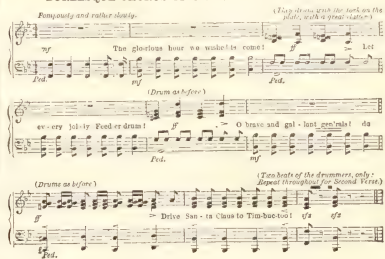
I swear it—on a sacred pumpkin-pie!  
(Produces the pie from under his cloak, and waves it aloft. DORA and DOROTHY exclaim angrily, and turn away.)

FRED (eagerly). Yes, yes: I join! Three cheers for mutiny!  
You shall be leader.

THANKSGIVING-DAY.

Hail ye turkey! (As he speaks he hurls the pie from the cloak, behind the screen, and then drums loudly on the empty dish with the fork. Enter the six JOLLY FEEDERS to the tune of a lively March. They salute FRED and THANKSGIVING-DAY.)

BURLESQUE CHORUS OF THE SIX JOLLY FEEDERS.



Up! up! and march against the foe! [Drumming as before.  
And eat your rations as you go. [Drumming.  
Give both our leaders three times three, [Drumming.  
Who lead us Pies to victory. [Two beats.

THANKSGIVING-DAY (to DORA and DOROTHY, while the FEEDERS form on L.).

Ha! I forgot you. Will you join our throng,  
And help the HOLIDAYS' Revolt along?

DORA. Never! ten thousand times.

DOROTHY.

I'd rather die

Than treat our Santa Claus so shamefully.

DORA. Shame on you, Fred!

THANKSGIVING-DAY.

Arrest them. Treachery!

FRED.

(The FEEDERS surround the two girls, and guard them. While they do this, "Yankee Doodle" is heard being played softly on the piano in drum-and-ff. FRED.)

THANKSGIVING-DAY. Ah! the good news spreads fast. I know that tune.  
(All stand expectantly. Music crescendo.)

Enter FOURTH of JULY, bowing  
and followed by  
WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.



All hail, brave generals! I've heard the news:  
Old Santa Claus is shaking in his shoes.  
I and my followers hurried here to you  
To find if such a glad report were true.  
Success to the revolt you have begun,  
And to assist it count on me for one.  
My name is great, I think, from South to North!

FOURTH  
OF  
JULY.

HP.

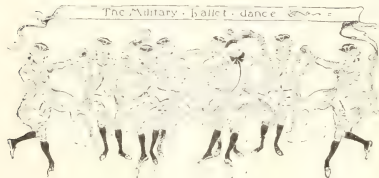


WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY. There! let me introduce the glorious Fourth.  
FOURTH OF JULY. And in my turn let me present, I pray,  
My near relation, Washington's Birthday.

FRED. I'm sure we should be proud our posts to fill.  
FOURTH OF JULY. Soldiers, display your military drill.  
One! Two! three!

(The first dance of a brilliant Lancers is played. The MILITARY BALLET  
dance, concluding each act with a discharge of the crackers.)

The Military Ballet-dance



WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY. Hold! Who are these (pointing to DORA and  
DOROTHY), each with so cross a face?

THANKSGIVING-DAY. Adherents to the Christmas-Day disgrace.  
We'll fix their penalties all in good time.

Hark! what was that I heard—an Easter chime?  
FOURTH OF JULY shaking and tramping across, while the bells are loudest more  
clear and loud! Yes, surely. See! here comes a famous friend  
To join the war.

FRED. To go as far as this. But since we've started,  
I'll not back out, to be called chicken-hearted.

(The bells chime. A slow March is played. EASTER enters with SATUR-  
DAY, and attended by four Pages armed with gift spears, and bearing  
garlands, etc.)

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY (quinting her). Welcome, dear Easter, welcome  
to this rally.

EASTER (saluting the assembly).

Ah! you may well count me in as your ally.  
When to my vernal home the message passed  
That this revolt had broken out at last,  
I flew to urge it. I felt—indeed I do  
I've heard young folks of Christmas talk until  
I hate the name. Let's find, attack, and rout him.  
Then all the world won't rave so much about him.  
(Flourishing her banner.)

SATURDAY.

But am not I of all the most neglected?  
No child my claims to honor has respected.  
I, the most faithful Holiday of all,  
Far oftener in the school-boy lot to fall!  
Who ever knew me once to stay away.  
Or fail to end his week with twelve hours' play?

THANKSGIVING-DAY. Truly you speak. Welcome, good Saturday.  
(Looking about him.)

EASTER. One moment, please. I see another friend  
Approach our ranks.

FRED (approaching to the audience). I fear that no good end  
Will come of this night's business. Don't I wish  
I'd never jumped in such a kettle of fish.

Enter NEW-YEAR'S Day, saluting the army.

All hail, hold rebels! I am known to fame  
As New-Year's Day. Oh, 'tis a burning shame  
The way this Christmas-Day has stolen our glory!  
My blood boils every time I tell the story.  
Why, people think so little of abuse  
They dare to hint my custom's out of use.  
Let Christmas-Day be well upon his guard;  
I'll smother him with my last visiting-card.

[Applause.]

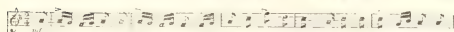


Easter · & · Saturday

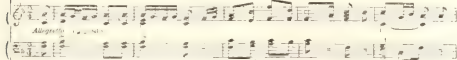
Four Pages armed with spears attendant.



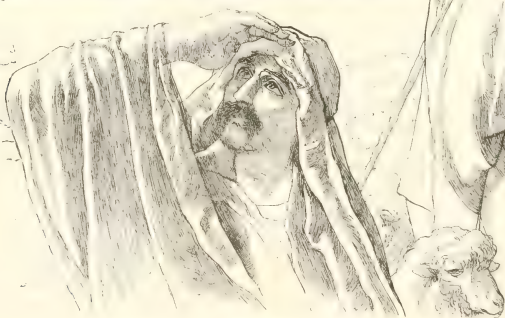




1. When the babe born of pure Ma-rye, In Bethlehem that fair-est day, The An-gels sang with
2. The hosts of heav'n above, To save man-kind, To us, their prom-ise as we find, There-fore this song have
4. Great-est, O Lord, for Thy great grace In heav'n the bliss to see Thy face, Where we may sing to



BOYS GIRLS ALL



# HARPER'S

# YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 217.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Tuesday, December 25, 1883.

Copyright, 1883, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$1.50 per Year, in Advance.



## THE ICE QUEEN.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

### CHAPTER I.

THROWN UPON THEIR OWN RESOURCES.

THE early dusk of a December day was fast changing into darkness as three of the young people with

"DISCUSSING THE PLAN."



whose adventures this story is concerned trudged briskly homeward.

The day was a bright one, and Aleck, the oldest, who was a skilled workman in the brass foundry, although scarcely eighteen years of age, had given himself a half-holiday in order to take Kate and The Youngster on a long skating expedition down to the light-house. Kate was his sister, two years younger than he, and The Youngster was a brother whose fourteenth birthday this was.

The little fellow never had had so much fun in one afternoon, he thought, and maintained stoutly that he scarcely felt tired at all. The ice had been in splendid condition, the day calm but cloudy, so that their eyes had not ached, and they had been able to go far out upon the solidly frozen surface of the lake.

"How far do you think we have skated to-day, Aleck?" asked The Youngster.

"It's four miles from the lower bridge to the light-house," spoke up Kate, before Aleck could reply, "and four back. That makes eight miles to begin with."

"Yes," said Aleck, "and on top of that you must put—let me see—I should think, counting all our twists and turns, fully ten miles more. We were almost abreast of Stony Point when we were farthest out, and they say that's five miles long."

"Altogether, then, we skated about eighteen miles."

"Right, my boy; your arithmetic is your strong point."

"Well, I should say his feet were his strong point to-day," Kate exclaimed, in admiration of her brother's hardihood.

"It wasn't a bad day's work for a girl I know of, either," remarked Aleck, as he took the key from his pocket and opened the door of their house, which was soon bright with lamp-light and a crackling fire of oak and hickory.

The house these three dwelt in was a small cottage in an obscure street of the village, but it was warm and tight. Kate was housekeeper, and The Youngster—whose real name was James, contracted first into Jim, and then into Jimkin—was man of all work, and maid of all work too sometimes, when Kate needed his help.

While these two are getting tea, and Aleck is carefully wiping the skates and putting them away where no rust can have a chance at the blades, or mice gnaw the straps, let me tell you a few things about the family.

Jim could not remember his father at all, and Kate only a little, but Aleck could tell us all about him. His name was Kincaid, and he was a master-builder of houses. He had bought and fitted up the cottage, and he had money in the bank, though Mrs. Kincaid was sick much of the time, and therefore money was spent that would have been laid by "for a rainy day" if she had been strong and well.

Unfortunately the rain came sooner than any one thought for. One day, when Jim was still a baby, creeping in small excursions from table leg to chair round, Papa was brought home hurt by the falling of a scaffold at the top of a house. He was not dead, and all thought he would be well again in a few weeks at most; but instead he grew slowly worse, and after a time died.

Then the poor mother, always weak, did the best she could, and Kate tried to help her, while Aleck stopped his school-going, and went to work in the brass foundry. At first, though, he could earn but a little, and Mr. Kincaid's savings slowly melted away until almost nothing was left. Then the tired and desolate mother, never strong, bade her children that long farewell that seems so terribly hopeless to all of us when we are young, and the three "mitherless bairns" were thrown upon their own resources.

The question arose as to what they should do. Jim was now ten years old, and going to school. Kate had not neglected to do some studying, and a great deal of reading, too, though she had always been so busy, and a few weeks before her mother's death she had been study-

ing regularly with a lady who lived near, and whom Katy paid by picking the small fruit as fast as it appeared in the lady's large gardens. Aleck, as I have said, was working steadily, and getting enough wages to keep them all in fair comfort, since they owned the house and enough garden to give them plenty of vegetables. So, after talking the prospect over, they decided to stay in their little house and live together. A letter was written to Uncle Andrew in Cleveland, who had offered Kate and Jimmy a home, saying they would try it alone a while before burdening any of their friends.

This decision had been made almost four years before my story opens, and it had not been regretted. They had even saved some money, but the larger part of this had been spent in repairing the house, and in fitting up a new boat for Jim and one of his friends, who thought they knew a way to make a little money in the summer vacation if they had a good boat. This boat had been completed only in time to prove how good it was, before the ice had come with unusual earliness and strength, and now the pretty craft was safely stored in a warehouse down at the schooner landing, a mile below the town.

They all slept very soundly after their skating holiday—even Rex, the great Newfoundland dog, who was a member of the family by no means to be overlooked; but their ears were not stopped so tight that the clangor of the church bells about midnight failed to arouse them with its dreadful alarm of fire. Hastening to an upper window, one glance at the blaze-reddened heavens showed our friends that the group of factories in the southern part of the town was burning, and one of these was the brass foundry where Aleck worked.

Aleck hurried away, and they did not see him until after sunrise, when he came home tired, wet, and soot-blackened. The whole shop had burned to the ground, and it had been only by great risk and exertion that he had been able to rescue his father's precious chest of tools.

"I didn't think," said the young man, as he sat wearily down to Katy's hot coffee, "that my job would be so short when McAbee told me yesterday I could work there 'as long as the foundry lasted.'"

During that day and the next Aleck tried every possible chance of employment in the village, but found nothing; and by the time evening came he had made up his mind that no regular employment equal to his old place was to be had there for months to come.

There was no doubt about it. The time had arrived when they must avail themselves of Uncle Andrew's kindness.

## CHAPTER II.

### "THE YOUNGSTER'S" PLAN.

"You see," said Aleck, "though I've got about seventy-five dollars ahead, yet when we have bought what we shall need, there will be not more than forty dollars left. Now if we go to Cleveland in the cars and take our things with us, it'll cost us twenty-five dollars or more, and leave us almost nothing to get started with there."

"S'posin'," said Jimkin the Wise—"s'posin' we don't go in the cars. Cleveland's on the lake, and the lake's all ice; let's skate down to uncle's!"

"Humph!" grunted Aleck.

"Pshaw!" said Kate.

"Didn't we skate eighteen miles yesterday, and couldn't we have gone farther?" persisted Jim, unabashed.

"It's more than a hundred miles to Cleveland. Think you could do that in one day? Besides, how would you know the way?"

"Didn't say I could do it in one day. But couldn't we go ashore and stop at night! That's the way the Hall boys did, who skated up to Detroit last winter."

"I read in the newspaper yesterday," said Kate, "that the lake was frozen uncommonly hard, and was solid ice



all the way along the shore as far as the headlands of Ashtabula."

"If we could be sure of that," Aleck admitted, "there might be some use in trying; but one can't be sure. Besides, how could we take along our baggage?"

"Pull it on a sled," said Kate—"the way they do in the arctic regions. Men up there just live on the ice, sleep at night and cook their food and travel all day, and they don't have skates either.—Gracious! Who can that be?"

No wonder Katy was astonished, for there came echoing through the house a noise as if somebody was pounding the wall down with a stone maul. Aleck hastened to put a stop to it by opening the door.

He was greeted by the grinning face of a round-headed chunky lad nearly Aleck's own age, named Thucydides Montgomery; but as this was too long a name for the Western people, it had been cut down very early in life to "Tug," which everybody saw at once was the right word, on account of the lad's strength and toughness. The mammas of the village, getting their information from the small boys of the public school, whom, in his great fondness for joking, he would sometimes frighten and tease, thought him a bad boy.

Aleck knew him better, and knew how brave and good-hearted he was. Jim had good cause to be fond of him, for in behalf of The Youngster, during his first week at school, Tug had soundly thrashed a bullying tyrant; while Kate gratefully remembered various heavy market-baskets he had carried for her, since he lived close by. A closer tie between our little family and their visitor, however, was the fact that like them he was an orphan, and like them had relatives in Cleveland, whom he had often thought he should like to be with better than staying with his aunt here in Monore.

When Tug had joined the circle gathered before the big fire-place, and begun to talk about the brass-works, he was promptly hushed by Aleck.

"Put that up now, and attend to me. This urchin here, who has become very cheeky since he began to go to school—"

"And came under my care," Tug interrupted, loftily.

"Yes—no doubt. Well, The Youngster finds we all want to go to Cleveland, but can't afford the railway fare, and so he coolly proposes that we skate there."

"Well, why don't you do it? I'll go with you," said Tug, quietly.

Jim shouted with triumph. Kate laughed and clapped her hands at the fun of beating her big brother, and Aleck looked as though he thought he was being quizzed.

"Do you mean it?" he asked.

"Of course I do. I want to go down as badly as you do. I haven't any stamps, and the walking, I'm told, isn't good. I prefer to skate."

"Katy says we might drag our luggage on sleds, as they do in the arctic regions; but supposing the ice should break up, or we should come to a big crack?"

"I have read," Kate remarks again, "that they carry boats on their sledges, and pack their goods in the boats, so as to float if the ice gives way."

"Take my boat!" screamed Jim, eagerly.

"That would call for a big sled."

"Well, didn't you two fellows build a pair of bobs last winter big enough to carry that boat?"

"Doubtful," answered Aleck. But when they brought out the plan of the boat, and then measured the bobs, which were stored in the wood-shed, they found them plenty wide, and Tug was sure they were sufficiently strong.

Kate looked at them rather doubtfully, and said she had never read of arctic boats mounted on heavy bobs, but that they always seemed to have long light runners under them; but Jim reminded her curtly that "girls

didn't know everything"; so she kept still, and the planning and talking went on.

Young people who are under no necessity to ask permission of older persons, and, besides, are pushed by circumstances, decide quickly on a plan which looks forward to adventure. Generally, I fear, they come to grief, and learn some good lessons rather expensively; but sometimes their energy and fearlessness carry them safely through what the caution of old age would have stopped short of trying to perform.

They sat up pretty late discussing the plan, but before Tug went to what he said he "s'posed he must call home," they had determined to try it if the weather held firm.

This was on Friday. They hoped to get away early in the coming week. Then all three went to bed, Jim jubilant and looking forward to a long frolic; Kate half doubtful whether it was best, but hopeful; Aleck sure that for himself he didn't care, but hating to put his sister and brother to any risk, yet seeing no better way of resisting poverty; Tug resolute and bound to stand by his friends, whatever happened. So they slept, and bright and early next morning the quiet preparations began, Tug declining to answer any questions as to how he settled the matter of his going with his aunt.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE NEW STANDARD TIME.

BY A. P. MARBLE.

ON Sunday, the 18th day of November of the present year, the clocks in nearly all the railroad stations in the United States and Canada were set forward or backward to indicate Standard Time. The change was in no case more than half an hour. Nearly all the town clocks in the country were changed on the same day. This kind of time is now shown by all clocks and watches, and very few people notice any difference, except that it becomes dark a little earlier in some places, and a little later in others.

In every circle there are 360 degrees, and as the sun is twenty-four hours in completing the circle round the earth, he must move fifteen degrees each hour, or one-twenty-fourth of the whole. At the latitude of New York, which is not quite half-way from the equator to the north pole, one of these degrees is about sixty miles; so that the sun moves fifteen times sixty, or nine hundred, miles an hour; and in one minute he travels one-sixtieth part of this distance, or fifteen miles—about fifteen times as fast as the swiftest railroad train.

If the sun is directly overhead where you are, it is noon. One minute before he was fifteen miles east of you. It was then noon at that place, and it then lacked one minute of noon at the place where you are. One minute after noon where you are he will be fifteen miles west of you, and it will be noon at that place. It is easy to see that the time varies one minute for every fifteen miles all along the line east and west around the world. At any point east of you the time is later, and at every point west of you the time is earlier—fifteen miles, one minute; thirty miles, two minutes; forty-five miles, three minutes, and so on.

As the sun travels fifteen degrees in one hour, when it is noon where you are it will be one o'clock fifteen degrees east of you, and it will be eleven o'clock fifteen degrees west of you. It is easy to see that the time varies one hour for every fifteen degrees of longitude all along the line around the world. This has always been the case; and some one may want to know what is the need of making any change in the time to-day more than there was a hundred years ago.

People used to travel but little. They went on the land in carriages, and on the sea in ships, eight or ten miles an hour. We travel on land by railroad forty and even six-



MAP SHOWING TIME BELTS.

ty miles an hour, and on the sea in steam-ships from twelve to sixteen miles. A steamer starting at noon from Halifax may travel eastward at the rate of 450 miles in twenty-four hours; it will be noon when she meets the sun, but it will be only half past eleven at Halifax; for at the rate of fifteen miles a minute it takes the sun thirty minutes after meeting the steamer to reach that place. The steamer must set her clock forward half an hour; she has gone far enough to meet the sun half an hour before he came round to Halifax. On the return trip the steamer runs away from the sun half an hour daily; he does not overtake her till half past twelve; she must set her clock back half an hour every day.

The same change in hour happens on a fast train. If the train start from New York at noon, and move westward at the rate of a little less than forty miles an hour for twenty-four hours, it will be noon at New York, but only eleven o'clock at the point where the train is—near Chicago—some 900 miles west. The train has run away from the sun by an hour's journey. If the train start from San Francisco, and move eastward twenty-four hours at the same rate, it will be one o'clock where the train is when it is noon at San Francisco. The train has met the sun; and in the twenty-four hours it has travelled as far as the sun goes in an hour.

It was said above that the sun travels fifteen miles in one minute at the latitude of New York, and that each of the points fifteen miles apart on an east and west line would vary in time from the point next to it by one minute. In practice, however, the time of a large city, where nice instruments are kept for determining the exact noon, was taken by the neighboring towns. Boston time, for example, was used in towns and cities forty or fifty miles east or west of the city; Hartford time prevailed in Connecticut; Springfield time in Western Massachusetts; New York time in the eastern part of that State, and Buffalo time, perhaps, in the western. There was Washington time, Philadelphia time, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, and San Francisco time.

There were more than fifty different standards of time by which important railroads ran their trains. This was confusing to travellers, and it made great difficulty in the arrangement of time-tables for the running of the trains. The difference in time between Boston and New York, for instance, was twelve minutes, and the time required to go from one city to the other is six hours. It would appear to take five hours and forty-eight minutes only in going from Boston to New York, and six hours and twelve minutes to return—an apparent difference of twenty-four minutes, when there was really none. But, worst of all, these varying standards of time were dangerous, for when so many trains are running, an error of

one minute might cause the loss of many lives.

The new standard has been adopted to remedy these evils. The country is divided into strips or time belts fifteen degrees wide, extending north and south, and every city or town adopts the true time of the central meridian of this belt for its standard time, instead of taking the time of the nearest large city, as before.

The map showing these hour divisions will now be easily understood. Five meridians of longitude fifteen degrees apart are selected to give time: the 60th, near Prince Edward Island, the 75th, near Philadelphia, the 90th, near St. Louis, the 105th, near Denver, Colorado, and the 120th, near Carson City, Nevada. Of course the time at the 60th is four hours earlier than London time. The time of

each of these meridians is adopted in the territory seven and a half degrees each side of the meridian. These divisions, fifteen degrees wide, are called the Intercolonial, which extends westward to Eastport, Maine; the Eastern, from that point to near Detroit, Michigan; the Central, from that point to Topeka, Kansas; the Mountain, from that point to Salt Lake; and the Pacific, from there to the ocean. These time belts extend from the meridian of  $67\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  to  $82\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ ; from this to  $97\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ ; from this to  $112\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ ; and from this to the Pacific Ocean. At 12 M. in the first, or Intercolonial division, it will be 11 A.M. in the Eastern, 10 A.M. in the Central, 9 A.M. in the Mountain, and 8 A.M. in the Pacific. At five minutes past 12 in the first it will be five minutes past 11, 10, 9, and 8 respectively in the other divisions. The minutes and seconds agree in all. The time varies by one hour as you pass from one division to the next.

Near the centre of each time belt the standard time is about the same as the true time. Toward the edges of these belts it varies more and more, until the difference becomes half an hour.

When it is a quarter past three at Eastport, it is a quarter past four at St. Stephen, New Brunswick, just over the river. There is the same difference between the standard time of Detroit and Windsor, Ontario, across the river. The boundaries of these belts will not always follow the meridian exactly; they will be arranged to suit the convenience of those living on the borders of the belt. North Carolina, for instance, is mostly in the Eastern division, and so the small part of the State situated in the Central division will probably adopt Eastern time; and Tennessee will adopt Central time, though a small corner of the State is in the Eastern division.

## CHRISTMAS IN THE NORTH.\*

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

**F**AR up in the Northern country,  
When the bitter storm-winds blow,  
Till heaped on field and highway  
Are the frozen drifts of snow,

In the dawn of merry Christmas  
Thatched roof and castle eaves,  
Wall and turret and gateway,  
Lough under nodding sheaves.

For he would be hard and thankless,  
The churl whose heart and hand  
Should be closed to the birds that linger  
Like orphans in the land.

\* At Christmas in Norway and Sweden the people have a custom of placing bunches of grain on their roofs and fences to feed the birds.

To lofty homes and lowly  
They flock, a cheery train,  
To scatter their songs of summer  
O'er their feast of winter grain.

Within, the innocent children  
Carol of Christmas-day;  
And without, the little pensioners  
Are busy and blithe as they.

Bells, that with silvery cadence  
Are ringing the Christmas in,  
Lifting our thoughts to the Saviour  
Who breaks the fetters of sin.

We list your sweet confusion,  
And clear to our hearts ye say,  
"Spare something out of your treasures  
To feed God's birds to-day."

For he is a churl, and thankless,  
Who fast locks heart and hand  
At Christmas-tide to the needy  
And the stranger in the land.

## "THE TREE TO JILLY'S."

A Christmas Story.

BY KATE UPSON CLARK.

I.

JUST on the edge of New Hampshire, an off-shoot of the White Mountains, and a part of its frowning, craggy mass jutting into Maine, stands Bear Mountain. One might think that nobody would have cared to live in such a wild and remote region, but there were many valuable farms scattered along the mountain-side, and the people who lived upon them thought, as perhaps everybody ought to think of the place where his lot is cast, that there was no spot in the world quite so good as Bear Mountain, and the "Medders" at its base.

Christmas, of course, came around once a year at Bear Mountain, just as it does everywhere else, but Santa Claus had never learned his way up its steep stony roads. Thanksgiving-day was the great festival in those parts, and the people hardly noticed when Christmas came.

Therefore, upon a certain December morning some ten or twelve years ago, Farmer Daniels, who was one of the thriftiest and best of the Bear Mountain farmers, was rather surprised at what his wife said to him, just as he was about starting for "the store," "down to the Medders."

"It's comin' Christmas next week, Lijah," said Mrs. Daniels. "'Spose you jes' get a string o' beads or a kitty-corner shawl for Jilly—a sort o' Christmas present like, you know."

"Jilly" was Farmer Daniels's only child—a bright-eyed, winsome little lassie of fourteen, and far dearer to the rugged-faced old man than his own right hand. Yet dear as she was, Jilly had never yet had a Christmas present. The very idea was so strange to Farmer Daniels that he thundered, "What?" at his wife almost before she had finished her sentence.

"Well," said Mrs. Daniels, by way of explanation, "I was readin' in that picture paper about what a fuss folks was makin' over Christmas, and how the youngsters enjoyed it, and bethinks me, 'How tickled Jilly 'd be with a real Christmas present!' You know the crops have turned out first-rate, and I guess Jilly's as good any day as them city children, and oughter have as good things."

Shrewd Mrs. Daniels! She knew that this last consideration would weigh heavily with her husband. His "Jilly-flower," whose



"THEY FLOCK, A CHEERY TRAIN."

real name of Louisa had been lost long ago in the pet name that he had given her, she not as good as any living girl! not to have as pretty things, and as many of them!

"Wa'al," said Farmer Daniels, after a moment's thought, "it's jes 's you say, mar" (all fathers and mothers upon Bear Mountain were "par" and "mar"). "I *have* been prospered, an' if I see a nice string o' beads an' a kitty-corner shawl, I'll get 'em for her Christmas present."

At just that moment in came Jilly herself, her brown eyes sparkling, and her cheeks rosy with exercise.

"Where you been, Jilly?" said Farmer Daniels.

"I've been down to the Bagbys', par," returned Jilly. "I walked down, but I had a ride home. I wanted to hurry and send some things by you—some clothes. They're worse off 'n ever. Jim's gone away again; and here's a lot o' my old things. It's all right, mar—they're too small for me. And here's a pie; I made it myself, so I can give it away, can't I, mar? You'll go around that way, and take 'em, won't you, par?"

"I don't know," grumbled Farmer Daniels, rather testily; "I don't know 's I'm bound to support Jim Bagby's family—a shifless, drinkin' fellow like him. He's drunk up his farm, and now he's off to sea, or somewhere, leavin' his folks for months at a time so. It's a shame."

"Well, they ain't to blame," pleaded Jilly; "and 'tain't much out o' your way, par. Mrs. Bagby's sick, and the baby's ailing. Oh, par, I do wish they could come up and live in the corn-house!"

The "corn-house" had once been really used for holding corn, but Farmer Daniels had made it into a little dwelling-house for one of his hired men a few years before. Will Daniels, however—Farmer Daniels's nephew—a young fellow of twenty-one or twenty-two, had come to live in his uncle's family now, and to help upon the farm, so that the tenant of the "corn-house" had been allowed to go. It had therefore lain empty for several months.

"I couldn't ever c'lect a cent o' rent. Besides," he continued, "they can keep a dog—that miserable little yaller Jip—that ain't worth keepin', goodness knows. I guess they ain't sufferin'. But I'll carry your traps along, and I must hurry, if I want to get back in time for dinner."

This was very true, for the Bagbys lived on a little-used by-way, which would take the good man considerably out of the common and shorter road to "the Medders."

## II

When Farmer Daniels returned from his jaunt he had a wonderful story to tell.

"You never see anything like the way McAfferty's fixed up his store," he said. "He's made a new counter. It runs clear through the middle of the store, and is all covered with ginceracks. I never see the beat. There's dolls, 'n' carts, 'n' music boxes, 'n' lots o' things I never see nor heard on. 'Goodness, man,' says I, 'what's to pay?' 'Why, Christmas,' says he. 'When I went down to the city to stock up,' says he, 'everything was Christmas, 'n' they all says to me, 'Why, man, ain't you goin' to carry no Christmas stock bag?' An' they at me, 'n' at me; so 't last I bought more'n I'll ever sell, I'm afear'd.' He set out 't I'd got to buy a lot, but," winking very hard at Mrs. Daniels, "o' course I wa'n't any such fool 's that. An' by the way, Jilly, McAfferty give me something for you. There it is in my overcoat pocket. It's mighty pretty, I tell you."

Jilly pulled a roll of paper from the pocket her father had spoken of, and spread it out upon his knees.

"Oh my!" she said, gazing at the great advertising card with eyes full of admiration. "Ain't it pretty! Just see, mar! A great big tree! And 'stead o' plums, it's got dolls and drums and trumpets; and there are little candles on it, and wreaths o' pop-corn; and there are little children dancing round it. Why, mar, this must be what you were reading about in the picture paper. It must be a Christmas tree."

"Yes, that's it," said "Par" Daniels.

"You never saw one really, did you, par?" asked Jilly, after a moment's silence.

"Can't say's I ever did, Jilly-flower."

"Wouldn't you like to see one, par?"

"Wa'al, yes, I might like it middlin' well, I sh'd say."

There was another little pause.

"I s'pose it's just a hemlock or a spruce tree out o' the woods, ain't it, par? And the pretty things just tied on?"

"I s'pose it is," admitted her father.

"You—you couldn't get one for me, come Christmas, could you, par, and let me tie on the things I've been knittin' for Will, 'n' mar, 'n' other folks?"

"Oho! that was what you was a-drivin' at, was it?" chuckled her father. "You're pretty cute, Jilly-flower. I knew you was up to something. Wa'al, yes, I s'pose I could cut down a nice hemlock, 'n' haul it up to the house here, but, land! what's the use?"

"I think it would be just splendid to have a party, and everybody bring some presents for their friends, and hang 'em on the tree. I'd tie 'em on, 'n' I'd fix up the tree lovely. And everybody'd have such a good time! Just think how little Katie Bagby's eyes would shine, par!"

"But a party'd make your mar an awful sight o' trouble," complained Farmer Daniels.

"Oh no, 'twouldn't. I'd make the ginger-cake and the riz cake myself, and do lots o' work. You know I'm a pretty big girl, par."

The upshot of this conversation was that on the following Monday morning the young people upon Bear Mountain were electrified by a sudden but most gratifying announcement—Jilly Daniels was going to have a Christmas party and a Christmas tree, and they were all invited. And would everybody please bring the Christmas presents they meant to give to their friends, and hang them on the tree? As if anybody on Bear Mountain was in the habit of giving Christmas presents! The whole idea seemed at first very ridiculous; but Jilly was a recognized authority among her mates, and even among older circles, and this fact, together with Mr. McAfferty's efforts to dispose of his experimental "Christmas stock," made people take to the new departure more readily than might have been supposed.

But the greatest sensation caused by the announcement of Jilly's project was in the humble home of the Bagbys.

"It's going to be a big green tree, with presents tied on," Jilly had explained to the entire family there, who listened with open mouths to her story.

"Presents for us?" asked Tom Bagby, the eldest boy, a little older than Jilly, but not nearly so large and strong.

"Some for you, maybe," said Jilly, encouragingly, "and your mar will fix your clothes up—won't you, Mrs. Bagby? for I want 'em to look nice; they're so sweet 'n' pretty when they're fixed up."

Mrs. Bagby signified her willingness to do the best she could in the matter. She was a depressed and spiritless-looking woman, just now nursing her baby, and holding its little blue toes out toward the fire, in order to warm them from its sickly blaze.

"Are you going to have anything to eat?" she asked.

The children awaited Jilly's reply to this question with great anxiety. They were victims to a constant and never-satisfied hunger, and clothes were an entirely secondary consideration with them. When Jilly said that she couldn't begin to tell what quantities of biscuit and pies and cakes were expected to figure at the "party," one could see that the little Bagbys were driven nearly wild.

As Jilly was getting into the sleigh to ride away, little Charlie Bagby came running to the door.

"May—may we bring Jip?" he asked, anxiously.

"Oh, I meant to have said Jip!" cried Jilly. "We want him to play some of his funny tricks to show the party. Yes, be sure and bring Jip."



Charlie went in, beaming; but Farmer Daniels was not so well pleased.

"That humbly yaller dog! I wouldn't let him in if I was you!"

### III.

It is safe to say that not half the young people on Bear Mountain slept any to speak of on the night before the expected party, and when the great day dawned dimly through clouds of falling snow-flakes, which came down in just such a way as to make all the farmers predict "a long storm," probably the largest bucket that was ever made would not begin to hold the tears that were shed in the various homes of those invited to Jilly's Tree. But the older ones came bravely up to the help of the disappointed children, and news was brought to Farmer Daniels quite early in the day that great teams would be "hitched up," and unless the storm became very much worse, so as to make the roads impassable, which did not then seem likely, nearly all who were invited would come.

These tidings raised Jilly's drooping spirits, and the preparations for the party went merrily forward.

But it happened that in the calculations of the Bear Mountain farmers, as was very apt to be the case, the little Bagbys were not taken into the account at all. Even Jilly, in the many cases which the occasion had brought to her young mind, forgot them altogether, until the day was nearly spent.

As the hours went by and four o'clock came, they insisted upon being dressed, and then they sat and looked at each other in despair. They longed unutterably to go. What was the storm compared to that wonderful tree? Finally one impulse moved Tom and Katie and Charlie. They *must* go.

"I guess, mar," suggested Tom, timidly—"I guess we could get up to Jilly's. If we did get a little wet, Jilly'd dry us, and give us something awful good to eat."

"I know I could go without getting much wet," chimed in Katie.

"And me too," said seven-year-old Charlie. "I want to see Jilly's tree, 'n' have some o' Jilly's supper."

"You!" exclaimed their poor mother; "you couldn't ever get there in the world, Charlie. None of you could. It's awful hard walking in snow like that."

"Oh no, 'tisn't," disputed Tom. "And I'd help Charlie along, 'n' Jip'd show us the way if it grew dark. Besides, if we found it wasn't easy getting along, we'd come home."

They all united, upon this, to break down their mother's feeble opposition, and the result was that some minutes before the time which Jilly had set for them to start, three small figures "might have been seen," as the novel-writers say, issuing forth from the tumble-down home of the Bagbys, holding fast to each other's hands, preceded by Jip, barking furiously, and all of them determined to see "the tree to Jilly's" or to "perish in the attempt."

The shadows of the early night were already gathering when they left their home, and by the time they had reached "the woods," and through which most of their way would lie, it was very dusky indeed.

"Ain't you 'fraid, Katie?" asked Charlie, clinging hard to his little sister's hand.

"Not much," answered Katie, bravely, but nestling a little closer to Tom.

"Oh, 'tain't very far now, you know," said Tom, trying to think what he could say to keep up the courage of the younger ones. "Hi! there goes Jip into the bushes! What's he found? See how he jumps over the snow, Charlie—and he isn't near so big as you."

"No, he ain't," assented Charlie, wondering vaguely if the snow stuck in such lumps to Jip's feet as it did to his. Oh, how heavy his shoes were! What a long, long three miles it was up to Jilly's house!

"You know the tree 'll be all lighted up with candles," pursued Tom, detecting the quaver in Charlie's tired little

voice. "It 'll be awful pretty—and there 'll be presents for you and Katie and me."

"Yes," said little Charlie, dragging his feet more and more feebly, and wiping, for the thousandth time, the blinding snow from his tiny face.

"Yes, it 'll be splendid," went on Tom. "Warm, won't it, Katie?—very, very warm and nice, and likely's not they'll sing."

Charlie was exceedingly fond of singing.

"Seems 's if I could hear 'em now," he said, a little spirit creeping into his weary voice. The eyelids began to droop over his patient eyes. "I can hear 'em," he whispered, and then he fell into a little heap on the snow.

"No, you can't hear 'em either," shouted Tom, shaking his little brother, and trying to lift him up. "You're dreaming—that's all."

"I can hear 'em," murmured the drowsy child, resisting all Tom's efforts to rouse him.

"No, no; it's all a dream," cried Tom, in despair. "Here, Katie—he's so cold and tired!—just you pull that hand, and, Jip, you catch hold here."

So the little things tugged and tugged until the child was put upon his feet again, and was mechanically pushing his way as before through the deepening snow.

But Tom himself was about used up by this time. His efforts in rousing and helping to propel Charlie, and the hard work he had to keep his own frail little body going, had been too much for him. And at last Katie broke down and began to sob.

"I can't go any further, Tom," she said; "I can't! My feet ache so hard, and I can't push Charlie any more. Oh dear, I shan't see the tree! And, oh dear! oh dear!"

"Well," said Tom, stopping a moment to think, "maybe—a new idea occurring to him—"if we should sit down here and rest a few minutes, we should feel all right."

The "stopping to rest" was a very unwise measure. Scarcely had they settled themselves upon a snow-bank, up against a sheltering evergreen, when Charlie fell hopelessly fast asleep upon Katie's shoulder, and Katie herself began to nod. Tom tried at first to keep them awake, but soon he too felt a drowsiness creeping over him that he could not shake off, and before he knew what was happening he was unconscious, and was beginning to fancy that he also was at Jilly's, gazing upon the beautiful tree, eating his fill of Mrs. Daniels's goodies, and hearing the songs which had seemed so sweet to little Charlie's sleepy ears. In a short time there was no movement among the group of children, and the falling snow had whitened their garments until nobody would suspect that they were anything more than a mound of earth covered with snow. Poor little Bagbys! If help did not come to them very soon, they would not only miss the "tree to Jilly's," but the life in their bosoms would be quite frozen out by the cruel, cruel storm. But whence was help to come?

### IV.

Up at Jilly's things were going on in a merry fashion. Wagon after wagon had deposited its load of visitors, wraps had been taken off and laid away, and Christmas greetings had been exchanged on all sides. The supper had been a little delayed, as such affairs are apt to be, and the company were just sitting down at the long table in the great kitchen, when a "humbly little yaller dog," panting and shaking, but with unsubdued courage, came dashing up to the door. There he paused, only because he couldn't get in, and barked, scratched, and whined as hard as he could.

"What's that?" said Jilly, who heard the noise before any one else. She had said to her mother only a little while before that it was too, too bad that the little Bagbys couldn't come. If she had thought of it in time, she would have had Will go down and get them, hard as it stormed. But Jilly never thought, and neither did any one else, that those frail children would think of ventur-



"IT'S THE BAGBYS' DOG," SHE CRIED.

ing forth on a three-mile walk in such weather, much less that their mother would allow them to really set out. Then in a moment she recognized Jip's bark.

"It's the Bagbys' dog," she cried, opening the door. The strain of terror in her voice made it shrill and loud. The merry talk and laughter of the party around the long table ceased.

The instant that Jilly appeared at the door Jip started on a run down the road. Then he came back, barking again, and again he started off. Then he came back, looking with beseechingly human eyes into Jilly's pretty face. That bright little girl dimly guessed the trouble.

"Hurry, par," she cried. "They're in trouble—the Bagbys—I know, and Jip's come for help. Oh, hurry! Maybe they're dying. Nobody'd know if they did die," she went on, eagerly. "It's awful to have them live away down there so."

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Farmer Daniels, hurrying on his great-coat in response to Jilly's command, and a good deal more stirred by her words than he would have cared to own. "I don't s'pose the little varmint knows what he's about, but I guess I'll go down the road a piece 'n' see. Is the lantern lighted, mar? All right."

"My horses are hitched up in the barn," put in Mr. Gad Daniels, at this point. "Twon't hurt 'em to go a little further'n they've been, I guess."

In less than five minutes, Farmer Daniels, accompanied by two or three of the young men, each carrying a lantern, though for what purpose they did not exactly know, were riding down the road after Jip. "Likely's not," as the old farmer said, a trifle shamefacedly, "on a fool's errand" (which was "Bear Mountain" for "errand").

Jip seemed wild with joy, when his bright little dog

mind compassed the plan which was on foot, and he went barking on ahead, looking continually behind him to be sure that the team was following.

The snow had by this time ceased to fall, and the horses were able to make their way quite rapidly through the woods, and on to the spot where the little Bagbys had fallen asleep. Here Jip paused and began scratching excitedly in the snow. The men alighted and peered around with their lanterns.

"I declare to gracious!" called out Farmer Daniels, after a moment. "If they ain't here—they poor little things, a-sleepin' away as peaceful as if they was to hum in their beds!" And a tear fell from his eye into the pale face of little Charlie, whom, still warm but breathing hard, he was lifting into the sleigh. Tom was awakened very soon by rubbing and shaking him, and giving him a few drops from a flask of brandy which one of the party had been thoughtful enough to bring in his pocket; but the two younger children were helplessly drowsy, and the men could only shake the snow off them, and urge the horses up the hill as fast as possible.

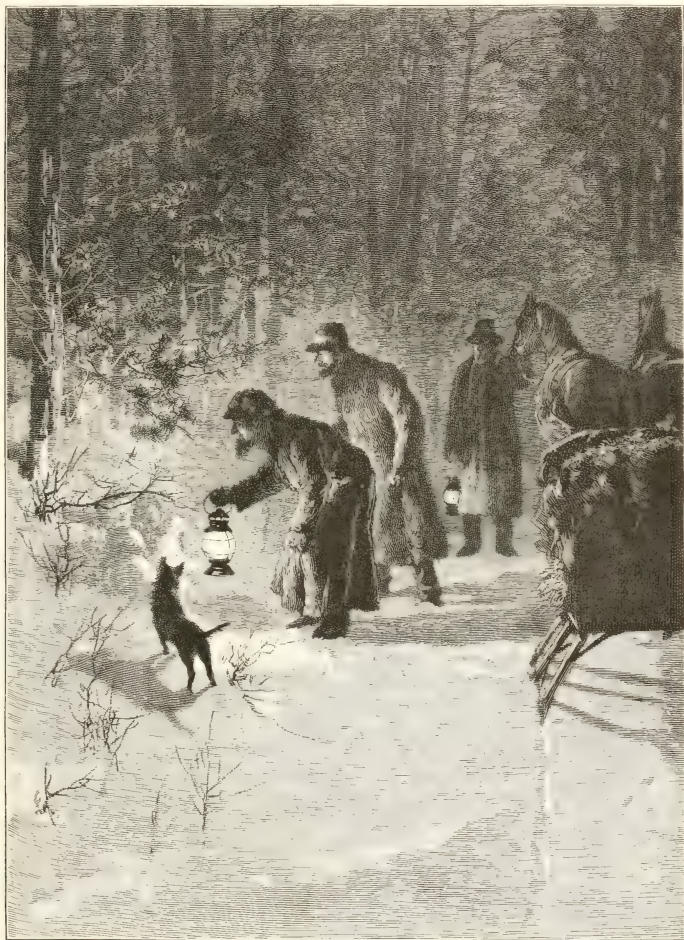
"Jump in, little fellow," said one of the men to Jip, as they were about starting. "You deserve a ride if anybody does! Who'd 'a' thought a little yaller critter like you'd 'a' been smart as this!"

They each gave Jip an appreciative pat, which made him prick up his sharp little ears, and look as proud and happy as a dog could; and you may be sure that a royal feast was set for him in Farmer Daniels's woodshed after they had reached the house, and the story of his exploits had been told.

Well, there was a doctor among the guests, and by the time the supper was quite over, the rescued children were

all clothed in dry garments. Everybody was petting them. Warm teas and gruels were made for them, the girls taking turns in stirring and administering them. The little Bagbys had never imagined so much happiness.

the surprise and admiration of the little Bagbys. The tall tree, which had had to be "lopped" a little, in spite of the fact that Farmer Daniels's house was pretty high "between joints," the wonderful and unheard-of toys and



"IF THEY AIN'T HERE THEM POOR LITTLE THINGS."

But when the sitting-room was thrown open, and the fifty or more guests allowed to gaze upon the triumph of Jilly's art—THE TREE—you should have seen, amid all the surprise and admiration of the Bear Mountaineers,

other presents which depended from its branches, the candles, the wreaths of pop-corn—these seemed to them like a vision of the Celestial City.

"Oh, it's prettier'n I dreamed it was," whispered Char-



lie, while his dazed little sister said to Jilly, "Did you get it in heaven, Jilly?"

"Oh no," replied practical Jilly Daniels; "par cut it up in the sheep pasture, and I strung the pop-corn on it myself, and tied the things on to the limbs."

The minister was there, and before the presents were taken from the tree he offered a short prayer, and gave them a little talk about the Christmas story—about the Child whose birth had given rise to the festival which they were celebrating, and who had made to the world the great gift of which all the love-gifts that we bestow are but a sign and symbol.

And then what jollity and fun held sway! How they laughed when a tiny toy whistle was taken off the tree for Farmer Daniels, who had never been able to whistle with his lips! And how they laughed again when a corn-cob fiddle was handed to Will Daniels, who was of a musical turn! And how pleased Jilly was when the "string o' beads" and the "kitty-corner shawl" were taken off for her! And the five-cent toys which Jilly had selected from Mr. McAfferty's "Christmas stock" for the little Bagbys—what a delirium of bliss they carried with them!

It was an evening long to be remembered, that Christmas-eve. And when the guests began to peer out of the windows, and to talk about going home, they found that the stars were shining, and that "the long storm" had turned out to be a pretty short one, after all.

"I'll take 'em home," said Mr. Gad Daniels, pointing to the little Bagbys, as the party was breaking up.

"No, you won't," said Farmer Daniels, who had seen Jilly's eyes fasten pleadingly upon him the moment that her uncle spoke. "Mebbe you might drive down 'n' tell Mis' Bagby they're all right. The goin' 's heavy, I know, but 'tain't so awful fur outer your way. They ain't fit to bear no more cold to-night. Poor little things! I sha'n't never forget how they lay there in the snow, cuddled up like a passel o' kittens, 'n' nothin' but that little yaller dog between them 'n' sartin death! Beats all!" But Farmer Daniels had no time to indulge in sentimental thoughts, for the good-byes were coming thick and fast, and he had work to do in seeing his guests safely off.

It was only a few days after this that Farmer Daniels took down his ox sled and "moved" Mrs. Bagby and her little brood up to the "corn-house," where they were happy enough under Jilly's fostering care. As for Jip, he had a lordly kennel built for him by Will Daniels, and though he is old and decrepit now, and lives entirely upon his past reputation, he never fails to prick up his ears and wag his tail when he hears the story of his brave deed upon that famous night when Jilly introduced Christmas upon Bear Mountain by means of her wonderful tree.

## CHRISTMAS MORNING.

BY THE RIGHT REV THOMAS C. DUDLEY.

**M**ERRY Christmas! merry Christmas! Yes, my dearies, I hear you. You needn't scream quite so loud, though your old father is growing rather hard of hearing, because you may wake the blessed baby brother whose eyes have not yet opened to his first Christmas-day.

There, thank you, no more kisses, if you please, until after breakfast. You rascal! you have been firing crackers already; I smell that odious Chinese powder, and I dare say shall smell it all day long, and maybe it will make me think that Bridget has scorched the beefsteak, and then I won't have any merry Christmas thoughts in my heart for her.

But come chickies, and tell me why do you think that Christian people all the world over are making such a hubbub on this twenty-fifth day of December. Why is it that, for fifteen hundred years and more, men and women have trudged through December snow or slush, day after day,

and night after night, to the church, and worked hard in dressing it up with evergreens, so that the lily-white hands of the young ladies (didn't you hear your sister groaning over hers last night?) are scratched and torn and sore?

And then why is it that on this day of the year everybody wants to give some token of love to everybody else? Why is it that the dear old Santa Claus chooses to take such dreadful long journeys, at this the very worst season for travelling, and must come in a sleigh, whether there is any snow on the ground or not, all to bring toys and candies, fire-crackers, and doll babies, to fill up the stockings of good boys and girls?

Because it's Christmas-day? Yes, little todkin, that's the reason; because on this day our Father gave His best gift to the world—sent His own Son to be born as a little child. Therefore it is right that we be glad and rejoice; therefore it is fit that His churches be decorated as though to welcome the little Stranger and to keep His birthday. And because on this day the great love of our Father was shown to us, therefore we on this day give tokens of our love to our brothers and sisters. Yes, that's it; that's just the meaning of Christmas.

Has your wise big brother told you that many people don't believe that this gift came to us on the 25th of December? I shouldn't wonder if he had, for it is the fashion with a great many very small big men to startle people who don't know much with this kind of talk.

Did he tell you that December was a very rainy month in Judea, and that shepherds would not then have been keeping watch over their flocks at night in an open field? Did he tell you that we ought to keep Christmas in October?

Well, dearies, if he or any other gentleman who is puffed up with a small quantity of knowledge tells you anything like this, you answer him that this day has been kept for over fifteen hundred years, and that you can see no reason for changing it now. Tell him that your father says that the very latest and fullest investigations of the subject by scholars who were not brought up to keep Christmas as we do go to prove that this is the very day on which the Christ was born; and then tell him that it does not matter whether we are celebrating the very day of His birth or not, so that we keep some day in honor of the inestimable gift of God to man.

Yes, my darling, that's right; play with your dolly. I know that father has been speaking big long words, and has been talking in a way you can not very well understand. But you must excuse him, for he wanted to say those few words to your big bumptious brother, and he hopes that he'll tell them to all his big-headed playfellows who think it manly to doubt everything which as children they believed.

I wish he had taken pains, instead, to tell you something about the way the old-time folk kept Christmas in the mother country from which our forefathers came. He didn't? No. I thought as much. I dare say he doesn't know anything about it, though he is fourteen years old, and wears long trousers.

Well, those old English people had more time for everything than we do nowadays, or at least they thought they had, and so they could keep Christmas much more fully than we do. So on Christmas-eve, after the prayers had been said in the church, or in the family if the church was too far away, they lighted some great big long candles, and they threw on the fire in the wide open hearth the biggest log they had been able to find in their forest. This log was called the Yule-log, or Christmas-block. I wonder if your smart brother knows that *Yule* is the word in old English for Christmas? Whether he does or not, this log was the measure of the Christmas holiday. Just as long as it burned, the merry-making was kept up, and for all that time there were no children in the school-room and no ploughmen in the field, but all was jollific



tion and fun. Now just suppose you chaps had such a chance as that! I think you'd find the largest, hardest log that ever grew, and I rather think that some shrewd Yankee boys would hollow out a log and fit a piece of iron gas-pipe inside.

But fortunately they didn't have gas in those days, but only candles, for light, and so the holiday didn't last forever. But how long do you think it did last? Well, always until Epiphany, or Old-Christmas, January 6, for a log that would burn so long as that could easily be found without much search. But in the King's palace and in the homes of the more wealthy people they kept up the feasting for a much longer time, and carried it on with much more preparation. They appointed some gentleman to be the superintendent of the sports. Him they named the "Lord of Misrule," and his reign began on All-hallow Eve, and did not end until Candlemas-day. How long was that? Why, it was from November 1 to the 2d of February.

"Whew! what a good time those old folks had!" Yes, sir, I hear what you say, and they did have a jolly lot of fun. The Lord of Misrule, or the Abbot of Unreason, as they called him in Scotland, was busy providing entertainment for his subjects, and they had music, and conjuring, and dipping for nuts and apples, dancing, blind-man's-buff, and a lot of other games whose names only are known to us now. England certainly was "Merry England" in those days. And yet do you know that I fear that there was a vast deal of suffering among the poor even in the joyous Christmas-time, and that men and women and children were so busy with the merry-making that they forgot both to worship the Christ whose birthday they were celebrating, and to show the love to their fellow-creatures which Jesus was born to teach. And that is our danger now. There is always danger that men will forget that a *holiday* was first a *holy-day*.

You don't understand me? Well, let me try to explain. The Fourth of July is an American *holy-day*, because on that day our nation was born. And now that day is kept as a national *holiday*; our stores are closed, the wheels in our mills stop their clatter, and the men and women employed are free to amuse themselves. We meet together on that day, and march the streets with music and banners; we fire cannon; we make speeches; we toss our caps in the air, and hurrah for our government. But all this we may do, and yet forget the sacred principles that were born on the Fourth of July, and the duties that rest on every American.

Just so we may forget the Christ whose birthday we are rejoicing over even because of the means we use to show our joy. Oh, remember, my darlings, that this is the meaning of Christmas-day: that the good Father in heaven loves *all* His children, and that they must love one another; that on this day our Father gave what was dearest to Him to be our blessing and joy forever, and that all His children must on this day seek to give of their best things to make some other child happy.

Hurrah! here's mamma and the blue-eyed baby boy. Merry Christmas, mamma! merry Christmas, baby!

Run, dearie, and bring me the Book. Listen while I read how the shepherds kept watch in the field, and the angel came to wish them "Happy Christmas," how then the choir of heaven sang the praises of the new-born King. Then on our knees we'll praise Him for all His goodness to us, and He in heaven shall hear and be glad for the songs of your infant voices while we sing:

"Carol, carol, Christmas,  
Carol joyfully,  
Carol for the coming  
Of Christ's nativity.  
And pray a gladsome Christmas  
For all good Christmas men  
Carol, carol, Christmas,  
For Christmas come again."

## THE LOST CITY.\*

OR, THE BOY EXPLORERS IN CENTRAL ASIA.

BY DAVID KER.

### (CHAPTER XI.)

#### THE LOST CITY.

WITH the first gleam of daylight the next morning the boys were afoot, and soon left the valley and its encampment far behind them, plunging deeper and deeper into the heart of the mountains. Their usual good fortune appeared still to attend them, for in little more than half an hour from the start they caught sight of a bristly black head and a pair of huge curled horns rising from the crest of a projecting crag overhead.

"Ernie," whispered Tom, "creep round to the left and try to draw a bead on him. I'll go to the right. Be as quiet as a mouse, for he's a fellow worth having."

He was indeed. As Tom crept nearer, and got a fuller view of his game, he could hardly restrain a cry of admiration at sight of the magnificent creature, larger by one-half than any that he had yet seen.

Already Tom was just within range, when the crash of a falling stone, dislodged by his left foot, startled the goat, which darted away like lightning. Tom fired, but the animal bounded on unharmed. The next moment, however, came an answering shot from the other side of the cliff, followed by a shout of triumph from Ernest.

"I've hit him!" cried he. "Hurry up, Tom. I'm sure he can't go far."

The goat had sprung across the chasm separating the crag on which he had been standing from the main cliff, and was now flying along a kind of ledge upon the side of the latter. But here he was at a disadvantage, for the path was covered with soft earth that had slid down from above, into which his sharp, narrow hoofs sank deeply at every bound, while the boys, with their flat, broad-soled Afghan sandals, got over it easily. They gained rapidly upon their game, and might have shot it with ease, but unluckily neither had had time to reload.

"I don't care!" cried Tom, savagely. "I'll have him yet, if I follow him to China!"

Hardly had he spoken when the goat drew itself together, and went sliding down a descent so steep that at any other moment Tom would have thought twice about trying it. But now his blood was thoroughly up, and away he went, Ernest following.

The goat, having reached the ground below, started off at a pace which seemed likely to baffle the young hunters, after all. But his speed soon slackened, and it was plain that the wound given him by Ernest was beginning to tell.

"Hurrah!" cried Tom, "he's running right into a trap. We've got him now, safe enough!"

The frightened animal had indeed rushed headlong into a deep, narrow gully between two perpendicular cliffs, from which there was no outlet. The boys at once began to reload, while the goat, finding himself hemmed in, turned fiercely to bay, his great black head lowered threateningly, his terrible horns levelled for a decisive blow, and his eyes darting fire.

"What a splendid beast he is!" said Tom, admiringly. "I almost wish now that we hadn't meddled with him at all; but we'd better finish him at once than let him bleed to death from his wound. Here goes!"

His rifle cracked as he spoke, and the goat, with one convulsive spring, lay dead before them.

"Well hit!" cried Ernest. "There's meat enough there to feed twenty men; and when we get back—"

"Well, what then?" asked Tom, turning round in amazement at his companion's sudden pause.

\* Begun in No. 27, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

"Are you sure, old fellow," said Ernest, gravely, "that we can get back?"

Tom started, and glanced keenly around him.

What place could this be into which they had penetrated so easily, but from which there was no return? All around the vast circular basin in which they stood black frowning precipices towered up grim and vast, upon whose perpendicular sides not even a chamois could have found footing. The gullies that branched off on every side only increased their misery by a delusive semblance of hope, all appearing to lead out of the fatal gorge, yet all ending abruptly at the foot of some unscalable precipice.

"We seem to have quite a genius for losing our way," said Tom, forcing a laugh; "but we can always go back to that place where we slid down, and climb up *there*."

Back they went, and sprang up the steep incline with all the briskness of revived hope, only to come sliding down again instantly, half buried in crumbling earth. Again and again they flung themselves upward, clutching and clawing at the treacherous surface with feverish en-

to laugh at this style of commencing the search, when Ernest cried, excitedly,

"Tom! come and look here!"

Tom did so, and started as if he had been stung. The brier clump, already thinned by their chopping, had given way altogether beneath Ernest's weight, and disclosed a smooth round opening faced with *heaven stone*.

Both boys stood silent for a moment, and then Tom said:

"Ernie, there have been men here before, and where one can get in another can get out. This must be an old water conduit, and we'll just creep through it. Come along."

The passage was so low that they were forced to crawl on their breasts, and the thick, close air seemed like a hand clutching their throats. Wriggling along in the darkness, Ernest shuddered at every contact with the slimy wall (taking it for the touch of a snake), and thought dismally of the possibility of their sticking fast in this hideous tunnel, and dying by a slow and horrible death. Just then Tom's voice reached his ears, harsh and hollow as if coming from the depths of the earth:

"Light, Ernie! — light ahead!"

The boys redoubled their efforts, and soon emerged into a scene which made them forget even the thirst that was torturing them. Through the heart of the mighty cliffs that rose hundreds of feet on either side ran a wide roadway straight and smooth as a railway cutting, and coming out a little way ahead of them into a vast circular space, overshadowed by a sharp peak behind it. In the centre of this space stood clearly out a snow-white row of tall, slender columns, of which any Greek sculptor might have been justly proud, while behind appeared the crumbling remains of other and lighter buildings.

But just then the sparkle of a tiny stream among the fallen stones blotted out every other thought till they

had plunged their hot faces into it and drunk their fill.

"Ernie," whispered Tom at length, as they rose to look around them, "it's my belief that we've found the Professor's 'Lost City.'"

"But didn't that Tartar say it was in the Tien-Shan?"

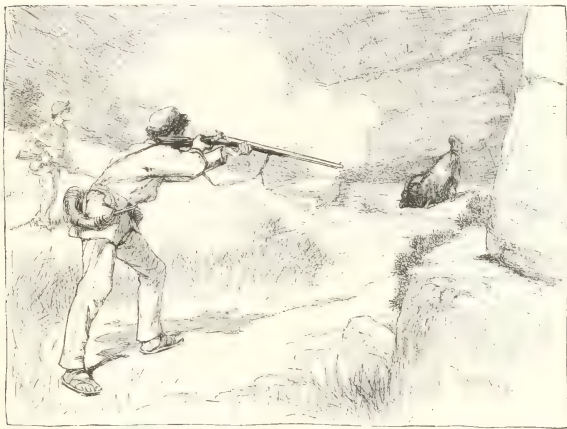
"Pooh! a Tartar's geography's never first-rate; and, besides, here's all that he described—the open space with the big building in front, the straight-out roadway, the sharp mountain-peak, and— Hark! what's that?"

"It must be Sikander and his men coming to look for us," said Ernest, as voices were heard below them.

"Or somebody else and his men coming to murder us. We'd better just lie low till we see who they are."

They scrambled up the net-work of creepers twined around the nearest pillar, and had just time to conceal themselves behind the cornice above, when a dozen tall, gaunt, wild-looking men in tattered goat-skins and huge felt caps, with long guns on their shoulders, came gliding into the ruins, and halted in the very colonnade over which our heroes were perched.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"TOM WAS JUST WITHIN RANGE."

ergy. It was all in vain. As well might they have striven to find foot-hold upon running water as on this liquid soil, which poured down in streams at every touch. At length, bruised, spent, half stifled, dripping with heat, they desisted from the hopeless effort.

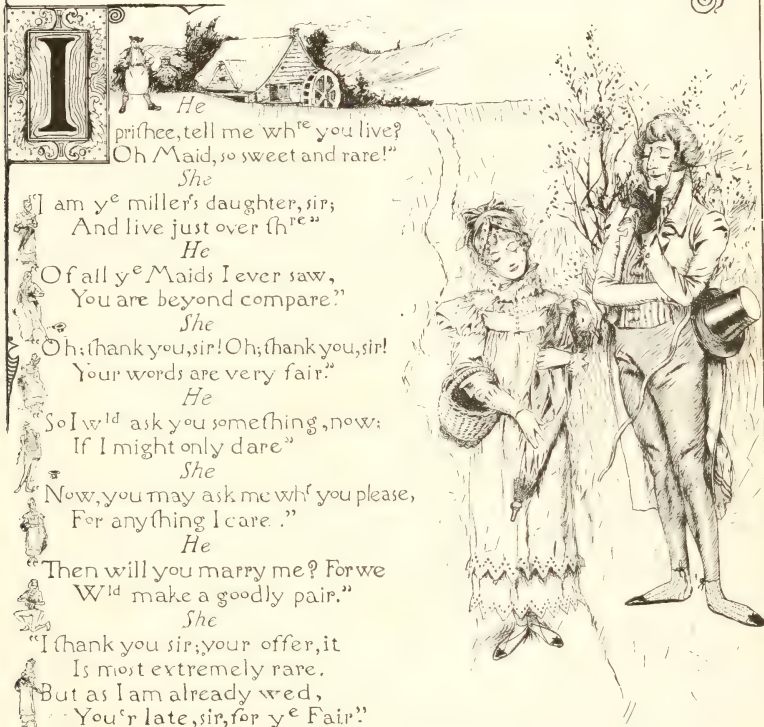
"Well," said Tom at length, "if we are lost, we needn't be starved too. There's meat enough on that goat to last us for a week, and Sikander's bound to find us before that. Come and help fix him for dinner."

The goat was quickly skinned, several large "chunks" cut from his side, and a fire having been kindled by flashing a charge of powder into the armful of fuel cut from a neighboring clump of thorn bushes, our castaways cooked and ate with a will.

"First-chop stuff," said Ernest, finishing his third slice; "but I wish we had something to wash it down with. I'm as thirsty as a Broadway car-horse in July, and these jolly old rocks don't look like having much water in them. However, let's see."

But in jumping up he stumbled and fell sprawling among the bushes behind him. Tom was just beginning

# A Disappointment



**I**

*He*  
 prithee, tell me wh<sup>re</sup> you live?  
 Oh Maid, so sweet and rare!"

*She*

"I am y<sup>e</sup> miller's daughter, sir;  
 And live just over th<sup>re</sup>."

*He*

"Of all y<sup>e</sup> Maids I ever saw,  
 You are beyond compare."

*She*

"Oh; thank you, sir! Oh; thank you, sir!  
 Your words are very fair."

*He*

"So I w<sup>ld</sup> ask you something, now;  
 If I might only dare"

*She*

"Now, you may ask me wh<sup>t</sup> you please,  
 For anything I care."

*He*

"Then will you marry me? For we  
 W<sup>ld</sup> make a goodly pair."

*She*

"I thank you sir; your offer, it  
 Is most extremely rare.

But as I am already wed,  
 You'r late, sir, for y<sup>e</sup> Fair"

At th<sup>s</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Bachelor walked away;  
 And talked to himself of th<sup>t</sup> Lass so gay—  
 Her hair is very decidedly red;  
 And her eyes have somewhat of a cast in her head;  
 And her feet are large; and her hands are coarse;  
 And, without I'm mistaken, her voice is hoarse.  
 'Tis a bargain of wh<sup>ch</sup> I am very well rid;  
 I am glad, on y<sup>e</sup> whole, I escaped as I did."

Howard Pyle



## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

**I** DID you notice, boys and girls, that the Post office Box was left out of the brilliant Christmas number which delighted your eyes last week? There were so many beautiful pictures, stories, and sketches that there was no room for me. But to-day, dear little ones, the happiest day of the whole happy year, comes just in time for your Postmistress to wish you a merry Christmas. I am sure the bright eyes that look at this page are full of fun and joy, and I know that part of the delight you feel comes from the share you have had in making others happy.

Of course, you will write and tell me how you spent the day.

This cunning little letter was daily mailed and sent to the person it was meant for.

**FARMER'S, DEERFIELD, VERMONT.**  
DEAR OLD SANTA CLAUS! I have been a good little boy all the time, and I have not numbered at all, and papa has given me all the nice books you brought me last Christmas. You must come and put some nice things in my stocking, but do not put any switches or ashes in it. Bring me a little badger, a hatchet, candy, oranges, a steam boat, train, a horse and buggy, and a wagon. Put all the things you can not get in my stocking on a Christmas tree, which you will find in the conservatory.

I send you my love,  
And send it by a turtle-dove.  
Yours affectionately,

TOOT PETTE C.

This was Santa Claus's reply  
Dropped down from the morning sky;  
Through the chimney did it fall,  
Like a snowflake soft and small.

"Switches, Tom, I never carry—  
Not for you, nor Ned, nor Harry;  
In my pack there is no place  
For those badges of disgrace."

I have only books and toys,  
Pretty gifts for girls and boys.

If I like good children best,  
So, my dear, do all the rest.  
Merry Christmas to you, dear,  
Merry times the whole long year.

Now my steeds must harness on  
For the night will soon be gone.  
Good-by, Tommy, off I go  
Dapper, dapper, dapper, whoa!

Not so fast, for we must stop  
At the next boy's house to drop  
Something beautiful, because  
All the boys love

SANTA CLAUS."

If any child had a peep at Santa Claus, dear old fellow, with his white beard, his rosy cheeks, and his roguish look, that child was fortunate. Did some of you have Christmas trees? Did others surprise papa and mamma and the little cousins and sisters with pretty gifts? It had been such hard work to hide! You see I know all about it, dearies. Santa Claus and I are intimate friends.

WHITE BIRD, NEW YORK.

How I wish Young People could have a Christmas instead of once! There are five children in our family, and you should see all the heads clustered together over the nice paper when it comes. As

I have never seen a letter in the Post-office Box from this far-off place, I thought you might be glad to hear something about it. We live in a log cottage at the mouth of a very beautiful cañon, which is called Silver Creek cañon, because of the many silver ledges which are contained in the mountains on each side of it. No large trees grow in this valley, but we have four pretty bunches of cedar trees in front of our house, which were brought from the mountains. Along the creek which runs through our ranch grow willows and very large wild rose-bushes, and from the creek we catch mountain trout and a variety of game. Hunters shoot deer in the mountains, sage-hens, prairie-chickens, wild-ducks, and other birds. Bears have been seen in the mountains and also lynx, and the other day we saw a wildcat run along the hill at the side of our house. My cousin, with whom I live, has a good many mining claims, and he has given us children each a share in one called The Peerless. We hope it will be a rich mine. The air is so clear here that we can, from our house, see distinctly the Paradise Mountains, one hundred miles from here. We do not get at all lonely, although our nearest neighbor is one half mile away, for we are so busy studying, working, and playing. I am ten years old, and have never seen my name in print. Will you please publish this letter, and oblige your young friend,

LUCY C. A.

Your name is quite worthy of the honor of being in type, and so I have placed you at the beginning of our Post-office Box this week. Are you not the least bit afraid when you see wildcats stealthily slipping past the house? I fancy I would be; but Nevada girls, I suppose, become very brave.

KANSAS, MO.

I wrote to you once before, but my letter was not sent, and I thought I would write you again. I told you we had only one pet, but now we have several: a dog named Dick, and a canary named Bobby, and four Plymouth Rock chickens. I am nine years old. My brother Carl is seven years old, and is sick in bed, and has to take medicine every hour. He was not sick until this morning. We both go to school. I am in the Third Reader and Carl is in the Second. We have both been perfect in attendance this term. I have read *Young People* ever since I could read, and think it is splendid.

EARL E. K.

I hope the medicine poor Carl had to take was not very bitter, and I am sure he took it like a man, whether it was bitter or sweet.

ORCHARD HILL, HAMILTON, SCOTLAND.

I am a big boy of seven years. My sister Anna, who is eleven, gets *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* from her uncle in Chicago, who has been reading it since the beginning. Anna likes it very much. One of the pictures, "The Holy Family," I have got hung in my room. I had a dear little cousin, Meg; he was quite tame, but he died of a cold, so I got him stuffed and put on a bracket. I am going to get a Bantam cock and hen. I have three sisters, Hamilla, Tosh, and Anna. Please, kind Postmistress, put this in your paper.

P. LAURENCE R. M.

Thanks for the very pretty Christmas card, dear.

GREENSBORO, ILLINOIS.

Grandma was sixty-nine years old the twenty-fourth day of last month, and we gave her a surprise party. According to arrangements, grandma took her away from home on that morning, and the friends and neighbors came. I got home with well-filled baskets, and when she got home the table was spread for dinner. And such a dinner! Just everything that was good. Perhaps you can imagine her surprise. There were over one hundred and twenty persons there. I made a cake from the receipt in *Young People* called "Grandma's Cake." It was made of white, and then put the word "Grandma" on top of it with colored frosting, and gave it to her on her birthday. The ladies placed it in the centre of the table, and it looked very nice. I am going to school, and study arithmetic, history, reading, grammar, writing, geography, and spelling. I am eleven years old, but am in the class with those seventeen and eighteen years old. I have a brother Harry who is eight years old. He studies reading, spelling, writing, and arithmetic. Our teacher is my uncle. One day the school-house caught fire during the time of school. It broke up the school for that day, but we put the fire out before it did much damage. The school is a mile and a half from our house. We have a dog named Tippet, Bessie, and Goldlocks, and a calf named Gracie, and I have two dolls. I like *Young People* very much. I have been taking it nearly three years. My teachers say that *Young People* is enough for me to read while I am going to school. What do you think? To-day is Saturday, and I must stop now to make some pies for dinner.

JULIA A. W.

I am sure if you read *Young People* through, you will get along very well, even if you have nothing else in the line of entertaining reading.

LEADING CREEK, WEST VIRGINIA.

I am so fond of reading the little letters that I thought I would write one. I have a good aunt in Ohio who sends *Young People* to my brother Bertie, and we all love it very much. I have three brothers, Bertie, Fred, Earl, and four sisters, Bessie, Ethel, and Georgia, besides a sweet little baby four months old, who has no name yet. I am ten, and when I was six I pieced a quilt and sent it to the fair, and I took the premium, and when I was seven I pieced another and sent it, and it took another premium. I still have the red premium tickets, but I bought dresses with my money. I have a sewing machine, and can sew on the machine as well as any one, and can make a whole dress without any help. Do you think I may join the Little Housekeepers? I will send a receipt for ginger snaps.

Boil together one cup of butter and one pint of milk, and when cold, add two tablespoonfuls of ginger and one large teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one-fourth of a cup of warm water; then just add as little flour as you can roll with, roll thin, cut in shapes, and bake quickly. They are very hard at first, but in a few days will almost melt in your mouth.

EDNA S.

Is the baby a boy or a girl?

You were very persevering to piece two quilts when you were so young, and I am glad they won a prize.

PELMORE, WISCONSIN.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—Papa took me to Milwaukee to visit the Exposition, and I want to tell you about it. In the centre of the building is a large fountain, which throws water away up in the dome. Around the fountain are aquariums with fish. The prettiest were rainbow trout from California, speckled trout from New York. There were lovely pictures in the art gallery. There was a comical picture of a boy frightening the baby with a false face. There were two cute monkeys in cages. There were a lot of things that I have never seen before. There were ever so many stuffed animals, skeletons, and geological specimens. I saw people making willow baskets and chairs, and weaving suspenders. There were pretty jewelry made of fall scales and alligators' teeth, and there were more nice things than I can tell. Papa took me to the Dime Museum too, where I saw a great many curiosities. Milwaukee is a beautiful city. Papa has gone to Boston. I wish I could have gone with him, and stopped in New York to have seen you. I am five years old. Mamma wrote a poem for me about the blue jay's nest. I will send it to you for the Post-office Box.

Your loving

REX. W.

Rex printed his letter in splendid large letters, and did it all himself. Here is the pretty poem:

## THE BLUE JAY'S NEST.

Rex like a string  
Hanging from a tree;  
Blue Jay on the wing  
Spied the treasure free,  
Picked the string to nests,  
Straightway to the nest  
Of twigs, moss, and threads,  
All the very best

One fine summer day,  
In the nest so warm,  
There three blue eggs lay,  
Guarded from all harm.

When the tiny eggs  
Grew to be birdlings three,  
Then our Rex like a bird  
He the birds may see.

Papa lifts him high  
Among the green boughs,  
Where the birdies lie,  
In their wondrous house.

For food each one calls  
With mouth open wide;  
Smile, brown bird, smile,  
Rex's special pride.

Soon the birds have flown  
From the parent nest,  
Into large birds grown,  
In blue feathers dressed.

Rex tells them "Good-by,"  
Bids them come again,  
And build their nests high  
His home near the glen.

MAMMA.

The following little essay is ingenious, and deserves a notice in the *Post-office Box*.

## A TRUE HISTORY OF LITTLE JACK HORNOR.

BY JEANIE.

It seems strange that so little is in reality known concerning this important personage when we think that he is among the first historical characters with whom we become acquainted. Indeed, even before we leave the nursery, we are generally very familiar with his name.







LILI AND HER PET PUSSY CAT.

# HARPER'S

# YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 218.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Tuesday, January 1, 1884.

Copyright, 1883, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$1.50 per Year, in Advance.



"SUCH FUN GETTING INTO BERTIE'S OLD CLOTHES!"

## BERTIE'S BOX.

A Christmas Story.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

I.

"THERE'S a letter for you, mamma, and, please, I want the red picture on it," said little Bertie, as he came trotting into the room where his mother and aunt sat

busily putting the last touches to their generous store of Christmas gifts.

"Do read it, Jane; my hands are too sticky," said Mrs. Field, who was filling pretty horns and boxes with bonbons.

"Whom do you know in Iowa?" asked Aunt Jane, looking at the postmark.

"No one. It is probably a begging letter. As secre-

tary of our great charitable society, I often get them. Let us see what it is;" and Mrs. Field popped a broken barley-sugar dog into Bertie's mouth to cheer him during the long process of picking off the stamp.

"Well, I never! What will folks ask for next? Just hear this!" exclaimed Aunt Jane, after running her eye over the neatly written page:

"Mrs. Field:

"DEAR MADAME,—Knowing your kind heart, I venture to hope that you may be willing to help me from your abundant stores. I will state my request as briefly as possible. I am so poor that I have nothing for my two little boys on Christmas. I have seen better days, but my husband is dead, my money is gone; I am sick, alone, and in need of everything. But I only ask some small presents for the children, that they may not feel forgotten at this season of universal pleasure and plenty. Your mother's heart will feel how hard it will be for me to see their disappointment when for the first time in their little lives Santa Claus brings nothing.

"Hopefully yours, ELLEN ADAMS."

"Isn't that queer?" said Aunt Jane.

"It is pathetic," answered Mrs. Field, looking from the loaded table before her to the curly head at her knee.

"It's only a new and sentimental way of begging. She says she needs everything, and of course expects you will send money. I hope you won't be foolish, Anna."

"I shall not send money; but surely out of all this plenty we can spare something for the poor babies, and let them keep their faith in Santa Claus. It won't take long to make up a little bundle, and will be no great loss if this woman has deceived us. My blessed mother used to say it was better to be deceived now and then than to turn away one honest and needy person. I only hope I may not forget all about it in my hurry;" and having finished her sweet job, Mrs. Field went away to wash her hands before beginning another.

As they talked, neither of the ladies observed that a pair of large blue eyes were fixed upon their faces, while a pair of sharp little ears took in the story, and a busy little mind thought about it after both had put the subject aside.

Bertie sat thinking for several minutes, while Aunt Jane forgot him in her anxiety over the new cap she was making. At last he got up and walked slowly into the nursery, saying to himself, with a thoughtful face:

"Mamma won't remember, and aunty don't care, and those poor little boys won't have any Twismuss if I don't 'tend to it. I've got lots of nice things, and going to have more, so I guess I'll give 'em some of the bestest ones."

Full of good-will, but uncertain how to begin, Bertie stood with his hands behind his back, looking about the pleasant room, strewn with all manner of half-used-up and broken playthings. A good-sized wooden box in which a little horse had come still stood where he had left it, with two chairs harnessed to it, and whip and reins lying near.

"That will do," said Bertie; and fell to work so busily that Aunt Jane heard nothing of him until a loud bang made her jump and call out, sharply, "What are you doing, child?"

"Playing Santa Claus, aunty, and packing my sleigh. Don't you hear the bells ring?" answered Bertie, shaking the reins and cracking the whip, with a sly twinkle in his eye; for he didn't want to be disturbed yet.

"Well, don't get into mischief;" and Aunt Jane went on with her cap, just ready for the pink bows.

More bangs followed, and nails were evidently being driven; but Bertie often played carpenter, so no notice was taken, and soon he was busy pasting bits of paper on the box with his own particular "muscleack" pot.

"Now it's all ready, and mamma will be so pleased,

'cause I saved her lots of trouble," he said to himself, surveying the bedaubed box with great satisfaction. "I guess I better put it under the bed till I come back; aunty might see it, and say it was clutter," he added, and tugged and shoved until it was safely hidden.

Then he went out for his walk, and forgot all about it until the next day.

## II.

"Where is Bertie's best hat? I want to put a new elastic on it, and can not find it anywhere. What ever does the child do with his things?" said Mary, the nurse, fussing about to get her odd jobs done that she might get off early to her Christmas shopping. There was a great hunt, but no hat appeared, until Mary spied a bit of the feather sticking out of a crack in the badly fastened cover of the box under the bed.

"My patience! what a fine mess it will be in, crammed up in that way," scolded Mary, pulling it out and looking round for the hammer.

Aunt Jane was sewing at the window, and Mrs. Field had just come in with a little parcel in her hand. Both looked on with interest while the lid came off the queer box, stuck full of nails and gay with red and blue labels that would have puzzled the wisest expressman.

Out came the hat crushed flat, Bertie's best coat, several of his most costly books, a collection of toys, pictures, and sticky rolls of candy, while on the top of all appeared the piece of gingerbread given for lunch the day before.

"What has the dear child been at, I wonder?"

"He said he was playing Santa Claus yesterday when I heard him pounding those nails," answered Aunt Jane, adding severely, "He ought to be whipped for spoiling good things in that way."

"Here he comes. We'll see what his little idea was before we scold him," said mamma, as the familiar little trot was heard coming through the hall.

The moment Bertie's eye fell on the box the music stopped, and he looked distressed.

"Why, that's mine! What made you spoil it, Mary?"

"Tell me about it, dear;" and mamma turned the troubled face up to her own.

"It's for the poor little boys you read about. I was afraid you'd forget them, so I packed it all myself, and I thought you'd be so pleased," cried the boy, eagerly.

"So I am; but why put in your nice things, dear, and not ask me about it?"

"You told me always to give the best pieces away, and I thought they ought to be my very bestest, 'cause the little boys were so poor. Can't it go, mamma?"

Mrs. Field stood silent for a moment, looking from the small parcel in her hand to the overflowing box, then she kissed her little son, saying, with something like tears in her eyes,

"My blessed little Christian, you rebuke your mother, and show her what she ought to do—give generously and gladly, and trust her fellow-creatures as you do. See the difference between our boxes! Mine so small and mean, his full of all his dearest treasures, even the bread out of his mouth. Bertie, I'll fill your box with comforts, and send it in your name. You shall play Santa Claus in sweet earnest, and have all the thanks."

Why mamma hugged him, and Aunt Jane sniffed without another word of blame, Bertie did not know or care; but hopping gayly round his box, he cried with a beaming face,

"Yes, fill it cram-full, and let me help. Mamma, have lots to eat in it. I know the boys will like that best."

"We will! Get your little wagon, and we will go round picking up all sorts of things for this remarkable box," said mamma, as she led the way to the great closet where her charity stores were kept.

It was a pretty sight, the packing of that box, for mamma kept finding something more to put in, and Bertie



played expressman to his heart's content as he dragged the creaking yellow cart to and fro full of half-worn clothes, toys he was tired of, and things to eat, all for "the poor little boys who hadn't any Twissmuss."

"Now a few odds and ends to fill the corners, and it will be ready for papa to nail up when he comes in to dinner," said mamma, as the last pair of little hose and her own warm wrapper went in.

"I'll send my purple shawl. It makes me look like a lemon, and it will be comfortable for the woman if she really does need clothing," said Aunt Jane, who had watched the packing, and melted in spite of herself.

"Another bit of Christmas work, my little Santa Claus. Warm the cold hearts, open the closed hands, and make us all love and help one another," whispered Mrs. Field, as old aunt went away to get the shawl.

"I like this play," cried Bertie, patting down the bundles, and rejoicing over the goodies he had seen put in.

"It is better to give than to receive, so play away, dear, and fill a bigger box each year," answered mamma, with a hand on the yellow head as if she blessed it. Here papa came in, and having read the letter, and had a good laugh over Bertie's first box, he was very ready to nail up the second and send it off. He also pulled out his full pocket-book, and after hesitating a moment over a five and a ten dollar bill, hastily slipped the latter into an envelope, and hid it in the pocket of the wrapper that lay on the top.

"Foolish, I dare say, but I must follow my boy's good example, and hope it is all right," he said, and then went to look up the hammer.

The cover was tightly fastened on, with a plainly written address, and papa promised to have it sent off at once.

"I wonder what will come of it?" said mamma, as they stood looking at the heavy box.

"I predict that you'll never get a word of thanks," answered Aunt Jane, as if to atone for her generosity.

"You will probably get a letter asking for more," added Mr. Field, half regretting his ten dollars, now that it was too late to change it for a five.

"I know the dear little boys will be awfully glad to get it, and I shall like my goodies better because they have got some too," cried Bertie, untroubled by a doubt, and full of happy satisfaction at having shared his comforts with those poorer than himself.

### III.

It was Christmas-eve, and far off in Iowa people were making merry all through the great city. Even down among the shabby streets some small festivity was going on, and the little shops were full of working people buying something for to-morrow. But up in one room of an old house sat a woman rocking a sick baby to sleep, and trying to sing while tears rolled down her cheeks.

It was a very poor room, with little in it but a table piled with work, a cold stove, one lamp, and an almost empty closet. In the bed were two black heads just visible under the shawl spread over them, and the regular breathing told that Jimmy and Johnny were sleeping soundly, in spite of cold and hunger, and the prospect of no Christmas presents to-morrow.

As she rocked, poor Mrs. Adams glanced at the unfinished work on her table, and wondered how she should get on without the money she hoped to have earned if baby had not fallen ill.

Then her eye wandered from two small socks hung up on either side of the fire-place to the two little red apples on the mantel overhead. They were all she could get for Jimmy and Johnny, and even these poor gifts could not go into the stockings until the holes were mended, for neither had any toes left.

"As soon as baby drops off I'll mend them, and maybe I can finish a couple of vests, if my oil holds out; then I can get a bit of candy for the poor little lads. Christmas

isn't Christmas to children without a taste of sweeties," said the poor mother, looking tenderly at the black heads under the shawl she was shivering without.

As if anxious to help all she could baby did "drop off," and being tucked up on the foot of the bed, slept nicely for an hour, while mother's fingers worked as fast as cold and weariness would let them.

"No answer to my letter. Well, I hardly expected it, being a stranger, and every one so busy at this time of year. But it would have been such a comfort just to get a trifle for the poor dears," thought Mrs. Adams, as she sat alone, while the bells rang Christmas chimes, and a cheery murmur came up from the wintry streets below.

Just then a bumping was heard on the stairs, a loud rap came at her door, a rough voice said suddenly, "Something for you, ma'am—all paid," and a hurried expressman dumped a big box just inside her door, and was gone before she got her breath.

For a minute she thought she must be dreaming, it was all so sudden; then she was sure that it was some mistake; but there was her name on the muddy lid, and she clasped her hands in speechless delight, feeling that *it must* be the answer to her letter.

Down went the work, and catching up the poker and a flat-iron, she had that cover off in about three minutes, and, astonishing to relate, not one of those dear children woke up in spite of the noise.

If the Fields, Aunt Jane, and Bertie could have seen what went on for the next hour they would have had no doubts about the success of their present, for Mrs. Adams laughed and cried, hugged the bundles, and kissed the kind note mamma had slipped in. She put on the warm wrapper and purple shawl at once, and felt as if comfortable arms were around her. But when she put her hand in the pocket of the gown, where something rustled, and found the money, she broke down entirely, and dropping on the floor, fairly hugged the box, sobbing:

"God bless the dear people, and keep them safe and happy all their lives!"

Many presents were given that night, and many thanks returned, but none was a greater surprise than this one, and none more gratefully received. Its coming was like the magic of the fairy tales, for everything seemed changed in a minute, and poor Mrs. Adams felt warm, rich, and happy, with comfortable clothes on her back, ten dollars in her pocket, and in her bosom the kind letter that proved even better than the box that she had generous friends to trust and help her. That cheered her most of all, and when her lamp went out after an hour of real Christmas work and a touching letter to Mrs. Field, she crept to bed with baby cuddled close to a glad and grateful heart.

### IV.

"What's that?" said Jimmy, as he woke next morning, and heard a roaring in the stove, where usually no fire was kindled until a late hour, to save fuel.

Popping up his head, he gave one astonished stare round the room, and then dived to the bottom of the bed, where they usually burrowed to keep warm.

"I say, Johnny, it isn't our room at all. Something's happened, and it's just splendid," he whispered, pulling his brother's hair in his excitement.

"Go 'way! I ain't coming up yet," was the sleepy answer, as the elder boy curled himself up for another nap.

"There's a big fire, and something smells real nice, and there's new clothes all round, and baby's sitting up in a red gown, and mother's gone, and our stockings are crammed full—really, truly!"

The last piece of news roused Johnny, and sent both scrambling up to sit staring in speechless wonder for several moments.

It was as Jimmy said. A good fire made the air comfortable, something nice sizzled on the stove, a big loaf,



"PLAYING SANTA CLAUS."

a piece of butter, and six eggs appeared upon the table, where mush and molasses were usually seen day after day. On the curtains were pinned little coats and trousers, hats hung on the bed-posts, and a row of half-worn boots seemed ready to prance off the window-seat. Baby sat bolt-upright, as gay as a parrot, in a red flannel nightgown and a blue sash, with an orange in one hand and a rubber horse in the other. But, most joyful sight of all, two long gray stockings dangled from the mantel-piece, brimful of delightful things that bulged mysteriously and came peeping out at the top.

"Is it heaven?" whispered Jimmy, awe-stricken at such richness.

"No; it's Santa Claus. Mother said he wouldn't come, but I knew he *would*, and he has. Isn't it tip-top?" and Johnny gave a long sigh of pleasure, with one eager eye on his stocking and the other on a certain pair of blue knickerbockers with steel buttons.

"Let's get up and grab our presents," proposed Jimmy, and up it was, for out both went like two monkeys, giving baby a glimpse of their funny night-gowns, made out of an old plaid shawl, gay but warm.

Each seized a stocking and a handful of toys, and flew back again to rejoice over the new treasures until mother appeared with her arms full of bundles. She too was changed, for she wore a gray gown, with a purple shawl and red hood—so comfortable! Her face shone and her lips smiled as if all her troubles had flown away. The sad old mother was gone, and a pretty, happy one ran to hug them, saying, all in one breath:

"Merry Christmas, my darlings! See all the good things that dear lady sent us; and the blessed little boy helped, and gave the clothes off his back, and played be Santa Claus, and all thought of us. Oh, thank 'em! thank 'em! and kiss me quick, for my heart is full."

Then a grand cuddling went on, with baby in the midst of it, and no one thought of breakfast till the kettle boiled over, and reminded Mrs. Adams that her flock must have something more substantial than sugar-plums to eat.

Such fun getting into Bertie's old clothes! They just fitted eight-year-old Johnny, and Jimmy didn't mind if the trousers bagged, and the jackets lapped on him. They were new and beautiful to the shabby little fellows, tired of darning and patches, and when both were dressed they strolled about as proud as two small peacocks.

The poor mother had no fears about dinner, for in the

magic box was a pie, a cake, tea, oranges, figs, and nuts, and her morning purchases had laid in a bit of meat, with potatoes, so the Christmas feast was safe, and for one happy day all should have enough.

When breakfast was over, and the excited family was about to return to their treasures, Mrs. Adams said, with what the children called her "Sunday look," "Boys, come here and put your hands in mine and say with me, 'God bless our dear little Santa Claus, and send him many Christmases as happy as the one he has made for us!'"

Johnny and Jimmy said it very soberly, and then, as if the bottled-up rapture of their boyish hearts must find a vent in noise, they burst out with a shrill shout, to which Baby added a squeal of delight.

"Hurrah for Bertie Field, and the jolly box he sent us!"

## MRS. SANTA CLAUS ASSERTS HERSELF.

BY SARAH J. BURKE.

OH, it's all very fine for that husband of mine  
To be courted and praised and invited to dine;  
Though late in the day, I'll take while I may  
My woman's one privilege of "saying her say."

It's "Santa Claus, dear"—"ah, no, Santa Claus here"  
(Pray pardon this poor little tricklesome tear);  
Complimentary strife is the breath of his life,  
But who ever mentions his desolate wife?

Now I've nothing to say in a slanderous way  
Of the man I have promised to love and obey:  
He's a jolly old soul, he acts up to his rôle,  
And as husbands go, he may pass, on the whole.

Oh, I'd never have spoken—my heart might have broken,  
I'd have died without leaving one remnant of token—  
Did a gossip not say in my hearing one day,  
"Santa Claus is a bachelor, tieless and gay."

"You mistake," was my cry, with a flash of the eye;  
"I'm his patient and hard-working wife, by-the-by;  
And the world I will stun, when the gamut I run  
Of all that I've suffered and all that I've done."

My sufferings first. With a heart nigh to burst,  
Each Christmas-eve brings me the sharpest and worst.  
When equipped for a start, I see him depart,  
While my tremulous hands seek my quivering heart.

"Be careful," I say; "you grow stouter each day"  
(We women must smile though our heart-strings give way);  
"Tight-fit chimneys, you know, you must surely forego,  
Or be roasted alive by the fire below."

"And, darling," I add, "remember the bad  
Attack of bronchitis you recently had;  
And button your coat high up in the throat,  
And don't cross the streams when the ice is afloat."

"And keep a tight rein on My Lady Disdain—  
Look, dear! she is kicking the dash-board again."  
But away he has sped, heeding naught I have said,  
While visions of widowhood dance in my head.

Is it nothing, I ask, that my husband should bark  
In the popular smile, like a belle at a masque,  
While I, poor old crone, sit and cower alone,  
Tight clasp the fingers I've worked to the bone?

With a nod and a blink he would lead you to think  
He had dressed all the dolls ere a weasel could wink;  
No, while he is led—to his shame be it said—  
It is I who am plying the needle and thread.

He goes shopping so grand through the length of the land,  
But all matters of tastefulness fall to my hand.  
Could he crochet and tat, or trim a doll's hat?  
Take his clumsy thumb-measure—now answer me that.

Oh, women, whose days are made radiant with praise,  
Whose trumpets are blown on the high and by ways,  
Pray stifle your scorn for a woman forlorn,  
Who is driven to sounding her own little horn.

## CRABS.

BY SARAH COOPER.

CRABS are curious creatures. At the first glance we can scarcely tell which is the head. Notice the position of the eyes (Fig. 1), and that will settle the question. Walking, as they do, forward, backward, and even sideways with equal ease, it seems as if they too might be slightly puzzled about their formation, and so, not stopping to decide which part is intended to go foremost, they dart off on a venture, and in the oddest manner possible.

They are so abundant on all our sea-shores that we rarely lift a bunch of sea-weed or poke among the rubbish there without disturbing their haunts, yet they scramble off and hide in the sand so quickly that we are not much wiser for their discovery. Let us pick up some cast-off shell, and make a closer examination.

The bodies of higher animals contain three principal cavities—the head, thorax, and abdomen. In crabs, on the contrary, the head and thorax are so closely united that we can not distinguish them, and they are covered by the same shell. The proper name for a head and thorax thus united is “ceph-a-lo-thorax.”

A crab, consequently, has two principal parts—the cephalo-



FIG. 1.—CRAB.

alo-thorax and the abdomen—each containing a number of parts of its own. To the cephalo-thorax are attached five pairs of jointed legs. The front pair are much larger than the others, and form the claws. The abdomen consists of six parts; but it is small and inconspicuous, being folded under the cephalo-thorax.

The compound eyes of crabs are on long stalks, and they may be turned in different directions or folded back into little grooves in the shell.

Crabs breathe by gills and by branchia. Gills are leaf-like plates so situated as to be readily bathed with water. They contain a great many blood-vessels, and the oxygen in the water, finding its way through their delicate walls, mixes with the blood to purify it. The crab's heart consists of a single contractile sac.

Crabs are often spoken of as crustaceans. The name, I think, will at once suggest to you animals having a hard crust. As this crust contains a number of pieces exactly fitted to each other, it has been compared to

the armor worn by soldiers in olden times. The manner in which it is shed during the growth of the crab is curious and interesting. This hard shell never increases in size; therefore as the crab grows its shell becomes too small, and it is cast off, looking like the perfect animal, with eyes and legs attached. When the proper time for this change arrives, the body shrinks away from the shell, separating from it at all points, and the animal works its way out. The exhausted creature now remains quietly in some secluded place, increasing rapidly in size, until the soft skin again hardens into a new shell.

This is a painful and perilous experience for the poor crabs. Occurring as it does several times in the summer, their weak and unprotected bodies fall an easy prey to their enemies, and they are devoured even by other crabs which happen to be in better plight. Now it is that they are known as “soft-shelled” crabs.

Crustaceans, when fully coated with mail, are strong and destructive, fighting among themselves as well as with other animals. They eat any small creatures that come in their way, whether living or dead. On the other hand, they themselves are destroyed by larger animals, and crustaceans form a large part of the food of star-fish, sea-urchins, mollusks, and many kinds of fish and birds, consequently great quantities of them are killed before reaching their full size. To protect the race from destruction by this loss of life, all crustaceans produce immense quantities of eggs.

Young crabs (Fig. 2) are so unlike the full-grown ones that naturalists formerly thought they belonged to a different class of animals. As soon as they are born they rise to the surface of the water, and swim about freely. After passing through several changes the body becomes large and heavy toward the head, and the young crabs, losing the power of swimming, sink to the bottom, where they hide for a while. As they gain in size and strength, and are ready to begin their new manner of living, they creep toward the shore, and most of them pass the rest of their days in shallow water among the sea-weed. In the tropics some species live in the fresh-water of brooks and rivers. Others live in the shades of damp forests; still, when breeding-time arrives, they visit the sea-shore to deposit their eggs.

The land-crabs of Jamaica even live on the mountains, yet every year they yield to a longing for their old home, and come down to the shores of the Caribbean Sea.



FIG. 3.—HERMIT CRAB.



FIG. 2.—EARLY FORM OF CRAB.



FIG. 4.—FIDDLER CRAB.

to lay their eggs. This duty performed, they return again to the mountains.

The hermit-crab (Fig. 3) is always an object of interest. Unlike other crustaceans, it has no shell to protect the soft body, and a tempting morsel is thus exposed. The hermit, conscious of its weak point, seeks shelter by taking possession of some spiral shell in which to place its soft abdomen. The hard claws and the first two pairs of feet generally hang out over the edge of the shell, which henceforth moves about upon the crab's back as if the two belonged together. The shorter hind-feet are roughened, enabling the crab to hold on to the inside of the shell, and it clings so tightly that it will sometimes allow itself to be torn in pieces rather than quit its hold.

As the hermit grows it needs to hunt up a larger home, and it may be seen creeping along the shore, examining and turning over shells to select one, often trying on several before it is suited—much as a boy might try on several pairs of boots before he is fitted exactly. Should a hermit fancy the shell of some living snail, it would not hesitate, I am sorry to say, to kill and eat the owner, and then coolly take possession of the shell. Two hermits are sometimes found fighting for the same shell.

Fiddler-crabs (Fig. 4) have one claw much larger than the other, and as they walk sideways they hold up the large claw in a threatening manner. They dig holes in the mud to live in, and they enter these homes with extreme caution. Running quickly to the entrance, they pause awhile, turn their stalked eyes in every direction, and then dart suddenly in. They are not easily caught, for they dart into their holes quickly when alarmed.

The fiddler-crab is a striking illustration of the effect of use upon any one organ. The large claw so peculiar to this group belongs only to the males, who are great fighters. They use the large claw in their combats, which fact accounts for its increased size, and also for the absence of a large claw in the more peaceable females.

Many of you have seen the little round crabs that live in oyster shells. These pea-crabs, or oyster-crabs, as they are called, are considered a great delicacy, and they are sometimes collected and sold by the dozen. Having no hard covering, they always take up their abode within the shell of the oyster or some other bivalve. They are not prisoners within the shell, as they venture out into the water sometimes, and return again when they wish to.

They are said not to annoy the oyster in the least, or to deprive it of any of its food, since they eat certain small animals which float into the shell, but which the oyster never feeds upon. Strange to say, it is only the female that shuts herself up within an oyster shell. The male is much smaller, and frolics about on the surface of the sea.

## THE ICE QUEEN.\*

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

### CHAPTER III.

#### FITTING OUT THE "RED ERIK."

THE first thing was to settle upon their preparations.

"What will you want to take, Tug?"

"Precious little, I guess. Besides my clothing, which won't make much of a bundle, I don't own much except my shot-gun, and my weasel trap, and my odds-and-ends chest, and some hooks and lines. I'm going to sell all the rest of my duds."

"Who'll buy 'em?" asked Jim, doubtfully.

"Never your mind who, Infant. 'This stock must be closed out below cost,' as the old-clo' men say. I can put all my baggage in a nail keg."

"Then that's fixed," Aleck remarked. "Now for you, Kady?"

"I think the little trunk that was mamma's, and my hand-bag for brush and comb and such things, will hold all that belongs to me—that is, of my own *own*," she replied, laughing. "Of course the cooking things, and so on, belong to all of us."

"Well, Jim, your traps and mine will go into the other little chest, I think—at any rate they must. Now for the general list."

The general outfit was then talked over for more than an hour, when, looking at his watch, Aleck said:

"Now this plan all depends on what luck I have in renting the house. I heard yesterday that Mr. Porter (the owner of the burned factory) would have to leave the hotel, and wanted to find a small furnished house. I am going to see if I can't rent ours to him."

So Aleck went off, and Tug and Jim started down to examine the boat, study how much she would hold, and see what would be the best way of mounting her upon the bobs, which they spoke of as "the sledge." They were not back until afternoon, and found that Aleck had just come in full of success. Mr. Porter would rent the house, and would allow them a closet in which to store all the small goods they wished to leave behind.

"Now what about the boat?" he asked, as he concluded the story.

"She'll do beautifully. Jim and I think we'd better deck her over from the mast forward, and cover it with painted canvas, so as to make a water-tight place to stow the provisions."

"That's a good idea."

"We thought you'd say so, and so we took exact measurements, and can make a deck here, and fasten it on down there."

"All right; now how do you think we'd better fasten the boat to the sledge?"

"That's where we want you to help us decide. I don't believe its weight is great enough to hold it firm."

"It's the first thing to be arranged," said Aleck, "and after dinner I guess we'll have to go down to the wharf."

An hour later the three boys were standing beside the boat, gazing first at it and then at the pair of strong heavy bobs they had brought along.

"We must take that coasting-board off the bobs and put in a heavy reach-pole pretty near as long as the boat, that's certain," said Tug.

"And," spoke up Jimmy, "we've got to prop her up on the sledge so she'll stand even, and won't tip."

"Yes, you're both right," said Aleck, "and the best way is to saw chairs out of two-inch plank which will just fit her bottom, and in which she will sit solidly."

"But," Tug broke in, "that won't hold her firm in the racket she has to go through. She's got to be fastened to those sledges, and I reckon the best way is to draw bands of stout canvas—big straps would cost too much—over the boat, from one side of the sledge to the other."

They examined and re-examined, and could none of them see any better plan; so they measured, and on their way home bought enough of the heaviest duck to make four bands, each three inches wide.

This transaction brought out a bit of Tug's loyalty. As Aleck took out his purse to pay for the canvas, Tug pushed his hand away and laid a dollar bill on the counter.

"You can just put up your cash," he cried. "This is my affair. If you fellows furnish the boat and sledge and all the rest, I'm going to pay for what new stuff we have to buy myself. It's little enough I can do, anyhow."

With this view there was no use of arguing, and Tug had his way that day and during all the rest of the preparation, spending the whole of his savings and the money he got by the sale of his books and "contraptions."

While Tug sawed out the chairs, and screwed and spik-



them firmly to the sledge that evening, the other two boys worked at the bands, and Katy sewed. They all sat in the kitchen, so as to be where Aleck could work, and before they went to bed both tasks were nearly done. The next day was Sunday.

On Monday the sledge was finished, and the boat was set upon it. Tacking tightly over it the canvas bands, two in front and one toward the stern, the whole affair proved almost as stiff and firm as though formed of one piece.

"What was the boat's name?" you may feel like interrupting me to ask.

It had not been christened yet, but when, as they sat by the fire on Sunday evening, Katy read aloud the story of "Red Erik," they all agreed that was the name they wanted.

Now the *Red Erik* was fitted to carry one mast, which passed through a hole in the forward thwart, and was stepped into a block underneath. The sail carried by this mast was a square of pretty good size, supported by a gaff at the top and a boom at the bottom. When it was not in use it was rolled around the mast, the gaff and boom being laid lengthwise along with it; and by wrapping the sheet around, the whole was lashed into a bundle, which lay very snugly upon the thwarts under one gunwale, where a couple of leather gaskets were buckled about it to keep it from sliding. There was also a jib-sail.

While they were arranging this matter the question of what they were to do for a tent came up, and Katy asked whether the sails could not be made useful.

Certainly the mainsail was large enough to make a very decent shelter when stretched over a low ridge-pole, but it needed loops of rope at the ends in order to be pegged to the ground if it were to be made useful.

"But there ain't any ground, and you can't drive pegs into ice," objected Katy at this point of the planning.

"Then," said Aleck, "we shall have to get half a dozen iron pegs, and I have some railway spikes that will be just the thing."

"That's so," said Tug. "Take 'em along. Now the next thing is poles. The gaff will do for one, but the other one we'll have to make, because we want to use the boom for a ridge-pole."

"Then I'll tell you how we'll fix it," Aleck explained. "We'll put an eye-bolt in the far end of the boom, and call that the front end of the tent. We'll make a front upright post out of hickory, and have the lower end of it shod with iron, so as to stick in the ice—"

"Hold up! I've got a better idea than that," Tug exclaimed. "I suppose you want to save carrying any more timber than you can help. Well, let's cut off the handle of the boat-hook—that's hickory—until it is the right length, and its iron point will stick in the ice, or the ground (if we set her up ashore) first-rate. Then we'll go to the blacksmith, and have a cap made with a spike in it to go through the eye in the end of the boom. When we want to use the boat-hook we can take the cap off."

"That's a good way; but how about the gaff?"

"Set a short spike in the far end to stick in the ice, and let the ridge-pole rest in the jaws of the gaff; the canvas will hold her steady."

"Yes, I suppose so. You're an inventor, Tug. Go down to-morrow and get the irons made."

Meanwhile, as I said, loops were sewed on the sail, and it was thus arranged to serve as tent. It made a queer shape when it was set up in the yard on trial, for the sail was broader at one end than the other, but it did very well indeed. An end piece was lacking; but this was supplied by putting on tapes so as to tie the broad foot of the jib to one edge of the rear end of the tent, while the sharp end was folded around on the outside and tied to one of the side pegs. For the front they could do no better than hang up a shawl or something, if it was needed, since they

decided that a few yards square of spare canvas which they had must be kept for a carpet upon the ice floor.

This done, there remained to screw into the forward end of the sledge two eye-bolts, to which the ropes were to be attached for dragging the boat. Each of these ropes was about twelve feet long, and had at one end an iron hook, so as to be put on and taken off very quickly. They could easily be hooked together into one long line, and two of them would serve as end-stays when the tent was set up.

All these arrangements, by hard work, were finished on Tuesday evening, the very last task being the making of a box with double-hinged covers, which should fit snugly under the stern thwart. This was to be the kitchen chest or mess kit, holding the cooking utensils and dishes. When its two covers were spread out and propped up, it formed a low table.

## CHAPTER IV.

### MAKING A START.

KATY meanwhile had been looking after clothing and provisions. On Tuesday evening, when Tug came in after tea, she was ready to read to him a full list, as follows:

**BOAT OUTFIT.**—Sailing and rowing gear complete; one piece of spare canvas three yards square; one oil lantern and a gallon of oil; one compass; a locker, under the stroke thwart, containing calking-iron, oakum, putty, copper nails, gimlet, screw-driver, screws, sail needle, thread, wax, etc.

**CAMP OUTFIT.**—Tent (made out of the sails, pegs, poles, etc.); one axe; one hatchet; one small handsaw; one shovel; one clothes-line; one mess chest, containing the fewest possible dishes, tin cups, knives, forks, etc., also a skillet, a stew-pan, a coffee-pot, etc.; one iron pot; one covered copper pail.

**PERSONAL BAGGAGE.**—One trunk for Aleck's and Jim's clothing; one trunk for Katy's clothing; Tug's box (clothing and what he says are "contraptions"); small valise for Katy's little things.

**BEDDING** (*tied up in close rolls*).—For Aleck, three blankets and a thick quilt.

For Jim, the same.

For Tug, three blankets and a piece of old sail-cloth.

For Katy, a buffalo-robe trimmed square, two flannel sheets, three blankets, and a heavy shawl.

Thick woollen night-caps or hoods for all.

*Food enough to last two weeks, it is supposed, and consisting chiefly of the first seven articles named.*—Corn-meal, coffee, sugar, crackers, dried beef, bacon and ham; also small quantities of potatoes, beans, dried corn, tea, chocolate, maple sugar, buckwheat flour, and condiments. (Katy did not count the luxuries of the first day's evening meal.)

All these supplies, as far as possible, were put into bags made of strong cloth or of heavy paper, or into wooden boxes, and then were stowed under the forward deck. To carry them (and the rest of the luggage) down to the wharf a box was fastened upon Jim's hand-sled, and several trips were made.

At last Wednesday afternoon came, and the preparations for the adventurous journey were complete. All the morning had been spent by Tug and Jim in packing away goods at the boat, while Aleck and Kate finished the home-leaving, bringing down a final sled-load with them about two o'clock. Besides this, Katy's arms were full of "suspicious-looking" bundles, as Tug noticed, the contents of which she refused to let any one know before night.

The boat lay hidden underneath the warehouse wharf, and of the few who knew of their intentions nobody seemed to have let out the secret; moreover, the day was unusually cold and somewhat windy, so that few skaters were out, at least so far down the river. Thus they were



"A MOMENT LATER THEY WERE OFF."

not annoyed by inquisitive visitors. Ten minutes after Aleck and Kate arrived the final package had been stowed, the mantle of canvas spread over, the oars and rolled-up tent laid on top, and Tug announced everything ready.

"Then let's be off," said Aleck, as he buckled the last strap of his left skate, and stood up.

"Not till you give the word of command, Captain."

"Captain!" echoed Jim, standing very straight.

"Captain!" Kate caught up the word, and made a funny girlish imitation of an officer's salute. "Not till you give the order, sir!"

"Oho!" laughed Aleck. "That's election by acclamation, I should say! All right; only if I'm to be Captain, remember you must do as I say at once, and save any arguing about it until afterward. When you get tired you can vote me out as you voted me in. Will you agree?"

"Yes, agreed," cried all three.

"Then my first order is 'Forward!'" and so saying

he seized a drag-rope and sent the sledge-boat spinning out upon the smooth ice far from under the shadow of the wharf, showing how easily it could be run in spite of its weight, which was not less than five hundred pounds.

A moment later they were off on the first strokes of a trip that proved far more eventful than any of them anticipated—Aleck with the drag-rope, Tug by his side, Jim pulling his sled, Rex leaping and barking, and Kate bringing up the rear with her hands on the stern rail of the boat. Two or three boys and men called after them, and one followed a little way, but he was sent back with short answers, and in a few moments the church spires, the big bell-crowned cupola of the High School, and the lofty spans of the railway bridge had been left far behind. Not much was said, for even heedless Jim felt that this was a serious undertaking, and the pleasant scenes they had known so long might never be revisited.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"A GIFT FROM HEAVEN."—SEE PAGE 136.



## A GIFT FROM HEAVEN.

THIS night before the Christmas dawn,  
The fields are clad in spotless white;  
There's not a cloud nor breath of wind,  
And all the stars are shining bright;  
While downward through the silent air  
An angel floats on noiseless wings,  
And in his arms a little child  
To bless an earthly home he brings.

Oh, gift of Heaven, fair little babe,  
When thou shalt quit the angel's arms  
May Heaven's grace be with thee still  
To shield thee from all earthly harms!  
Thou dreamest not, and none can tell,  
What joys or sorrows may be thine;  
But He who sent thee into life  
Has said, The little ones are mine.

Welcome, sweet babe! The Lord of Life  
Was once a little Child like thee;  
And He has said, "Forbid them not,  
But let the children come to me."  
Their angels stand before the throne  
And look upon His Father's face;  
The love He gave them here on earth,  
He gives from His high dwelling place. S. S. C.

## FIRE-SCREENS, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

BY C. W. FISHER.



HERE is no prettier household ornament, nor is there any more serviceable article of household furniture, than a well-made fire-screen.

Screens of every variety are to be found in the shops, and at prices ranging from a few dollars for the simple designs, to many hundreds for others more elaborate.

Young folk who have leisure can as well make as purchase them, and often the results of home work compare most favorably with the best specimens of shop manufacture. The foundation framework is easily made by a boy who has any skill in carpentering, and the girls can have that part of the task done for them at a trifling expense. The most useful screen is made in three panels, each four feet and a half high, by one and a half wide. The frames should be made of white pine, thoroughly seasoned, to avoid warping, mitred at the corners, and braced in the middle, as shown in the diagram. Strips of inch pine, two inches wide, will secure the proper lightness and strength.

The frames are to be covered with brown sheeting or unbleached muslin, the coarser the better, which is to be stretched as tight as possible, and held by very small tacks driven in the edges, *not* on the faces of the frames. Having done this, carefully cut away all the surplus material; then prepare a sizing of thin flour paste, and with it wet thoroughly every portion of the muslin. In stretching, the cloth will pull unequally, and along the tacked edges there will be slight unevennesses, which can be smoothed down while wet, and which will be held in place as the paste dries. The drying takes but a little time, and when it is accomplished there will result a working surface as tight as a drum-head.

In the paper covering individual taste may be exercised without limit, and the beautiful varieties of paper-hangings render it almost impossible to make a poor selection. A sketch of three different designs which we have finished during the year may perhaps suggest ideas to our young friends, if they don't care to reproduce them exactly. The little ones are most interested in the nursery screen, which was our first venture. Its bright colors and quaint figures are an unending delight to them, and many an hour is spent in studying their curious antics.

The background of this screen is a very dark—almost black—cheap wall-paper of very indefinite pattern, slightly flecked with gilt. In cutting the paper for the front of a panel an inch and a half margin on all sides should be allowed, while the back piece is to be the exact size of the frame. The paste should contain a little starch, be free from lumps, and not thick. It is to be applied as evenly as possible, and care is needed to see that every part of the paper is covered by it. Place the paper upon the frame, beginning at the top, and allowing the surplus inch margin to lap over. Put a piece of wrapping paper under the hand, and slowly smooth the pasted part for about six inches down from the upper edge, thus pressing out all air bubbles and wrinkles. When this is successfully done, continue the same process, always smoothing downward.

Should any creases or other irregularities fail to disappear under the slow rubbing, take the paper by the two lower corners and lift it from the muslin until past the roughness, and then press again. In this way you are certain to remove the imperfection, and get a perfectly plain surface. The margin is next to be pasted, and will lap perhaps a quarter of an inch on the back. This will, however, be covered by the paper for the back of the panel, which is to be applied in the same way as the front piece.

The really hard part of the work is now over, and the most interesting stage at hand. Get from a book or toy store several illustrated books of nursery rhymes and children's stories. Those by Walter Crane are the best in design and coloring, but many others are very good. Cut out every figure in the book, large and small alike. Select three of the largest and handsomest for the centre pieces, and about these arrange the others as fancy suggests, without regarding the stories which they illustrate. The result, in the case of our screen, was charming, and is daily admired. The back may be ornamented in like manner or left plain. Four brass hinges fastening the frame together, a line of brass-headed nails all around the edges, both for the protection of the paper and as a finish, two small brass handles on the top of the outer panels to lift by and avoid soiling, will complete one of the prettiest decorations of the house.

The second attempt was made with a background of cardinal red felt paper, on which were pasted cuttings from old HARPER'S MAGAZINES, one panel being given up to flowers, one to birds, and one to animals, and this also is the children's delight.

Our last venture was the simplest of all in its manufacture, but is very effective. It is made of small-figured wall-paper, with a great deal of gilt in the design. On this are mounted three Japanese panels, such as are to be found on those hanging banners with which our Celestial friends love to deck their walls. All three are black, with sprays of flowers and birds painted upon them in the brightest colors, and the effect of the gold, the black, and the gorgeous reds and delicate blues in combination is lovely.

Of course there are as many methods and patterns in making screens as there are minds to design and hands to do the work. The plan suggested above is simple, and has proved successful. May our young readers enjoy working it out as well as we did!



## THE LOST CITY.

OR, THE BOY EXPLORERS IN CENTRAL ASIA.

BY DAVID RER.

## CHAPTER XII.

A BAD FIX.

"BEHOLD our *caravanserai*!" resting place cried a big, hook-nosed fellow, with accurate, uninviting face, who seemed to be the leader of the gang. "Here will we take our ease until they come."

"It is well spoken, Issa," answered one of the others; and *when* they come, rich will be our booty. Assuredly this is a fortunate day!"

Tom Hilton with difficulty repressed a start that would have betrayed him at once. Although these unexpected visitors wore the dress of the country, their language and accent showed them to be Persians; and our hero's thoughts flew at once to his Persian enemy, Kara-Goorg, whose presence in these northern mountains he had already learned from Sikander Beg. That Kara-Goorg was not himself among the band Tom saw with considerable relief; but, under the circumstances, it was only natural to conclude that he must have become aware of their presence in like manner, and have sent these ruffians to track them down and kidnap them again.

"It just serves me right!" groaned Tom, repenting of his rashness when it was too late. "If I hadn't been fool enough to come out on this hunt, we'd have been off to Cabool to-morrow with Sikander. Now here we are in a pretty bad fix, and I can't see any way out of it."

The "bad fix" soon became worse, for the Persians now kindled a fire, and the smoke well-nigh stifled our unfortunate heroes, who could barely keep down the violent paroxysms of sneezing which threatened them. Even as it was, Tom's blood ran cold as he heard the smothered coughs which Ernest let off from time to time; but happily the robbers were too busy with their dinner to notice them.

"Is this Oorooss [Russian] for whom we are waiting, in very deed a great magician?" asked one.

"What words are these, Ali?" cried another. "Must he not be a greater magician than Lokman, to come safely out of the den of that lion-killer, Saadut Khan of Mahmoud Tepe [Mohammed's Mound], and then to venture hither with but a single guide?"

Tom breathed freely again for a moment, for the last words showed him that he and Ernest were *not* the game which these human blood-hounds were tracking down. But he instantly bethought himself that the only Russian whom they could be expecting amid the ruins of the Lost City was Makaroff himself; and he resolved to save the poor old Professor, cost what it might.

But how was this to be done?

"Our chief has said that his ransom will be as the ransom of a king," cried Ali. "Who is he, then, that his life should be so precious?"

"Know you not, then, brother," rejoined his comrade Abdullah, "that the Faringhi [European] magicians have the power of finding hidden treasures? Wherefore should this Russian be in such haste to reach this place if not to discover treasures buried here by Sikander Rumi [Alexander the Great], the mighty Sultan of the Faringhis?"

"But how escaped he those blood-drinkers at Mahmoud Tepe?" asked another. "Tell us, Issa, for thou wert there."

"Hear, then," replied Issa. "When they led him before the Khan, Saadut wondered greatly to see him so small and feeble, for he had been a very Rustam in the fight, and had killed five of the warriors before they bore him down. But the Russian looked at him as haughtily as if

he were but a mender of carpets, and said, 'Afghan, thou hast done ill to fall thus upon a stranger who came to thy tents in peace. I seek no harm to thee or thine; I seek but the Lost City of the Greek Sultans; and if thou wilt free me, and send thy warriors to carry me thither in safety, all shall be well, but if not, know that within three days there shall come to pass that which will make thee and all thy tribe tremble.'

Here the speaker paused impressively, while a murmur of astonishment broke from his hearers.

"Then," resumed he, "came a silence deep as that of the desert at midnight, for till then no man had ever dared to speak thus to such a slayer of men as Saadut Khan. At last the Khan said: 'Let thy words be proved. If thou hast spoken truth thou shalt be set free with honor; if thou hast lied, on the third day thou shalt die.'

"'Good!' exclaimed the listeners.

"The third day came," pursued Issa, "and still all was well, and the Khan asked, scornfully, 'Where are thy threats now? But the Russian pointed upward, and answered, solemnly, 'Even now is the time come.' And, lo! even as he spoke the noontide sun hid his face, and all was dark as if Azraël, the Angel of Death, had spread his wings over the sky; and all the warriors fell on their faces, and the Khan himself tore his beard in dismay, and offered the magician whatever he might ask if he would but bring back the light once more.

"Then the magician spoke again, and the light came back, and the warriors kissed his feet, and the Khan sent him forth the next day with rich presents, guarded by swordsmen, who bowed before him as if he had been our holy Prophet himself. Brothers, my tale is ended."

Tom was bursting with laughter at the awe-stricken faces of the listeners; for he saw at once how the wily Russian had turned to account a total eclipse of the sun announced for that day by the scientific journals. The next words, however, made him serious enough.

"Tell me, Issa, if this Russian is so great a magician, how did he not perceive that our chief was setting a trap for him in offering to guide him instead of the guide who was slain?"

"In what ox stall wert thou born?" retorted Issa. "Knowest thou not, son of a witless father, that when any magician has done a mighty deed he is exhausted of his magic for a season, as a serpent of its venom when it has struck, and for a time he hath no more power than another man? In a fortunate hour did our chief meet with him, for when he brings him hither *alone* he is ours."

"Alone?" echoed Ali. "And the Khan's warriors?"

"They will await the Russian's return in the valley below; they dare not enter these unsanctified ruins."

This last remark was unlucky, as reminding the Persians (already excited by Issa's startling tale) of the unearthly terrors ascribed to the dismal place they were in.

"True," cried Abdullah; "this spot must indeed have an evil name if Afghan robbers fear to enter it."

"And we are laying wait *here* for a magician!" added Ali, gloomily. "What if he have power to call forth the spirits to seize us?"

"Let us shift our camp lower down," said a third, tremulously. "Once, in Khorrassan, some Koords camped in an old ruin despite all warning, and at midnight came a fearful thunder-clap, and the earth opened, and . . ."

Just then Tom, suddenly inspired with a brilliant idea, flung his large powder-horn with sure aim right into the fire. An explosion, sharp and stunning as any thunder-clap, scattered the burning brands on every side, and sent sprawling the whole band of terrified robbers, who sprang up instantly, despite their burns and bruises, and fled down the pass with yells of terror. And then our heroes descended from their perch, and laughed till all the mountain echoes ha-ha'd in chorus.

\* Begun in No. 207, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

† The national hero of Persia, famed for his strength.



"GOOD-MORNING, MR. PROFESSOR; GLAD TO SEE YOU AGAIN!"

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### WHAT WAS WRITTEN ON THE PILLAR.

"WELL done, Tom!" cried Ernest, ceasing at last from sheer exhaustion; "you scared 'em finely that time! Fancy the poor old Professor coming innocently into such a horrid trap! But we've saved *him*, anyhow!"

"Twelve guns," counted the practical Tom, reckoning up the spoils left on the field, "five provision bags, three scarfs, seven daggers, and any amount of ammunition. Well, I think I've invested that powder-horn rather well, and got very good interest on it."

"Won't it be fun to see how foolish that rogue of a guide will look when he gives the signal for his chums to jump out and collar the Professor, and *we* jump out and collar *him* instead! We'll give it him, won't we, Tom?"

"We *will*! And now let's look about us a bit, for one don't see a place like this every day."

"Wait a minute," cried Ernest; "I've got a grand idea. Let's cut our names on this pillar in *Greek* letters, like an old inscription; and then, when the Professor comes up and goes to read it, he'll be rather startled, I fancy."

The names were soon carved, and smeared with earth to give them an antiquated look, after which they set out to explore the ruins. It was certainly a wonderful sight to behold all these marvels of civilization in the depths of this savage wilderness, now peopled only by fierce beasts and men fiercer still. Although the marble fountains had long run dry, the group of flower-crowned nymphs carved around them were beautiful as ever, and the graceful figures painted along the walls seemed as if the artist had only just completed them. In one house which had been almost destroyed by a falling boulder Ernest found a

tiny bust of a child uninjured amid the surrounding wreck, while Tom picked up several coins, for each of which a collector would gladly have given fifty dollars.

But everywhere reigned a dreary and awful silence, beneath which even the buoyant spirits of our young adventurers were weighed down as if by a nightmare. The ghostly impression haunted their evening camp fire, and interwove itself with their dreams; and when Tom, awaking with a start from his first sleep, saw the cold moon playing fitfully on the gapped walls and broken columns of this city of the dead, he felt something as nearly akin to fear as his stout American heart could feel.

Toward morning the fire burned out, and our heroes awoke, very cold, very stiff, and (if it must be owned) rather cross. But they soon fell asleep again, and the sun had risen before they were aroused by a familiar voice beside them, saying in Russian:

"This is undoubtedly the Lost City, and an extremely fine specimen of later Greek architecture. How Baranoff and Tchelovitski will envy my good fortune in being the actual discoverer of this magnificent relic! And here, I declare, is a Greek inscription, doubtless of considerable antiquarian value."

Tom nudged Ernest, who bit his lips to keep down his laughter, as the Professor began to decipher the "inscription" which their knives had left on the pillar a few hours before. Meanwhile, the guide (who was a tall sallow man in the rough sheep-skin cloak and high shapeless felt cap of a Kashgarin) gave a sudden shrill cry like the scream of a vulture, and looked so blank at finding it unanswered that the boys could hardly keep from laughing aloud.

"Thomas Hilton, Ernest Clairmont," cried Professor

Makaroff, rubbing his eyes with an air of bewilderment. "What *can* this mean? there are no such words in Greek!"

The guide, thinking that his accomplices might not have heard the call, repeated it, and this time with a result which he little expected. The boys at once issued from their hiding-place, crying,

"Good-morning, Mr. Professor; glad to see you again!"

The Professor looked startled, as well he might; but the guide seemed actually turned to stone. His dark face grew livid with terror, while his quivering lips hissed rather than spoke the words:

"Al! it is they!"

"Kara-Goorg!" roared Tom, for whom the Persian exclamation and the voice that uttered it were quite enough.

"You villain! this shall be your last treachery!"

He extended his arm to seize the Persian, but Kara-Goorg dashed it aside, and darted down the pass like an arrow. Seizing his gun, Tom sent a bullet after him to hasten his steps. In his blind terror the Persian did not see that right in his path lay a deep pit half filled with crumbling masonry. Stumbling over its edge, he fell headlong into it, while the huge stones dislodged by his fall came thundering after, crushing the wretched traitor out of all semblance of life.

Little remains to be told. By the time our three explorers reached Cabool Colonel Hilton was almost well again, and they left for Tashkent just in time to escape the desperate battles that preceded the blockade of the British army in its camp at Shirpur. It afterward appeared that Kara-Goorg, in the course of his mission among the northern chiefs, reached Mahmoud Tepe just as its Khan was about to free Makaroff in deference to his supposed powers as a magician, and instantly formed the plan of acting as his guide (which his own perfect disguise and the Professor's ignorance of his person made easy), and then, by betraying him into the hands of his confederates, to share whatever ransom the Russian government might give for its ablest scientist.

The discovery of the Lost City made considerable stir in the learned circles of St. Petersburg, and was described at length by more than one scientific journal. Professor Makaroff in-

sisted upon giving up to Tom and Ernest, despite their protest, the reward promised to the finder of these famous remains, contenting himself with the honor of being the first to describe and explain them. It is said that he has never quite forgiven the Lost City for being found two hundred miles south of the spot where he had located it; but the Order of St. Vladimir from the Czar's own hand has somewhat consoled him.

Bill Barlow's health has begun to give way in consequence of his wounds, and he is about to be sent for a holiday to Northern India, where he will probably be visited shortly by Ernest Clairmont, who is to join his regiment in the Punjab next spring. He will be escorted as far as the British frontier by his friend Sikander Beg, who is now more powerful than ever, the tribe of Ahmed Khan having been almost annihilated in the attack upon General Roberts, and Selim himself having fallen at their head. As for Tom Hilton (who has been the "lion" of Tashkent ever since his return from Cabool), we may perhaps meet him again, amid scenes even more exciting.

THE END.



LIL'S MORNING BATH



JANUARY

FEBRUARY

MARCH

APRIL

MAY

JUNE

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

## A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

**A** HAPPY New Year to my gay-hearted  
Cousin,  
To children with brown eyes, with gray, or  
with blue.

To children with frizzes, and children with  
curls,  
To the bonny brave boys, and the sweet laugh-  
ing girls.

A Happy New Year to the children at school,  
So tangled with tying to mind every rule—  
A Happy New Year to the teachers who try  
To make the school pleasant as fast as the days fly.

A Happy New Year to the fathers and mothers.  
To dear elder sisters and kind elder brothers.  
A Happy New Year to the dear ones still.  
But who soon shall be well, if it be the Lord's  
will.

A Happy New Year to our Post-office Box.  
Hark! 't scampers off feet and a flutter of knocks.  
"Dear Postmistress, pray is the mail in to-  
day?"

Happy New Year to all: I must hurry away.

NANTUCKET, MASSACHUSETTS.

I have given this wait to a kind lady who leaves  
our island to-morrow for the great city of New  
York, the throbs of whose busy heart reach out  
even to this solitary hermitage.

There is so little room in your paper, and so  
many clamor for place, how can I hope to find a  
corner?

Removed from all mainland, no exit or en-  
trance save by a tiny boat, we four live here  
afar from all the world. Kind Mrs. G. came  
to explore our little kingdom, and brought sev-  
eral copies of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. Write  
something of your life here, and I will send it  
in to the Post-office Box for you," she said. How  
wonderful it would seem to see this very letter  
coming back to me *printed*—an event in the life  
that is only stirred by winds and waves as they  
wash our little home.

Our island is one mile long and a half-mile  
wide, and besides a few good-natured bears, that  
eat our cabbages, and occasional wild cats, that  
steal our chickens, we four are sole possessors  
of this tract of land—my father, my brother  
Sandy, who is sixteen years old, a strange lady  
who fell into our lonely home in a very strange  
way, and myself. I am Emily, and fourteen years  
old. But my letter grows too long before I have  
said anything. If any young people would like  
to know of our life here, I will tell them many  
interesting things—how we came here, how we  
live, how we came into possession of our "strange  
lady," and, finally, what we hope in the future.  
With delight in the anticipation of another visit-  
or in the shape of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, I  
am truly your friend, EMILY M.

You have told us just enough to make us very  
anxious to hear more. So, when HARPER'S YOUNG  
PEOPLE with this letter in its clear type shall  
reach your island home, please consider yourself  
invited to write and tell us just what you think  
will most entertain some of those whose homes  
are different from yours. One of the advantages  
of the Post-office Box is that it affords a constant  
opportunity to its readers and writers to describe  
whatever is most fresh, new, and interesting in  
their every-day lives, whether these are spent in  
town or country, in a busy city or on a remote  
island of the ocean. Be sure and relate the story  
of the strange lady.

MORRISBURGH, MASSACHUSETTS.

**DEAR YOUNG PEOPLE:** Many of you have had  
exchanges and letters from a little girl who used  
her pet name, "Wee Tot," and you must have  
wondered that they suddenly ceased. As she  
was greatly troubled lest the children "might  
even think she wasn't honest," I should have  
written long before this to tell you that she went  
home to the Good Father, who makes all wonder-  
ful and beautiful things, more than a year  
ago.

If any of you still remember that she owed  
us exchanges, if you will write and tell me about  
it, I will try and pay my girlie's debts. She left a  
very beautiful cabinet, and her correspondents  
were so many that she had 500 postal cards printed,  
as, neither of us could attend to all the notes sent.  
With a mother's love for children, believe  
me affectionately yours,  
ELIZABETH H. W. BRATNARD.

I had missed the letters of dear Wee Tot,  
and no doubt the children have, and I am sure  
they will be sorry that her mother no longer has  
her sweet little companion. But what a pleasant  
thought it is that the darling child is safe at  
home, where there is neither pain nor sorrow,  
nor anything to trouble or grieve her!

FORT BEYARD, NEW MEXICO.

I will write and tell you about this lovely place.  
There are here two companies of cavalry, two  
of infantry, and a good band. We have the loveliest  
weather here that I ever saw. It is neither  
too cold nor too warm, and the nights are lovely.  
We have been here two years last October.  
This is the longest time we have been at any  
post except one. There are a great many miners,  
smelters, and mills around here, but they are not  
worked now. The last time that we were out  
riding we went to the Ivanhoe Mine, and they  
were working it, but they have stopped now.

MAUD I.

POHOREBERG, TENNESSEE.

I am a little girl seven years old. I have been  
going to school since the first of October, and  
study reading, writing, and spelling. I did not  
know my A B C's when I went. I have a little  
brother, whose name is Ronie, and I sometimes  
take him to school with me. We had a lovely  
pure white cat, not a spot of any color on her,  
and some cat was unkind enough to steal or  
shoot her. We left her in the country where we  
go for the summer, and when we went up there  
Mr. R., who spends the winters there, told us  
it was gone. I have a German baby from Paris,  
with coach and cradle, and I am making some  
very pretty dresses for it. Ronie and I had two  
turtles, but they are lost. I can not write very  
well yet, so my sister is writing this for me. My  
sister says I want to say so much that it would  
fill the whole Post-office Box. I could not go to  
school to-day, because I had the toothache all  
night, and it is raining so hard.

NANNIE M. M.

Dear me! I am sorry to hear that you had the  
toothache, for that is very poor company indeed.  
A German baby from Paris must be quite a trea-  
sure.

PORT KAITUMA, EDOHO ISLAND.

I am a little girl nine years old. I take YOUNG  
PEOPLE, and like it very much. I have one sister  
and two brothers, also a pet parrot. He talks  
and whistles, and I let him out of his cage, and  
he will come and sit on my finger. He bites me  
sometimes, but not very often. We live on a  
farm. My father is a retired army officer. My  
mother gives me lessons on the piano. I hope  
you will print this letter soon. MAUD V. P. W.

NEW YORK CITY.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for nearly  
a year. I saw a letter in the Post-office Box

from Nannie T. B., who is my cousin, and as I  
have been disappointed in not seeing my letters  
published, I thought I would try again. I have  
no pets yet, though my papa has promised me a  
pug-dog. My mamma has been away in Balti-  
more, and I have been taking care of the house  
and of my papa. A friend named Edith M. has  
been staying with me all the time of mamma's  
absence. I am twenty years old, and am in the  
fifth grade grammar in the Normal School.

LELIA S. M.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

I am a little eight-year-old boy. I go to a little  
private school. We have recess half an hour,  
from half-past ten to eleven o'clock. There are  
nine of us boys and girls, and we have nice times  
playing out-doors when it is pleasant, but when  
it is rainy we play in the wood-shed. We have  
a real nice teacher, named Mrs. S. We do not  
have any school in the afternoon.

Marion W., who was in the letter in YOUNG  
PEOPLE not long ago, lives in the same place where  
my brother Harry is now. He goes to Harvard  
College.

I am reading the "Rollio" books now; I have  
read three of them. I have no little pets, but I  
have a great many nice playmates, and if it were  
not for me I should like to have a brother, for I  
have no sisters, and Harry is my only brother.

CHRISTIE J. H.

I am pleased to hear that you like the "Rollio"  
books. How I wish I could present them to every  
eight-year-old boy among my young friends! In-  
deed, they are delightfully interesting to boys  
who are much older than yourself.

Speaking of recess, I am reminded to tell the  
children that next week I will let them see a  
number of letters on the subject. Yours, Master  
Chester, of a whole half-hour, is splendid, isn't it?  
Your teacher knows what is good for her pupils.

BIRMINGHAM, MISSISSIPPI.

I am a little boy almost six years old. I have  
been taking YOUNG PEOPLE for two years, and  
like it very much. I can't write to you myself;  
my mother writes for me; I learned to print let-  
ters, and I find it very hard to learn to write nicely.  
I can read nicely in the Bible and in other  
books, and enjoy reading the letters in YOUNG  
PEOPLE more than the stories. I have no pets  
now except my dear little brother, fourteen  
months old; he can run about and play with me,  
but does not talk. I had a beautiful shepherd  
dog, but he was poisoned; my father gave him  
to me when he was only a few weeks old. I had  
another dog, and she was stolen. You see I have  
bad luck with dogs. I hope you will print this  
letter as a birthday gift.

Your little friend,

I. D. B.

Is it in time for the birthday, dear?

Here is a fairy story told by one of our young  
contributors:

## ONCE UPON A TIME.

Once upon a time, many years ago, as almost  
every story runs, there lived a great King, who  
had a most beautiful daughter called Princess  
Alice. She was very lovely, and was so charm-  
ing in her manner that she won the affection of  
every one. Her beauty was proclaimed every-  
where, and many a prince sought to win her  
hand; but she said that she had not the least  
site to marry; so at last two of them became  
very much enraged, and vowed to have their re-  
venge. So they went to a wicked old witch and  
offered her a large sum of money if she would go  
up to the palace and transform the Princess.  
The old witch, one very dark night, went into  
the palace in the form of a fly, and flew up into  
Princess Alice's chamber, and, sitting at the foot  
of the bed, she changed the Princess into a little  
gray kitten. In the morning, when the maid, as usual, came



to dress her mistress, she found a little kitten, and Princess Alice was not there. The maid was much frightened, and ran crying and shouting to the King and Queen, and told them what she had seen. They did not believe it, and so went to look for themselves, and to their great horror, found it to be true. They had it proclaimed all over their realms that whoever could break the enchantment should have the Princess for his wife, and of course the King and inherit the throne. Many Princes came, but after they entered the room were never more heard of. At last it was proclaimed that rich or poor, high or low might come if they could only break the enchantment.

One day a young man left his home, a little country town, to learn a trade. He was an only son, and of course was the only one to break the spell that had to have him leave, because every one who knew him loved him. He was very handsome, and very, very learned. He had been hearing of the enchanted Princess. He had been travelling a month, and now, as he came in at the city gates, one of the guards at the gate asked him if he had come to break the spell that bound the Princess, and told him all about her; and so he went and bowed before the King, and said that he would like to try. Then he asked for some rope and glue, and he went up to the room, and sat petting the kitten until midnight, when a hoarse voice said, "So you think you can do it, hey young man?" He jumped up, caught the witch, tied her hand and foot, glued her mouth fast, and then took her to the King. When he came back, a beautiful lady stood there, and a week after they were married.

KATIE A. S. (13 years old).

NE LAUREL, MISSOURI

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

I am eleven years old, and have been taking YOUNG PEOPLE for more than a year, and like it very much. Will you please tell me if Jimmy Brown is a little boy? I have two pets—a little dog (rat-terrier) named Stump, because he has such a funny little stumpy tail, and a kitten named George Gray. Our washer-woman has a little colored baby, and mamma gave her a sweet-potato for dinner the other day. Now Stump is very fond of sweet-potatoes, and he waited until mamma went out, then walked up to the baby, and deliberately took it out of her hand, and ran off to the wood-shed to eat it. We all thought it very funny but the baby's cry. SEE L. F.

I am surprised that you are in any doubt about Jimmy Brown. No large boy could possibly get into mischief so often. Poor baby! Stump should learn to behave better.

NANTUCKET, MASSACHUSETTS.

Thinking for some time that we should like to send a letter to the Post-office Box, it is with great delight we watch mother write one for us, as neither of us is old enough to write one for herself. We have two sisters, seven years and five and a half. We live on the sea-shore all the year round. It is a very rocky coast, and we have a beautiful view of the sea and rocks. We have for our pets two dolls named Sally and Rosa, and two cats named Tiny and Minnie, also two kittens named Floss and Jennie. We have been to the cat exhibition held in Boston last month, and we enjoyed seeing so large a number of cats of every description, and some of them very peculiar. We did have a very fine black dog named Nelson; but he became sick, and one Sunday morning Jack found him dead in the barn, and we were so sorry; we miss him very much, for he was very faithful. We have not been to the Foreign Exhibition yet, but we are going one day soon. We have a nice organ that we play, and enjoy singing the songs we know. We do not attend school this winter, as we live a good distance from the school-house; but mother teaches us at home. We have taken YOUNG PEOPLE thirteen months, and look forward with great pleasure every Tuesday for the mail. We must draw our

letter to a close, trusting, dear Postmistress, you will not think it too long to print.

IDA AND ALICE.

Thanks for charming letters are due to May H., Lucy W. B., Herbert J. L., Helen S., Maudie J. O., Elizabeth P. B., and receipt, Mary E. S. (your dog is very smart). Juliet R., George and Fred W. G., Kirk S., Annie V., M. Ella R., Lola and Julia B., Willis S. R., Louie S. B. (I am sorry not to have room to insert the pretty story about the cats), Abel M. Jan., Charlie M., Leila M. H., Lotta F., Jimmie H., Gerly L. B., Daisy D., Attie H., Lillian R. F., Maggie F., G. F., Stella B., Anna S., Georgina F., G., Dee R., Palisade Ranch. Write again, and let me know whether Santa Claus received the little note sent by way of the Post-office Box.—Annie K.: I am glad you like the paper, and hope you will write again.—Daisy J. M.: I am glad you have six birds left, though one is dead.

#### RECIPIES FOR LITTLE HOUSEKEEPERS.

This is for tea on Sunday night:

**CHOCOLATE CAKE.**—Half a cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one and a quarter cups of flour, half a cup of sweet milk, two eggs, one teaspoonful of baking-powder, and half a cake of Baker's chocolate. Beat the butter and sugar until light, then add the yolks of the eggs, then the milk, and the flour in which the baking-powder has been mixed; then the whites, beaten to a stiff froth, and last of all the grated chocolate. Mix all thoroughly, bake in two pans, and put the cakes together with frosting made as follows: Whip the white of one egg to a stiff froth, and stir in powdered sugar until very stiff; flavor with vanilla. Put the cakes together while warm. E. J. M. S.

This is for breakfast on Monday morning:

**POTATO PUFF.**—Stir two cupfuls of mashed potatoes, two table-spoonfuls of melted butter, and somewhat ~~together~~, beat to a creamy condition; then add two eggs well beaten separately, and six table-spoonfuls of cream; beat it all well and lightly together; pile it in rocky form on a dish; bake it in a quick oven until nicely colored. It will become quite light.

This is for dessert on Tuesday:

**TAPIOCA PUDDING.**—Pare and core (with a tube) six or seven apples; lay them in a buttered dish. Pour over a cupful of tapioca or sago one quart of boiling water; let it stand an hour; add two table-spoonfuls of sugar, a little lemon or vanilla; pour this over the apples, and bake an hour. Peaches (fresh or canned) may be used instead of apples.

This is for any time:

**BUTTER SCOTCH.**—Two cups of granulated sugar; a third of a cup of water; a third of a cup of vinegar; butter the size of a hickory nut; vanilla to taste. Boil until it will harden in cold water. This candy may be made in fifteen minutes. EVA M. K.

#### PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS

No. 1.

ENIGMA.

My first is in man, but not in boy.  
My second is in playing, but not in toy.  
My third is in lance, but not in spear.  
My fourth is in listen, but not in hear.  
My fifth is in puller, but not in ben.  
My sixth is in Richard, but not in Ben.  
My seventh is in peck, but not in scratch.  
My eighth is in saw, but not in patch.  
My ninth is in wood, but not in tree.  
My whole is in Massachusetts Isle.

HERBERT B. FOSTER.

No. 2.

TWO EAST DIAMONDS.

1.—1. A letter. 2. A verb. 3. A sign of mourning. 4. An animal. 5. A letter. E. T. POLLOCK.

2.—1. A letter. 2. An elf. 3. Celebrated. 4. A tree. 5. A letter. NIDBLE DICK.

No. 3.

TWO MATCH SQUARES.

1.—1. The top of the head. 2. Space. 3. To try. 4. Easy. GAZETTA.  
2.—1. The finger. 2. I. 3. The hand. 4. To mend. CARRIE AND MARY B.

No. 4.

HIDDEN ANIMALS.

I am a little girl named Rilla, and I have a brother named Ernest. We live in a town, and one day we moved to a new house. Ernest and I thought it great fun. As soon as it was light on that day we were up, anxious to help. Mamma said we might. We were to go at eight o'clock, and each of us carry something. We did not want any breakfast, so mamma gave me a pear and Ernest an apple. I carried a pot of oxalis, and Ernest had a small trunk with my doll's clothes. There were so many clothes, I had to pack it ten times over to make them go in. We met some boys, Bradford Sims, Eph Lard, and Hugh Leslie, and they stopped to talk to us. Brad snatched Ernest's apple, and Ernest said, "Run, Hugh, or send somebody to the police station for an officer to haze Brad," but Brad threw the apple down and ran away. Ernest said, "Now, I will be a razor man," and he held up the little trunk and said, "Razors to sell." "Oh," he said, "we forgot the terrapin," a pet of ours, but he came later with something else.

We found the house, but some strange creature had got in before us, and I was afraid. I said, "Scat! Then I began to fly away," but it did not stir. Then we poked it, but it would grab, bite, and scratch the stick, and not budge an inch. Directly we found it had wings, and it flew out at the door and away. Now, said Ernest, "if you will be a very good girl, I will show you something nice. Then he said, 'Go, Rilla, and shut the gate.' But I did not want to go, so he would not show me what he said. Just then our oldest brother, Jack, came in. Jack always takes my part, so he scolded Ernest, and said I might go to the fields with him and pick greens for dinner. So we took a basket, and we found some coltsfoot and dandelions. I made Ernest a chain of the stems, and he was ashamed that he had plagued me. A man named Samuel King brought the rest of our things in a cart, and Ernest and Co. were very busy settling them. He was carrying a bottle to the closet, when the pot broken broke, and he called to me to get it. That ran the water all over the place, and I ran to the door, and I said, 'I feel, Eph, anti-temperance, saying that eider,' and he answered, 'Let it run, for we belong to the Band of Hope.' E. F. CROWELL.

#### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 214.

No. 1.—  
C H A C  
H O S H  
A C U E  
R O C  
I N E  
O N E E  
T U T O  
No. 2.— John Adams  
No. 3.— D O R E A  
O M E N  
R E S T  
A N T E

Correct answers to Puzzles have been received from Miss Emma Dayton, John Cross, Ida Emma Hoppenberg, Bridget, Jesse B. Brown, George Williams, Susan Garnett, Ruth and Amy, M. F. To Plitz, Lulu Van Norden, Horace Arrow, James Reusch, S. P. G. Hart, Elsie C. T. O. Rossier, Fay, Hedwig Reinman, S. M. Woodward, Julia Painter, Emma White, Max G.

(For Enchiridion, see last week's paper, page 141.)



JULY.

AUGUST.

SEPTEMBER.

OCTOBER.

NOVEMBER.

DECEMBER.



THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

HARPER'S  
YOUNG PEOPLE  
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 29

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Tuesday, January 8, 1884.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$1.50 per Year, in Advance.



"AND WITH ARMS ROUND HER NECK, GAVE THE STRANGER A KISS."—SEE POEM ON PAGE 146.



## JEANIE'S CHRISTMAS JOURNEY.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.



LITTLE Jeanie's bright eyes have a look of the morn,  
And her sunny hair shines like the gloss of the corn.  
When the eyes shall be dim and the locks shall be gray,  
I think she'll remember a strange Christmas-day  
She had in her life when her birthdays were few,  
And little of danger or sorrow she knew.

With Father and Mother away at the West,  
The child was as lone as a bird in the nest,  
Uncared for, unintended, though Aunt was there—  
An Aunt whose kisses were frosty and rare,  
Who had meetings to go to and people to see,  
And to all Jeanie's questions would answer, "Dear me!  
Just do as you please, pet, and keep out of harm!"  
Then, over the work or the letters whose charm  
Enchanted her heart, would forget the poor child,  
Who was left very much like a weed to run wild.

It was late in December, and Christmas was near,  
When home should be bubbling with mirth and good cheer;  
But no one seemed thinking of Christmas a bit,  
And much Jeanie marvelled and puzzled, till it  
Grew plain to her mind that no Christmas could come  
To a child without father and mother at home,  
And a dear brother Tom—oh, she couldn't tell where.  
Every night she asked God to keep Tom in His care,  
And to let him be found soon; for Aunt had said  
That he had been naughty, and so he had fled.  
Had Jeanie been naughty, she'd never have staid  
Away from dear Mother, ashamed and afraid.  
So, "Jesus, forgive him, and make him be good,"  
Prayed Jeanie, the darling, and did what she could.

The day before Christmas nor cedar, nor pine,  
Nor red-berried holly had Jeanie to twine.  
"You may hang up your stocking," her Aunt had said.  
But not of herself mused the fair drooping head.  
Her swift little fingers were aching to sew  
On something for Mother; but hours would go,  
While Aunt thought nothing of presents to make,  
And the fond little heart felt as though it would break.

"At least," she concluded, "I'll do what I can:  
My Father would say 'twas a beautiful plan:  
I'll give my best things to some child who has none,  
And I'll not even save the prettiest one.  
I'll go out with my gifts now, and make some one glad,  
And then perhaps Jesus will see that I'm sad,  
And show me the way to my Father and Mother,  
And help them to find, where he's hidden, my brother."

In her warm Mother Hubbard and cunning gray poke,  
A mite of a thing in the hat and the cloak,  
With a doll in her arm, and a basket quite full,  
She tripped in to Aunt, just home from a school  
Where poor little children were brought from the street,  
And fed, and taught verses, and given a treat  
On the bright Christmas-eve. Now Aunt was tired;  
The day had not gone as she planned and desired.  
So, scarcely attending to what Jeanie asked,  
In the glow of the grate as she cozily basked,  
"Yes, run away, little one," quickly she said,  
"But be back before tea," and away Jeanie sped.

She knew where, far up on a steep winding stair,  
A poor crippled Hetty no pleasures could share,  
Save what from her window she caught as they passed—  
Procession or pageant moving too fast.  
"I never," mused Jeanie, with face growing grave,  
And brown eyes with look burning earnest and brave—  
"I never had 'spience' of trouble before,  
And here's Hetty can not step out of the door;  
I'll give her my dolly, my own precious child,  
At the stair foot she kissed it, then cried, and then smiled,  
Climbed up to the attic—she knew it, you see;  
For Mother had been there in days that were free  
From the "spience" of trouble, dashed in like a beam  
Of gay winter sunshine; flashed out like a dream;  
And Hetty with rapture was clasping a doll  
That could walk and could laugh and a ditty could toll.

'Twas gathering dusk, and beginning to snow,  
And the small Mother Hubbard skipped quick to and fro—  
Slipped over the sidewalk, and tried a little race—  
Such fun!—with the white floating feathers to chase.  
Her basket was heavy, so, one at a time,  
She dropped little gifts, caring not for the grime  
Of the poor beggar's hand, thinking only to please  
These children who looked as if ready to freeze.

There was left in her basket one treasure most dear:  
To make it had taken her more than a year.  
And now it was dark, but the streets were ablaze,  
And crowded with shoppers, and scarce through the maze,  
In the fast-growing gloom, could Jeanie proceed.  
She *must* give the bright scrap-book to some one in need  
Of pictures and stories and verses so sweet.  
The gay dancing measure went out of her feet,  
For Jeanie was weary, and deep was the snow.  
Alas! tea was over, oh, long, long ago.  
And Aunt, now frightened, sent this way and that  
For a wee Mother Hubbard and Greenaway hat.  
And neighbors were searching, and soon the police  
Would be hunting a child with a soft golden fleece  
And eager brown eyes, through the cold and the storm.  
Oh! where could be loitering the dear little form?

Meanwhile little Jeanie had come to a place  
Where the yellow lamps flared on full many a face  
With homesickness written in every hard line,  
There were women with brows that were patient and fine,  
And rosy-cheeked girls, cheery, honest, and true,  
Who would shrink from no labor their hands found to do;  
There were old men, with beards that hung low on the breast,  
And lads looking forth to the green ample West;  
There were flaxen-haired babies and children blue-eyed,  
In shawls and odd kerchiefs that primly were tied,  
And Jeanie looked round for the one who should fold  
To her bosom the book that was better than gold.

Such a tiny, quaint woman she picked from the throng,  
A child with a face that was gleeful and strong.  
"Merry Christmas!" cried Jeanie, and gave her the book.  
Then right in her eyes saw so happy a look  
That she pressed through the crowd, lest the chance she should miss,  
And with arms round her neck, gave the stranger a kiss.

"All aboard!" rang the order. With hurry and rout  
Were the travellers marshalled, spectators sent out.  
"All aboard!" rang the shout, then were whistles again,  
And steamed from the station the emigrant train.  
And somehow, hand clasped in the dear Norway girl's,  
The pretty hat crushed over the cloud of her curls,  
Little Jeanie went too, with a heart throbbing fast,  
And a passionate feeling of freedom at last,  
Quite sure it was Jesus had led her along,  
And made her a place in this strange-speaking throng.  
"Dear Saviour!" she whispered, with lowly bent head—  
"There was no place to kneel, nor the sign of a bed—  
"Please keep me all safe, like a lamb of Thy fold;  
Please think of my name when the names are all told,  
And take me, I pray, to my father and mother  
To-morrow, and help us find Tom, my dear brother!"

Then, softly and safely—for Jesus would keep  
The dear trustful child—she fell soundly asleep;  
And Gretchen's mamma, seeing some great mistake,  
Such care as she could then decided to take;  
And covered her snugly till night wore its way  
To the dawn of the Christmas—earth's holiest day.  
I think, on this night the bright angels above  
Recall in their music that errand of love  
When the hills of Judea were kindled to flame,  
And heaven taught earth to repeat the blest Name  
Of the mighty Redeemer, the conquering One,  
Divine and eternal, yet Mary's fair Son.

Little Jean slept all night, and when morning had broke,  
By signs to a uniformed man Gretchen spoke,  
And Gretchen's mamma; and with angry surprise  
He fastened on Jeanie a keen pair of eyes.  
The dress, the distinction, the bright little face  
In this rabble of peasants he knew had no place.  
Yet tenderly, too (he'd a child of his own),  
He lifted her up, and with arm round her thrown,  
Said: "Where did you come from? Who are you, my dear?  
I see you are lost, but pray who brought you here?"



"I think it was Jesus," the little one said.  
 "I'm going out West!"—with a nod of her head.  
 "It's Christmas, you know, and I'm going to Mother  
 And Father, and maybe to Tom, my big brother."  
 "Well! well!" said the man, very crusty and cross,  
 But he carried her high on his shoulder: "a loss  
 Like this was enough just to drive her folks wild,"  
 He muttered. "They should have looked after the child."

The train slackened speed, and went slowly, and stopped,  
 And here little Jean at a station was dropped.  
 Her friend said "Good-by," and a telegram sent,  
 Which ere long gave Auntie a moment's content.  
 Then people came round, as the train whirled away,  
 And Jeanie stood sobbing, the morn was so gray,  
 And she was so lonesome and hungry and cold,  
 Her hair was so tangled; the bitter tears rolled  
 Down her cheeks one by one, a forlorn little waif.  
 And still the dear Saviour was keeping her safe.

For suddenly, swift from an incoming car  
 Rushed a lady whose face was as pure as a star,  
 And caught little Jean, Mother Hubbard and all,  
 And kissed her, and wondered, and wrapped a great shawl  
 Round the shivering figure. "My daughter, you here?  
 Where's Auntie, and where did you come from, my dear?"  
 And Father was there, oh, so strong and so tall!  
 And straightway the child forgot terror, and all  
 Her sadness and trouble, and laughed out in cheer:  
 "Merry Christmas has come. I'm so glad you are here.  
 I was going to look for you, Father and Mother,  
 I thought I could help you to search for my brother."

Ah! how they had chafed at the weary delay,  
 Which had kept them *en route* until dawned Christmas-day!  
 And now they thanked God that their steps had been led  
 To Jeanie, unhurt in a hair of her head.

'Twas a change to be whisked to a drawing-room car,  
 Through great sunny windows to gaze out afar,  
 Over white fields of snow, over bridges and streams,  
 While people and houses rushed past her like dreams;  
 And Father found somewhere a sweet Paris' doll  
 That was almost as lovely as Hetty's; and all  
 That she said, Mother answered with gentle caress,  
 Or a look that made up for a month of distress.  
 And just as the twilight fell murky and gray,  
 They came to the end of this wonderful day.  
 And reaching home, Auntie, as pale as a ghost,  
 Cried: "Jean, of all children, you've worried me most.  
 I told you, I'm certain, to stay by the door;  
 And here you've been flying the country half o'er."

Many days onward passed, and from Tom came no word;  
 But Jeanie felt sure that her prayers would be heard,  
 And that Christ, when He saw that such answer was best,  
 Would bring home the fugitive lost in the West.

In a little log house on a prairie's green rim  
 Death struggled with life for a youth in whose dim  
 Sunken eyes a fierce fever to ashes had burned,  
 And life turned the scale; and, oh, wildly he yearned  
 For a look, for a thought, of the far-away home,  
 Neglected and scorned, he had fled from to roam  
 With the vile and the wicked, in sin and in shame,  
 Insulting the Saviour, forgetting His name.

A kind hand had tended him; motherly care  
 Had given him nursing. A child, grave and fair,  
 With patience had sat by his side for long hours,  
 And sometimes she brought him sweet grasses and flowers;  
 And one day, from folds of soft linen, she took  
 Her treasure of treasures, a wonderful book.  
 "You may see it," she said, in her soft broken speech,  
 "Be careful; don't hurt it.—Achl! why!" for a screech,  
 Shri!l, frightened—a scream in a sob that was lost—  
 Came quick from the bed, and the wan hands were crossed,  
 As over a relic of saint at a shrine,  
 On a name written bold o'er a faint pencilled line.  
 It was, "Jeanie, Tom's sister." Beneath it were these  
 Simple words—how they hurt him!—"Dear Lord, if you please,  
 Make Tom to be good; bring him home to our Mother;  
 And, oh, for Christ's sake, let us love one another!"

This Christmas, if you at our Jeanie should peep,  
 You would see in her hands, at her side, a bright heap  
 Of playthings for Hetty, of games and of toys  
 For her pensioners cheery, the small ragged boys.

A remote cabin home has received a great box,  
 Which the key in dear Gretchen's long letter unlocks.  
 There's a cap for mamma, there are mittens and hood,  
 And a wonderful book from the "little one good  
 Who travelled that eve on the emigrant train,  
 Whom the Christ-child took care of, as all might see plain."

With hundreds of gay-colored tapers ablaze,  
 Jean's Christmas tree shines, while they carol their praise,  
 Tom, Father and Mother, and dear little girl,  
 To Him whose white banner 'tis bliss to unfurl—  
 To Jesus, who came when the Bethlehem star  
 Sent silvery beams to the nations afar;  
 To Jesus, whom Mary, the mother so sweet,  
 Held close while the Wise Men were bowed at His feet;  
 To Jesus, the mighty, the conquering One,  
 Divine and eternal, yet Mary's fair Son.

## THE CRUST OF THE CHRISTMAS PIE.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

I.

ONLY to look at the Butternut-hill Farm-house one  
 would know that the merriest of Christmases were  
 to be found under its broad roof. The chimney was built  
 on the outside of the house, as if by way of special invita-  
 tion to Santa Claus, and it was a huge one, so his portly  
 little person could not be squeezed and nipped, as it must  
 too often be in the narrow chimneys built nowadays.

Of course there were children there: a house could not  
 be expected to look Christmas-like without children. The  
 four who lived there were orphans, the children of Grand-  
 ma Wetherell's only daughter; they were all boys. John-  
 ny and Dave, Thanny and little Peter. They made things  
 lively all the year round, but when Christmas came, and  
 with it Uncle John's three boys and three girls, Uncle  
 Roger's four boys, and Uncle Peter's one girl—when they  
 all came, although Grandma declared that she liked it, she  
 kept bits of cotton to stuff into her ears. As for Grand-  
 pa, he didn't mind the noise in the least; in fact, Grandma  
 said he made as much as the boys.

There was something about *this* Christmas that Johnny  
 and Dave and Thanny and little Peter didn't understand;  
 that was why Grandpa and Grandma seemed to think so  
 much about them. Usually they were somewhat cast  
 into the shade by the grandchildren whom Grandpa and  
 Grandma saw only once or twice in the year, but now  
 Grandpa must have one of them always on his knee, and  
 Thanny had been awakened in the night by Grandma,  
 who kissed little Peter and him as if she could never let  
 them go, and dropped a tear on Thanny's nose.

Another mysterious thing was that Uncle Peter was al-  
 ways having private talks with Grandpa and Grandma,  
 which made Grandma look as if she had been crying, and  
 Grandpa blow his nose very hard. Once, when the door  
 was accidentally opened, Thanny heard Uncle Peter say,  
 "Now that you have promised to let me have one, it only  
 remains to decide which it shall be."

"The sorrel colts, probably," thought Thanny. He had  
 heard Uncle Peter say he would like to have one, but he  
 could not see why that should make Grandpa and Grand-  
 ma feel so badly.

However, Santa Claus was coming, and he would set  
 everything to rights. Thanny had unbounded faith in  
 Santa Claus. And there was not long to wait now; it  
 was the very day before Christmas.

Cynthy, the maid-of-all-work, was making the Christ-  
 mas pudding. She always made it the day before Christ-  
 mas, and warmed it over in the oven. Grandma was busy  
 with the Christmas pie. She always made the pie herself;  
 she was not willing to trust it to anybody else. The  
 plumpiest chickens and the flakiest crust went to the mak-  
 ing of that pie. Uncle Peter had followed Grandma into  
 the kitchen.

"You *must* decide which one it shall be, Mother," said



"OH, ANDY, IT IS TOO FAR AWAY."

Uncle Peter, laying down the rolling-pin, with which he had been playing. "I must go home the day after to-morrow, and want to take him with me, whoever it is. Consider the advantage to him."

"We are able to do for them all," said Grandma, holding her head very straight, although her voice trembled.

"But the one you give me will be an only son. My means are abundant, and having only Polly to care for—"

"Any one of them would be heart-broken to leave the farm," said Grandma.

"Oh, he would soon get over that. I have a farm now to take him to in summer, you know. And I think you ought to consider Polly; the poor girl is so lonesome. On her account, I would rather have Johnny; he is nearest her age."

"Oh, my Johnny!" gasped Grandma "my frank, brave, handsome Johnny! His mother was so fond of him! I can't let him go."

"Oh, well, say Dave, then: I want you to suit yourself," said Uncle Peter.

"Dave! Oh, Peter, he is so serious and practical and manly. Your father and I depend on him even now. You mustn't ask us to spare Dave!" Although Grandma's voice was appealing, it had a ring of decision.

"We will say Thanny, then," said Uncle Peter. "He is a little rogue, but, on the whole, I am as fond of him as of any one of them."

"He is full of mischief, Peter. Your father and I feel as if we must keep him with us, because other people might not have so much patience with him, and—and he's so lovable. He's the most tender-hearted and affectionate of them all. I couldn't, Peter"—Grandma was weeping now. "I couldn't let Thanny go."

"Well, the baby is a little fellow, but he is named for me, and I will take him if you can't spare any of the others."

"Little Peter! My son, what are you thinking of?

His mother left him to my especial care when she was dying. Why, he is only a baby now. Nobody shall take little Peter from me."

Uncle Peter walked across the room impatiently.

"I don't like to distress you. I am not hard-hearted, Mother," he said, "but you and Father both agreed that it was better that I should take one of the boys, and adopt him as my own. You are growing old, and four boys are too many for you to take care of, and I want a son."

"I didn't think it would be so hard," said Grandma, wiping her eyes. "But I suppose it must be so."

"Perhaps the best way to decide which it shall be would be to leave it to chance—to draw lots, or something of that kind," said Uncle Peter.

"That's what Cynthia calls tempting Providence," said Grandma.

"It seems to be the only way to decide the matter," said Uncle Peter. "Here is a gold piece that I will drop into the pie crust. Make a small pie, only for the four boys, and the one who gets the gold piece I will adopt as my son."

Grandma choked a little, and said it was too much like a lottery;

she didn't approve of it; but when Uncle Peter pressed her again to decide which it should be, she concluded to leave it to chance, as he proposed. Poor Grandma! it was at least putting off the evil day.

Uncle Peter dropped the gold piece into the dough, and the pie was made, and Cynthia put it into the oven, with a lump in her throat that made her feel, as she said, as if she had swallowed the rolling-pin. And that pie bubbled and baked and browned along with the other pies in the most matter-of-fact way, just as if a boy's fate were not hidden in its crust. And it wasn't, either, as Grandma said to herself, consolingly. The great merciful Providence was watching over all, and nothing could come by chance.

## II.

Christmas was coming in the city as well as at Butter-nut-hill Farm. Hurriman & Bustell's great dry-goods shop was filled with Christmas shoppers, a hurrying, jostling throng, all in league with Santa Claus. Cash 43 heard himself called for in so many different directions that he fairly lost his head, and spun round and round like a top, trying to answer all the calls at once; and then the floor-walker, a very pompous man, whose frown made all the clerks and cashes quake, took him by the collar and shook him roughly, and threatened to discharge him.

Poor Cash 43! He was a very little fellow for his age, but he had a big head, made to look bigger by a shock of red hair that *would* stand upright, and very big hands and feet, and a gruff voice like a man's, and his name was Andrew Jackson.

He was a country boy, born and bred on a farm. His father and mother had died within a month of each other, and the farm had been sold for taxes. He had tried to find work in the village, but he was told that "nobody in the country wanted to hire a boy who wasn't bigger than a pint of cider, and he had better go to the city." So he and his little sister Phemie had come to the city.

But, alas! Andy found that there too it was expected of boys to be large and strong. They had nobody to help them; the only relatives they had lived away out West, and although they wrote sympathizing letters, and each one expressed the opinion that some other one ought to take care of the children, nobody offered to do it. Andy and Phemie had to go hungry before Andy obtained the situation in Hurriman & Bustell's shop; and so he was trying his very best to be a good cash boy. But it did seem as if the harder he tried, the more awkward and confused he became.

Christmas meant but little to Andy and Phemie this year, only an added sense of homelessness and want, and recollections of merry Christmas-times at Swallow Farm, the dear home they might never see again, and such crowds and confusion in the store, that, try as he might, Andy could not help becoming bewildered.

It was the day before Christmas. All day long the impatient crowd of buyers had surged and jostled through the store, and more than once had Andy spun round like a top, hearing "Cash 43!" shouted impatiently and angrily from a dozen different directions. But he had done better than usual, and was thinking gladly that night would come soon, and he should have his week's pay, and besides paying the woman who boarded them—giving them a share of the little attic room where her four children slept—he should still have enough left to buy an orange, or an apple, or some candy—a little bit of Christmas for Phemie.

Poor Andy! he was thinking of that, when he stumbled, and trod upon the foot of a lady, who uttered a piercing shriek, and in his fright he fell against the counter and knocked a costly vase, with other Christmas knickknacks which stood there, on to the floor, where they were dashed to pieces.

"Get out of the store!" shouted the floor-walker, in a rage. "You have done more mischief than you are worth. Never show yourself here again."

In a moment more Andy found himself in the street. He dared not ask for his week's wages, for he knew that the vase he had broken was worth much more than that, and he must go home to Phemie, and to the woman whom he owed for board, and who was almost as poor as they, without a penny!

"Put your things on, Phemie; we must go away," he said, as Phemie came running to meet him.

"Oh, Andy, are we going to Christmas?" cried Phemie, who thought that, since it was Christmas, something good must happen to them, and in the midst of cold and hunger had had dreams of Santa Claus and Christmas trees.

Andy choked down the great ball in his throat, and reminded himself that he was a man, and must comfort and cheer Phemie, who was "only a girl," and he answered, as cheerfully as he could, "Perhaps so."

Phemie had implicit faith in Andy, and she danced eagerly along before him, filled with sudden hope. After all, it was going to be Christmas, just as it used to be at Swallow Farm.

Their few possessions Andy left behind for the landlady; they would do something toward paying her what they owed; and out into the cold, snowy Christmas world he and Phemie went, homeless, friendless, penniless.

At first Phemie stopped at all the shop

windows, decked with Christmas greenery, and displaying small Santa Clauses laden with tempting gifts; but it was not long before they began to get beyond the region of shops. There was a chilly wind, and snow was beginning to fall. Andy still walked steadily onward, but Phemie's feet began to lag.

"Where are we going, Andy?" she asked over and over again.

"I thought if we went out into the country we might be more likely to find Santa Claus," said Andy at last, as they came to a region where the houses were far apart, and snowy fields stretched away on either hand. "I think people are kinder than they are in the city, and if we should find a farm-house, they might let us stay over Christmas. Perhaps we may come to Swallow Farm."

"Oh, Andy, it is too far away, and strangers are there now! I am so cold and tired and hungry! Do let us go back! It is growing dark."

Andy's heart was full of despair, and his brain was in a whirl. His overstrained nerves were beginning to give way. He felt as if he should like to sink down in the snow and die, and so find his mother and Swallow Farm. But, for Phemie's sake, he must not give up.

"Only a little ways farther, Phemie. Do you see that big house with the lights in the windows? It looks as if they had Christmas there, and Santa Claus, and everything nice. See what a big chimney!"

"But they wouldn't let us stay; we shouldn't dare to ask them," said Phemie, who had tears frozen on her cheeks—a sight which cut Andy to the heart.

He thought he should dare to ask them for Phemie's sake; but when he tried to take hold of the brass knocker,



"WHO'S LITTLE GIRL ARE YOU?"

which had a dragon's head upon it, looking very fierce and forbidding, his hands and his heart failed him.

"Perhaps we can get into the barn without anybody knowing it," said Phemie, whose courage seemed also to be affected by the dragon. "There would be hay, and it would be warm."

They tried the barn door, and found it unfastened. There was nobody inside, and they stowed themselves away in the hay, and it was warm—warmer at least than it was out-of-doors. Phemie soon fell asleep, and Andy took his coat off and covered her with it. He lay awake a long time, thinking of Christmas at Swallow Farm, and of the story his mother used to tell him of the Blessed Babe that God sent to the world on the first Christmas night. But he felt as if that did not mean anything to Phemie and him, now God seemed to have forgotten them. Even Christmas, which the Christ-child had brought, was for boys and girls who had parents and homes! At last he forgot his troubles in sleep.

Something awakened Phemie. It was either a mistaken rooster that thought it was Christmas morning, and uttered a spirited cock-a-doodle-doo very near her ear, or else a sound of Christmas merriment from the house. She sat up and listened. The barn was connected with the house by some out-buildings, and there seemed to be doors open. She could hear bursts of laughter, and the sound of music and dancing. It was Christmas! Probably Santa Claus had come, and there might be a Christmas tree.

It was too tantalizing to be out there in the loneliness and darkness without so much as one little peep at the Christmas fun. Through a chink in some door far down the passageway, Phemie could see light. She stole softly out, and peeped through the chink.

After a while she slipped into the kitchen: the sounds were so attractive that she could not help it; she thought she could easily escape if she heard anybody coming.

Once in the kitchen, she could catch a glimpse, through the long hall and the parlor's open door, of the green boughs of the Christmas tree, all alight with tapers and gay with beautiful gifts. It was no wonder that, having ventured so far, Phemie stole on tiptoe through the hall, and peeped slyly in at the parlor door. Nobody saw her. Everybody was intent upon the gifts which Santa Claus was taking from the tree. Santa Claus himself! it really must be, thought Phemie; the jolliest-looking little fellow imaginable, with red cheeks, a frosty-looking nose, a big pack on his back, and smudges of soot, which he must have got on in coming down the chimney!

Phemie forgot herself, and uttered a low cry of delight and admiration! Everybody saw her then—a very queer-looking little figure, with Andy's old coat around her, and her hair full of wisps of hay. There was a chorus of exclamations then, and Phemie shrunk back affrighted.

But Santa Claus approached her with such a kindly, beaming face, that she was re-assured, and he gave her a big horn filled with candy.

"Whose little girl are you?" he asked.

"I am yours, if you are Santa Claus. I don't belong to anybody else," said Phemie, remembering that she had heard that all children were in Santa Claus's care.

"Where did you come from, child?" asked Grandma Wetherell, putting her hand kindly on Phemie's head.

"We came to find Christmas. We didn't have any," explained Phemie. "We thought it looked here as if you had, but we didn't dare to come in, so we went into the barn to get out of the cold and snow. Andy is asleep there now."

"Poor children! poor children!" said Grandpa; and sent Lysander to bring Andy in from the barn.

"We used to have Christmases when we lived at home, at Swallow Farm," said Phemie.

"Swallow Farm, in Bloomfield? I know that place!" said Santa Claus.

"Yes, sir," said Phemie, "you used to come there. We never saw you, but we used to find the things you brought."

Santa Claus threw back his head, and laughed, as if he were very much pleased.

Andy had been suddenly awakened, and he looked frightened at first, but everybody was so kind and so merry, and Santa Claus found so many gifts for Phemie and him on the Christmas tree, that he began to feel as if he were really at home, and almost forgot that to-morrow might find them homeless and friendless again.

When the time came that the clock struck a great many strokes, and the children's heads began to nod, Grandma Wetherell tucked Andy and Phemie into cozy little beds, and kissed them, just as she did her own grandchildren. It was, oh, so much better than the barn!

But there was one thing that was confusing and a little disappointing to Phemie. Thanny, who had become very confidential with Andy, told him that he had discovered that Santa Claus was only Uncle Peter dressed up.

"I wonder what he meant about Swallow Farm, then?" said Phemie, when Andy told her.

"He has bought Swallow Farm. It belongs to him. But he is only going to live there in summer; so we shouldn't have found Christmas if we had got there."

"Oh, Andy, aren't you glad we came here?"

"Yes, I am," said Andy; but still there was a sore spot in his heart as he thought of Swallow Farm, which he might never see again.

### III.

They woke to as bright a Christmas morning as one could wish to see, and everybody treated them just as if they belonged there, and Grandpa found sleds and skates for them, and sent them out-of-doors with the others, and not one of the children was happier than Phemie. But Andy could not help wondering where in the wide world they should go to-morrow!

In the mean time Grandma and Cynthia were getting the dinner ready—poor Grandma, who never in her life had prepared a Christmas dinner with so sore a heart!

"Grandma, if it's about the thorrel colth that you feel tho badly, Uncle Peter tha'n't have either of them, tho he tha'n't!" whispered Phemie in her ear, giving her a hug, as he ran off with his skates.

"Dear child! he would be heart-broken if he knew how much more than the sorrel colts Uncle Peter wants to carry away," said Grandma, wiping away a tear.

She had more tears to wipe away as she set the Christmas pie—the fateful pie with Uncle Peter's gold coin baked in its crust—on the end of the table where her four little boys were to sit.

"Thanny doesn't love his crusts," she said to herself. "Cynth must never sould again because Thanny doesn't eat his crusts. And little Peter knows I don't like to have him eat rich pie crust like this. Johnny has so good an appetite he will eat his; and Dave—I never knew Dave to leave his crusts! But God will choose rightly. There is no such thing as chance in His providence, and whoever Peter has will be well taken care of—not like these poor little wanderers that God sent to us on Christmas eve."

The children came from their play to dinner, and Andy sat beside Thanny, and Phemie beside Polly, and did not feel themselves strangers.

Grandma tried to look cheerful, but her eyes would wander to her four boys, merrily eating their Christmas pie.

They all seemed to have good appetites. Little Peter had forgotten that his grandmother didn't like to have him eat pie crust; Johnny and Dave certainly did not scorn it; Thanny—but Thanny was behind a tall dish, and Grandma could not see whether he ate his crust. Neither did she hear him say to Andy: "Do you like pie cruth? I dethpithe it, but they thould me for leaving it."

"I'll eat it for you," said Andy, out of pure good fel-



lowship, for, if the truth were told, he was not very fond of crust.

Everybody heard the exclamation that Andy uttered a moment after that. He arose from his seat, pale with amazement, holding up the gold coin. "I found it in my mouth; it must have been in the pie crust," he said.

"Thath what you get by being tho good ath to eat another fellow' th cruth for him!" exclaimed Thanny.

"Peter!" said Grandma, solemnly, although she had to choke down a sob in her throat—"Peter, *you* chose the way, but the Lord's hand has been in it!"

Uncle Peter looked at Andy's honest, manly little face, then around at the four other boys; then he seemed to be choking down something in his throat. "It shall be so, mother," he said. "We'll make that arrangement about the sorrel colts. Andy, how would you like to be my boy, and live part of the year at Swallow Farm?"

Andy only *looked*; that was answer enough. But in a moment he said, "If Phemie could go too!"

Uncle Peter had a big heart naturally. Then, too, it may have expanded under Santa Claus's clothes, which he had worn the night before. Certainly the spirit of Christmas was in it.

"Polly would like a sister, I know. Phemie *shall* come too," said Uncle Peter.

"You're not going to take either of the thorrel colth, are you, Uncle Peter?" said Thanny, who didn't altogether understand matters, but wanted to be sure that Grandma was not to be made unhappy.

"No; they're mischievous fellows," said Uncle Peter. "If Grandma wants the trouble of them, she had better keep them."

So everybody was happy. Andy and Phemie looked into each other's faces, and Phemie whispered, "Oh, Andy, Christmas has come to *stay*!"

## THE ICE QUEEN.\*

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

### CHAPTER V.

COMFORT IN A LOG CABIN.

THE pain of this farewell did not long cloud their faces. Tug and Jim had had no luncheon, and were growing anxious for something to eat. Down at the mouth of the river stood a small cabin, often occupied in early spring by the sportsmen who went for a day's duck-shooting in the great marshes that spread right and left on both sides of the stream. It was buried among big cottonwood and sycamore trees, and was pretty snug. Besides, it had a fire-place, into which somebody had stuck a long iron bolt pulled out of some bit of wreckage on the beach, and which served as a great convenience in the rude cooking of the sportsmen.

At this cabin our party proposed to spend the first night. They thought it would be an easy letting down from sleeping in their beds at home to the tenting they feared they might have to do afterward. Katy had been the one to suggest this, and Tug had earnestly supported the idea.

"Things don't seem so hard when they come upon you gradually, as the kind-hearted man said when he cut off his dog's tail a little piece at a time, so the pup wouldn't mind it."

The sun was just disappearing straight up the river behind them as the cabin came in sight; and before its half-closed door

"All bloody lay the untrodden snow,"

as Kate exclaimed, misquoting her *Hohenlinden* to suit the red glow of the rich evening light.

"Hurrah for supper!" screamed Jim; and with an extra spurt they swung the boat up to the bank.

A little sweeping with a broom made of an alder branch cleared the cabin of the snow that had blown into the cracks and fallen down the mud and stone chimney. This done, Aleck called to them to listen to his first orders, which he had written down in a note-book, and now read as follows:

"CAPTAIN'S ORDER No. 1.—Any order given by the Captain must be obeyed by the person to whom it is addressed, unless his reason for not doing so will not keep till camping-time; merely not *liking* the duty is no excuse.

"CAPTAIN'S ORDER No. 2.—The Captain will say when and where camp shall be made, and immediately upon stopping to camp the duties of each person shall be taken up as follows: the Captain shall secure the boat, get out the tent, and proceed to set it up; Tug shall take the axe and get fuel for the fire; Kate shall see to the building of the fire and the preparation of food; Jim shall help Kate, particularly in carrying articles needed, and in getting water; and all, when these special duties are finished, shall report to the Captain for further duty.

"CAPTAIN'S ORDER No. 3.—Any complaints or suggestions must be made in council, which will commence after camp work is completed and supper is over, and not before."

"There," said Aleck, "do you agree to that?"

"Yes—agreed!" shouted three voices in chorus.

"Then pitch in, all of you; you know your work."

At this Tug seized the axe, Aleck and Jim went to the sledge, and Katy began to kindle a little blaze on the hearth with some bits of dry wood she found lying about, so that when Tug had brought an armful of sticks, a good fire was quickly crackling. Then the iron pot, full of water, was hung upon the old spike, where the blaze began curling around its three little black feet in a most loving way.

"Jimkin," called the girl to her brother, who was gazing with delight at the bright fire—"Jimkin, bring me all those paper packages at the stern of the boat, and be careful of the white one—it's eggs."

"I guess there won't be much tent to set up to-night, Aleck," he remarked, as he found the Captain, who had hauled the sledge well up on the bank and tied it securely to a tree, now busy in dragging out the sail.

"No," was the reply, "but the canvas 'll come handy. Tell Tug I say he'd better get a big heap of wood together, for we're going to have a cold night. The wind has turned to the north, and is rising."

When he had taken the canvas up to the cabin he called Jim to help him, and they brought in the "mess chest," the rolls of bedding, and the piece of spare canvas which had covered the prow. Then telling Jim to take the little sled which had been dragged behind the boat, and haul to the door the wood Tug had cut among the trees not far away, Aleck seized the shovel and began heaping snow against the northern side of the house, where there were many cracks between the lower logs. But his hard work to shut them up in this way seemed to be in vain, for the wind, which was blowing harder and harder every minute, whisked the snow away about as fast as he was able to pile it up. Kate, stepping out to see what he was about, came to his rescue with a happy thought.

"I read in Dr. Kane's book of arctic travels that when they make houses of snow they throw water on them, which freezes, and holds them firm and tight. Couldn't you do that here? It's cold enough to freeze anything."

Aleck thought he could, and bidding Kate go back to her fireside, he called the other boys to help him; then, while Jim stuffed the cracks with snow, Aleck and Tug alternately brought water from a hole cut in the river ice,

\* Begun in No. 217, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.



SUPPER IN THE LOG CABIN.

and dashed it against the chinking. Some of the water splashed through, and a good deal was tossed back in their faces and benumbed their hands, so that it was hard, cold work; but before long a crust had formed over the snow-stuffed cracks, and Katy came to the door to say that she couldn't feel a draught anywhere. The roof was pretty good, and when, tired and hungry, but warm with their exercise (except as to their toes and fingers), the three lads went in and shut the door, they found their quarters very snug, and didn't mind how loud the gale howled among the trees outside. Rex especially seemed to enjoy it, curling down at the corner of the fire-place as though very much at home.

Meanwhile Katy bustled about, setting out plates, knives, and forks on the top of the mess chest, which she had covered with the clean white paper in which her packages had been wrapped. She had put eight eggs to boil in the kettle, which were now done, and were carefully fished out, while the coffee-pot was bubbling on the coals, and letting fragrant jets of steam escape from under the loosely fitting cover. A cut loaf of bread lay on the table, and beside it a tumbler of currant jelly, "as sure as I'm a Dutchman"—which was Tug's favorite way of putting a truth very strongly indeed, though he wasn't that kind of a man at all. The eagerness to taste this sweetmeat brought out the melancholy fact that by some accident there was only one spoon in the whole kit.

"We'll fix that all right this evening," Aleck remarked. "I'll whittle wooden ones out of sycamore."

"Shall I broil some mutton-chops, or will you save those for breakfast?"

"Broil 'em now," cried Jim.

"Hold your opinion, youngster, till your elders are heard," was Tug's re-joiner. "I vote we save 'em."

"So do I."

"And I."

"Done," says Captain Aleck. "Give us the chops for breakfast, Miss Housekeeper."

"Then supper's all ready," she said, and took her seat on a stick of wood, pouring and passing the coffee, while the eggs and the bread and butter went round. By the time the meal was finished it had become dark, but this did not matter, since there was no need to go out-of-doors.

"How shall I wash the dishes?" asked Katy, with a comical grin, as she rose from the table. "I couldn't bring a big pan."

"Well," suggested Aleck, "you can clean out your kettle, refill it with water—Jim, there's business for you—and then wash them in that."

"That's a matter never bothered me much when I was camping," added Tug, dryly. "I just scrubbed the plates with a wisp of grass, and cleaned the knives and forks by jabbing 'em into the ground a few times."

While the dishes were washing, Aleck opened the tent bundle, and laid the mast across two pegs that somebody had driven into the north wall of the room just under the ceiling beams, perhaps to hang fishing-poles on. Then, with Tug's aid, he tied to the mast the inner hem of the sail-cloth, which thus hung against the loose wall like a big curtain, shutting out every draught.

"That's splendid," cried Katy, watching them from the end of the room where the fire was.

"So is *this*," came a voice from overhead, making them all look up in surprise.

Jim, unnoticed by any one, had clambered into the loft, which had been floored over about two-thirds of the room only, and who was now thrusting his red face down through the hatchway.

"What do you think I've found?"

"Give it up. I knew of a man who died after asking conundrums all his life," answered Tug, gravely, "and I've fought shy of 'em since."

"Tell us at once, Jimkin," called out Aleck.

"*Straw*," shouted Jim.

"Pshaw!" was the next rejoinder heard.

"No rhymes, Katy," Aleck admonished. "Is it clean, youngster?"

"Cleaner than he is, I should say, by his face," said Tug, and with some reason, for the loft was dusty.

"Don't know. You can see for yourself," and down came a great yellow armful.

It was pounced upon, and, proving dry and fresh, the delighted Jim was ordered to send down all he could find, which was laid on the floor, not far from the fire, and covered with the spare canvas. This made a soft sort of mattress, upon which each one could spread his blankets, and sleep with great comfort.

"Shan't have so good a bed as this another night," groaned Aleck.

"Can't tell—maybe better!" said the cheerful Tug.

The warmest end was set apart for Katy, and Aleck fixed a little frame, covered with a newspaper curtain, which separated her from the other three, who were to sleep side by side. These preparations made, the fire was heaped high with fresh wood, and then the little quartette took their ease before it, and had a quiet talk over the busy day, and what they would see probably on the morrow. Aleck said something about being able to travel by the compass in case they got caught in a snow-storm, which was what he dreaded the most, when Jim asked him to explain the compass to him, leaving Katy's side and going over to where his big brother was lying on his elbow. The girl, thus deserted, went to the valise in which she kept her small articles, and came back with a book.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





## GUY KELTON'S SHOVEL.

## A Christmas Story.

BY KATHARINE R. McDOWELL.

## I.

"THE first real good chance I've had to use my present!" exclaimed Guy Kelton, as he looked out of his window one morning in January, delighted to find that the snow had fallen during the night, and was still fast coming down. "Now, Nita"—as he met his sister a while after on the stairs—"don't let me forget to write Uncle Robert a letter to-night, for when he gave me the shovel I promised to send him an account of the first storm I should use it in."

"It seems almost too pretty to use," said Anita, admiringly, as they were standing together in the hall after breakfast, Guy putting on his things. "Let's take a good look at it, for 'till never be so bright again. It's different from most shovels," she continued, half questioningly, as her brother tugged at his boots—"see; larger at this end, to make room for your initials, perhaps. How they seem to stand out, Guy! I wonder if I could tell what they are from the library windows?"

"Of course you could," answered Guy: "the letters are so dark; and then their being on the light wood makes them still plainer; but sit in the window anyway, Nita, and watch how I get along. This is the shovel's first day in the world, and it must make itself a name."

Anita ran laughingly for her fancy-work; then seated herself where she could see Guy whenever she raised her eyes from her work.

There he was, hallooing to attract her attention as he plunged the new shovel into the snow, and half staggered into the road with its burden.

"How is that for a beginning?" he called; and Anita waved her work high in the air in token of her approval.

The shovel, with its pretty initials, and bright lines of color running down the handle, seemed on the high-road to making for itself a name in the world, were one to judge from the white mass that was growing in the road, and fast lessening on the sidewalk.

But the little sister was not the only one who seemed interested in Guy's progress. A boy stood near the steps—a boy of about Guy's age, but there all resemblance ceased—a thinly clad, half-starved lad, who was rubbing his purple hands and stamping his benumbed feet as he kept his eyes fixed on Guy.

"Of course he wouldn't let me," he muttered. "He might, though, if it wasn't such a beauty. I've a mind to ask him, anyway;" and he half stepped forward. "But no; I don't dare"—as he resumed his old position.

"Strange that that fellow should hang around so," thought Guy. "I should think he'd go to work. Any one can shovel snow, and he could earn a good round sum such a day as this, instead of wasting his time staring at me."

But still the boy watched him, and when Guy, having finished his work, set the shovel against the railing, he met the same steady gaze.

"Have you ever shovelled any?" Guy at length inquired, as he rounded a snow-ball to send against the window where Anita sat, as a signal that his work was done.

"Have I?—just let me show you," was the answer, as a ragged sleeve stretched toward the shovel.

Guy hesitated, but for a moment only, and in another the boy had the shovel, and was in the road tossing the feathery flakes far away.

"Bravo!" called Guy, watching him plunge into the mass of snow already heaped; "how you make it fly! Why, I believe you could have cleaned this walk in quarter the time it has taken me. Why don't you get a shovel and make your fortune?"

The face that had brightened at Guy's praise fell again at his question. "That's just it. How can I? Who'd trust me?" he said, hopelessly.

"Why, anybody that had seen you work," said Guy, confidently. "You could pay for one by noon," he added, a moment later.

"I know it," said the boy, looking longingly at the shovel he held.

Guy caught the look. "What?" he mentally exclaimed. "He couldn't think for a moment I'd let him take mine!—Uncle Robert's present, and never used till to-day! Well, I rather guess not!" He turned toward the boy with a most forbidding expression, but changed it as suddenly when his eyes fell upon the small, pinched face bent in admiration over the bright colors on the shovel, and the thin chilled fingers which were slowly following the tracery of the initials *G. K.*

Another moment and Guy was saying, "Take my shovel until you earn enough to buy one for yourself; I will not need it any more to-day."

"Really!" cried the boy, his whole face bright with joy. "You needn't be afraid to trust me," he added, hurriedly. "I'll promise to have it back here by noon." Then there was something said about a little brother ill at home, and Lotie gone to find something to eat, and no one to take care of them but him.

Guy did not catch all his words. He only remembered distinctly a last sentence—"My name is Alfred Kelly, and I never yet broke my word."

Anita's attention had been arrested by the snow-ball, and she had looked up to see Guy talking with a strange boy, who soon afterward was using the new shovel, while her brother clapped his hands in applause.

What could it all mean?

A few moments later and the boy had shouldered the shovel, and was running with all his might up the street.

"He has stolen Guy's shovel," cried Anita, starting from her seat. "Stop him! stop him!" she called, rushing to the door. "Oh, Guy, can't you catch him!" as her brother came up the steps. "Chase him! Call some one!"

"I let him take it," said Guy, quietly.

"You let him take it?" repeated Anita. "Oh, Guy, how could you?—Mamma, Guy's shovel: he has loaned it to a boy that he doesn't know—that I don't believe he ever saw till to-day!"

"Not so fast," put in Guy as Anita hurried her mother out on the stoop to see a pair of heels nearly out of sight.

"When you hear all about it, mamma, I know you will say it was right."

But Anita did not wait for her mother's words of approval as Guy related the scene that had just taken place out-of-doors. She hurried to the library window for what she assured herself could but be a last look at Guy's shovel.

## II.

"We've certainly seen the last of it," Anita kept repeating as Mary answered the bell all the afternoon, and no Alfred Kelly presented himself. "How very foolish of Guy," she continued thinking, "to loan that beautiful shovel, and to that boy! What a lesson it will be to him! What could he have been thinking of?"

Another ring. Anita rushed to the stairs, and then back to the sitting-room.

"Tisn't him," she announced, ungrammatically; "and the street lamps are being lit. What do you think now, mamma? And you too, Guy?"

"Oh, I don't give him up," answered Guy, cheerfully.

"You don't? and why?"

"Because he promised."

"But he promised to be here five hours ago," argued Anita.

Here Mary tapped at the door.



"A wee mite of a thing, ma'am, as says she wasn't big enough to lug it home. It's only herself, ma'am, as knows what she means. She's been all day, she says, a-fundin' of the house, and is out on the steps now a-cryin' as though her heart 'd break."

Guy had understood, and when Anita and her mother came down-stairs it was to find a little girl in the hall clinging to his arm, and crying bitterly.

"He died thinkin' 'twas his'n," were the words they caught in spite of her tears. "Alf said you wouldn't blame him when you knew. It's right by him now," and the little frame shook with deep sobs, while the words came more broken still. "Alf wanted you to see it there, and told me to be sure and tell you all how he died thinkin' 'twas his'n."

"Oh! what do you mean?" asked Anita, as she strove to take one of the little hands—which but clung the firmer to Guy's sleeve—in hers, while Mrs. Kelton bent her face tenderly to the tear-stained one with words of comfort.

But the tears only started afresh.

"I must not stay. Alf told me to come for some one. Oh, please come back with me," she implored of Guy. "He said he knew you would when I told you he was dead."

"Not Alfred!" moaned Anita, with repentant tears; "not dead!"

"Not him," said the little one, softly—"not him. I mean our little brother Georgy."

"It isn't far," said Lottie, as Guy, having hurried on his things, half led, half followed her in the direction she bade him. "Most there, 'most there," she repeated at every turn, tightening her hold on Guy, as though she feared he might leave her. "There, now we've passed the last lamp, and it gets darker and darker; but I sha'n't get lost; no fear of that," as she led him into a narrow passageway, then up some stairs that shook and creaked beneath her light weight.

"Alfred, I've brought him," she called, "and he came just so quick as he could, for I never found the house till a little while ago. And to-morrow his mother will come, and the little girl you saw in the window. And, Alf, he doesn't mind about the shovel. His sister said she didn't believe he'd care if he never saw it again."

"But you must see it," said Alfred, as he took Guy's hand, "and let me tell you all about it—all how pleased he was, and how he thought I'd brought it to him for Christmas. Oh, I couldn't tell him," groaned Alfred, "that it wasn't meant for him, and he lookin' at it so lovin' like, and laughin' so glad when he catches sight of the letters."

"G. for Georgy," says he, a-clappin' his little thin hands, "and K. for Kelly"; and, sure enough, I looked, and 'twas. And I couldn't but cry to see him so happy. 'Plainer,' says he, 'than on Joey's blocks, ain't it?' Joey lives down-stairs, and brings up his blocks sometimes o' nights to play with 'em; and pointin' to the corner of the room where on a low bed Lottie nestled her head lovingly by the tiny pale face on the pillow, he gave a great sob.

"No, let me go on—I must," begged Alfred, as Guy strove to quiet him. "I want you to know how happy it made him, and as how he talked all about the colors, and kept a-sayin' the letters. 'G. K.,' says he, over and over—'G. K., and so beautiful! I must have it by me to-night,' says he, 'to see it as soon as I open my eyes,' and you wouldn't ha' known him, and he so bright and happy like. 'And I can help you, Alfie,' says he, 'with your shovellin' to-morrow when I wake in the mornin' all rested.'"

Guy's tears fell fast as he mutely followed Alfred to the little bed.

"He is all rested now," smiled Lottie, sadly, as

they approached. "Isn't he, Alfred? 'An angel,' you said."

A year has passed. Another Christmas is with us.

"I think you ought to bring your shovel upstairs, Guy," Anita is saying—she and her mother deep in the mysteries of an enormous box—"for we wouldn't be so busy with all these surprises if it were not for it, you know."

"And yet, Nita, don't you remember how you wanted to take a last look at it that morning?"

"Indeed I do. I never supposed then that the time would come when it would look far more beautiful to me. What a history—hasn't it, Guy? And had you thought that it is just a year this very day since we went to see them in that cold, dark room?"

"Yes; and how you came home and wrote Uncle Robert all about it, I never knowing till his answer came."

"I'm so glad I did. Think how everything is changed, and all that uncle has done for them. Lottie so happy at Aunt Helen's, and Alfred doing so well; and then all these presents he has sent for them.—I can put these in, you said, Mamma; the hood on top this way, right next the furs, you see; now the mittens. There, isn't that bright, and doesn't it seem to wish one the gladdest sort of a Christmas?"

## HOW TO MAKE A WAGON.

BY HORACE H. JOHNSON.

IN making a wagon the greatest difficulty is with the wheels. A durable spoke wheel can not well be made by any one but an experienced wheelwright, who, of course, possesses every facility for its manufacture, and with a practiced hand makes each individual spoke.

But a very good wagon can be made with a much simpler kind of wheel. When the writer was a boy, an old Englishman, who was a natural mechanic, showed him how to construct a strong and substantial wagon with solid board wheels, but with the latter so ornamented by a simple process that they did not present an ugly appearance. They also lasted for years, and were, with the running gear, placed under many styles of box, and lastly the large wheels held up the rear end of a tricycle.

The tools required for the construction of such a wagon can be found in every carpenter's tool chest, and are few in number. Here let it be said that should you require any tools which you do not possess, purchase them singly at the hardware merchant's, and do not waste your money on iron tools which are so generally found in boys' tool chests. You will need first of all a good hand saw, moderately fine, and also a circle saw. Should you not be able to procure the latter, a carpenter's key-hole saw will answer the purpose, if it is sharp. A drawing-knife also is necessary, and a carpenter's square; a brace with a bit one and a quarter inches in diameter, and another, one and a half inches, a quarter-inch bit, and a gimlet, are needed. Now with a chisel, a good plane, and a strong jackknife you can go to work as soon as you have your material.

Use hard wood by all means. You can, of course, soon get out a wagon of pine or bass wood, but it will never be of much service. For the wheels, procure an ash board thirteen inches wide, forty-five inches long, and seven-eighths of an inch in thickness. For the box, you will need a thin board, also of ash, if possible, seven and a half feet long, five inches broad, and half an inch thick, and another about five feet long, eight inches broad, and three-eighths of an inch in thickness; the latter is to make the bottom of the box firm. For the axle-trees, hard maple is best, if straight grained without curl. You can cut these from a piece of cord-wood, or buy sticks already planed. For the rear axle get a stick two by one and a half inches in size, and twenty-one inches long. The front axle should be the same length, but had better be made from a stick two by two inches, as it is weakened by the jaw which receives the pole of the wagon.

Now if you own a work-bench with a vise attached, you will find it a great help. First take your board for the wheels, which is, of course, planed on both sides. It is thirteen inches wide. With your square mark off thirteen inches from the left end, and draw your line across the board. Then point off thirteen inches more, and draw another line. Now mark off two nine-inch squares from the other end of the board close together, and also close to the edge of the board near you, as represented in Fig. 1. Now connect the corners of these squares diagonally with lines as represented also in Fig. 1.

With your compasses describe circles within these squares thir-



FIG. 1.

teen and nine inches in diameter respectively. The centre of each will, of course, be where the diagonal lines cross. On one side of your smaller circles a piece of wood will remain undisturbed, which you will need later. Now take your compasses, place the points four inches apart, and from the centre of the larger circles point off that distance on each diagonal line, which

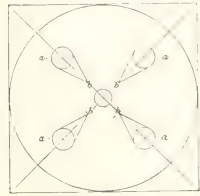


FIG. 2.

three-quarter inches from the centre proper, and the point of the angles but one and one-quarter inches from the same; also the little circles here should be but one and one-quarter inches in diameter.

Now take your one-and-one-quarter-inch bit in your brace and bore carefully through the centre of each wheel. Also bore out

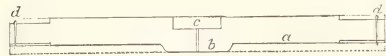


FIG. 3.

the little circles in the smaller wheels with this bit. Then take your one-and-a-half-inch bit and bore out the little circles in the larger wheels. After this is done, with your handsaw cut off each square, taking care to preserve the piece of wood at the side of the smaller wheels. You had better rip the board with your



FIG. 4.

saw at this line. The next task is to saw out your wheels with your circle saw, which must be done in a careful manner, and pains must be taken to keep the saw running truly, so that the face of the wheel will not be bevelled, but be at perfect right angles with the surface of the board. This done, with your circle or key-hole saw cut out the little three-cornered pieces which

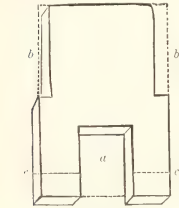


FIG. 5.

still remain inside of the surface of the wheels. The wheels will present something the appearance of a heavy locomotive wheel, but will certainly look substantial.

Now saw off about six inches of your three-eighths-of-an-inch-thick board, and on it describe two circles three inches in diameter. Through the centre of them bore a one-and-a-quarter-inch hole. Cut these circles out, and after slightly beveling the edges, place them on the face of your large wheels, and fasten them directly in the cen-

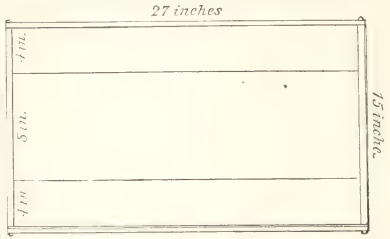


FIG. 6.

tre of the same with four one-inch screws. Great care must be taken in doing this not to split the pieces, as the margin is narrow. These, of course, thicken the larger wheels in the centre, and act also as a hub, preventing them from wobbling about. The axle-trees are to be considered next, and as there is the most work on the front one, we will take that first. It is two by two inches in size, and twenty-one inches long. With your square measure off one-quarter inch of its thickness one way, and draw a line, as *a*, in Fig. 3. Then from the centre measure off two inches each way, which will leave the projection *b* four inches long. Then with your drawing-knife cut away the remainder below the line *a*, excepting the projection. This will leave the remainder but one and a half inches in thickness. Now from the centre of the top mark off one and a quarter inches each way, and then cut out the slot *c*, which should be two and a half inches long, and

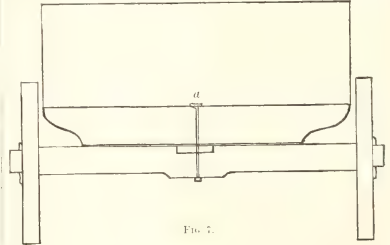


FIG. 7.

three-quarters of an inch deep. Now mark off from either end of the axle two and a half inches, and girdle the same with a pencil-mark; then take your handsaw and cut slightly into the stick at this mark, particularly at the corners, and with your jack-knife cut the wood gradually away until the ends are perfectly round, and will fit the front wheels.

You will find that one wheel generally fits better on one end; therefore upon the discovery of this you had better mark the wheels 1, 2, 3, and 4. As the forward wheels have no extra piece on for a hub, you may perhaps be obliged to cut the ends of the forward axle off a little. The rear axle, which is to be left straight, may be worked down at the ends like the forward one, and the large wheels fitted and numbered.

In placing the wheels on the axles you will find "washers" of hard leather necessary, or, what is better, get the nearest blacksmith to make eight out of thin iron, and put one on to the axle before sliding the wheel on, and one after. Then bore a small hole about an eighth of an inch in diameter in each end of either axle, as *d, d*, in Fig. 3, place in a wrought-iron pin or stout piece of wire about one and a half inches long, so that it will not pinch the washers, and your wheels will run easily. Before setting the wagon up permanently, however, remember to keep your axles always well greased. Now take the piece of ash that was left over from the board you cut your wheels from, and cut it down so that it will be fifteen inches in length and two inches in width;



FIG. 8.

then with your circle saw cut down the corners as in *a*, *a*, Fig. 4, and bore a one-quarter-inch hole through the centre *b*.

Fig 5 represents the pole jaw, which fits into the slot in the front axle. It may be made from any strong piece of hard wood, and should be four and a quarter inches long, three inches broad, and three-quarters of an inch in thickness. Cut out the edges for two inches until that end fits tightly into the slot *c*, Fig. 3. Then cut out the slot *a*, Fig. 5, about one and a half inches deep and one and a quarter inches broad. After this bore the hole *c*, *c*. This will take in the end of the pole, through the end of which a hole may be bored, and a wire run through that end *c*, *c*, holding it firmly, but so it will work freely up and down.

Now everything is complete but the box. Take your five-inch ash board and cut it up into lengths, two of which will be twenty-seven inches long, and two fifteen inches. You will now place them so they will form the sides and ends of the box, the longer pieces lapping the shorter at the ends. Use screws to fasten them together, and before the screw-driver sends them home make sure that the ends and sides are at perfect right angles with each other by using your square. Now take your thin board, which is eight inches broad and three-eighths of an inch in thickness, and cut it into two parts, each twenty-seven inches long. One of these you will split with your saw down the centre, leaving two boards twenty-seven inches long and four inches broad, and the other the same length, but eight inches broad. These you will lay across the bottom of your box, as in Fig. 6, the wide one in the centre, and the narrow ones on the outside. To fasten them you want three-quarter-inch wrought nails; and use

them freely, and you will find that your wagon will carry paving stones as large as you can load on to it.

Now you are ready to put your work together. Draw a line across the bottom of your box three and a half inches from the rear end. Be sure and draw it accurately, for if you do not your wheels will "draw" to one side, and will not track well. Then draw another line across the other end one and a half inches from the end. Place your rear axle on the rear end so that the outer edge of the same will tally exactly with the mark referred to. Place the "lift," Fig. 4, inside the mark, in front, in the same manner. Now take a stout cord and pass it under the box, and bind the axle into place. The lift you can fasten by brads through the bevelled ends, which will temporarily secure them. Now turn the whole thing over, and fasten them both firmly with one-and-a-half-inch screws. Do not put a screw into the centre of the lift, but with your quarter-inch bit bore a hole through the bottom board so as to meet the one in the lift. Now fasten your pole jaw into your front axle-tree by the aid of a screw at each side, then bore a hole from the lower side of that axle-tree in the centre up through the lift. Now you can place that in shape, as in Fig. 7, and run the king-bolt *a* down from inside the box, and screw on the nut. Now you can put on your wheels, and the whole thing is complete, with the exception of the pole, which can be made from a nice straight piece of ash, and bent into shape as the poles on most all toy wagons and carts, and inserted into the jaw as before described.

Now, boys, if you will follow out these suggestions, and take all measurements correctly, you will have a good substantial wagon, and one that will last you for years.



"I HOPE IT WON'T SNOW."

"OH DEAR! IF IT ONLY WOULD SNOW!"

OLD BOREAS. "IT'S TOO BAD; I CAN'T PLEASE BOTH."



## HERE WE COME!

Here we come, the dearest girls,  
Fingers tucked in dainty muffs,

Wrapped in cloaks of warmest stuffs.  
Don't we make the world look dry?  
On this chilly winter day?

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

**T**ING-A-LING, ting-a-ling. Children may leave their work, and go out to play. What a merry sound the recess bell has, to be sure—merry at both ends of recess too, for after fifteen minutes' delightful exercise all good scholars are glad to resume their books.

In reply to her request in No. 211, the Postmistress received a great many letters from all parts of our country, some from teachers and some from pupils. A part of the Post-office Box is this week devoted to the publication of some of these letters. The result of the inquiry is very satisfactory, for it shows that our school-going little folk have usually some time in every session allotted to fun and freedom, after which they study with greater diligence than ever.

ALBANY, MASSACHUSETTS.

There are nine schools in the building where I attend. We have two recesses a day, each fifteen minutes long; all the school-boys are out together, except two. We have a large yard, in which we play in summer, the boys on one side, the girls on the other. We play tag, hide-and-seek, drop-the-handkerchief, or any other game we choose; provided we are not very disorderly about it. There is a nice basement underneath the building, in which we play during the winter. Then our principal plays are house and tag. We play house by having one little girl for mamma, and quite a number of the others for her children. I think she is something like the old woman in "The story that is,"—she has so many children that she does not know what to do, and she "wheezes" all soundly, "but she does not send us to bed."

LETTIE M. M.

LEWISBURGH, NEW YORK. ALAN COCKE, CATHARTS.

I am a member of a country school just out of the limits of the city of Oakland, and every morning our teacher reads us stories out of *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*, *HARPER'S WEEKLY*, *St. Nicholas*, or *Youth's Companion*. We enjoy them all, but like *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* best.

To-day our teacher thought she would read us something from the Post-office Box, and she read about writing a letter to it on the subject of recess, so I thought I'd try. We have twenty minutes in the forenoon and twenty in the afternoon, with an hour at noon. We have a nice time playing in our large yard, and when it rains we play lively games in the school-house, and our teacher plays with us.

We are going to have a very delightful entertainment soon, to close school, and then we expect to have a merry time in vacation. I must now close, and the whole school sends you their best regards.

JOHN H.

ROCHESTER, NEW JERSEY.

When I saw you requested the girls and girls to write about school recess, I thought I would write, but school begins at nine o'clock, and comes out at twelve, but we have a recess, during which we have a great deal of fun either playing or watching the boys on the trapeze. We have a recess of one hour. At noon we have a recess of one hour and thirty minutes. I am thirteen, and have one sister and two brothers, and a dear friend, Helen W., who was one of my first.

LILLIAN D.

NEWBURGH, NEW JERSEY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS, I write in behalf of the little ones to tell you that recesses, regular and irregular, at twenty minutes of eleven, are properly bonneted and wrapped, by the oversight of their teachers, to have a romp in the playground. There also the teacher must have a recess, and a recess of half an hour. Then out and march in very orderly to the sound of a piano. At half past two in the afternoon the sashes between the rooms are put down, and the

children sit up in order, with their hands in their laps, for recess. These are all ways varied. Sometimes light catchtunes, and sometimes, which are sometimes in and sometimes out, are sung. These are all ways varied. Sometimes light catchtunes, and sometimes, which are sometimes in and sometimes out, are sung. These are all ways varied. Sometimes light catchtunes, and sometimes, which are sometimes in and sometimes out, are sung.

Through the week they are taught simple, quiet, and useful games for Friday afternoon. Then there are the number lessons at the black table, where the children cluster around the teacher, and are usually so eager and interested to be disorderly, and the moulding lessons, where soft clay to be made into cubes, spheres, and cylinders by the little hands seems to be a new game. And when little heads hang heavy, and legs and arms are restless, the teacher says, "Do as I do, children," and after putting down the windows, exercises the restless members of the class, singing "The Old Black Cat," and order is easily restored. In classes where the children are older and better able to control themselves talking recesses are given. We have no head-aches in our ranks. Yours sincerely,

LILLIAN P.

PORT CHESTER, NEW YORK.

We are two little sisters who are about to answer your questions on recess. I have about five minutes' recess in the school-room, for whispering and walking around. My sister does not have any, as she is in a different school. When our school begins at nine o'clock. We have one hour and a half for eating our lunch, and are dismissed at 3.30.

GEORGIE AND ADDIE S.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

I read your letter in the *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and I thought I would answer the questions you ask. I go to the Smith Academy, a private school, where we have two recesses a day. We have two recesses. One begins at a quarter of eleven and ends at eleven o'clock, and the other at a quarter after twelve and ends at a quarter of one. I guess the recesses are the same in all schools. We are excused at two o'clock. During these recesses we play a great many games, such as catcher and policeman. Sometimes I stay in during the first recess to do my examples, but this does not happen often. I hope this letter is not too long.

HARRY L.

HUNTSVILLE, MISSISSIPPI.

In my grade we don't have any recess in our schools. Only the primary grades have recess. When we used to have it our favorite games were hide-and-seek and ball. I believe it is a great real tired staying in all day, especially examination-day.

KATIE S.

I advise the scholars in your grade to unite in a petition to the teachers to give you at least one daily play spell.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am almost too old to be a scholar (except in a general sense), but the dear children in my Kindergarten class do have such grand frolics at recess that I thought some of the less fortunate ones might like to hear, and even older people might be set to thinking. We seldom sit still more than half an hour at a time, for little feet get so restless that it is cruel to make them keep still; so after our opening exercises and conversation on some interesting topic, I have a "quiet row," and all take turns representing the various persons or animals. It affords great pleasure, as the teacher always plays too. The ball games are the ones the children love best. These colored worsted balls are harmless, and afford excellent exercise for wrist and arms. The best one we have is played thus: The children form a circle, holding the ball in the right, then in the left hand, swinging it to music and the words,

My ball goes up so high.

And down it comes so low.

In the air, it hurrah!—In the air, oh, hurrah!

Then it is thrown up six times. If a ball is dropped it must remain untouched until the six is counted, then, at a clap, the teacher for the ball dropped. One dear girl, who was very good, Miss P., just did it. These little games

and songs have been selected and translated and published in book form by Mrs. Louise Pollock, the pioneer of the Kindergarten in this country. I love these joyous games; they bring teacher and pupil closer together in loving companionship, and although it may be more noisy than the majority of teaching methods, it is in having hearty, happy, obedient children. If teachers would only believe that they will not lose authority, but gain it by teaching in this way with the children, we should have happier school-rooms. With hopes of much future play, respectfully,

ANTONELLA F. Kindeergarten.

Very sincere thanks are tendered to the teachers, whose interest in the Post-office Box never flags. I think I would like to send a little child I dearly loved to the care of such kind ladies as these.—From among the throng of youthful correspondents whose recess letters have given me most pleasure I select the following for publication, because their spelling, writing, and composition were very good indeed: **GEORGE L. C., WILLIAM A. D., BERTIE R. C., G. D. B. C., CLAUDE S. B., CARLIE L. F., WINIFRED A. G., HERTHA A. B., CHARLES H. S., and GERTIE R. P.**

ELIOT, CONNECTICUT.

Almost a year ago, when I was seven, I wrote you a letter, but it was not printed, so I went to school, and have two recesses of fifteen minutes each. I got the prize—a pocket book—for being at the head the most often. Mamma gave me music lessons. I have a brother and two sisters, and a pet calf named Elo. Cousin Hattie named me. The books I like best besides *Young People*, are the Bible, *Mary's Story*, *Little Women*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *Whittier's Poems*, and *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Will you accept a picture of your friend?

JAMIE?

Thanks for the picture of eight-year-old Jamie, a fine, manly little fellow. I shall keep it very carefully. Jamie's mamma has been sending her boy's letter, says: "The receipt for bread given in the Post-office Box by Margaret Eytling is alone worth a year's subscription. I wish every one could know that delicious bread can be made without the tedious twenty minutes' kneading."

Two Brooklyn lads, fancying that they would like to add some funny stamps to their collections, thought they would write to Lieutenant Harber, of the United States navy, and ask him to send them a few specimens. Lieutenant Harber was sent by our Government to bring home the bodies of the brave De Long and his companions, whose sad fate you all remember. If you watch the daily papers you will see his return announced when he shall arrive, for he has many officers and men who went with him are now on their way hither. Think how courteous and kind a man Lieutenant Harber must be to pay so much attention to the letter of a stranger and a boy. He addresses the elder of his two correspondents:

YANKEE, NEW JERSEY, 20, 1882.

MY DEAR YOUNG SIR,—Your note of March 10 was received but a few days ago, and I at once send you samples of the only Russian postage stamps which I have, viz., 1.7, and 30 copecks (or kopecks). Now how much is a copeck? Are you surprised that your letter should be so long in reaching me? If so, consider the manner in which it came. It crossed the Atlantic in a steamer, then crossed Europe by railroad, then crossed the sea by ship, and was finally drawn by horses, and then twenty-four hundred vests in a small boat propelled with oars. After leaving Russia in Europe it came into a country where there were few newspapers, and few characters, and among people who are not very circumspect in delivering letters; so it is really a wonder that it reached me at all. How do you like your name when written in Russian? It is perhaps the only time you will see it in these characters. I hope your collection is progressing well, and what I send are satisfactory.

Very truly yours, G. B. HARBER.

A copeck is about three-quarters of a cent.

LEEDS, PENNSYLVANIA.

I go to a missionary school twice a month. We have it on Saturday afternoons. The members have boxes, and give three cents into them, or as much more as they choose. We meet at our different houses. We have officers appointed—president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer. We make up our counting at each meeting. We also have reading and essays about foreign countries. We intend this year to make a quilt; the members are to get the patches, and then we will work on it at each meeting. We are also going to give silk, satin, and velvet pieces, and have a cushion made.

Let us school. I study 200 Latin words, 100 arithmetic, grammar, reading, spelling, and writing. We have ten rooms in our school-house, and an



exhibition hall. We had an exhibition last week, and it was splendid; we are going to have another at the close of the school term. On Friday afternoon the scholars are going to have a literary contest consisting of readings, recitations, and dialogues. I like to read the stories in *YOUNG PEOPLE*.

CLARA H. W.

I like the idea of your little missionary society very much. When I was eleven years old I had the honor of being secretary in one very much like yours, and managed in a similar way; but our meetings were held once a week.

MEGAN, ALTA, FERRIS

The other day I went with my grandmamma and another lady to a little Tyrolean village called Martinsbrunn (which means the English garden). There we drank coffee, and there were a great many Italian chestnuts on the road, and I filled my pockets with them. The meadows looked so cheerful in the sunshine, and the apples were gathering apples; they shook the trees, and the apples came dropping down like rain. I forgot to tell you that on one side of the road were high mountains, on the other, meadows and vineyards. We saw a Tyrolean boy recklessly climbing over rocks overgrown with ivy. We called him, and grandmamma gave him a few kreutzers (about two and a half kreutzers), and he was willing to get some of the ivy. I brought it home to my mother, who was very much pleased with it. I have not seen any sumac here, and do not know how it looks, as I was only six years old when I came to Europe. EUGENE T. T.

BREMEN, GERMANY.

I get the paper every week from a friend in Minnesota, and like it very much. I have five pets—a cockatoo called Major, two pigeons, a cat, and a bird. I go to school every day, and enjoy it very well. There is a foot-ball game every Saturday. I have a little brother, but my papa would not let me join, as I am not strong. I hope to be stronger next winter. I think Jimmy Brown's stories are the best; and I think you would like to get some of the ivy. I brought it home to my mother, who was very much pleased with it. I have not seen any sumac here, and do not know how it looks, as I was only six years old when I came to Europe. EUGENE T. T.

WILLIAM J. S.

NACON, NEW YORK.

I can not resist the temptation to say a word to you and the children, though the subscriber in our family is my younger brother, not myself. How many enjoy the paper? I wish you could see each Tuesday I am sure you know, as our affection and interest are not less warm than those of so many whose praises it has rung through the Post-office Box. I wish you could see my little summer home on the Hudson, to which we are so attached that when winter comes he often finds us lingering. I am the owner of a Siberian husky hound, and though he is but seven years old, he gives promise of mighty stature. He is very lovable and sagacious. I call him Shylcock, because by and by he will be waiting for his master's dog. I scarcely hope to see my letter in the Box, but thought I would let the dear Postmistress know that two more children love the *YOUNG PEOPLE*, the Post-office, and its mistress. LARUE AN W.

WILSONVILLE, VIRGINIA.

My father gave me your paper for a birthday present last July; I think it is splendid. I want to tell you about my trip to the Luray Cave. I went with my aunt and a few other ladies. When we got down to the depot we had to wait for the train two hours. It was so late that the train at Waynesborough, where we were to change cars, could not wait for our train, and so we had to stop over all night; but the next morning we took the train and went to Luray. We went right to the cave just then, but went to the hotel, and staid there until the afternoon; then we went out to the cave. We stopped at a house near the cave and had our names registered. Then we went into the cave. At first we saw what they call Entrance Hall, and then we saw the Fish Market. I saw what they call the Crouching Bear and the Organ; when the man struck the Organ it played like a real one. They had what they call the Tombs of the Martyrs. We saw what they call the Wet Blanket; it looks just like a real blanket, you could lie on it. Right by the Wet Blanket was the Breakfast Shawl. I saw a great many other things, but I can not remember them all. I enjoyed the travelling and stopping at the hotels more than I did the cave.

I am a little boy eight years old. I can read, but can not write; so my father is writing for me. I read nearly everything in *YOUNG PEOPLE*. I think "Dick and D." was splendid. I like that story called "Canadian Days." WILMER J.

PROSPERITY, RHODE ISLAND.

I am a little girl five years old, and I have a little sister three years old. My mamma says you were her Sunday-school teacher once. I go to Sunday-school every week, and I like to read the stories in *YOUNG PEOPLE*. I can not write, so my aunt is writing for me. I am just learning to read. Mamma reads the letters in *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* to me, and I am always in a hurry for the paper to

come. I have two dolls; one is named Kittie and the other Lillie. I have a little cockatoo, a bureau, and some chairs for my dolls, and some steam cars, a boat, and some other things. Please, Postmistress, publish my letter.

GEORGE D.

Will Grace give dear mamma a kiss for her old friend? Just think of it, pet, I did not know she had a little girl named Grace.

DANES, TENNESSEE.

Last September we left Toledo, Ohio, to come to Europe. In New York we had to wait three days till the big steamer *Hapsburg* would start. I went out riding to Central Park, and thought it was ever so pretty. Our sail was very good. It took us fourteen days, but I had a very nice time on the boat. For I got acquainted with some little girls, and the captain and the doctor always played with us. We landed in Bremen, and saw the prettiest streets of that city; then we came to Berlin, where we saw the royal palace. On passing from Germany to Hungary we were in the Carpathian Mountains. It is a lovely sight to see the snow falling on the top of the mountain, while below everything is green and blooming. In Miszkolc we were very much surprised by my uncle, who took us out riding almost every day to his farms and vineyards, and we enjoyed our stay there very much. In Dees our papa met us, and we got into a very nice house. He stayed with him once more after a whole year's absence. Now I shall go to school here, and learn the Hungarian language. With my best regards to all my friends in Toledo, I am your true little friend, KITTIE F. (9 years old).

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK.

I am a young man ten years old. I have read nearly all of the letters in the Post-office Box for almost a year, and this being a long evening, I thought I would try and write a letter. I can not very well write in day letters, for my papa and my mamma do not like my writing, and my mamma has a large velocipede, which helps me a great deal in running errands. I have a sister Mabel, seven years old, who might help me a great deal, but she is too fond of play.

In looking over my books this evening I find that I have lost No. 187, May 29. Please inform me if you have that number, and how I can get it, because my papa says I may get them bound when the year is up.

How is my writing and spelling for a young man of my age?

You can obtain the missing number by writing for it to Messrs Harper & Brothers, and enclosing five cents. Your writing and spelling are very good. I am sure you would rather have your little sister play than run on errands to save such wistful glances as yours are.

WATKINS, MASSACHUSETTS.

I have taken your paper for about a year, and like it very much. I have a little sister, and a little brother, who sings continually, and a little seven-year-old brother. I have got a little boy cousin, who is about a year and a half old. My grandmamma told him not to cut our plants, and so when he goes in to see her, he will put out his little hand toward them and look up in her face. If she does not say anything, he will say, "No, no; mustn't touch plants." My little brother made up this verse, and wants me to send it, so here it is:

"The snow will come,  
The rain will come,  
But now my little robin  
Is out in the sun."

Please may I join the Little Housekeepers? Good-night. MATTIE E. C.

You may and welcome, but you must write again and tell what part of housekeeping you like best. Do you dust the parlor sometimes, or possibly make your bed?

A lady sends this droll sketch:

A QUEER JOURNEY OF TWO LITTLE PIGS.

One bright summer morning, as I was strolling toward the beach, I saw two little pigs, one perfectly white and the other perfectly black, both the same size, trudging along side by side in the sand. I saw them and I was so much engaged in earnest conversation. They seemed so out of place, and I was so curious to know whether they were bound, that I followed them unobscuredly. They did not seem to mind, but as if they had some special object in view and some definite destination. I wondered what they would do when they reached the water. I was not long in being answered. Without a moment's hesitation, they plunged into the waves side by side, and swam out and away toward another island, six miles distant. I stood on the shore, and the two little heads looked like balls bobbing up and down, one black and one white, side by side all the time. When I reported the incident to the landlady a little later I looked astonished and annoyed. "Those pigs,"

he said, "were to have been served up for dinner to-day. They were to be put in the morning in a boat from that island, six miles away, and we thought we might allow them their freedom for the short time they had to live, before thinking of their making an attempt to return home. And did you notice," he continued, "they chose the point of land nearest the island where they came in to enter the water? Singular the little animals should have been so bright. And, furthermore, they swam out, and then they either that makes it more strange."

I too, left the island that day, and I have never heard whether those brave little pigs ever reached their destination or not. R. C.

The following young friends will please accept thanks for favors received: Arthur F. S., Leonard, Charlie G. C., Rosa L. M. A. J., Gertie M. J., Jennie B. M., Ford and Frances, Ella C. D. A. J., and Harry B.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A sharp rock. 2. To arrange differently. 3. A South American city. 4. A town in Massachusetts. 5. A dagger. 6. Pinedale. 7. An island. My whole is a place frequented by hunters.

HERBERT B. FOSTER.

No. 2.

L - b - r - s - a - l - e - r - i - s - i - s - i - n - b - n - p - BLUETIGHT.

No. 3.

CHARADE.

My first has no pity  
In country or city.  
My second is needy, as often you've heard;  
My third is a nickname  
At home and in playground;  
My whole, by your leave, is a name  
VIOLA MATFIELD.

No. 4.

TWO EAST WORD SQUARES.

1.—1. A body of water. 2. Across. 3. A Roman Emperor. 4. To fall. 5.—1. A body of water. 2. A bird. 3. A hollow place. 4. A boy's name. GAZETTA.

No. 5.

ENIGMA.

My first is the first of the morning,  
My second the midst of the day,  
My third is forever adorning.  
Like evening the close of the day,  
My whole is the brightest of springtime. I ween,  
The gladdest, the fairest that ever was seen.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 215.

No. 1.—	P	L	F
	D	A	D
	P	L	A
	D	I	A
	T	R	E
	D	A	D
	M	A	D
	D	A	D
	S	T	O
	T	O	N
	O	N	E
	D		

No. 2.—Because he goes to sea (see).  
No. 3.—  
W ellington N  
A m m  
U nited  
E mbr y O  
R ate L  
L or e  
O r  
O r i g n N

No. 4.—  
Evangeline.

The answer to the Christmas Rebus on page 127, No. 217, is as follows:

Correct answers for Christmas everywhere! Cheerily it ringeth through the air; Christmas bells, Christmas trees, Christmas odors on the breeze. Merry, merry Christmas everywhere! Cheerily it ringeth through the air; Why should we so joyfully Sing with grateful mirth? See the Sun of Righteousness Beams upon the earth."

Correct answers to puzzles have been sent from Lulu Parker, Tillie Van Sant, Effie Dean, Emma B. John Thompson, L. T. V. Lott, G. Budge, Jean Rogers, Margaret G. Andrew B. John G. L. Lott, F. L. Lott, C. Fischer, Bertie Gale, Robert L. Allee, M. F. To Pittz, Anne Lawrence, Clarence Chipman, and Robert Tate.

[For *Richmond*, see 2d and 3d pages of notes.]



# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 230.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Tuesday, January 15, 1884.

Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$1.50 per Year, in Advance.



"The people that live *there* must have a very lonesome life," those who passed by could not help thinking. And it looked lonesome out on the moor, even in summer-time. Heather and stones, bushes and fir-trees, were the only things to gladden the eye.

## LITTLE VIGG'S ADVENTURE.

A Christmas Story.

BY VICTOR RYDBERG.\*

*Translated from the Swedish by H. B. G.*

I.

THE new-fallen snow lay shining over the moor, which was very large, and as far as the eye could see there was but one dwelling on it, and that was an old gray hut.

The hut was good enough of its kind: the beams in the wall, though covered with moss, were sound and strong, and held together against the cold and the wild blasts. The chimney rose straight up over the turf roof, which in summer was green and adorned itself in red flowers. In an inclosure near the gable-end grew some potatoes, carrots, and cabbages, and near the gate, poppies, ring-flowers, and roses. There stood also an apple-tree, under which was a little bench. And for the window there was always a white curtain.

The hut and its yard were owned by Mother Gertrud, who lived there with a little boy named Vigg.

\* A famous modern Swedish author.



This morning early Mother Gertrud had gone out to shop at the country store in the distant village. Now it was nearly sundown, and she had not yet come home. Vigg was all alone in the hut. It was still all around as far as the wide moor reached. Throughout the whole day he had not heard a bell ring, nor seen a traveller.

Vigg knelt on the bench, with his elbows on the table, and looked out through the little window, which had four panes; three of them were covered with frost-flowers, but the frost-flowers on the other were melted by his breath. He was waiting for Mother Gertrud, who was to come home with a *white-bread* and *peppen-cake*, and a branched candle for Christmas-eve; but as yet she was not to be seen. The sun went down, and the stars in the heavens shone like the fairest of roses. Over the snow the sun's last light fell in a pale red shimmer. Soon the colors melted into one, and everything grew dark.

It was still darker in the hut. Vigg went to the hearth, where the dying embers were lying among the ashes. It was so quiet that when his wooden shoes clattered upon the floor he thought the noise must be heard all over the moor. He sat down in the chimney-corner, and wondered if the *peppen-cake* which he was waiting for had a head with gilded horns and four legs. He wondered also how it was with the sparrows on this Christmas-eve.

It would be hard to say how long Vigg had sat by the hearth when he heard the bells ringing. He sprang up to the window, and put his nose against the pane to see who it could be, because Mother Gertrud never had bells ringing when she came home.

All the stars of heaven were lighted. How they twinkled and shone! Far off something black moved on the snow. It came nearer and nearer, and louder and louder jingled the glad bells.

"Who is it that comes? He doesn't go in the road, but comes right over the moor," said little Vigg, who knew well where the road went, he that in summer picked blue-berries and pigeon-berries out there, and knew every inch of the moor for many hundred yards from the hut. "Oh, how I would like to be allowed to ride after such bells, and to drive myself!"

Scarcely had Vigg wished before the carriage came up and stopped in front of the window.

It was a sleigh with four ponies smaller than the smallest colts. It had stopped because he that was in it had reined them in with a steady hand, but they did not much like being stopped, and neighed, shook their manes, and kicked up the snow.

"Be not mischievous, Rapp,\* be quiet, Snapp, behave yourself, Nätt, Lätt, hold yourself in your skin," said he that sat in the sleigh. Then he hopped out, and went up to the window.

Vigg had never seen such a man before; but then he had seen only a few people. It was a little old man, just big enough for such ponies. His face was full of wrinkles, and his long beard was like the moss on the roof. His clothes were made of fur from top to toe.

"Good-evening, Pugnose," said he. Vigg took hold of his nose, and answered,

"Good-evening."

"Is anybody at home?" asked the little old man.

"You can see that I am home," said Vigg.

"Yes, you are right. My question was a little stupid. But you have it very dark in there, although it is Christmas-eve."

"I shall get both Christmas fire and light when mother comes home. A candle with three branches! What do you think of that?"

"Hum!" said the little old man; "but Mother Gertrud is

not come home yet; you are alone, and will be for a good hour or more. Are you not afraid?"

"Svensk gosse!"\* answered Vigg, proudly. He had learned this saying of the good Mother Gertrud.

"Oh, Svensk gosse!" said the little man, after him, and bit his big driving gloves, perhaps to hide that he was smiling. "Here, you funny little man, do you know who I am?"

"No," answered Vigg; "but do you know who I am?"

The little old man took off his fur cap, bowed, and said: "I have the honor to speak with Vigg, the moor's little giant and champion, who has just put on his first pair of breeches, the hero that the longest beard does not frighten. Have I the honor to be known?"

"Oh! you—you are the Christmas Sprite," cried Vigg; "you are a kind old man. Mother has often talked about you to me."

"Thanks for the compliment," said the Christmas Sprite. "Vigg, will you go to ride with me?"

"That I will; but I shall not be allowed to, because, if mother comes home and I am away, how will things be then?"

"I will answer for your being home before Mother Gertrud comes. A man stands by his word, and a woman by her pouch." Come, now!"

Vigg ran out; but it was so cold, and he had so little on. His homespun jacket was so narrow, and his wooden shoes had eaten a new hole in his stockings that Mother Gertrud mended so often. But the Christmas Sprite shut the door, lifted Vigg into the sleigh, swept the robe around him, and off they went.

Rapp and Snapp, Nätt and Lätt, flew over the snow in light haste, and the silver bells jingled as if all the clocks in the world were ringing.

"May I drive?" asked Vigg.

"No; because your coat is too short," said the Sprite.

"Very well," said Vigg.

Soon they had left the moor behind them, and entered the dark woods Mother Gertrud used to talk about, where the trees were so tall that it seemed as if the stars were hanging in their top branches. Between the trunks horse now and then a light from some farm-house. The Sprite drove into a small barn-yard.

From out the doorway of the barn a tiny head was put forth with two glittering eyes that stared at the Sprite. It was the head of the gnome-snake, that curved itself and bowed a kind welcome. The Sprite lifted its cap and asked,

"Snake, snake, ring tailed,  
Come out of the earth,  
And tell me what  
Is this house worth?"

Then the gnome-snake answered,

"Here, after good work, is rest,  
For Industry is their guest;  
Here are three cows and one horse,  
And here is no waste and no loss."

"That is not much," said the Sprite.

"Ah, but it becomes more when man and wife are industrious. They began with empty hands, and now they take care of their old parents."

"That is good so far," said the Sprite: "but how do they treat the cows and the horse?"

The gnome-snake answered:

"Full is the bag and full the pail,  
The horse is fat, with a shining tail."

"Well, snake, and how do you like the children in the house?"

\* Rapp signifies in English "Quick"; Snapp, "Fast"; Nätt, "Neat"; Lätt, "Light."

\* "Svensk gosse" (Swedish boy): an exclamation used to mean great bravery.



The ring-tailed snake answered:

"Merry is the boy,  
The girl is fair and coy;  
His temper is a little wild,  
But the maiden's soft and mild."

"So?" said the Sprite, smiling; "they must have Christmas presents. Good-night, now, ring-tailed snake, and a good Christmas sleep to you."

"Good-night you Lätt and Rapp,  
Good-night you Natt and Snapp,  
Good-night you kindest Sprite,  
Till Christmas morning light."

And the gnome-snake drew his head within the barn door.

Under the sleigh seat was a chest. The Sprite opened it, and took out all sorts of things. An A B C book and penknife for the boy, thimble and psalm-book for the girl, and yarn, shuttle, and thread for the mother, almanac and clock for the father, and a pair each of spectacles for the grandfather and the grandmother.

The Sprite filled his hand with something that Vigg could not see.

"It is good wishes and blessings," said the Sprite. And so, without being seen, they stepped up to the door that stood open.

In the room the people all sat around the sparkling fire-place, while the father read out of the Bible the story of the Child Jesus. The Sprite laid his gifts in the doorway, so that they did not hear him, and then he and Vigg went back to the sleigh. And again they rode through the dark woods.

"I like very much the Child that they read about in that house," said the Sprite. "But I will not hide the fact that I like also old Tor-i-Trudvang."

"Who is old Tor-i-Trudvang?" asked Vigg.

"Oh, a really fine old fellow, a distant relation of mine," said the Sprite. "He was very stern with wicked people, and slew them with his hammer. But he loves the honest and brave, and those who work. He is like the peasant who works hard and brings up smart boys. When danger threatened the country, Tor-i-Trudvang said to the people: 'Up, men!' and they took the sword and shield and came together from mountain and dale, and the enemy could not stand against their heavy blows. You shall also become a good and brave man, Vigg."

"Oh, of course," said Vigg.

"But now," said the Sprite, "Tor-i-Trudvang has laid his hammer at the feet of the Christ-child, because it is best to be merciful."

As they continued on their journey they met a little gnome, who pouted his lips and looked sullen. "Where are you going, my little friend?" said the Sprite.

"Nisse wears his shoes, dear Sprite,  
To find another home to-night."

answered the little gnome.

"But why do you do so?" asked the Sprite.

The little fellow answered:

"It is not pleasant there for Nisse;  
The careless father never is busy;  
The children are cross and naughty,  
And never pretty and clean,  
And the mother—not fit to be seen!"

"Try again, little gnome, to bear it for one year more," said the Christmas Sprite; "for when the gnome forsakes a home its peace leaves it also, you know. Very likely, if you try, it will become better for you, and then I can come with gifts for you next year."

"All right, then; be it as you bid me," said Nisse, and he turned back.

After a while the Sprite stopped before a large building where lights shone through many windows.

"Here they get Christmas gifts in plenty," said the Sprite, as he opened his chest.

Vigg was astonished at so many nice things. Bracelets, necklaces, buckles, large and small, all glittered with gold, silver, and gems. He saw artificial flowers and smelled of them, but they had no scent.

The Sprite stuck a fruit kernel in Vigg's jacket pocket, and that made him invisible. Then they went up the broad stairs. There stood the servants gaping with open mouths. They entered a large, beautiful room, with candles arranged in the shape of a crown in the ceiling. There sat the mistress, yawning, while ten young ladies looked at a colored print which showed what to them was the most important thing in life, the latest style of dress in Paris. The gentleman sat half asleep, with his hands clasped, and thought about his great education, because when young he had studied Latin and afterward forgotten it, while his old neighbor had learned only his Bible and a law-book, and had never learned any Latin to forget.

The Sprite handed over his presents, which were received coldly—all except the star. When the Sprite took up the star, and said that it was a gift from the King to the gentleman, the gentleman rose up and bowed, and spoke of his own unworthiness and the King's kindness.

Then he went into the next room, where he thought no one saw him, and stood before the glass, and fastened the star on his breast. Then he hopped one, two, three before the glass, and made what the ladies would have called his best bow, and said to himself,

"Now I have got to the goal of my ambition. So it befalls a man when he is a good child."

"Is he a child?" asked Vigg.

"That he is," answered the Sprite.

And now they rode to the King's palace, that was much larger than the gentleman's house.

"I have only a few gifts for the King's sons," said the Sprite, "and we must get through in a hurry, because after that is done we must go and see my King, the Mountain King, and then back to Mother Gertrud on the moor."

Once more the chest was opened, and what Vigg now saw was finer than all the rest. On a large silver plate were thousands of warriors on horse and foot. When you turned a crank they saluted, and turned from right to left, the horses reared, and the horsemen cut with their swords. On another plate that represented the sea were ships with wheel-guns, and when you turned the crank the wheel-guns fired against a fort, and the fort guns answered. But the third silver plate was the most wonderful of all. There sat the King on his throne; before him stood his counsellors, and before them stood some trumpeters. Near to these could be seen a mill, and on the other side of this mill uncountable people that were all working. Harvesters and smiths, weavers and tailors and shoemakers, and you saw besides mothers and children—mothers serving the children, and the children eating.

But when the crank was turned the King cried out, "I will have more warriors;" and he poked his counsellors in the back, and they poked the trumpeters, and the trumpeters shrieked through their horns:

"The Emperor in the moon will take our land!"

When the people heard that, up sprang the harvesters with their sheafs, the smith with his iron, the weaver with his cloth, the tailor with his clothes, and the shoemaker with his last, and ran to the mill and cast them all under the millstone, which ground out more warriors till troop after troop filed out before the King.

With these three plates the Christmas Sprite sprang up to the King's sons, but was soon back again, because the court air stifled him. Rapp and Snapp, Natt and Lätt, were impatient, snorting and neighing. The Sprite threw himself into the sleigh, and they were soon in the deep woods again.

"Now we are travelling to the Mountain King," said the Sprite.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



### THE PURITAN DOLL.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

A LITTLE log house in the wilderness, the pine forest all around,  
The beating surf on the rocks below, the hard white snow on the ground;  
But inside the house all warm and bright, as the day was dark and cold,  
And by the hearth a Puritan mother with her daughter nine years old.

The woman was fair as the English rose that grew in her English home—  
The beautiful home in the Yorkshire dales, beyond the Atlantic's foam;  
And she thought, as she combed the snowy wool, of its rooms so large and fair,  
With their carved-wood and tapestry, and their household treasures rare—

She thought of the happy Christmas feast in the days so long ago,  
Of the dark oak walls with gleaming wreaths of holly and mistletoe;  
She saw herself on the deep skin rug, in lace and taffeta dressed,  
Fondling with mimic mother-love the doll that she rocked to rest.

She looked at the little maiden then who stood by her spinning-wheel,  
And watched for a moment the childish hands so busy with rock and reel,  
And the little figure so quaintly dressed, yet full of a winning grace,  
And the golden locks combed primly back from the sweet, still, gentle face.

And a yearning thought came into her heart, and she spoke to her child that day  
Of the Christmas feast and the Christmas gifts in the land so far away;

"And, Lois, my daughter," she softly said, "if a good child thou wilt be,  
And study thy book, and spin thy task, I will surely give to thee,

"On the birthday of our blessed Lord, for His childhood's sake, a gift;  
Then let thy heart be gentle and true, thy fingers deft and swift."  
So into the quiet little life fell a beautiful hope that day,  
And Lois dreamed of the Christmas feast, and counted each passing day.

For her lonely life was still and bare of many a childish joy;  
She had never a game of merry play, no picture-book, no toy.  
And as she spun her hank of yarn, and studied her task each day,  
Her sad heart longed for a childish friend to share her hour of play.

So, children, you know how Lois felt when she woke on Christmas-day  
And found in her arms, and close to her heart, a doll to share her play:  
No waxen beauty in silk and lace, with a wealth of flowing hair,  
But a home-made doll of home-made cloth, and dressed with a mother's care,

Just like a little Puritan girl, in a dress of home-made stuff—  
A dark, quaint garment with long straight sleeves and a white, stiff, plaited ruff  
And a linen apron neatly hemmed, and a cap of English lace  
That covered the small, bald, shapeless head and shaded the pencilled face.

But Lois thought it was beautiful; she loved it with all her heart.  
In all of her childhood's joy and grief it evermore bore a part:

And though for more than a century little Lois in death has slept,  
Her doll, the home-made Puritan doll, is proudly, lovingly kept.

### THE STORY OF AN EARTHQUAKE.

BY LIEUTENANT E. W. STURDY.

ONE afternoon during the trip from Zanzibar to the Comoro Islands our friend Tom Fairweather and Lieutenant Jollytarre were sitting on the poop deck of the *Neptune*, when the conversation turned upon earthquakes.

"Where do earthquakes mostly occur, Mr. Jollytarre?" asked Tom.

"Well, there are several spots in the world where the people are generally on the lookout for a shaking up. All volcanic countries are subject to earthquakes, and there are many places far distant from any active volcanoes that are visited in this way at times. There have been many disastrous shocks in Europe—for instance, in Switzerland, Portugal, and Italy; in Japan, the west coast of North and South America, and in the countries bordering on the Caribbean Sea. We have had them in our own country, not only in California, but in the Mississippi Valley and in New England. They occur in Iceland and in India, and, in fact, I suspect there are few countries wholly free from them.

"I think," he continued, after a pause, "I have never told you of an experience I once had in an earthquake. You have heard your father speak of vessels called double-enders, on account of their having a rudder at both ends. One of them, named the *Waterlee*, was wrecked at Arica, Peru, in 1868, and her bones are still lying there on the beach. In August of that year there was a terrible earth-

quake, accompanied by a tidal wave, on that coast, which laid the town of Arica in ruins, and wrecked every ship in port. It happened that I was on board the *Waterloo*. I never told you about that, did I?"

"Why, no," said Tom, drawing his chair nearer, "you certainly never did."

"Well," replied Jollytarre, "if you want to hear it I'll light another cigar, and tell you something about the most fearful night I ever knew."

"We had been lying in the roadstead of Arica for several months. Besides our ship there were the United States store-ship *Fredonia*, the Peruvian corvette *America*, an English bark, and two brigs. We had often felt slight shocks of earthquake when on shore, and had remarked upon the apparent timidity of the natives, who always rushed frightened and panic-stricken to the open plazas, lest the buildings should come tumbling about their ears."

"Late in the afternoon of August 13, while we were at dinner on board, we felt the ship tremble under us, and immediately afterward word was sent from the deck that a heavy shock of earthquake had occurred. We all went up on deck, and there we could see the open spaces filled with excited inhabitants, and the hills to the southward dotted with frightened men and women. A little range of hills ran back of the town, and ended abruptly in a cliff several hundred feet high just at the water's edge."

"We were still talking, when a second and much more severe shock shook the ship from stem to stern. We could see several houses toppling, and then with a horrible thud the face of this cliff fell in one huge mass. As the dust cloud slowly drifted by, and showed us Arica once more, the sight was something none of us can ever forget. There was but one house left standing. We looked at each other, and for a moment were speechless; then realizing that there must be urgent need of assistance where so many were undoubtedly injured, a boat was called away, and our surgeon dispatched to render what aid he might."

"Up to this time there appeared to be no disturbance of

the sea; but as we well knew that earthquakes of such tremendous power were generally accompanied by tidal waves, we made such preparations as we could to withstand a possible rush of the sea. We could not steam away, for our boilers were undergoing extensive repairs, but we dropped another anchor, veered to a long scope on both cables, and were ready to batten down hatches at a moment's warning. The other vessels appeared to be doing the same thing, as though those on board felt as we did—that there might be trouble in store for us that night."

"Shortly the ships began to swing as to a changing tide, and the small boats close in-shore being left high and dry, showed us that the water was receding. In a few minutes the vessels again swung, the water came back, floated the little boats as it reached them, and flowed well up into the town. From the beach there ran into the water a long pier, to which many people had flocked to escape from the falling buildings; when they saw the water rising so rapidly they turned and fled back to the hills, crying, in an agonized way, 'The sea, the sea!'"

"At the beginning of this water disturbance the surface was for some time quite untroubled. You would have thought that there was a huge pipe underneath that successively fed and drained the sea. Gradually, however, as the water flowed in and out, its strength increased. It reached farther into the town, filling the streets, and then flowing back, left a long stretch of beach completely uncovered. At last it receded so far as to leave no water under one of the brigs I told you was anchored there, and the little vessel quietly fell over on her beam ends, while her crew scampered to the shore before the returning sea could overtake them."

"It was now growing dark, and we were called upon to give our whole attention to the ship. We paid out all the cable we had, battened down the hatches with tarpaulins, made our battery and everything about our decks as secure as possible, and then awaited anxiously the development of the tidal wave. Constant shocks of earthquake



TOWN OF ARICA AS IT APPEARED IN 1868, BEFORE THE EARTHQUAKE.

were now felt coming rapidly, one after another, but our eyes were fixed on the sea.

"The English bark was anchored near us. We were both swinging wildly about to the changing currents, which ran at the rate of at least ten miles an hour. Suddenly we saw a stream of fire shoot from the Englishman's hawse-hole. The cable fastenings had given way, and so great was the friction that the flying sparks made a brilliant and terrible display. Almost immediately one of our own chains was carried away; it tore along over the deck and into the sea, resembling in its movements a very serpent of fire. Our other chain held, but so strong had the rush of water become that we dragged the one anchor left and its hundred fathoms of cable as though it was never intended to hold us in any one spot.

"Both vessels were adrift, at the mercy of the currents and counter-currents that were displaying such gigantic power. At one time we flew past each other so closely that one could have tossed a biscuit from one deck to the other. If we had collided we must have sunk then and there. We were driven seaward, only to be torn back toward the shore. In and out, hither and thither, we were carried, until finally we struck broadside on with a terrible thump. The sea swept over us, and inland far beyond, then out again, leaving us stranded but upright, for the *Waterlee* was a flat-bottomed craft, and stood up like a house.

"You can imagine our uncertainty and anxiety. No one had been washed overboard, but we felt that the worst had not yet come. We knew that the wave would return. It came onward. Spell-bound by the awful sight, we watched the outline of its advancing crest come through the darkness of the night, and dared not hope for escape. It struck us, whirled us around, tossed us about, deluged us with water, and leaped madly on. As it took its way back to the sea we were carried with it, the sport of its fury. Where we went, and how far, it is impossible to say. We were passive, because we were helpless. Back it came, and once more we were thrown upon the shore, this time with our bows pointing fairly to the sea.

"With the force of a thousand giants it struck us, dashed by, and then rolled sullenly back; but we—we remained, and we wondered if the worst was now over. Again and again the wave rushed in and out, but still we clung to the sand under us.

"Before we struck, while we were cruising about at the mercy of the currents, masses of earth like little floating islands were carried past us, and drowning people clinging to pieces of wreck cried loudly for help, which we were unable to give them. We tried, indeed, to reach them with boats, but no crew could make headway against such currents. We were compelled to leave the poor fellows to their fate.

"All through that night we remained on board. The hours dragged slowly by as we waited for daylight. When at last we could distinguish objects in the dawning day, we saw the *America* not far from us, with her masts gone, and presenting a generally wrecked appearance. The English bark, however, or what was left of her, gave the most striking proof of the mighty force of that great tidal wave. She was a strongly built, copper-fastened vessel, but she lay on her beam ends without a mast, with her very decks torn out, and her great water-tanks from the hold lying a hundred yards away.

"Of the other brig not a vestige was to be seen, and of the *Fredonia* nothing but a piece of the wheel, with two men clinging to it. How they ever found strength to survive that terrible night is a question neither we nor they could ever answer. Of all the men cast into the sea they were the only ones saved.

"We looked up the beach toward Arica; there was nothing but one vast confused ruin. A large custom-house filled with goods had yielded up its stores to the sport of

the waves. The beach was strewn with boxes, barrels, bales, and crates. Machinery, clothing, provisions, liquors, cigars—everything that the stores of civilization supply were to be found there; as some one put it, everything from a piano to a tooth-pick.

"The dead were half covered by the sand washed over them. The living were distractedly seeking their separated families. All was misery and despair. Their houses were swept away; the very traces of the streets were washed away. There was nothing to eat save what the wreckage on the shore afforded; but there was food for immediate use—food and wines, and liquors, too, in abundance. For several days the lowest natives would touch nothing but champagne. After that was exhausted they turned to the more fiery liquors, and the result was riot and lawlessness—a state of affairs ended only by the arrival of troops from the town of Tacna, forty miles in the interior.

"The people of Arica, who the day before were unconscious of danger, and had every comfort, were now homeless and helpless. Their possessions had been taken from them; they mourned the loss of friends and relatives.

"Among the endless variety of things found on the beach were huge maps of Bolivia, which, fastened to uprights, were made to serve as the walls of paper houses. To be sure, there was no roof, but some protection was given, and anything that gave the least shelter was acceptable then, even if it did nod and tremble with every shock of earthquake. For some time we had fifty or sixty shocks a day; we grew accustomed to them as we waited anxiously for the arrival of a man-of-war to take us away. The earth felt very thin about there. Tom. There were great cracks and fissures in the ground, and occasionally an embankment would be shaken down to add to the variety of our experience. We had to bring water from a brook a mile away. We captured horses and mules to carry it, and when we were not using them, tied them to our swinging booms and rudder.

"I can't tell you now all the incidents that occurred during the two weeks we remained there. One morning we awoke to find three of our squadron anchored off the port. You may know it was a welcome sight. We were distributed among these vessels, glad to leave the scene of such an awful disaster. It was a wonderful experience to have had, but hardly one to be repeated."

## THE ICE QUEEN.\*

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

### CHAPTER VI.

NORSE TALES.

"WHAT are you reading?" asked Tug, who was the last boy in the world to be interested in a book, unless it was one about animals, but who had nothing else to do just then.

"A book of old stories."

"What about?—adventures and things of that sort?"

"Partly. Some of them are fairy stories—queer little people, and animals that talk, and heavenly beings that help lost children, and people that have hard times."

"Why, those are the very fellows we want to see. Let's hear about 'em."

"Well, if you would like it, I'll read to you this story I've just begun," said Katy, good-naturedly.

"Much obliged. I think that would be tiptop."

So Katy read to him, as he lounged on the straw and gazed into the bright fire, an old myth story of the North Wind. How, away in a far corner of Norway, there once lived a widow with one son. It was midwinter, and she was weak, so the lad was obliged to go to the

\* BEGIN IN NO. 217, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.



"safe" (or cellar dug near the house, where the food was kept) to bring the materials for the morning meal. The first time he went, and the second, and again at the third attempt, the fierce North Wind blew the food out of his hands. These three losses vexed the lad greatly, and he resolved to go to the North Wind and demand the food back. After long travelling he found the home of the giant, far toward the pole, and made his demand. The North Wind heard him, and gave him a cloth which would serve all the finest dishes in the world whenever the boy chose to spread it and call for them. On his way home he stopped at a tavern for the night, and, spreading his cloth, had a feast. The landlady was astonished, as well she might be, and thinking what a useful thing such a table-cloth would be in a hotel, she stole it while the lad was asleep, and put in its place one that looked like it, but which had no secret power.

The lad, not suspecting the change, went home and boasted gleefully to his mother of what he had brought. But when he tried it, of course the false cloth could do nothing, and the old lady both laughed at him and scolded him. Vexed again, the lad hastened back, and accused the North Wind of fraud. So the giant gave him a ram which would coin golden ducats when commanded. Stopping as before at the tavern, the landlord exchanged this remarkable animal for one from his own common flock, and the lad found himself fooled a second time. Going back a third time, he told the story to the North Wind, who gave the angry lad a stout stick which, when it had been told to "lay on," would never cease striking till the lad bade it to stop.

At the tavern, the landlord, thinking there was some useful enchantment in the stick, tried to steal it also, but the boy was wide awake. He shouted, "Lay on!" and the landlord found himself being clubbed till he was nearly dead, and gave back all that he had taken. Then the boy went home, and he and his mother lived rich and happy ever afterward.

Tug's vigorous applause aroused the attention of the other two, who may have been listening a little, and Aleck asked what the book was.

"Dr. Dasant's *Norse Tales*," Katy replied.

"Who or what is 'Norse'?" Jim asked.

This was a question Tug had been wanting to ask too, but had felt ashamed to expose his ignorance—one of the few things not really mean which a boy has a right to be ashamed of.

"The Norse people," Katy said, "are the people of Scandinavia (or the *Northmen*, as they were called in ancient times), and these stories are those that old people have told their children in Norway and Sweden for—oh! for hundreds of years. Many of them are about animals, and others—"

"Give us one about an animal," Tug interrupted.

"Very well; here's one that tells why the bear has so short a tail."

"One day the Bear met the Fox, who came slinking along with a string of fish he had stolen.

"Whence did you get these?" asked the Bear.

"Oh, my Lord Bruin, I've been out fishing, and caught them," said the Fox.

"So the Bear had a mind to learn to fish too, and bade the Fox tell him how he was to set about it.

"Oh, it's an easy craft for you," said the Fox, "and one soon learned. You've only to go upon the ice, and cut a hole, and stick your tail down into it; and so you must go on holding it there as long as you can. You're not to mind if your tail smarts a little; that's when the fish bite. The longer you hold it, the more fish you'll get; and then, all at once, out with it, with a cross pull sideways, and with a strong pull too."

"Yes," the Bear did as the Fox said, and held his tail a long, long time down in the hole, until it was fast frozen in. Then he pulled it out with a cross pull, and it snapped short off. That's why Bruin goes about with a stumpy tail to this day."

When this short and stirring tale (tail) was concluded, the Captain's voice was heard.

"Now for bed!" he ordered, winding up his watch, whose golden hands pointed to nine o'clock.

Partially undressing, they tucked themselves into their quilts and blankets on the crinkling straw, and silence followed. Sleep was slow to close the eyes of the younger ones, who were kept awake by their strange situation; and Rex, lying at Katy's feet, frequently raised his head as the roaring wind shrieked through the tall trees outside, or rattled a loose board in the roof with a strange noise.

The first one to awake in the morning was Aleck, who looked at his watch by the glimmer of the coals, and was surprised to find it after eight o'clock, though only a gray light came through the little window of the cabin. Creeping out, he raked the embers together, laid on some fresh wood, and hung the kettle on the spike. Then he called his companions, who sat up and rubbed their eyes.

"Katy, you lie still till the boys go off. We'll bring you some water, and then you can have the house to yourself for a while. Get out of this, you fellows! Jim, bring a pail of water for the cook. Tug, you and I will go and see how the boat has stood the night."

Two minutes later they were gone. When Jim had brought the fresh water (he was slow about it, because he had to rechope the well-hole) the girl sprang up to make herself neat, and was busy at breakfast when the boys pounded the door like a battering-ram with the axe-handle, "so as surely to be heard," and begged to know if they might come in.

"Good-morning!" she greeted them. "How is the weather?"

"Weather!" exclaimed Tug, spreading his hands before the fire, and working his ears out from underneath a huge red comforter as I have seen a turtle slowly push his head beyond the folded skin of his neck—"weather! It's the roughest day I ever saw. I don't believe old Zach himself could skate a rod against that wind."

(Zach was a six-foot-three lumberman in Monroe, who was noted for his great strength.)

"Then how can we go on?" asked Katy, dropping eggshells into the coffee-pot.

"I'm afraid we can't," Aleck said, soberly—"at least until this gale goes down. It is very, very cold, and I'm sure we are much better off here. Don't you all think so?"

"You bet!" shouted Tug.

"You bet!" Jim echoed.

"Then I must worry about dinner," said Katy, with a pretended groan which made them all laugh.

At breakfast came the promised chops. Then, while Katy and Jim set the cabin into neat shape, the older lads went after more wood, and having done this, walked out to the neighboring marsh and cut great armfuls of wild rice and rushes, which they brought to make their straw beds thicker and softer. This and other things took up the morning, and then all came in to help and hinder Katy while she got dinner.

When it had been set out they found half a boiled ham, potatoes, some fried onions ("arctic voyagers always need to eat onions to prevent scurvy, you know," Katy explained), and even bread and butter; but it was almost the last of their only loaf.

In the afternoon the wind moderated, the clouds that had made it so dark in the morning cleared away, and the sun came out. Under the shelter of the long wharf and breakwater they walked out on the ice to the light-house, where they had been so often in midsummer; but now it was shut up, for there would be no use in burning a signal light on the lake after the cold weather of the fall had put a stop to navigation.

Supper was simple, but they had lots of fun over it, and then all set at work to help Aleck make straps of canvas to put over the shoulder and across the breast when they



"HE SHOUTED, 'LAY ON!'"

were hauling on the drag-rope. This contrivance saved chafing, and gave a better pull. Jim had pooh-poohed the taking of a sail-needle and some waxed twine along as unnecessary, but Aleck had persisted; and here was its service the very first day. Before the trip was through with, everybody wanted a hundred little articles they did not possess, worse than they would have missed this sail-needle had it not been brought.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

## THREE PAROQUETS.

BY EDWARD IRENEUS STEVENSON.

I.

IT was extremely cold November weather. The happy family of birds in Miss Ollapod's aviary admitted the fact. Miss Ollapod took care that the aviary should be kept at a perfect temperature; she was devoted to the comfort of her pets.

But the Java sparrows shivered and kept away from the sashes. The mino sat on his perch in aristocratic reserve, and declined to say a word. The three paroquets screamed in annoyance on beholding through the glass which protected them, as well as the big palms and ferns in the conservatory, a white shower noiselessly, steadily falling all day long.

The ground was deep with it already. The tall, thin-legged crane who stalked below their resting-place, and was a very genteel personage, looked aloft to the paroquets every few moments to remark:

"This is really the winter of this country. You will like it after a while, I am sure," he added, politely.

"Like it!" at last snapped Green Coat, a very handsome paroquet. "I hate it. Look at me! I am green; I love sunshine, and to be out-doors, as my mistress has so often allowed us to be, hung in the great cage in the garden. To be shut up here, in this glass barn, with all that gray sky and those dead boughs!—Don't talk to me, I beg."

"Nor to me," exclaimed Blue Coat, the eldest of the trio. "Look at me. I am all color, all life—"

"And all tongue," croaked the mino from his corner.

"My coat here shines like metal: I heard our mistress tell her little niece so yesterday. What have I to do with this bleak, dead white looking stuff that is falling out yonder and making all the world so blank? Ah, if we could but get away from it! Oh, Brazil! Brazil!"

"You silly, sentimental fools," the mino here screamed, loudly. He was quite unable to longer contain himself.

"What would you do?—and where would you go, pray? Are you not just now complaining of the weather, and yet talk of flying forth into it? You would not live half an hour in that air out yonder."

"Goodness me! don't talk of our flying off or doing anything else that one would like," said Gold Coat, the youngest paroquet of all. "We are here, shut up safe and sound, like so many jail-birds, and there is no chance of our tasting liberty. I despise this land. I hate the time of year you call winter. Oh, to be free! free! FREE!"

At this Green Coat and Blue Coat, partly because of excitement, and partly to drown the voice of the old mino, shrieked out, after young Gold Coat, "Oh, to be free! free! FREE!"

What with their squalling and clapping their wings and fluttering about, so much noise was made, and the



"THE HIND THREW HIMSELF ACROSS HIS BEAUTIFUL NECK."

other birds were so upset, that Miss Ollapod's little niece and nephew, snowballing one another out in the back garden behind the conservatory, looked up at it in surprise.

"Oh, do look at the paroquets, Tom!" exclaimed the girl, holding the snow-ball unthrown in her hand. "How they are flying about up there!"

"It's the mino-bird; he's teasing them all the time. I

guess," replied Tom, out of breath from the last tussle. "It's the old mino." In this world one is often blamed for things not his fault.

"Well, then," Cora shouted, "he sha'n't be allowed to do so to-day without somebody's objecting. Here goes!"

"Oh, Cora!" came Tom's voice, in horror at his sister's gesture. But too late: the snow-ball had departed straight



for the second pane from the bottom of the aviary sash, facing them.

Now Cora had not interfered with the stir in the aviary so heedlessly as Tom thought. Her ball was of soft snow, and very loosely packed. Cora had reckoned on its giving a good thump on the glass, and had not fancied that there was the slightest danger of its breaking anything except itself, and by its startling sound ending the birds' quarrels. But unfortunately the putty which held the old pane in place was mysteriously absent from the sash, and only a few touches of it were left. Miss Ollapod had remarked this the day before, and had said, "Jackson must make that more secure at once, or you will all be frozen, or flitting off some evening."

The pane was much looser than Miss Ollapod had fancied. The snow-ball could not break it; but it did worse: it knocked it inward, and it fell in pieces on the aviary floor, with a rush of cold air invading that warm asylum.

"Run, run, Tom!" Cora shouted. "The birds will all be out in a minute. Tell Aunt Myrtila! Get into the aviary!"

Tom ran in a panic. Cora, calling "Aunt Myrtila! Aunt Myrtila!" at the top of her lungs, darted after him. High over the children's heads was the paneless square.

"The Gateway of Liberty!" screeched young Gold Coat, fluttering to it the instant the fright at the smashing glass was over.

"The Gateway of Liberty!" echoed Green Coat.

"Adieu, everybody," was Gold Coat's only and breathless farewell, as he flashed through the opening like a green falling star.

"Good-by!" shrieked Green Coat and Blue Coat, flitting out into the snow and the chill air.

The three beautiful creatures, wild with delight on finding their thoughtless wish so unexpectedly granted, but rather at a loss how to act on it, shot across the garden, with its bare shrubs, and over the roofs of the houses fronting on the other street. The snow-storm closed around them there.

Behind in the aviary the mino, the Java sparrows, the crane, the old parrot with the bald head, and all the other members of the aviary circle, stood perfectly aghast about the "Gateway of Liberty," as poetic Gold Coat had called it. They did not dare to speak to each other. They shivered and drew back. How sudden and shocking it had been!

"Poor fools!" muttered the mino; "they will be frozen stiff before they have flown ten squares."

Just at that moment Miss Myrtila Ollapod, her housemaid, and Tom and Cora, rushed into the aviary, too late to do any good.

## II.

In the mean time Green Coat and his two friends were shooting toward the Park by instinct. It was unexpectedly cold. No doubt about that. The three birds, in spite of their high spirits, felt the wind and the wet more keenly each instant.

"I n—n—never realized what snow was before," said Green Coat.

"It's awful," rejoined Gold Coat, with a slight cough. "But we are free. Lovely word!"

"Yes, f—free—ing," gasped Green Coat, for even paroquets have the dreadful trick of punning.

By this time the runaway party were far out over the frozen meadows and river, and the forest that rose around the city lay just before them.

"Courage! courage!" exclaimed Gold Coat. "We must get used to it. Anything for liberty, dear friends." And he cowered again.

It grew dark; the snow ceased falling; stars came out. The three paroquets squeezed into the hollow trunk of an old tree, and its protection and their united warmth saved their lives that bleak November night.

"Where *shall* we get breakfast?" asked Green Coat, meekly, after daylight.

The three birds stared at each other for answer. Miss Myrtila had never failed to see that the seeds, the slices of fruit, the bread and milk, the water, was put in plenty about the aviary before she went to bed. But the aviary was the prison they had loathed. To wish for its luxuries meant repentance. Perish the thought!

"Freedom!" exclaimed the half-frozen Blue Coat. "Starvation!" he said to himself.

Finally they found six berries. Luckily they were not poisoned by these; but as it was, they felt dreadfully uncomfortable for a good while. So liberty meant, first, cold, then no beds, then no breakfast. What had it so far amounted to that made it worth having?

Just as the sun was fairly lighting the gloomy woods, a stag, a hind, and their two children stalked briskly along past the three runaway birds.

"Goodness!" exclaimed the stag, looking at them. "Where did you come from? You aren't dressed according to the winter fashions at all."

"We are lovers of liberty," said the paroquets in trio. "We fled to the forest to enjoy it."

"Oh," said the stag, quietly; "and whence fled you?" They told him.

"Well," said the hind, in her turn, "I must say I think you have been rather foolish. You had better go back before sunset. It's wonderful how you have stood the night."

"Go back!" they all cried, their pride touched to the quick, and feeling quite warm in their excitement. "Never! We know what we need, and liberty we will have!"

"Oh, very well," answered the stag, more respectfully.

"If you truly are so resolved to live free lives, why, I honor you for it. Our race, too, love it, and pine after it if they are confined. But then this is our own climate, my dears; not yours."

"Suppose you come along with us?" said the good-natured hind. "We may be able to help you. At any rate, you can fly overhead, while we run below, and thus enjoy a race in the fresh air." Green Coat shivered violently. "And, besides, you will not be so alone, for I don't believe that the other birds about here will have much to do with you."

The three paroquets accepted this kind suggestion with meek gratitude. They spent the morning with the stag, the hind, and their little family. It was a remarkably warm day, such as sometimes comes in November, and they kept fairly comfortable; that is, by exercising till they were ready to die with fatigue. But then they were at liberty! And, sure enough, they found some ground-berries, and a piece of mouldy bread in a wood-cutter's path. They found it hard to swallow either refreshment. But it was a part of liberty—sweet liberty! The hind very civilly took pains to introduce her three protégées right and left; but the forest birds turned their backs the moment the names were uttered, and sneered out something concerning foreigners and their ridiculous clothes and horrible language.

In reply to Blue Coat's pleading questions about the direction of Brazil and the shortest way to that warmer land, these Northerners shook their heads coldly, and said that they had no friends so far south, and had never travelled to Brazil, and never would.

The hawks, indeed, all made such alarming faces that poor Green Coat vowed to his friends that it was easy to see where hawks would get their suppers in Brazil, and that their escape now was each time narrower. Worse still, when the stag said, with a grave bow and sparkling eye, "They have fled to our forest because they love liberty," and whispered of the good things from which they had fled, the crows cried:

"What! warmth! all the food they wanted! good so-



ciety! What idiots! They ought to be driven off from everywhere for their folly."

So there were increasing doubts about the good of liberty for paroquets as noon came on.

"Ah, well!" said the gallant stag, "of course you can not be warned and fed and find yourselves appreciated when you are out in the wild world. But one thing you have—the joy of going hither and thither, of leaping and bounding—"

"Of flying, you mean," interrupted the hind—"of flying when and where you choose, with none to check you. That is freedom, after all, and a thing worth sacrificing much luxury for. Man has no control over you here."

But, lo! as the stag spoke he raised his head, and seemed to tremble. Clear in the afternoon air came the sound of a bound's war note. It rang out nearer soon.

"Fly! fly!" exclaimed the hind, in an agony of terror. "Those hunters—they have got on your track at last."

In the wild rush that followed, the three terrified paroquets winged their way above the leaping figures below, now losing sight of them, now speeding in advance of them. They felt that the last good in this dreadful thing called liberty was a shadow. Before an hour was over the miserable stag met a stray sportsman, who raised his gun at the game another man had driven across his path.

The shot was not at once mortal to the noble friend of the paroquets. The stag turned and rushed back, and warned the hind with the two young ones of the new danger that had overtaken him. They had just time to dash off in another direction, and escape meeting the hunter.

But, alas! far in the lonely glen the stag felt his life coming to an end. The wound had drained him of blood and strength. He sank down. The hind thrust herself across his beautiful neck, and the young deer stood by wonderingly as their father gasped out his farewell. The paroquets looked on at the close of this tragedy of the forest with grief and terror. What would be their fate without even this protector?

As the dying stag stretched himself upon the snow and breathed his last he seemed to think of the miserable paroquets. Half raising his head, and looking at Blue Coat, who sat alone on a near twig, he murmured, "This, too, is liberty," and so expired.

Green Coat could endure the situation no longer. He cried piteously to the others:

"Back—oh, let us go back to the aviary, to a prison, to anywhere! We have been fools. Let us fly before a moment more may make it too late!"

The other two birds lamented with him, and exclaimed, "Ah, yes! Let us return. Liberty here for us means misery and death."

The hind, which was overcome with grief, hardly noticed the hasty, sad farewells of the birds. They rose in the air as high as they dared. The sun still shone brightly, and warmed them. Home—that was all they thought of. A short flight lay before them; for the afternoon's sad adventure had brought them near to the same edge of the thick woods which they had entered the day before.

It was nearly dark. Miss Myrtilla stood in the open door of her handsome mansion looking for the boy with the paper. She expected to see in it an advertisement beginning,

"LOST, on Wednesday afternoon, three Brazilian paroquets"—and so on.

Tom and Cora called out from the parlor, "Aunt Myrtilla, do come in and shut that door! you'll take an awful cold," when they heard Miss Ollapod's loud cry of fright and delight.

Rushing into the hall, they found her clutching Blue Coat's trembling little body with one hand, and Green Coat twining his claws about the first finger of the other.

Gold Coat was sitting, with eyes closed, completely fagged out, on the newel-post.

"Shut, oh, shut the door, Tom!" cried Cora, doing it herself, as was usually the case with her orders to Tom. But there was no need to shut the door—if only she had known it.

The mino sneered and scolded the next morning, and did his best to make the runaways tell the story of their freedom. He got not one word from them.

Basking in the sunshine of the warm aviary, listening to the crane's well-bred nothings, and eating bits of banana, they glanced at the new pane of glass that had closed the "Gateway of Liberty," and whispered to each other that they never would betray their adventures or why the word "Liberty" made them quake. It was the hind that told the whole story not long ago.

## HOCKEY ON THE ICE.

BY SHERWOOD RYSE.

**H**OCKEY may be played at any season of the year, but it is when Jack Frost has laid his iron grasp upon nature that the best season for it begins. Then it can be enjoyed to the full. Other games are laid aside as being unsuitable for practice on the ice, but hockey is as much at home on the ice, or more so, than on the bare ground.

The hockey stick for a boy of twelve or fourteen should be about two and a half feet long, with a curve at an angle of forty-five degrees or thereabouts. Almost any hardwood sapling will do, preference, however, being given to crab-apple, apple, hickory, ash, or oak. The ball may be either a hard India-rubber one, about two inches in diameter, or it may be of cork or of wood. At school our favorite hockey ball was a cork "bung," such as is used for corking beer casks. We used to cut off the edges with a knife, and then bind it with string, cutting grooves for the string to lie in. This made the bung stronger.

The general rules of hockey are like those of foot-ball, but on the ice some of these are relaxed for good reasons—chiefly on account of the large area of the field of play. Except for the goal and the goal-line, the side boundaries of the game may be those of the pond, provided it be of moderate extent. For the goal it is necessary to have some artificial boundary, and what that boundary shall be will depend largely upon the circumstances. A couple of barrels, placed about twenty feet apart, do very well, provided they are not disturbed; but equally good—indeed better—would be a couple of ten-foot poles planted in the ice. The difficulty in all cases is that it is almost impossible to fix anything firmly in the ice without a great deal of trouble, unless, indeed, you call nature to your aid. If you can, by melting the ice, manage to get the barrels to freeze in it, you will have a reasonably firm fixture. The width of the goal will depend upon the distance between the two goals, and it may be said roughly that the goals should be about thirty times as far apart as the goals are wide. Thus if the distance between goals is three hundred feet, the goals should be each ten feet wide.

There is no need to limit the number of players on each side. If there is plenty of room, the more the merrier. But there must be a captain, who shall assign the players their stations: a goal-keeper, two "backs," two "half-backs," and the rest of the side "forwards." If the field is large and the players numerous, there may be two keepers for each goal; and if the ball is kept mainly at the other end of the ground, the keepers of the neglected goal should be changed now and then, as their want of exercise will soon cause them to get chilled. It should be understood that a player may only hit in the ball in the direction of his opponents' goal, even though it might be of advantage to him to hit in the direction of his own goal in order to avoid some known good player. When this rule is broken, any opponent may claim an "off-side," and



HOCKEY ON THE ICE.

none of the offending side shall then hit the ball until it shall have been struck by one of the other side.

The best way to start the game on the ice is to place the ball midway between two picked players, who shall stand in the centre of the line of their own forward players, and at a given signal shall start for the ball. Whichever of the two reaches it first will of course get the hit. As soon as the ball is hit, and not before, the remaining "forwards" may start toward it.

If a ball is hit out of bounds—that is, on to the land, supposing that to form the boundary—the player who shall first touch it shall bring it on to the ice, as near as may be to the place where it left the ice, and shall have a fair hit. But if the ball shall go out of bounds behind an imaginary continuation in either direction of the goal line, the captain of the side whose goal it is shall select one of his own side to have a fair hit from the place where the ball crossed the imaginary line. This is spoken of as an "imaginary" line because of the difficulty of actually drawing a line on the ice or of marking it out with posts, as on the foot-ball field. By a "fair hit" is meant a hit made without opposition from the other side, and as this would be of no use if the other side were to come up quite close to the ball (even though they did not hit it), no player of either side should be within twenty yards of the ball when placed for a fair hit, and the striker's own side must be behind the ball—that is, nearer to their own goal than the ball is.

The ball may not be handled, but it may be caught or stopped with the hand, provided it be at once dropped at the player's feet. But should the goal-keeper, in defending his goal, catch the ball in his hand, he may throw it, if he can do so, before any of his opponents can get nearer enough to hit the ball, supposing it were on the ground at the catcher's feet. This is contrary to the spirit of the game, but it is allowed in the case of the goal-keeper be-

cause of the great danger to the goal in his charge. The catch must be on the "fly," and not a bounding ball.

In order that neither side shall have an undue advantage in the wind, goals should be changed either every game or every half-hour, or at half-time, as in foot-ball; and it is best to settle upon a certain time (say an hour) for the duration of a match. In this, as in some other cases in which there is no fixed rule, the laws of the more familiar game of foot-ball may be looked to for guidance. A game is not won until the ball has passed between the goal-posts, but should the appointed time pass and neither side have won a goal, then the advantage may be considered to lie with the side that has driven the ball most frequently behind their opponents' goal line—the imaginary line spoken of above.

As regards the play, it should be borne in mind that when a player has the ball he should try and keep possession of it, and so, rather than try a long hit, he should "dribble" the ball along, guiding it through the ranks of his opponents. This is especially the duty of a player who is in advance of his side; of course a back-player, whose friends are in front of him, and prepared to follow the ball up, may hit it as far as he can. He will thus get it in front of the main body of his side again.

In order to prevent accidents, the strict rule is that the hockey stick shall not be lifted higher than the shoulder, except in the case of a fair hit, when there is no danger, and at the first starting hit of the game. The rule is no hardship, since all the force that is ordinarily required can be given by a blow delivered from the height of the shoulder. For a violation of this and all other rules there should be a penalty, and the best penalty is a fair hit to be claimed by the other side, which claim must be made at once. Lastly, let the players agree upon rules and boundaries, and observe them faithfully, lest disputes should spoil the pleasure of what might be a "real good time."



*Moderato.* MUSIC BY S. B. MILLS.

Ba, ba, black sheep, have you a - ny wool? Yes, mas - ter, that I have, three bags full;

One for the mas - ter, and one for the dame, But none for the lit - tle boy that lives in the lane.

*Legato. p*







## TODDLERKINS.

Who's coming?  
Can you ask it?  
Toddlerkins.  
In his basket.  
"Rattle, rattle."  
See him walking;  
Hear him talking.  
Don't you know,  
Without telling,  
Toddlerkins.  
Rules our dwelling?  
Every one  
Bows before him;  
When he smiles  
We adore him.  
When he frowns,  
What a damper!  
When he cries,  
How we scamper!

Hear, hear;  
Now he's saying,  
We can work  
While he's playing.  
Hark! hark!  
He's crying?  
Here, there—  
See us flying.  
Run, run,  
Faster, faster.  
Who, did it?  
What's the matter?  
Everywhere.  
Faster, faster.  
We obey him—  
He is master.  
Who is he?  
What ask it?  
Toddlerkins.  
In his basket.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

I am not one of those little girls of whom I read so often in the paper, but I am not so very big either. I am thirteen years old, and have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for three months, but am so interested in it that I thought I would write a few lines to you. I received the paper from a teacher I had last year, as a reward for having one of the highest averages at the final examination. I am now in the "A" grade, the highest class in the Intermediate School. I am very much interested in my lessons, and love my teachers. I was always longing for a German correspondent, and so I thought I would take the chance when I saw the item among the letters last week that Hatty is of the Broadway, Kansas City, Missouri, would like to have some German correspondents, but I thought I would ask you first if a letter will arrive safely without having the full name of the little girl, as the only gave the initial F.

SARAH M. S.

Your letter will reach Miss Hatty safely if addressed as above.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

We have no pets at all at our house in the way of animals, but we have one darling loving little sister, who is a pet for us all. She will be five years old the 1st of March, and she is very fond of cats. As I was saying, we have not any pets at our house, because mamma is not fond of them; but grandma has a little kitten that she keeps at her house for Agnes; its name is Moussey. When it was young it was very mischievous. It used to tear the lace curtains, and pull grandma's glasses off her face, but has learned better by this time. One day one of my aunts, before washing her hands, took off one of her rings and laid it down carefully. When she was through she went to get it, but it was gone. She sought all over for it. At last she saw it lying in one corner of the room, where Moussey had carried it. We go to the Friends' School. ANNA A. W.

HAWKEYE, GEORGIA.

MY DEAR POSTMISTERS,—I thought I would write to you. I live in America, but we came abroad on the 15th of May. We have been nearly all over England, and have been to Ireland

and Wales, and now we are in Germany, learning German, and expect to go to France, Switzerland, and Scotland before we go home again. I have a big brother thirteen years old, and he likes YOUNG PEOPLE very much, and so do I. I haven't any pets, except two dolls: one came from Paris, and the other I got when I was in New York. I made up a piece of poetry in baby talk about Beatrice, the one that came from Paris, which I send you. Please print it, and print this letter also.

AGNES L. S.

## THE LITTLE PRINCESS.

BY DAISY GRAYEVES.

Oh, I'm wee Princess Beatwisse—  
Oo may not fluk I am;  
But I live up in the tuintree,  
And dwine all the mornin' I am.  
I lile less mit for beweckless,  
I lile less toast for tea,  
I dat be'wef for my dinner,  
But hutey's too twee for me.

For I'm wee Princess Beatwisse—  
Oo may not fluk I am;  
But des' come up to the tuintree  
And see for ooself, if oo tan.

I've dot a 'litle brusser,  
He's soo soot as noo;  
But he lives up in the tuintree,  
Jes see some place as me.  
I does to bed vewy early,  
I does to bed vewy early;  
I lile sweet mit for my beweckless,  
He lites hot tea and fate.  
Dat's why my cheets are soo wosy,  
Dat's why my tiss is soo twee;  
Dat's why my leds are soo p'ump and fat,  
Dat's why I have such wee feet.

For I'm the Princess Beatwisse—  
Oo may not fluk I am;  
But des' oo come to ee tuintree  
And see for ooself, if oo tan.

WATERBURY, CONNECTICUT.

I am a little girl eight years old. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE two years, and I love it dearly. I thought the story of "Nan" the nicest of all. I have two little sisters named Ella and Adele, do not go to school yet, but mamma teaches me a little at home, so I can write this letter myself. I want to go to school very much. Won't you write to mamma and ask her to send me to school? I think she would do it then. My papa is a miner. Were you ever in a gold mine? I have a pretty little kitten named Snowball, and a lovely French dog five years old, and a big dog named Beppo. I do not think you have many letters from California, and I hope you will be glad to hear from me. Can you read my writing, and shall I write to you again?

MARIE MCM.

Your writing is beautifully plain and clear; and don't you think, dear, that mamma knows best about sending her little girl to school? I think it is very pleasant to be taught at home by one's mother.

PORT ROYAL, VIRGINIA.

My brother Will and I have an adopted brother, who takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for us. We are orphans, and I am a little fellow nine years old. We like our paper, and hope you will print our letters in it. We have five pretty pigeons, and they will eat from my hand. Our adopted mother teaches us our lessons, and Santa Claus will put something in our stockings. We wish you a merry Christmas. Your little friend,

JAMES K. K.

I am the brother Will that Jenny tells you about, and am twelve years old, but my education was neglected. Papa has given me a little pony; he is very gentle, and is fond of me; his name is Hampton. My father and mother came from Germany, but I was born in America. Please print mine and little brother's letters. We have an adopted brother in Syria. I wish you a happy New Year.

WILLIAM K. K.

These are very nice letters, and the young writers will no doubt do much better after a while.

PALATKA, FLORIDA.

I have written once before to the Post-office Box, but as my letter was not printed, I thought I would try again. I have not been to school, and enjoy my climate very much. There are six hotels here, and the people are beginning to come to spend their winter. Palatka is situated on the beautiful St. Johns River, some thirty miles south of Jacksonville, and is quite a winter resort. I attend the St. Mark's School, which has about fifty scholars. I love to study. I often go on the river with my friends, and we have delightful times. Last week we rowed to Colonel Hart's, on the opposite point, and went about in his large orange grove. It was lovely. Some of the trees hung full of the golden fruit. They

blossom about February, and the fruit ripens in November.

ELLA J. F.

PACIFIC COAST, OREGON.

Through the kindness of some dear friends in Buffalo, New York, I have received HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE almost two years. I am very thankful for it, as I enjoy reading it very much. I have never seen any letters from my friends, so I hope this will be printed. I live close to the Blue Mountains. They are covered with snow now. They look beautiful in summer; they do look very lovely now at sunset and sunset. The scenery here is beautiful. We had a little snow on the 10th of October, but the sun soon took it off. I am a big girl, almost eleven years old. I have no sisters, but have two grown brothers who are in Kansas, where we used to live, so I am alone with papa and mamma. My school is over the present, and I do number of things to pass away the time. I read and study and knit and sew and play.

CORA E. F.

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for over a year, and I think it is a very nice paper. My pet is a gray kitty, and I call her Spice, because she has a hot temper. Her mother got her fore-paw caught in a trap once, and now she has to limp. She is very shy. There are some orange-trees on the grounds here, and some of the oranges are very large. I would like to join the Little Housekeepers. I was thirteen last Friday, and I received a good many presents. I have a garden, and all my flowers are growing nicely. I have a very pretty vine, of which I do not know the name. It has many leaves, and some small red blossoms. Can any one tell me its name?

A. F. W.

Will some little reader answer this question?

ST. CHARLES, MISSOURI.

I am going to school now. I have many studies; most of them are interesting, but some are difficult. Although I expect to master all, my teacher is rather strict, but that does not mar her kindness. We live on a beautiful square, elevated from the street in front and ally in the orchard. The house faces the rising sun, and is a few yards from the fence. The garden lies on the south side of the house, the orchard is on the southwest and north side of the house, and peeps through the fence, and behind that is the large potato patch. Mamma and papa have a large family: there are six girls and two boys. The oldest boy is first, and he is named John; then myself; I have two sisters going to school younger than I, then comes the baby, the darling of the household. She does not call herself a baby; she says she is big and strong, and is six years old. I am eleven, but will be twelve on the 10th of the month.

FANNIE DE L.

Where does the second brother come? I fear you forgot him. I suppose, though, his place is between Fannie and the baby.

BUCHANAN, NEW JERSEY.

I am a little girl seven years old. I go to school. We have twenty minutes' recess in the morning, and none in the afternoon. There are fourteen names on the roll. Our teacher boards with us. School is dismissed at half past three. We sing every day, and recite pieces every Friday. I have two brothers and four sisters. My younger brother has a pair of pigeons, but I have no pets at all. We live by a river, and it is very nice.

EVELYN W. O.

SHARP'S WHARF, VIRGINIA.

I am a boy eleven years old. I have been interested in the letters of young correspondents, though I have never written before. I have one brother and two sisters. Lulu, one of my sisters, has a little cat named Sassy, and another one, a colt named Bajazet. He is only two years old, and is the largest thing of his age I ever saw. I have a cow named Emily, and a calf named Duke, and also have a pig who has his name in his own name. We have two other horses, two mules, and a cat, also a fine yoke of red oxen.

P. ALBERT B.

DANBURG, ILLINOIS.

I want to tell how to make a pretty holiday or holiday present for any friend who wears eye-glasses or spectacles. Place a small wine-glass upon a piece of chamois-silk, and mark around it with a pencil. Cut two pieces like this, and button-hole stitch them round with pink, blue, or red silk; then fasten the two together with a little bow at the top. Stamp the glasses, and give it to some friend who will never wear eye-glasses, and it will be cleaner afterward. I send one to the Postmistress, not because she needs one, but because I want to show her one. Can any one tell me if HARPER'S day, and sometimes sister lets us read it in school for a lesson. I am twelve years old.

LOTTIE L.

Thank you, Lottie dear, for the neatly made little gift. As I do not wear eyeglasses, I thought you would like to know that I have presented it to a friend who does.



I am a little boy nearly seven years of age. I used to live in New Hartford; four weeks ago we moved to Utica. I had a dove for a pet, but some one stole it. I have a canary-bird now; its name is Cherry, and I have a cat. I have a little black and white "Frank," he is a dog belonging to a farmer. My papa is a doctor, but I don't think I shall be one. I have a dear little sister Bessie, but she died last August. I married a little mule. I have taken to Young People one year, and like it. My mamma reads it every night before I go to sleep; she enjoys it as much as I do.

ARTIE P. S.

SOUTH BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE but a short time, but I am so delighted with it that I want to write a letter to the dear Postmistress. I am in the last room in the grammar school, but consequently have to study quite hard. Last summer I spent two weeks in Cottage City, Martha's Vineyard. I used to go bathing, roller-skating, riding, fishing, and do lots of other things. I was there during the dreadful fire at Vineyard Haven. I would like to know if any of the readers have ever been to Cottage City? I know of two that have. I am over to the Farmington Fair, but Christmas presents. I wonder if you are as busy making presents as I have been? I went to the Institute Fair before it closed, and I have been to the Farmington Fair. I have enjoyed very much, and wish you could have seen. Recently I went to the Cat Show, and it was very nice. I have a cat, and a splendid little black and white dog named Dot. I have also had a number of cute tricks. He went under a tent one summer, and got his ear torn, but it is all right now. I tried one of the Little Housekeepers' receipts, and it proved quite successful. I answered an exchange last week, but as yet have had no reply. I hope this letter is not too long, and I would like very much to have it printed, as it would be a surprise to my mamma.

MARY W. P.

## A FAIRY'S MISSION.

One hot day a little boy lay sleeping under a blooming apple-tree. There were traces of tears on his rosy cheeks, and his dreams seemed troubled. In one hand he held a rake, and the other a basket.

He started suddenly as a shower of apple blossoms was scattered in his face. He looked up and beheld—a fairy. As he looked she motioned him to a seat beside her. When he was seated by her side she said:

"You have troubles, my dear; have you not?" "Yes," he answered; "I wandered away from home and lost two months ago, and my money was taken from me, so I came here, and have been trying to earn enough to get home with by raking hay."

"You dear little boy," said the fairy, "you deserve help, and I will do all in my power to assist you."

"You are very kind. If I could see my father and my little sister, I should be perfectly happy."

"You take these three twigs, and when I am gone break these one, and the others when you are in trouble."

He broke the first twig from the tree while speaking, and handed them to him. He looked up to thank her, but she was gone.

He broke the first twig and in it discovered a suit of clothes, which he needed very much. He put these on, and broke the second, which contained a horse and saddle. He mounted, and let the fairy who was with him lead him to the stable, until they came to the foot of a very steep mountain.

He broke the third, and found himself at his father's house. Jumping from the saddle, he ran up the steps, and was caught in the arms of his father. Thus the little boy was made happy by the good fairy's mission.

Written for the Post-office Box, by

TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

KROOK, IOWA.

We buy YOUNG PEOPLE for Carrie, six and a half years old, and John, five years old, and have for the last year been giving it to them alternately. It falls to my lot to read to them. Carrie seems to enjoy the letters as well if not better than any I have read to her part, and she has told me that she likes them best. I have finally gotten me into the habit of writing. They say I must tell all about our dog, that is a beautiful Newfoundland, and that I must tell about my big bushy tail, my white bonnet, and white tip on each foot. One day he followed mamma home, and was so glad to find a home. He staid five or six weeks of his own free will. In the meantime we were his owner, and she gave him to John. Now he spends most of his time at his former home, and visits us—comes in like a gentleman, says "How are you?" and then he goes to the barn with all who will. We named him Carlo, for grandma had a Carlo exactly like him once, but his name before we got him was Rover; and he is a rover surely. John catches him very closely, and when he sees him go as far as the gate he calls, "Here, Carlo—meat—meat—and goes and feeds him."

but he goes away. We are sorry, as we would get a wagon and harness if he were away and he would be staying. We tried to find one and he can pull splendidly. Carrie's pet is a cat. Every morning, the first thing, she gets on her shoulder and says, "How are you?" and she says, "I kneads dough" as fast as she can.

We have a grandma living with us who is nearly seventy-four years old, and as the children's minds are so full of things, we have time to find to quiet amusement a great deal for rainy days, and the following are some of the things we do. (This is for the benefit of the little Parkie and Joey who were born at the same time.) We have a box of sliced birds, and John one of sliced animals; grandma gave them. They cut paper for hours, and make pin-wheels out of old letters from papa's office, paste pictures in the wood-shed; make whole flocks of paper chickens; cut dolls and dresses, and play with them; get a straight piece of pine and split kindling with old knives or split kindling in the wood-shed with a very, very dull hatchet; cut out paper money until they are rich, and then throw it up, like the man did the cards in the show, until they are tired of it. Then they sew; but when papa finds John trying to sew he calls him Susan, and he threads his needle all the same. Carrie has been trying to print late letters, and she has pasted on pasteboards, and then cut them out for a puppet show. They put a piece of stiff clear paper under a picture, and then punch pin-holes through with a pin, and then they take a piece of string, put the pin with a pair of pincers, and puts the pin in a stick, so it is easy to hold. The next story day we are going to see how many figures we can make with a given number of lines—say, four. We would like to get a book with Kindergarten instructions, if we knew who could furnish one. We would like to know how other little fellows would like to have a letter from us.

Very truly yours, MRS. JOHN L. D.

PORT ANTERIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

We have a bird named Dick. He is nine years old, and it seems that nothing can kill him. We went to the country one year, and the bird was with us. One day the boy was out in the yard to his cage; he lifted the door, and was going to put it down again, but it fell on Dick's leg and broke it. Papa set it and put medicine on it, but Dick would not walk; with a given number of lines—say, four. We would like to get a book with Kindergarten instructions, if we knew who could furnish one. We would like to know how other little fellows would like to have a letter from us.

Very truly yours, MRS. JOHN L. D.

PORT ANTERIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I like it very much. I go to the school every day. I am always anxious to get the new ones, like it's funny stories. I had never read it before, and I am much pleased with it. I showed my mother to see if she liked it for our own. I got one new subscriber for it. I am a deaf and dumb little boy. I have two dear little sisters living, and one dead. My home is in Omaha, Nebraska; it is a very nice place. Please print this letter for me. Your little friend, GEORGE H.

I know the children who can hear sweet music and talk merrily will be happy when they find out the pleasure a silent boy finds in YOUNG PEOPLE.

MINNEAPOLIS.

I wrote you once before, inclosing some money for the Young People's Club, but my letter was not published, so I thought I would try again. I have a little sister not quite a year old; she is my only sister, and I have no brothers, consequently she is a great pet. I am a deaf and dumb boy, and am in the grammar room. Papa got me a side-saddle, and I learned to ride a little last summer. I have a dog named Rover, very, very much. Papa and mamma think it the most instructive and entertaining paper they know of. I have every number, and love to read them very much, and I love my teacher dearly, and she is very kind to me. I can play on the violin

GLENDALE, OHIO.

I am in school now. I like short division, long division, multiplication, subtraction, and addition. I think the best story in YOUNG PEOPLE is "Rabbit and Pearl." I think that old captain Sammy was very funny; he was very mad when Tommy Tucker took his boat away from that island. I went to Cincinnati yesterday afternoon, and had a very nice time. I like school very much, and I love my teacher dearly, and she is very kind to me. I can play on the violin

very well. In Glendale the folks are very beautiful. To-morrow I will be in long division.

MURRAY MARVIN G.

NEW YORK CITY.

I am a little girl eleven years old, and have just commenced to take your beautiful paper, and I think the stories in it are just lovely. I can not hope to write as interesting a letter as some of the others do, but I can say something about Chicago, the great city of the West, which I have been many times, and think it a magnificent city. We lived on Michigan Boulevard, only one block from the lake. I went to Milwaukee, and had a very nice sail on the steamerboat Chicago. Among very interesting sights of Chicago are the water-towers, where the machinery is quite wonderful. From the tower you can view the whole city. I had a little gray kitten, which I loved very dearly. I see many of your little correspondents write about their pets, so I thought I would tell you about mine. This fall, when I went to visit her, I found her, to my great surprise, a large pussy-cat. Among my pretty presents last Christmas was *Picturesque America*.

MAYTIE S.

Nina J.: I would make a bed for Kitty, if I were you, in a little basket, and teach her to lie in that. You might embroider a little blanket for her, with her name on it, and tuck her up warmly. Do not let her sleep in your bed, nor put her paws around your neck. I am sure your school is a pleasant one.

Mary H. S., Ruby C. A., Emma W., Henry E. O., Timothy C., John H. D., Charles W., Ada K., Henry C. F., Eddie Mel., Laura A., Alice E. W., Nellie Van W., Jessie Bell M., Francis Claire S., Lottie L. W. A. C. A., Mary G. H., Annie L., Edgar R., Elsie S., Edith S., Ernest G. C., Robin D., Belle G., Estella P., Bertie T., Lena S., Harriet L., Marie E. N., Myra E. R. C. M., Bessie M. W., and Lillian D., will please accept thanks for their letters.

Frank F. P.: I am sure that a boy who works so diligently all summer to help his father, who is not strong, will make splendid progress in winter when he goes to school. Some of the noblest Americans, men of most honorable records, have done just what you are doing, worked hard in their boyhood, in the fields in spring and summer, and in the district school in winter.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 17 letters.  
My 1, 6, 9, and 11 are the last.  
My 12, 13, 11, 15 is a small bed.  
My 14, 8, 17 is a domestic animal.  
My 1, 8, 12, 5, 16 is a piece of furniture.  
My 2, 9, 11 is a bird.  
My 14, 4, 8, 5 is useful in winter.  
My 12, 7, 8, 1 is used on ponds.  
My 14, 8, 10 is good to eat.  
My 15, 8, 17, 16 is a girl's name.  
My whole is the name of a popular song.

W. M. W.

No. 2.

THREE DIAMONDS.

1.—1. A letter. 2. The cry of an animal. 3. A parent. 4. A letter.  
2.—1. A letter. 2. Used in the kitchen. 3. A dumb friend. 4. A verb. 5. A letter.  
3.—1. A letter. 2. A letter. 3. Something useful in travelling. 4. A conjunction. 5. A letter.

BUDGE.

No. 3.

HALF-SQUARE.

1. Limited in range. 2. Journals. 3. The third or last part of an ancient ode. 4. To give up. 5. Anger. 6. Similar to. 7. A letter. VOIGTLE.

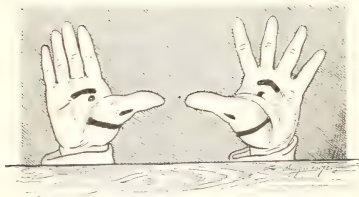
## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 217.

No. 1.—The cat would eat fish, but would not wet her feet. Roast beef. Fowls. Crowder. Lobster. Salad. Hot-bread. Buns. Biscuits. Cheese. Water. Coffee. Wine. Tarts. Fruit.

No. 2.—Mistletoe

No. 3.—Biscuit because the corn have ears.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Ida, Alice, Emily and Forrest H., Lucy Mills, James Hill, Clarence Wells, Arthur Raymond, Fanny and David Halsted, and E. T. C.



### THE CHRISTMAS GOOSE.

BY G. B. BARTLETT, AUTHOR OF "GAMES FOR PARLOR AND LAWN."

**T**HE Goose is chosen by count, as follows: One person thinks of a number, and another of the name of some player; and when both are ready, they call out first the number, and then give the name of the one who begins to count. Then all count in order as they sit, until the number is reached, and the Goose designated by the one on whom the chosen number falls. The Goose then runs around the furniture and about the room, and extends his elbows until the fingers of his hands touch, while the chin rests upon the backs of the fingers. As he runs he continually flaps the wings thus formed, and utters a loud hiss between his closed teeth, and as he passes any player he calls out, "Come, little Goosey." The person thus addressed must immediately give the name of some part of a goose; and if he fails to do so at once, he must follow the Goose wherever he goes, and imitate all his actions. In his turn he must also say the same words to some other person, who also joins the procession, and goes on in the same manner. No one can escape this task unless he can name some part of a goose which has not been previously called out; and he is allowed no time to decide, as he must join if he hesitates longer than it takes the leading Goose to utter five hisses. As the parts of the goose are soon exhausted, and it is very hard to collect one's thoughts amid the storm of hisses, every person, old or young, soon becomes a Goose, and all follow the leader in his mad career about the house, from room to room, up stairs and down, until the shouts of laughter show the great delight it gives to the wisest and gravest to sometimes make a goose of himself.

### A LOVING MOTHER MONKEY.

**T**HE servant of a medical gentleman who was some time in India caught a young monkey, and brought it to his tent, where every care was taken of it; but the mother was so greatly distressed with the loss of her baby that she never ceased uttering a piteous cry, night and day, in the immediate vicinity of the tent. The doctor, at length tired out with the constant howling, desired the servant to restore the young one to its mother, which he did, when the poor animal happily retired, and sped its way to the community to which it belonged. Here, however, she found she could not be received. She and her baby had lost caste, and, like the hunted deer, were beaten and rejected by the flock.

A few days after, our medical friend was astonished to see the monkey return to his tent, bringing the young one along with her. She entered the tent of her own accord, apparently very much exhausted, and having deposited her young one, she then retired a few yards from the tent, and there laid herself down and died. The body of the poor animal was found in a most emaciated

state, starved, wounded, and scratched all over, so that there can be no doubt that she had been terribly maltreated by her comrades, and, finding no safety for herself or her offspring, returned the little one into the care of those who were the cause of her misfortunes.

### THE FAIRY.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

**O**NCE there was a little fairy,  
 Very pretty, light, and airy,  
 With a pair of dainty winglets,  
 And a wreath upon her ringlets.  
 In his stocking Bobby Curley  
 Found her, Christmas morning early,  
 And ere minutes five had followed  
 He the tiny thing had swallowed.  
 For this fairy, light and airy,  
 Was a creamy sugar fairy.



"CLEAR THE TRACK!"

# HARPER'S

# YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 221.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Tuesday, January 22, 1884.

Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$1.50 per Year, in Advance.

Amy's  
Christ  
mas:  
Jour  
ney.



"SHE TROTTED OFF BRAVELY BY HER CONDUCTOR'S SIDE."—SEE STORY ON PAGE 178.

## AMY'S CHRISTMAS JOURNEY.

BY E. M. TIRAQUAIR.

I.

"GOOD-BY, Uncle John!"

"Good-by, Amy!"

The heavy, stern-looking gentleman in the easy-chair by the fire put out his large hand to meet the small, shrinking one held out to him.

"I hope you have enjoyed yourself to-day," he added.

"You may come again this day month, if you like."

"Yes, Uncle."

She turned to leave the room.

"By-the-by," he called after her, as a sudden thought seemed to strike him, "how much pocket-money have you?"

"Half a crown, Uncle."

"Well, that isn't much. I suppose at Christmas you'll want something more to buy ribbons and candies with. Girls always do," he added, with a sort of ill-used air.

"Don't boys require anything, Uncle?" asked Amy, with, in spite of her timidity, a sudden gleam of fun in her brown eyes.

"Don't be saucy, Miss. Certainly boys require more than girls; but then they are boys. Girls are only plagues. Not but that you are a very good girl in the main, Amy. So here is a couple of sovereigns for you to do what you like with. Good-by again. Harry will drive you home in the phaeton."

Amy thanked her Uncle, took the money, put it into her little seal-skin purse, said good-by, and in two minutes was seated in the phaeton by Harry Brisbane's side. Harry was a very tall boy for his age, seventeen, taller even than big Uncle John. He had dark curly hair and a pair of very bright eyes. He was a capital driver, and fond of fun. The two were soon deep in conversation.

"Aren't you going anywhere for Christmas?" said Harry.

"No; all the girls are gone but me. Uncle John wishes me to spend the holidays in school."

"Won't that be terribly dull for you?"

"Yes; but then I've no place to go to."

"Have you no Papa or Mamma at home?"

"No," said Amy, sadly, "nor brother nor sister either. I wish you were my brother."

"Do you?" said Harry, laughing. "Well, I should not object to you for a sister, as I have none myself."

"I say, Harry," resumed Amy, after a while, "are you my cousin?"

"Haven't that honor," replied Harry. "Uncle John isn't my uncle really. He and father were great chums at school, and they've always kept up the friendship."

"How funny to think of Uncle John as a school-boy! Was he always as solemn as now, I wonder?"

"Father says he used to be full of wild pranks. But he lost his wife and little girl both within a short time, and he has been just so solemn and gloomy ever since."

"Oh!" said Amy, awe-struck at the idea, and feeling her respect for her Uncle considerably increased by it. "That is the reason, then, he doesn't like other girls. He likes you because you are a boy, I suppose. Are you going to spend Christmas all alone with him at the Grange?"

"Oh no! I am going to-morrow to an old country house where there are lots of children, and fun, and a haunted room. I wish you were going too."

"A haunted room!" Amy held her breath a second.

"You don't mean it, really."

"Of course I do. Every old house has one, they say, and this is a very old house indeed, with a great square tower. Nobody knows how old it is."

"Then I'm very glad I'm not going," said Amy. "I shouldn't like it at all."

"You don't believe in ghosts, do you, Amy?"

"I don't know anything about them," said the little girl, resolutely.

At this moment Miss Dolby's "Institution for the Education of Young Ladies" appeared in view. Harry pulled up, and Amy said a hurried good-night and ran into the house, resolved not to think about holidays, and to be as bright as possible until the girls should come back.

II.

In spite of her good resolution, however, Amy could not help feeling a little dull next morning when Miss Dolby went out shopping immediately after breakfast, leaving her alone in the large empty school-room. She began to picture to herself what Edith, Laura, and the rest would be doing at that moment. The contrast was depressing. She went to the window and looked out. The snow was falling thickly and steadily. Nobody was to be seen but a few foot-passengers muffled to the eyes. How dreary it all seemed! She gave a little sigh, and was turning to get a book, when the postman caught her eye. She began wondering if he had anything for her. Then she smiled at her own foolishness. "Who should be writing to me?" she thought, taking up a volume of Christmas stories that Miss Dolby had lent her.

At that moment the door-bell rang. A servant entered with a letter in her hand.

"Miss Dolby is out," said Amy, without looking up.

"But this is a letter for you, Miss."

"For me?" The little girl's face flushed with surprise and eagerness. "So it is. Miss Amabel Telcott. Who can it be from?" and she turned it round, trying to read the postmark.

"I should open it and see," suggested Bessie, with whom the bright little girl was something of a favorite.

"Of course. How stupid I am! From Edith Bloxam. Well, she is good!" And Amy cut a caper which would have delighted her dancing master had he been present.

"What does she say?" asked Bessie, curiously.

"Wants me to come and spend Christmas with them at Beecham Tower. I am to go this very day. Can I be ready in time, I wonder? Oh, if Miss Dolby were only back!"

Miss Dolby entered at this moment.

"Well, what is it, Amy?" she said, smiling.

Amy gave her the letter.

"I should be very glad to have you go," said the kind teacher, "if I were not afraid to have you travelling alone."

"But I am not in the least afraid," said Amy. "I can take care of myself quite well. Mrs. Bloxam, too, you see, gives such clear directions about the journey that there can be no trouble."

"And how about money for the coach and railway fare?"

"Uncle John gave me two sovereigns last night. That will pay for it all, I am sure."

"Well, I dare say you can manage. I'll tell the coachman to see you properly into the train at Grantley. Then all you have to do is to sit quietly till it reaches Jamestown. But you must pack as quickly as possible, or the coach will be off without you."

Amy's bureau drawers were always in excellent order, so her little portmanteau was soon ready. In less than an hour she was sitting in a corner of the lumbering old coach, scarcely able to realize that she was on her way to her friend Edith's house. A good deal of snow had fallen in the night, which made the roads very heavy for the horses, but the driver, when Miss Dolby put Amy under his charge, assured her he had not heard of a block anywhere. He whipped up the horses, and for some time they bowled along easily enough.

By-and-by, however, their troj began to slacken into a walk. Then they stopped alto ether. The driver got



down and found that the snow had gathered in balls under the horses' hoofs. That taken out, they went on briskly again for a while.

Then they stopped, and the whole process had to be repeated. The time seemed terribly long. Amy began to fear they should never reach the station in time for the train. She longed to ask her fellow-passengers what they thought. But they consisted of a fat country farmer and his equally large wife, who had composed themselves stolidly to sleep on first entering, and of a thin, cross-looking lady, with a lap-dog in her arms. Amy's courage sank at the thought of addressing either of them.

She was soon spared the trouble of thinking about it. After one of these stoppages, the driver tried to make the horses get on. They set off at a sharp trot, the carriage swayed backward and forward, and sank on its side in the soft snow. The thin woman screamed, the dog barked, and the fat man uttered language more forcible than polite.

Amy, who, fortunately for herself, had fallen on, not under, the fat man, was the first to recover her presence of mind. She tried to open the window, but found it resist her utmost efforts. In the midst of the hubbub the driver, who had escaped without injury, pulled open the door with some difficulty.

"Keep quiet, will you?" he said, gruffly. "There is nothing to make such a row about. You should follow the example of this child here, who is the only sensible person among you."

Somewhat quieted by hearing the coachman's voice, they allowed themselves to be extricated from their awkward position, and stood disconsolately amid the trampled snow.

"How am I to get to Grantley in this snow?" said the thin woman, beginning to scold again.

"I can't tell you, ma'am, unless you can walk," said the driver. "Here, Jim"—to a farm laborer who came up at the moment—"you take this little lady's luggage, and see that she gets safely into the train at Grantley. I promised Miss Dolby that I'd take care of you, and I will. Jim's as safe as the bank. Good luck to you, my brave little lass! And now to see after the coach!"

Poor little Amy! in spite of her fright at this untoward commencement of her journey, she trotted off bravely by her conductor's side. The snow made it very heavy walking for her trembling feet, but the station was reached at last. The express train had long been gone, but there would be another, a slow one, in half an hour. Jim took her ticket for her, and put her into a comfortable first-class carriage, where she was the only passenger. Poor, tired little Amy soon fell fast asleep.

Suddenly she awoke with an uneasy feeling that somebody or something was in the carriage beside her which was not there when she entered. It was now quite dark.

In the farthest corner sat a tall man muffled in a long cloak and broad slouched hat, under which scarcely more than his eyes could be seen. These were turned upon her now, she thought, with a sort of wild glare. She looked away, and her eyes fell upon a large, oddly shaped box leaning upright against the wall of the carriage. It was black and oblong, and somehow it reminded her of a coffin in which she had once seen a little school-mate laid. It was a mysterious-looking box. Amy could not take her eyes from it, or if she did, it was to turn them on the man opposite, who sat very quietly in his place, and seemed to be looking through the window.

Who was he? what was he? and what was in that uncanny-looking black box? All the stories of brigands, robber chiefs, mysterious disappearances, she had ever read or heard of (Amy was of a romantic turn of mind) came into her head. Could he be a robber carrying off a booty of silver plate? or was the box really a coffin with the body of some poor child in it? A thrill of terror came over her at the bare thought. "What if he should

look at me again, and find out that I am so little! Oh-h!" Amy shivered inwardly. At this point the train slackened speed.

The figure moved, and turned its head slowly in her direction. The train was steaming into a station, and the light from a lamp fell for an instant full on the man's muffled figure and face. To the child's excited imagination it seemed the fiercest she had ever seen, and the terrible eyes seemed to look her through and through. The figure started to its feet, and took a step forward. "He is going to do something dreadful to me," she thought. "He thinks I have found him out. Oh, why did I look at him?"

Too frightened to scream, Amy shut her eyes. The train stopped. There was a slamming of doors, and shouting of voices, and the train went on again. Amy opened her eyes. Her heart gave a bound of relief. The terrible man was gone, black box and all. The next station was Jamestown.

Here she had no trouble. The Bloxams' carriage was awaiting her, and Amy was soon safe at the Tower, and in her friend Edith's arms.

### III.

After the first warm greetings were exchanged, Edith took Amy to her room. It was an old rambling house, consisting of a large square tower and two wings, with long passages, and wide, gloomy staircases opening out in the most unexpected directions. Amy, accustomed to the commonplace comfort of her Uncle's modern villa, thought, as she tripped with Edith along a dark corridor, that she was in an enchanted castle. Her room was wainscoted with dark oak, and looked as if it might have been the bower of some lady of the olden time. But any possible gloom was dispelled by the sight of a bright wood fire, warm crimson curtains, and a modern brass-mounted bedstead with its snowy curtains.

"I hope, dear, you will be comfortable," said Edith. "I should have liked to have you near myself, but our house is so full just now. It was only quite at the last, when Aunt Helen wrote to say she would not be here, because of a bad cold, that Mamma was able to ask you. This room was to have been hers, and she liked this wing best, as it was away from all the noise."

"Does no one sleep near me?" said Amy.

"No, dear," said Edith—"not very near. The room next to yours is never used. You are not afraid to be here alone, are you? If you are, I will ask Mamma to let me sleep with you."

"Oh no," replied Amy, ashamed to show her timidity. "I only thought that robbers perhaps."

Edith laughed. "Oh, you city girls are always thinking about robbers and such things. You need not be afraid of anything of that sort. We are all very honest people hereabouts. But I will ask Mamma."

"No, don't," said Amy, rather piqued at her friend's merriment. "I promise not to be afraid of anything whatever."

"Well, there is the bell, if you should. Now are you ready?"

"They went to the dining-room, where a large party was assembled. Mrs. Bloxam's kindness soon put the little girl at her ease. After supper they had parlor games and romps, and by half past ten everybody was in bed.

Amy was so tired that she thought she should fall asleep directly upon going to bed, but she felt excited by the newness of her surroundings. The silence here seemed unnatural after the fun and noise she had just left. Her mind kept dwelling on the empty room next to hers. "Why does nobody ever sleep in it?" she thought. "Can it be haunted? Harry says every old house has a haunted room. I wonder if the house he is going to is older than Beecham? Oh dear! I wish it was daylight!"



"SHE PEERED THROUGH THE BLIND."

Amy must have fallen asleep, for some hours seemed to her to have passed when she was suddenly awakened.

A light flashed across the blind, and there was a sound of steps on the gravel outside. Her heart began beating with sudden terror. She slipped out of bed, and approaching the window, she peered through the blind. She saw two men muffled up to the eyes. One of them had on a large slouched hat. He seemed strangely familiar to her. Where and when had she seen him, and what were they doing here? Then one of them opened the window, and his companion of the slouched hat handed him a large oblong box.

Then it flashed upon her that this man was her terrible companion of the train, whom she had almost forgotten until now. What could he be wanting here in the middle of the night, and what was in that dreadful black box? They must be robbers. There could be no doubt about it. Else why didn't they come in daylight, like other people? Should she ring the bell, and alarm the house? She groped for the bell-handle.

The room was pitch-dark and she could not find it. It was in some out-of-the-way nook, she remembered, and began searching for the matches. Neither could she find them in the darkness. "Oh, what shall I do? what shall I do?" she cried, in despair.

She now heard footsteps in the next room, chairs being moved about, and various strange noises. These continued for a long time. Then she heard the window gently shut. Looking out once more, she saw the two men again. One closed the window, the other took the lantern, and their receding steps left all quiet.

Amy did not know what to think. The door of the room must have been locked, so that they could not

get into the rest of the house. But what of the black box? They had not taken that away with them. Amy was completely mystified, and nearly frozen. She crept into bed again, and in spite of her terror and anxiety was soon fast asleep.

#### IV.

Next day was as bright a one as any boy or girl might wish to see in winter. A skating party was proposed, and in the bustle of the day Amy could not get hold of Edith to tell her the events of the night. Everything seemed so cheery and everybody so merry that she began to think she must have dreamed them. During the afternoon she found a new guest had arrived. A tall young gentleman was sitting by the fire talking to Phil Bloxam, Edith's uncle.

"How do you do, Amy?" said a well-known voice. "I did not expect to see you here."

"Oh, Harry, is it you? Well, I am glad! So this is the old Tower with the haunted room you were going to?"

"Yes," laughed Harry, "haven't you been in it?"

"No; and you know there aren't any such things as ghosts."

"Aren't there?" said Uncle Phil. "We've got some very wonderful spirits in our haunted room. They did not disturb you last night, did they, Miss Telcott?"

"I thought robbers were getting in," was the reply.

"No fear of robbers," said Phil, laughing. "But I am glad you are such a brave girl as not to fear sleeping next to a haunted room."

Amy knew she was not brave, but the rest came in at that moment, and the talk ended.

"We shall have great fun to-night, I expect," said Edith. "Papa, Harry, and Uncle Phil have been laying their heads together. There will be something better than usual, I know, when they are all at it. I wish it was evening."

"So do I," said Amy.

"And so do I," "And so do I," "And so do I," said Jack and Phillis and wee toddling Charley.

"Well, only have patience," laughed Uncle Phil.

The day passed in eager expectation.

"Where is the tree?" asked Amy.

"That is the odd thing," said Edith; "we don't even know if there is to be a tree. But we know Papa will not let us be without something very nice on Christmas-eve. They have all been so mysterious about it that we think it must be something extra this time."

"Of course it will," said Uncle Phil, "when we've been having the ghosts to help us instead of you, Edith."

"Is the room next mine really haunted?" asked Amy, shivering inwardly, as she thought of the strange lights and noises of the previous night.

"So people say," said Phil. "There is a foolish talk about it among the servants. But if there be any ghosts in it, we are going to put them to flight to-night."

Evening came, the glorious Christmas-eve. After an early supper Mr. Bloxam disappeared with Harry. By-and-by the sound of music was heard.

"Come along!" cried Uncle Phil. "That is Harry's flute. It was to be the signal."

"But where are we to go?" cried Edith.

"Follow the sound," said her uncle.

They all ran out of the dining-room; some this, some that way. Finally they all found themselves in the long corridor of the south wing of the house, in which Amy's room was situated. A blaze of light was streaming into the passage from the open door of a room, from which also came the cheery sound of a flute playing a merry tune.

"That is the haunted room!" cried the children, shrinking back.

"Nonsense," said Uncle Phil. "Do you think the ghost could stand the sight of a Christmas tree? Come along, Edith."

Edith went in with her uncle. Amy, seeing Mrs. Bloxam smiling at her, and ashamed of her terror, followed with the other children, and stood still with surprise and pleasure. The room was like a dream of fairy-land. It was all trimmed with red-berried holly, ivy, and rich red roses, a great rarity in winter. Pretty colored lamps hung amidst the foliage, giving a rich glow to everything. In the centre was a magnificent tree blazing like a pyramid of light with innumerable waxen tapers. Pretty things of all sorts were lying heaped beneath its branches. Nothing here to suggest a haunted room, with Papa and Mamma smiling a cordial welcome to them all. The children capered about with delight as each received one or more lovely gifts. Never had been such a merry Christmas-eve at the Tower, whispered Edith, showing Amy a beautiful necklace and bracelet from Papa and Mamma and Uncle Phil.

"How lovely they are!" said Amy.

"You have not looked at your present yet, Amy," said Edith.

Amy opened a little purple morocco case.

"Oh, how good of your mamma to give me the same as you!" she cried.

"As you have not an Uncle Phil, perhaps 'Cousin' Harry may be allowed to fill his place," said Harry, with boyish frankness, placing a pretty bracelet in Amy's hands. "You wished I were your brother, you know," he said, with a sudden blush; "and brothers must give their sisters presents sometimes, mustn't they?"

Amy did not know what to say.

"Come and see Phillis's doll. Isn't it a beauty?" interrupted Edith.

Phillis was standing lost in admiration of a wax doll, beautifully dressed, and nearly as big as herself.

"Oh, what a lovely doll!" cried Amy, going nearer to examine it. It was still in its case, a long, coffin-shaped black box. The lid was lying near it.

"How came that box here?" she cried, breathlessly, as an idea darted into her mind.

"I brought it," said Harry, smiling, "coming in with it like a thief in the night."

"Then it was you and not a robber whom I saw entering this room by the window last night?"

"Did you get a fright? Poor little Amy, I am sorry for that. Yes, it was I and Mr. Bloxam."

"But why did you not come in the day?"

"I had to leave the train at Taunton, instead of Jamestown, to see an old friend of my father's, who drove me over later in his dog-cart. Mr. Bloxam was expecting me, and as he wished to keep it secret that the so-called haunted room was to be the Christmas one, we resolved to take in all the things at the window. It is a pretty big one, you see, still we had some difficulty hoisting in the tree. We little thought you were awake and watching us."

"But why did you not speak to me in the train?"

"Were you the little girl who sat opposite me, all muffled up, and fast asleep, as I thought?"

"Yes. And I was not asleep one bit, and I took you for some dreadful person."

They both laughed merrily.

At this moment the servants and all the poor people of the village entered. There were gifts for all, and a hearty welcome. Then the little ones were sent to bed. After that there were tea and cake, and Uncle Phil made a speech. When twelve o'clock struck, the village chimes rang out a merry peal, and they all joined in singing the Christmas hymn.

"And now, my friends," said Mr. Bloxam, in conclusion, "I don't think any of you will believe again that this room is haunted."

"Or if it be, it is only by good spirits, sir," said Ralph, the bailiff.

Amy spent many a Christmas after that memora-

ble one with her kind friends the Bloxams, but nothing more was ever said about the haunted room, which was now commonly used, the family having grown larger, and requiring an extra apartment.

Little Amy is now a dignified matron, with little girls of her own. She often tells them, when she sees them afraid of things without looking into them, what a coward she was when she went to Beecham Tower, and warns them to fear nothing except wrong-doing.



## MICE AS BEASTS OF PREY.

BY FRANK BELLEW.

**I** DO not suppose you know it; I never did until I found it out. Mice are beasts of prey. That they were carnivorous to the extent of eating bacon and candles I was well aware; but that they would catch and eat live animals, as I said before, I never knew until I found out.

Now I am not quite sure that feeding on bacon and candles makes an animal carnivorous. Let us see what the dictionaries say:

Webster defines *carnivorous* as "eating or feeding on flesh; a word applied to animals which naturally seek flesh for food, as the lion, tiger, dog, wolf, etc."

Another dictionary simply defines it as "feeding on flesh." Now bacon is flesh undoubtedly, so that alone would settle the position of mice. Whether candles, although made of the fat of animals, can be called flesh, does not matter, and I won't venture to determine. Suppose we leave that to the doctors and scientific gentlemen. Anyway, I know that mice are carnivorous, be-



cause they eat live animals, and I will tell you how I found it out.

I was walking down Sixth Avenue near Fortieth Street one Sunday morning, when my attention was attracted to the window of a crockery store. Here I was surprised to see two little mice running about among the plates and dishes and tea-pots, as though thoroughly enjoying the quiet and security which the deserted and silent store afforded them. They were very small mice, but as round and plump as plums.

The window was filled with flies, which were also plump and healthy, though what they found in the empty dishes of a crockery store to fatten on is more than I can tell. Perhaps they lived on the customers during the week, or upon their imaginations making believe sugar in the sugar bowls, molasses in the syrup pitchers, and gravy over everything. However that may be, they were plump.

Presently one of the little mice paused and eyed one of the flies for an instant, and then made a pounce upon it, just as a cat would have done on himself or his brother. Having secured his prey, he sat upon his haunches holding it in his front paws, just as a squirrel does a nut, and munched it up.

I watched those mice for fully a quarter of an hour, during all which time they kept catching flies and eating them, till they grew so terribly round and fat that it became quite distressing. So I walked away, fearing a catastrophe—I do not mean any joke on *cat*, because there was no cat there, but congestion of the brain or something of that sort.

Another experience I had of the carnivorous habits of the mouse was while staying at a summer hotel in the western part of the State of New York. It was during the fall, when the days were beginning to get quite cool, that one evening, while walking in the woods, I found a beautiful black and gold butterfly clinging to the trunk of a tree, and almost benumbed with the cold. I carried it home to my room, where the warmth soon revived it, and for nearly a week it flew about in a very lively manner, till I began to get quite accustomed to the animated piece of jewelry, feeding it on sugar, and treating it altogether as a pet.

One day I was reclining on the bed with a book in my hand, thinking of what I had been reading, but watching the butterfly roaming back and forth from some geraniums in the window to the canary's cage. Suddenly it took it into its little head to flutter to the floor, when, quick as a flash, a mouse, which I had often noticed running round among the legs of the chairs, made a pounce upon it. The action was so quick and unexpected that I was taken completely by surprise.

Before I could get up from the bed and make my way round a rocking-chair and a table the mouse was gone, and with it the body of my beautiful butterfly, leaving behind only its four wings, as neatly cut off as if a pair of scissors had been used. I have the wings still, pressed between the leaves of a work on entomology, which the dictionaries will tell you is the science and description of insects.

After this I think I am justified in saying that mice are beasts of prey, and I am only surprised that I have never seen the fact noticed in any work on natural history.

It would have been a better piece of information to give than much which is said about the musical powers of mice. Some students of natural history go so far as to say that mice frequently show a great taste for music, and that they will imitate the song of birds. Others say that it is only when the throat is diseased that mice will give utterance to anything that is like a musical sound.

Be this as it may, it is something to have discovered that these little animals that appear so shy and harmless really have a taste for living flesh, and that they will hunt and destroy creatures smaller and weaker than themselves.

## THE CROWNING OF THE BRUCE.\*

BY LILLIE E. BAIR.

ROBERT the Bruce he rode to Scone with many a peer and knight.

"Nobles," he cried, "I come to claim the crown that is my right; And here I draw a stainless sword, and lift a stainless hand, And vow to drive the English host from out our pleasant land."

Then forth leaped every shining blade, and up rose every palm, While white-robed nuns and choristers broke into holy psalm; To clash of arms and tread of knights the trumpet call rang out, And the people gladly answered it with many a mighty shout.

Then Wishart, Glasgow's Bishop, gave a banner blessed with prayer,

A coronet of purest gold, a mantle rich and rare: And, standing on "the Stone of Scone," Bruce took the royal ring, While Scotland's Herald challenged all who said he was not King.

A woman stepped to Bruce's side—a woman armed for strife: "The Countess of Buchan am I, and boast the blood of Fife; And if true King of Scotland sit on Scotland's ancient stone, The House of Fife must crown him King, and lead him to the throne."

"The craven Earl, my brother, is with our English foes; O Bruce, now let me pay for him the homage that he owes." The nobles answered, "She is right"; the Bruce bowed low his head.

She crowned him King; then to the throne the new-crowned Monarch led.

And put the banner in his hand, and cried: "O Scotland's King, All through the north, far in the west, the clans are mustering, And over all the east and south thy people wait for thee; Take Scotland's banner, draw her sword, and give them Liberty!"

"God save King Robert! He is King from helmet unto heel." The Bishop answered with a prayer, the knights with clash of steel.

And forth they went for Scotland's right, and never once did turn Till they made Scotland's freedom sure on the field of Bannockburn.

O good King Robert! mighty Bruce! in Scotland yet a King; For little children hush thy name, and mothers of thee sing. Thou hadst this grace above all Kings of every other land— Blessed by a loyal woman's heart, crowned by a woman's hand.

## THE ICE QUEEN.†

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### THE FIRST DAY ON THE LAKE.

NO howling gale disturbed their rest that night, and on the next morning, which was Friday, the third day out, breakfast had been disposed of long before the time of rising on the previous day. What had they for breakfast? Buckwheat cakes (mixed with water) and syrup made from maple sugar melted in a tin cup. The boiled ham and some crackers were put where they could be got at easily for luncheon.

The stowing of the loose goods in the boat took no longer than Katy required to get the mess kit packed after breakfast. As the day was fine, and the ice, as far as they could see to the southward, whither their course lay, was smooth and free from snow, the sled was loaded with cut wood and rushes, and Jim was appointed to drag it.

As they were leaving the cabin, after a last look to see that nothing had been forgotten, Katy spoke up:

"Why can't we take along some of this nice straw? It doesn't weigh anything to speak of."

"Oh, we can't," says Jim, crossly. "Girls are always trying to do things they know nothing about."

"May's well begin to rough it now as any time; can't expect a cabin and a straw mattress every night," was Tug's somewhat gruff remark as he went to the sledge.

"But," the girl persisted, rather piqued when she saw

\* See KEMP'S *History of Robert Bruce*, Vol. I., page 205.

† Begun in No. 217, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.



how her suggestion had been received, "it might be very nice to spread it on the floor of the tent. Seems to me you might take it."

She was talking to Aleck now, who, she knew by his face, opposed the plan; but he, seeing how much in earnest she was, went back, gathered up a big armful of the cleanest straw, and heaped it in the stern of the boat, while she brought a second.

This matter settled, Aleck and Tug put their heads through the new harness, and were soon rushing along at a stirring pace, while Katy skated behind, holding on to the stern of the boat to steady it; Jim followed with his sled, and Rex galloped here and there as suited him.

The ice for miles together had been swept clean by the wind, and was like a vast glaring sheet of plate-glass. Most of it was a deep brilliant green. Here and there would be stretches of milky ice, and now and then great rounded patches would suddenly meet them, which were black or deep brown, and at first frightened them by making them believe a patch of open water suddenly yawned in their path. But when they examined closely, they could see that this black ice was two or three feet thick, like all the rest on the open lake.

They were never at any time more than a mile or so from the edge of the great marshes which bordered the low margin of the lake, and at noon they knew they had skated twelve miles by reaching a certain island in front of the marshes. Hither they turned for luncheon; skates were unbuckled, a big fire was built, the snow was cleared away, and the spare canvas spread down to sit upon, while Katy prepared to warm up the extra supply of coffee she had made in the morning for this purpose.

Not much talking had been done on the march; breath was too badly needed to be wasted in that way; but now "tongues were loosed," and a rattling conversation kept time with the crackle of the dead sticks on the fire.

"Captain," said Tug, "have you noticed how that ridge in the ice bends just ahead, and seems to stand across our course?"

"Yes, I have, and I fear it will be troublesome to cross. Jimkin, you're nimble; climb that tree, and tell us what you can see."

"All right," said Jim, and was quickly in the topmost branches.

"It looks like a rough, broken ridge, stretching clear to shore. I guess we'll have to climb over it. I can't see any break."

"Where do you think is the easiest place?"

"About straight ahead, where you see that highest point. Right beside it is a kind of low spot, I think."

"Well, then," said the Captain, "we'll aim for that. Hurry up your lunch, Katy, and let's be off."

Half an hour later they arrived at the bad place.

"It must be a hummock," said Katy, "such as I have read about in Dr. Kane's book—only not so large, I suppose. He says that the ice sheet, or floe, gets cracked and separated a little; then the two floes will come together again with such force that they lap over one another, or else grind together, and burst up edgewise along the seam."

"That's just the way this is; but, hummock or no hummock, it must be crossed," said Aleck.

"Mebbe I could find a better place," suggested Jim, "if I should go along a little way."

"Well, try it, Youngster. And, Tug, suppose you look a little the other way?"

Tug went off, but soon returned, reporting a worse instead of better appearance, and Aleck, who had climbed over, came back to say that the ridge was about twenty-five yards wide.

"How does it look?" asked Katy.

"Why, it looks as though a lot of big cakes of ice had been piled up on edge, and then frozen into that

rough shape, or lack of shape. I should say the ridge is ten feet high in the middle, and on the other side it is a straight jump down for about six feet. But it's worse everywhere else. We must take our skates off the first thing."

This done, they stood up, ready to drag the boat as near to the hummock as possible. But it was hard pulling, for the slope was pretty steep and rough.

"Where's that Jim, I wonder?" cried Aleck. "I'll teach The Youngster not to run off the minute any work is to be done.—Jim!"

But no boy answered the call, nor several others. Tug stood up on the boat, and Katy climbed to a high point of ice, but neither could see anything. Then they all became alarmed, fearing he might have fallen into one of those holes that here and there are found in the thickest ice, and always keep open. It is an easy matter to skate into one, but a very hard one to get out again. It was the thought of this that made Katy run in the direction whither Jim had started, but her brother called her back.

"Wait, Katy. We'll put on our skates. Probably The Youngster's hiding, and I'll box his ears when I catch him. This is no time for fooling."

With quick, nervous fingers they fastened their straps, and then rushed down along the foot of the hummock as though on a race, Tug carrying one of the drag-ropes. The tracks could be followed easily enough until they left the good ice and turned in toward the hummock, where they came to an end, which looked as though Jim might have taken off his skates. Here the boys hallooed, then climbed to the top of a great upturned table of blue ice, and called again. But the most complete silence—such a silence as can never be known on land among the creaking trees or rustling grass, an absolute, painful stillness—followed their words. Not even an echo came back.

At this they were puzzled and frightened, and Katy wanted to cry, but fought back her tears. They descended, and went slowly onward, now and then getting upon elevated points, and calling. At last they stopped, utterly at their wits' end where or how to search next, and Katy's tears rolled down her cheeks unchecked.

"Cheer up, Sis," said Aleck, and took her hand in his as they skated slowly onward—"cheer up! we'll try again on that big block ahead."

This block overlooked a broader part of the hummock, and wasn't far from land. They struggled over the jagged border, and hoisted Katy upon it to see what she could see.

"Nothing," was her report—"nothing but ice, and ice, and ice, and a gray edge of marsh.—Oh, Jim! Jim! where are you?"

"Here—help me out."

Each looked at the other in amazement, for the voice, though faint, seemed right beside them.

"Here, down between the cakes—help me out."

The words came distinctly, and gave them a clew. Katy peeped over the further edge of the block, and there she saw the little fellow's face peering up at her out of the greenish light of a sort of pit into which he had fallen. Two great cakes of ice had been thrown up side by side, leaving a space about two feet wide and ten feet deep between them. The blowing snow that filled most of the crevices of the hummock had here formed a bridge, which had let Jim through when he stepped upon it, never suspecting the chasm it concealed.

"Hurt?" asked Tug.

"Not a bit, but pretty well scared. I thought you fellows were never coming. I've been in here two hours."

"Two hours! Oh, that's good! Twenty minutes would about fill the bill. You ain't tired so quick of a warm, snug place like that, are you?"



"CROSSING THE HUMMOCK."

"Just you try it, and see how you like its snugness. Drop me an end of that rope, will you?"

"Give him the rope's-end, Tug; he deserves it in another way, but we haven't time to-day. Now, then—yo-heave-oh!" and up came the lost member, not much the worse for his adventure.

Then began the difficult work of crossing the hummock. In front of the boat lay a steep slope of glossy ice, and beyond and above that a series of steps and jagged points, forming about such a plateau as a big heap of building-stone would make, only here the fragments were larger.

All four going to the top of the first slope, pulled the boat upward until the forward runners were just balanced on the crest. Then a hook on one of the ropes came loose; four young people fell sprawling; and the boat dropped backward with a rush to the very bottom of the ridge, where it upset.

"Now," said Aleck, when they had set the boat upright again, and found nothing broken—"now let us take out all the loose stuff and so lighten her as much as we can."

This was done.

"We three fellows," was the Captain's next order, "will drag her up again, and Katy must go behind with the boat-hook and stick it into the ice behind the boat to hold it, whenever it shows any signs of stopping. Now, everybody be careful."

The steady pulling, with Katy's pushing and guiding, got the front runners safely over the edge of the sloping side, and gave them a chance to rest. But when they tried to move it forward enough to bring the stern up, the boat couldn't be budged, because the ice in front was so full of ruts and ridges.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE DIVER: HIS ARMOR AND HIS WORK.

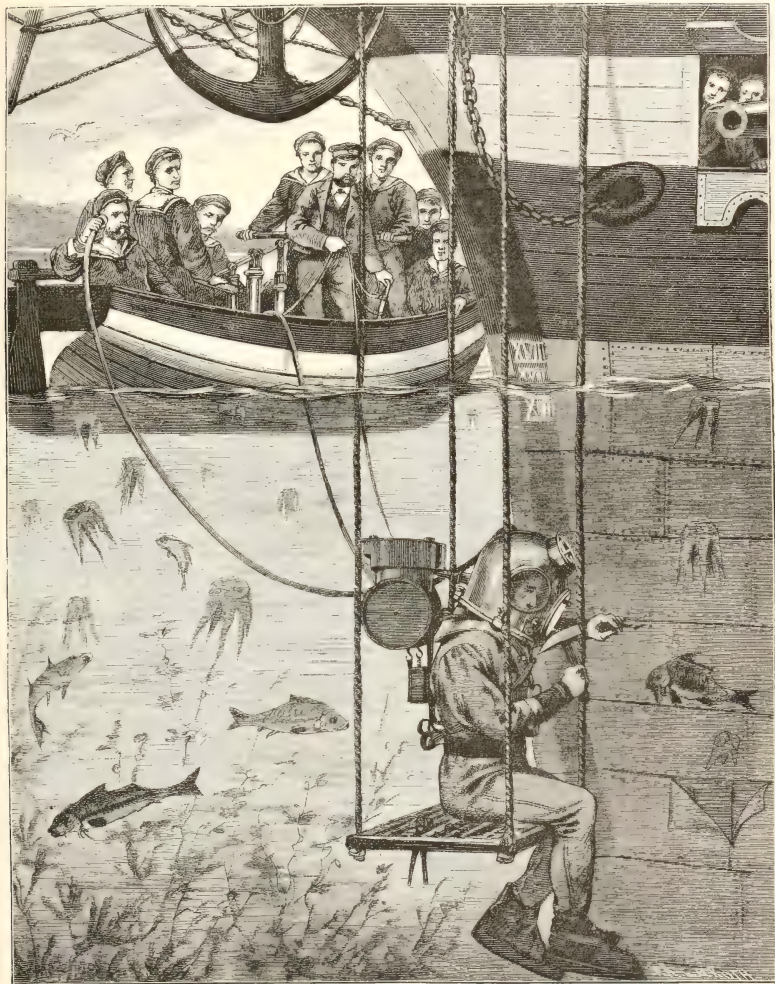
BY ARTHUR LINDSLEY.

THE sight of this strange, grotesque-looking figure brings forcibly to my mind the day when I first saw a diver, and the scene as it was then before me. It was a bright sunny morning, and I was looking out from a broad wharf over the smooth waters of New York Harbor.

A ship loaded with iron had sprung a leak while lying by the side of the wharf preparing to discharge her cargo, and had sunk to the bottom. Knowing that professional divers had come, with their armor and appliances, to examine the leak and make preparations for stopping it, so as to allow the cargo and ship to be raised, I had gone down to the wharf to witness the curious sight.

When I reached the place nothing special was to be seen. There lay the ship under water, the bulwarks at the sides rising above it; her hatchways were open, and I could look down through the clear water with which she was filled into the dark hold. As I looked I saw something moving around away down in the darkness. It seemed to be a man stooping over at some sort of work. Presently he stood up straight, and gave a strong pull at a rope which led up through the hatchway.

This was a signal to a steam hoisting engine on the wharf, which at once began puffing away, and slowly and steadily up through the water came a heavy mass of iron bars, to which the diver below had made fast a chain, and thus the engine lifted them and landed them safely on the wharf. The chain was lowered for a new load, the diver made it fast again, and more bars were raised. But when this second lot started, the diver came with it. He wished for further instruction as to his work from the man on the wharf who had it in charge, and so he took hold of the chain, and was raised with the load of iron.



A DIVER AT WORK REPAIRING A VESSEL'S SHEATHING.

His strange-looking head, of course, first presented itself, and the drawing shows it to you completely. A copper dome, with three round plates of glass, inside which the man's face and head could be indistinctly seen: that was the first; then came his shoulders, with that curious

knapsack on them. Presently, when the engine had lifted him high enough, he loosed his hold of the chain, and stepped off slowly upon the deck.

From his neck to his feet he was clothed in India rubber; not such thin material as you see made into cloaks



and water-proof coats, etc., but thick and strong like heavy leather. This dress was in two parts—trousers and jacket, which were buckled one to the other at the waist in such a manner that not a drop of water could enter. Over the line where these were joined was fastened a broad belt. In this was a number of tools.

To the neck of his jacket was riveted a firm collar of copper, and to this collar his helmet was secured with screws so as to be perfectly water-tight. You see, therefore, that no matter how deep or how long he might be beneath the surface, he was always as dry as though walking about on the land. He wore no shoes, because the bottoms of his trousers, all in one piece, were formed so as to fit his feet like boots, and to them were secured soles, not of leather, but of *lead*. I think that each of them must have weighed very nearly fifteen pounds.

Two of the attendants, going up to him, loosened the necessary screws, and then with great care and no small effort lifted off his clumsy helmet, and a fine-looking, intelligent man was there in the place of that great, ungainly dome. He did not seem in the least uncomfortable; his face was not even flushed or heated. He at once began to make his report to the agent or master workman, and in a few minutes was perfectly ready to resume his helmet and descend into the hold for his work.

Now let us see what all this means. It means an attempt to fight against the powers of Nature, and the attempt is an entirely successful one up to a certain point; beyond that all our wisdom will not take us. It is an effort to work under water. This is sometimes exceedingly important. But you well know that you can not open your mouth under the water without danger of drowning if you attempt to breathe, and you also know that if, when you are swimming, you try to dive to the bottom, even though it be but a few feet, there is great difficulty in doing it, for the water floats you up so strongly.

These, then, are the things to be done: the workman must be able to remain beneath the surface a reasonable length of time (the longer the better), he must have weight to keep him there, and he must have his eyes, feet, and hands free for use. Many plans have been devised to accomplish this. Diving-bells of various patterns were made and used, but they were all so troublesome and so imperfect in their working that they have given place entirely to what is now known as diving armor.

You see now the meaning of those leaden soles: they were to sink him to the bottom, and to hold him there solidly, and at the small depth at which this man was to do his work they, together with his head-piece and the tools he carried, were sufficient for the purpose, assisted as they were by the other parts of his dress. But if it had been necessary for him to go to the bottom where the water was very deep, he would have had a breastplate and back-piece of strong copper, and to each of them would have been securely fastened perhaps fifteen or twenty pounds of lead, while inside his jacket would have been stout braces of copper, which, assisted by the breastplate and back-piece, would have protected his chest from the pressure of the water, and thus enabled him to breathe more easily.

But all this only carries the diver down to the place of his work, and unless he has air supplied him he will die, and that very speedily. Do you see his knapsack? Curious affair: is it not?—one pipe leading into it, and another going from his knapsack into his helmet. But this is his apparatus for breathing, and it is upon that that his ability to remain under water and to do his work depends. It is the one feature which makes the real value of the modern diving armor. It was planned and worked into its present form by Mr. A. Liebe between 1839 and 1843, while engaged upon the wreck of the famous English ship of war the *Royal George*, the story of which was told you in *YOUNG PEOPLE* No. 115. He made it so complete that there has been very little improvement since that time.

In the picture you see two sailors working the air-pump. By means of this they force fresh air down constantly into the "knapsack," from which it passes into the helmet, and so gives the diver pure air to breathe. The air, which has been rendered foul by breathing, passes out by the other tube, or valve rather, in the back of the helmet, so as not to allow the bubbles to come in his way. The only object of the "knapsack" was to act as a sort of regulator, and it has been found unnecessary, and is now little used.

Having air supplied to him so easily and so freely, you might suppose that a diver could descend to any depth he wished, and remain as long as he wished. But this is not so. I told you that the one I saw seemed entirely comfortable, but that was only because he had been so very few feet under water. If he had come up from a great depth, I should have found that his face was flushed and excited, and that he had plainly been breathing with difficulty, and the difficulty would have been in proportion to the depth to which he had been and the length of time he had been there.

The pressure of the water increases with the depth, and the air inside his helmet feels all that pressure. The re-



DIVING ARMOR.



sult is that a limit is reached, though it is greatly in advance of anything ever done by the old diving-bells. In removing the cargo of the ship *Cape Horn*, on the coast of South America, a diver is stated to have gone down several times 201 feet, and to have remained forty-two minutes. At depths of sixty-five to eighty-five feet men have often been down two hours at a time.

But it is hard and dangerous work, and the poor divers pay for it eventually with their lives. Their lungs are injured by such pressure, and their health is destroyed, and yet plenty of men are always ready to undertake it. This, however, is remarkably true of every occupation which causes more than common risk to life.

Our picture shows you one of the sorts of work done by the divers. This ship has had her copper sheathing torn and injured; the diver is nailing it fast again, or putting on new pieces, as may be needed. This is an easy matter, and he is but a little below the surface. Often he has to go down beneath the keel of the ship, or, worse still, down among the timbers of a wreck, and perhaps draw out and secure the dead bodies of those who have been drowned.

Divers sometimes have strange experiences, and it is always to me a matter of interest to talk with them. I had opportunity afterward to see this one whose dress and movements I have been describing. I found him a very intelligent man, evidently truthful, and quite willing to converse as to his strange mode of work. One of my questions was whether he had ever met with any accident or adventure when under the water.

"Yes, I have. Once I was frightened in earnest. In fact, I was in real danger, and the only wonder is that I am here now to tell you of it. It was just three years ago. I was in shoal water, in still water, close by a city wharf, and yet I escaped 'by the skin of my teeth.' It was at South Brooklyn. A Danish brig had come in leaking badly, having been injured in the ice on the Banks. She sunk about fifty feet before reaching the wharf. I went down as usual, made my examination, and was about to return to the surface, when all at once I found that I could not move.

"At first I thought little of it; felt, in fact, no alarm at all. The same thing had often happened before, and I had succeeded in working loose. But this time things went badly. It took me some little while before I could find out what the difficulty really was, but at length it became plain that my signal line had caught on something which was solid and strong, and which was several feet above my head. I tried all I knew how to reach the point where it was jammed, but it was of no use, and then I began to be alarmed. Of course I could give no signal to the men in the boat, and I found that my strength was fast going, and then it went faster because of the fright. My only hope was that those above would learn that something was wrong, and would draw me up. My fright increased terribly, and of course that only added to my danger, when, to my intense relief, I found that I was being drawn up.

"I well knew that this could not be too quickly, for I was almost gone. You may judge of my terror when I found myself stopped, and once more fast by my line. It was too much for me in my exhausted condition, and I lost my consciousness. When I recovered I was in the boat, and my helmet was off.

"The story was soon told; they had wondered at my long quietness, had tried the signal line, and found it fast; had at once started to hoist me to the surface, and when the rope stopped them, had cut it. That is all, except that when we had the brig raised we found the piece of the line so solidly jammed on those two bolt-heads that we could free it only by cutting it to pieces."

I remarked to him that, after such a danger and alarm, I only wondered how he could ever venture under water again, but he made small account of it. He said he was under the bottom of that same brig the very next day.

## LITTLE VIGG'S ADVENTURE.

A Christmas Story

BY VICTOR RYDBERG.

*Translated from the Swedish by H. E. G.*

### II.

VIGG was very quiet for a moment, and then he said, "All the others have received Christmas gifts: have you none for me?"

"Oh, you can wait till you come home to Mother."

"No, you Sprite, let me see my gifts now," said Vigg, impatiently.

"Well, then, see here," said the Sprite; and he turned about in the sleigh and took out of the chest a pair of thick woollen stockings.

"Is there not anything else?" asked Vigg.

"Should these not be welcome? You have holes in your stockings."

"Oh, Mother could have mended them. When you gave the King's sons and the others such beautiful things, could you not have given me some such things also?"

The Sprite answered not a word, but put the stockings back into the chest, and looked serious.

The rest of the journey was still, and neither spoke. Vigg sulked and stuck out his lips, and envied the King's sons their gifts, and was angry about the woollen stockings. The Sprite sat silently beside him.

And so they came to a steep mountain, where they got out of the sleigh. The Sprite gave Rapp and Snapp, Nätt and Lätt, each his oat-cake. After that he knocked on the mountain-side, which opened. He took Vigg by the right hand and went in, but they had not gone many steps when Vigg became afraid, because in there it was awful.

It would have been pitch-dark but for the piercing eyes of the adders and poisonous toads that slunk and crawled along the sides of the jutting rocks.

"I want to go home to Mother!" screamed Vigg.

"*Svensk gosse?*" said the Sprite, winking.

Then Vigg was silent.

When they had gone a little further the Sprite pointed to a green monster that sat on a stone, and turned its round eyes upon Vigg.

"How do you like that toad?" asked the Sprite.

"It is horrible," said Vigg.

"But you brought it here," said the Sprite. "Do you see how big and swelled it looks? That is because it is full of discontent and envy."

"Did you say that I brought it here?"

"Yes, certainly. You envied the King's son his gifts, and sneered at those I wished in kindness to give you. For every evil thought that is cherished by any one there comes a toad or an adder here because of it."

"Oh, that is dreadful!" said Vigg, and he was now ashamed.

They went along through many crooks and corners, deeper and deeper into the mountain, and as they turned the last corner Vigg saw a large glittering room before him. At one end of it sat the Mountain King on his golden throne. He was clad in a mantle of velvet, strewn with gems. He looked very sad. On a smaller throne by his side sat his daughter, clad in silver garments. She was even more sad than the King.

In the middle of the room hung scales, and around them stood the mountain sprites. Before the King's throne stood countless numbers of gnomes from all the farms and houses for many miles around, who told all about what the people in each house had thought, said, and done during the year. And for each good thought and action the mountain sprites laid something in one scale pan, and for each bad thought and action they laid a toad or an adder in the other.

"Do you know, Vigg," whispered the Sprite, "why the



"OVER HIM LEANED MOTHER GERTRUD."

The Christmas Sprite now told how poor Mother Gertrud on the moor had taken that fatherless and motherless little Vigg to her home; how she made mats and brushes, and sold them to the country store-keeper in the village to earn food for him; how she sewed and mended his clothes; how she prayed to God every night when he went to bed; and how this day early in the cold winter's morning she had gone a long way to the village (only to gladden his heart) to buy a three-branched candle and other things for him.

When the Sprite told all this, the mountain gnomes laid goodness in the scales, and the green toad sprang out and hopped away. And the beautiful princess's eyes filled with tears, and Vigg sobbed aloud.

Yes, he cried so loud that he woke up. The mountain and its crystal chamber all had vanished, and he lay in his bed in the hut on the moor.

The brightest Christmas fire sparkled in the fireplace, and over him leaned Mother Gertrud, who said:

"Poor little Vigg, that had to stay here so long alone in the dark. I could not come home before, the way is so long, but now I have the candle and the white-bread and peppercake with me, and also a cake which you in the morning shall give to the sparrows. And see here," continued Mother Gertrud, "here you have a pair of woollen stockings that I have made for a Christmas gift to you, and a pair of leather shoes, so that you shall not need to go in wooden shoes on Christmas-day."

Vigg had long wished for a pair of leather shoes, and now he looked at them on all sides with glad eyes. But he looked longer at the woollen stockings, for he thought that they were exactly the same as he had seen in the Sprite's chest. He threw his arms about Mother Gertrud's neck and said,

"Thanks, mother, for the stockings, and for the leather shoes, and—for the stockings!"

And now the frying-pan was set over the fire, and a white table-cloth spread on the table, and Mother Gertrud lit the pretty three-branched candle.

Vigg jumped about in his new stockings and leather shoes. Sometimes he went to the window and looked out over the wide moor, wondering and hardly knowing what to think about that journey he had taken. But of one thing he was certain: Mother Gertrud was kind; so was the Christmas Sprite, and Christmas is a happy day.

Outside, the thousands of stars shone down upon the silent moor, and in the little lonely hut were cheerful fire-light, happy, warm hearts, and Christmas gladness.

THE END.

princess is so sick? She will die if she does not soon come out of the mountain, because she longs to breathe the heaven's pure air, and see the sun and stars' golden light. And she has been promised that if she sees heaven's light she shall see the angels, and become one of them. She sighs and longs, but out of the mountain she will never go until that Christmas-eve on which the scale of goodness descends to the floor, and the scale of badness to the ceiling. But now you see that the scales hang even."

He had hardly said this when he also was called before the King to relate what he had seen.

He had not a little to say, and it was nearly all good news, because he told only of his round on Christmas-day; and he had on that day in memory of that Child's birth, through whom goodness and mercy in all ages reign, begged the people to be friendly to each other.

But what the Sprite said about Vigg and his woollen stockings I will not, for his sake, say, but I can not deny that one of the sprites laid the large green toad that Vigg had seen before in the scale of badness, and it weighed very much. And every eye (except the kind Christmas sprites who looked another way), the King, princess, mountain sprites, gnomes, etc., fastened on Vigg, and all were either stern or sad; but the eyes of the Princess were so mild and pitying that Vigg put his hands over his face, and could not look up.







THE MERRY SIX

Here we come, the Merry Six,  
Making all the noise we can.  
(You'll tell our names you may,  
Ted is "Papa's little man";  
Bob is "Mamma's noisiest boy";  
"Tom the Piper," they call me.  
Each of us has got a name,  
And our portraits here you see.

May is "Mamma's greatest help";  
Dor is the "loveliest of boys";  
Santa Claus gave Jack a drum—  
My! the racket and the noise.  
But they say they love us all,  
With our capers and our tricks;  
That they couldn't live at all  
If they lost their Merry Six.

I do not go to school,  
but have lessons each  
day at home. I  
study reading, spell-  
ling, writing, and ar-  
ithmetic, and my pa-  
pa, who is a teacher,  
hears my lessons ev-  
ery evening after he  
gets home. I have  
no real live pets this  
winter, yet I have  
many playthings and  
a number of dolls. I  
had a kitten last sum-  
mer. I called her  
Snowball; but she  
went away and never  
came back. I have  
taken Young People  
over two years, and  
love to read the let-  
ters in the Post-  
Office Box. The best  
amusement I have is reading. I love to read, and  
I try to read well. Papa says that there are very  
few good readers in these days. You must be so,  
for papa ought to know. I am collecting  
what I call a gift library, and I wish that each lit-  
tle reader of Young People, whose parents con-  
sent, would send me a little book with his or her  
name in front (direct to Elsie M. Carnwright,  
High Woods, Ulster Co., N. Y.). I will send each  
one a letter in return. My dear mamma writes  
this for me, as I can not write very well.

ETHEL.

PARKS, MINNESOTA.

I thought I would try and write a letter to the  
Post-Office Box. I am thirteen years old, and live  
a mile and a half west of Paris. It is too far for  
me to go to school, so I study at home and recite  
to my papa, who has four pets, and which are a  
little black kitten, and every morning it comes  
upstairs to wake me up. Mamma and papa have  
gone away to spend three or four days, and my  
papa has a sleeping house. We never keep  
house alone before, but I think we will get along  
all right.

GRACIE P.

I hope mamma approved of all her little house-  
keepers did in her absence. It is a great comfort  
to a mother who has little daughters to know that  
they are not afraid of being responsible. That is  
a long word, it is not, Gracie, but its meaning is  
quite simple. It means only this: that when your  
name is called you are always ready to answer,  
and when you have a duty to perform, people  
may depend upon your doing it without delay,  
and as well as you possibly can.

Here is a letter in rhyme from an aggrieved lit-  
tle woman, who will feel better when she sees it  
in print.

PALO PINTO, TEXAS.

DEAR POSTMASTER:  
You treated your little girl badly,  
And she felt very, very sadly.  
I wrote you a dear little letter;  
Now, please, I'll try to do better.  
You did not put it in our book.  
For every week I'd look and look  
To see if it I there could find;  
So you to me have not been kind.

My age is now just nine;  
My hair is yellow and curly like  
I have a little brother Joe.  
And he is ever so sweet, I know.  
I have two little sheep,  
And they jump and leap,  
And skip and play about,  
As if for joy they would like to shout.

I have a little dog named Colley,  
And she is really smart and jolly;  
She is very cute and small,  
And not so very, very tall.  
She sleeps on a rug at night,  
And gets up early and bright.  
But of all my pets, Joe is the sweetest,  
But mamma says I am the neatest.

Little Joe was two years old  
On the 18th of December cold.  
Now dear Postmaster, I wish you well,  
And to all the little children tell  
That love is sent to them from  
LILLY BELL

NEW YORK CITY.

I am a little doll. I wish I were alive. I lay  
for a long time in a glass case, when one day a  
little girl and her mother came into the shop.  
They bought me and took me home.  
The girl's mother dressed me, and now I have a mam-  
ma of my own. My mamma has a pet called  
Snap. He does not like me. He tries to pull me  
out of my mamma's arms when he goes to drive  
with in the Park, and barks when she hugs and  
kisses me; but I don't mind Snap. Sometimes he  
drags me out of bed and  
down off the floor, and poor little mamma has  
to chase him all around to keep him from eating

me up. He bit a piece in my arm, and she will  
cry when she finds it out.  
A POON UNPILLY DOLL.

KONA, HAWAII, SANDWICH ISLANDS.

I can read and spell. I know Latin too. I have  
a horse, and can ride if I papa is walking along-  
side of it. Mamma can ride it. I think there are  
birds in the place where gentle people live. There  
are flowers there, so there must be honey; well,  
honey must be eaten, so birds must be there to eat it.  
I know some of the multiplication table now,  
and can tell you the different parts of the flowers.  
Papa calls it botany. Love and kisses from  
HAROLD.

Harold sent me some lovely Christmas cards,  
which came safely over all the long miles, and  
for which I return my thanks. I hope he will  
soon be able to ride his pony without needing  
papa to walk beside him.

PARADISE FURNACE, PENNSYLVANIA.

I thought I would write to you again. I wrote  
once before, and did not see my letter in the pa-  
per. I would like to see how it looks among all  
the rest of the letters. There are some very nice  
letters in the Post-office Box. I enjoy reading them  
very much. I have no sister, but have four  
brothers. I am the oldest; I am fourteen years  
old. I live with my papa and mamma in the  
winter. There are hardly ever more than  
fourteen or fifteen scholars at our school.

EMMA E. P.

NORWICH, CONNECTICUT.

"I think 'The Lost City' is as interesting as  
"Dick and D." I have three chameleons for  
pets. They turn green, and when they are in a  
large red bag hangs from their necks. They  
don't very often turn green in the daytime, but  
mostly at night when asleep. I feed them on  
flies and water. Soon after we got them I was  
very anxious to see them eat, and when I was  
waiting for one to eat a fly I saw his head going  
up and down. I watched a few minutes, and  
suddenly he snapped at the fly so quickly that it  
made me scream. I have seen but one letter  
from Norwich, and hope this will be printed.

EVELYN N.

NORTH ARM, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

I am a little boy nine years old. I have taken  
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since last June, and like  
it very much. I have not seen a letter from  
British Columbia yet, and I wish to hear from  
you. We live on a farm on Lulu Island, near  
the mouth of the Fraser River. At some seasons  
we live high tides, when the water rises above  
the river banks. We have dikes from four to  
five feet high to keep it from overflowing all our  
fields. There are great numbers of wild geese  
and ducks here, also deer. I have shot a fine  
deer in the river just in front of our house last  
year. We have fifty cows. Sometimes in sum-  
mer I go on horseback and bring them in to be  
milked. I like to work, and I like to read. I  
ought to be a farmer. My father has a small  
steamboat that runs to New Westminster every  
day. I often take a trip on her. I go to school  
every day. We have a fine school in the fore-  
noon, and one hour at noon. We play  
at whatever games we please in the school yard.  
School opens at 9 A.M. and closes at 3 P.M. I  
have two sisters and one brother younger than  
myself. We have one pet that we all take much  
interest in—a little guinea pig. Its color is  
brownish and white. I should like to see Jimmy  
Brown, who writes the funny stories.

JIMMY S.

I am glad to introduce Jimmy S. to the rest of  
the boys, and I hope sometime he will write again  
and tell us more about life in British Columbia.

WILMANSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little girl nine years old. I have two  
except two old cats, a canary bird, and two dolls.  
Last spring we had five kittens and two cat-fish,  
but they are all gone now. One of my dolls is  
tiny and the other is a big one. I have a very  
kind music teacher, gave them to me, all dressed,  
as a reward for having learned Beethoven's  
"Spring" to play at a musicale. My large doll  
has an Italian costume, a silk dress, and a bonnet  
to match, which she wears to church, a white  
Swiss for afternoons, and a cambric for every-  
day. The dresses are made like those of real  
grown-up people, even to the buttons and bot-  
tom-holes. Was not my teacher kind to take so  
much trouble? I am now studying Chopin's  
second Nocturne.

ETHEL S.

GUTHRIE, COLORADO.

I live in Colorado, right at the foot of the  
mountains. They are very beautiful both in sum-  
mer and winter. In the summer they are a per-  
fect garden of flowers of every color, from the  
palest blue and pink to the most brilliant scar-  
let and purple. One can pick a large bouquet and  
not have a flower of the same color. The flowers  
are touched with frost, the wild strawberries,  
sumac, and scrub ash are bright red, the cotton-  
wood yellow, and there are bright purple asters,

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

DEAR little Antonio, who writes the first let-  
ter in the Post-office Box this week, is kept, I  
fear, a bit too busy with his studies and his music.  
I wish I could hear him play the piano, and I'd like  
in return to challenge him to a good old-fashion-  
ed game of snow-ball; and I wish he had some  
boys of his own age to play with.

VENICE, CALIF.

I do not go to school, but have a teacher at  
home. I get up at seven o'clock, and at eight I  
am in class, where I stay until ten. During that  
time I get my French lessons and do my arith-  
metic. As there are only two in the class, my  
sister and I, we work very hard. At ten I go to  
breakfast, and at eleven I take my music lesson  
with my mamma. At twelve I go to class, and  
mamma and sister, and on feast days I play till  
half-past four. After this I practice the piano  
till five, so I have very little time for recreation.  
In the evening I play at games with my papa,  
mamma, and sister, and on feast days I sometimes  
go to see the processions. They call me the  
bright boy, but I wish I could play more, for I  
am not yet eight years old. I have plenty of  
toys, but I have no other little boy to play with.  
I like the pictures in Young People.

ANTONIO G.

BRIDGEVIEW, NEW YORK.

I am twelve years old, and I am one of your  
Young Housekeepers. Every Christmas a lady  
and I send a Christmas-box to some little boys in  
Colorado. We find out their names from the  
school papers, and some Christmas cards. I take  
great pleasure in reading the Post-office Box, and  
in fact, all of the stories. I am very glad Mrs.  
Lillie is going to write again. I wish I could  
write another story like "Nan." I will tell  
you about my pets, though I have but few, be-  
cause I am getting too large. I have a cat, a bird,  
five dolls, and all number of books, which I call  
my sweetest pets. I am studying to be an elocu-  
tioneer. I take music lessons, and am going to  
take painting lessons as soon as I am able.

EVELYN M.

You are a busy little woman, with so many  
studies and engagements. Your Christmas-box  
must have given you great pleasure.

ETHEL M.

COLUMBIA, OHIO.

The two letters from Nelly M. H. of the Girls'  
Industrial Home, Delaware, Ohio, have been pe-  
rused with unusual interest. I am now writing  
to you to express my thanks for the thanks of  
those letters, for I can understand and appreciate  
the pleasure and encouragement you have  
given to one of the hundreds of girls in the Home.  
It is in the Home that I have had the special  
pleasure of reading your letters, and I can only  
visit this institution. When visitors are present,  
a special entertainment is given in the beautiful  
chapel. The rows of bright faces and sparkling  
eyes are a pretty sight. The eager response to  
Scripture lessons, and the declamations and sing-  
ing—many voices giving promise of rare talent—  
amply repay a visit.

M. C. H.

ALBANY, PENNSYLVANIA.

We are a little girl and boy, ten and twelve  
years old. Louis takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,  
and Minnie reads Young People. We like to read  
especially "The Lost City," Jimmy Brown's,  
Lucy C. Lillie's, and James Otis's stories. We  
have no pets, except a dear little brother, whom  
we call "Johnny Smoker," but his right name is  
Harry. Louis spent the holidays with our aunt in  
Steubenville, Ohio. In our school we are taking  
a paper published in Pittsburgh, each of the  
children has one, and we get one every month. Each  
copy has the biography of a different author, and  
selections from his works. We had a literary so-  
ciety, which met once a week, of which Louis was  
President. It is now given up. With a happy  
New-Year, we remain your true friends,  
MINNIE and LOUIS A.

HIGH WOODS, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl not quite eight years old. I live  
in the country, and am very lonesome at times.





## HEART, DART, AND KEY.

CUT out of card-board a heart, dart, and key, somewhat similar to those shown in Fig. 1, only about twice the size. The black lines on the heart represent slits cut with a sharp knife

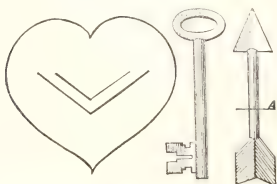


FIG. 1.

to form a tongue, which can be moved up and down. The head and feather of the dart should be considerably larger across than the hole cut out of the key handle.

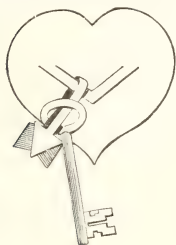


FIG. 2.

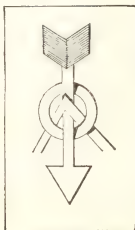


FIG. 3.

The puzzle is to link the pieces together as shown in Fig. 2.

The pieces may not be torn, rolled, or folded; but the dart has to be bent across the middle of the shaft (about at A in Fig. 1),

in order that the key may be drawn down the shaft. The heart may be bent, but not folded.

An improvement on this puzzle is to cut a tongue, dart, and ring, and to link them together as shown in Fig. 3.

In this form of the puzzle a card is substituted for the heart, and a ring for the key. The dart is the same as before, but it is not to be bent. The dart and ring in this variation may be cut out of sheet metal, or other material of an unyielding nature, so that they can not be rolled or folded. The card may be bent, but not folded.

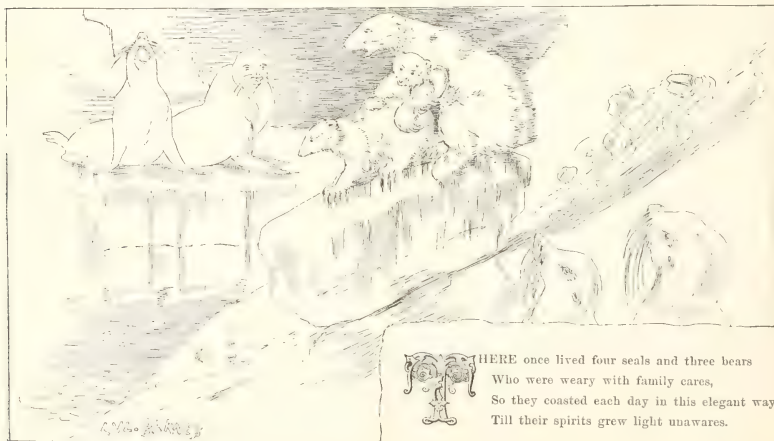
## BOOKS MADE OF CLAY.

FAR away beyond the plains of Mesopotamia, on the banks of the river Tigris, lie the ruins of the ancient city of Nineveh. Not long since huge mounds of earth and stone marked the place where the palaces and walls of the proud capital of the great Assyrian empire stood. The spade, first of the Frenchman, then of the Englishman, has cleared all the earth away, and laid bare all that remains of the old streets and palaces where the princes of Assyria walked and lived. The gods they worshipped and the books they read have all been revealed to the sight of a wondering world. The most curious of all the curious things preserved in this wonderful manner are the clay books of Nineveh.

The chief library of Nineveh was contained in the palace of Konyunjik. The clay books which it contains are composed of sets of tablets covered with very small writing. The tablets are oblong in shape, and when several of them are used for one book, the first line of the tablet following was written at the end of the one preceding it. The writing on the tablets was of course done when the clay was soft, and then it was baked to harden it. Then each tablet or book was numbered, and assigned to a place in the library with a corresponding number, so that the librarian could readily find it, just as our own librarians of to-day number the books we read.

Among these books are to be found collections of hymns (to the gods), descriptions of animals and birds, stones and vegetables, as well as history, travels, etc., etc. Perhaps those little Ninevite children of long ago took the same delight that the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE do in stories of the birds, beasts, and insects of Assyria.

The Assyrians and Babylonians were great students of astronomy. The method of telling time by the sun, and of marking it by the instrument called a sun-dial, was invented by the latter nation. None of our modern clocks and watches can be compared to the sun-dial for accuracy. Indeed, we have to regulate our modern inventions by the old Babylonian one.



HERE once lived four seals and three bears

Who were weary with family cares,  
So they coasted each day in this elegant way  
Till their spirits grew light unawares.

# HARPER'S

# YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 222

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Tuesday, January 29, 1884

Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$1.50 per Year, in Advance.



"OH! THEY'VE SEEN US" HE CRIED.—SEE STORY ON PAGE 194.

## ADRIFT IN THE BAY.

BY ELIOT McCORMICK

I.

"LAURA!"

"Laura! where are my skates?"

"Oh, Laura, won't you come here for a minute?"

One of the voices came from down-stairs, another from the floor above, and a third from the next room. Laura smiled as she laid down her sewing, and answered the last call, which was that of her little sister.

"What is it, Nellie?" she asked.

The little girl looked up with a flushed face.

"Oh, Laura!" she exclaimed, "I can't get this right at all, and I'm afraid Tom will see it if I come in there."

Laura took up the little girl's fancy-work, which was sadly wrong, and straightened it out so that Nellie could go on with it herself.

"Do you want me to help you with it, dear?" she asked.

"Do you think you can get it done all alone?"

Nellie nodded her curly head positively.

"Oh, I can get it done, Laura," she said; "I wouldn't have you help me for anything; it wouldn't be my present then. And there's all the afternoon yet. Won't Tom be surprised?"

Laura smiled.

"Yes, dear, I think he will. Now I must go and see what he wants."

As Laura re-entered the front room by one door, Willie rushed in by the other.

"Oh, Laura," he cried; "the fellows are going to have a picnic party on the ice this afternoon, and stay out till nine o'clock. It's moonlight, you know; can't I stay too?"

Laura hesitated for a moment.

"It's Christmas-eve, you know, Willie," she said.

"Oh, well," he said, "that don't make any difference."

We don't have the tree till to-morrow. Please, Laura, mayn't I?"

"What does Tom say about it?" turning to her next younger brother, who stood by the window, absently leaning his face against the pane.

He turned quickly around.

"What is that?" he asked.

"Willie wants to stay up to the Park till nine o'clock," she said.

Tom's face clouded.

"Will Rentoul be there?" he asked.

Willie moved uneasily away. "Well, what if he is?" he said. "Rentoul's as good as Winthrop, I guess."

Laura laid her hand upon the little fellow's shoulder, while a sick feeling came into her heart.

"That isn't kind, Willie," she said; "besides, I don't want you to go with Pete Rentoul."

Willie's eyes were fixed on the floor, while Tom, a little sorry, perhaps, that he had interfered, hastened to make up.

"Oh, let him go, Laura," he said. "Rentoul isn't bad; he's only heedless. Besides, I'll be there myself; that is, if you don't mind."

Willie grinned all over his mischievous face, as he turned toward the door, taking his sister's consent for granted.

"I'll be there too, Laura," he said. "I'll take care that he and Winthrop don't get into any trouble."

When he had gone out, Laura turned to Tom, who had resumed his place at the window. "Is that so, Tom?" she asked; "are you going with Dick Winthrop again?"

His bright handsome face, as he turned around, showed a little annoyance. "That's what I was going to speak to you about," he said, "only Will got ahead of me. I shan't see him this afternoon, though; he's gone to Staten Island."

Laura looked troubled. "Tom dear," she said, "you remember a year ago?"

Tom nodded. "Yes," he said, "I haven't forgotten that; but Dick's different now, Laura, and I want you to get a hold on him. If you'll only do as much for him as you've done for the other boys, and for me too," he added, softly, "he'll be quite another fellow in a year."

Laura could not doubt the frank honesty of his voice. "Well, Tom," she said, "I'll leave it all to you. If you think you can do him good, and he won't do you any harm, I haven't anything to say."

"And may he come to the Christmas-tree with the other fellows to-morrow night, Laura?"

It was a little hard, but Laura, having yielded so much, would not stop at this. "Yes, Tom; I don't mind."

He turned to go out, but stopped with his hand on the door. "You're awfully good, Laura," he said, with the suspicion of a break in his voice. "Even if mamma had lived she couldn't have done any more for us."

Laura looked up gratefully. "Thank you, dear," she said; "if I can do half as well as mamma, I shall be contented."

"Good-by, then," and slamming the door behind him, Tom was off to the Park.

Laura went back to her seat with a little anxiety at her heart. Tom would look after Willie; she need not disturb herself about him. But who would look out after Tom? It was just a year ago that he had shaken off Dick Winthrop; was he going to take the boy up again now? And if he did, would Tom be misled as he had been before? She could not help feeling concerned, especially as their father was too busy to look after the boys, and all the care fell upon her. The doubt troubled her all the afternoon, and did not leave her in the evening while she watched for the boys' return.

A little after nine the door opened and Tom came in.

"Is Will home yet?" he asked.

Laura looked up in surprise. "Why, no," she said.

"Didn't he come with you?"

Tom shook his head. "I haven't seen him all the afternoon," he said. "I supposed he staid home."

"Nor Rentoul either?" Laura asked, in alarm.

"Neither one of them. I'll go around to Rentoul's house and see if he is there."

In five minutes he was back, looking frightened himself. "They're not there," he said. "Pete hasn't been home since three o'clock."

Laura rose up, pale and scared, as her father entered the room.

"Oh, papa!" she cried, "what shall we do? Willie is surely lost."

## II.

That same afternoon Pete Rentoul was standing in front of his house watching people slip and fall on a slide which he had concealed with snow, when Willie Safford came along.

"Did your sister say you might stay out?" he asked.

Willie nodded. "Tom's going to look after me," he said, with a grin.

"He'll have to look pretty sharp, then," said Pete.

"I'm going to New York."

Willie opened his eyes. "New York!" he exclaimed.

"I thought we were going to the Park."

"We can do that after we come back," said Pete. "My pop gave me two dollars to buy Christmas presents with, and I'm going over to spend it."

"But you can get just as nice things in Brooklyn," urged Willie.

Pete frowned. "Oh no, you can't," he said. "New York's the place for bargains. Look at this. Here's an advertisement I cut out of to-day's paper—'Solid gold rings, eighteen karats fine, fifty cents; gold-mounted onyx



sleeve-buttons, twenty-five cents a pair—and no end of other things just as cheap. I'm going over to that place to get something. How many pairs of sleeve-buttons could I get for two dollars?"

Both boys thought vigorously for a minute.

"Twenty-five into two hundred goes how many times?" asked Willie.

"Six, isn't it? or eight? Well, I could get enough for all the folks, and a pair for the cook besides. I guess, though, I'll get two pairs, and buy a revolver for myself."

Willie stared again. "A revolver!" he exclaimed.

Pete nodded, as though to him revolvers were an every-day thing.

"A six-shooter," he explained; "twenty-two calibre. I'll need it when I go out West. Come along, now; if we're going to get back to-night, there's no time to lose."

Willie walked along, wondering what Laura would say if she knew of his expedition. He had never been to New York alone in his life, and the idea of going over at Christmas-time, when the shop windows would be filled with beautiful things, was very tempting. He only feared that some one would interfere to prevent his going, and did not feel quite safe until he was on the ferry-boat and had pushed off from the shore.

Then the boys found that the river was full of floating ice, which was running rapidly up-stream, and in some places was so thick and heavy that the boat could not make headway at all. Looking up the river, there were no ferry-boats to be seen. As far as the great bridge there was only a wide snow-covered field of ice. Willie began to feel a little frightened. "How queer it looks!" he said.

Pete laughed. "Great fun! isn't it?" he said. "Suppose we get out and walk."

This, indeed, was what the people up the river seemed to be doing. At Fulton Ferry a narrow black line showed that foot-travellers were crossing on the ice. On the other side, toward Governor's Island, the river was still open, but the incoming tide was bringing in larger and larger pieces, and there was no telling when it might choke up. The bow of the boat crunched against the heavy cakes, sometimes splitting them, and then again recoiling with the shock. It was a new experience for Willie, and he did not altogether like it.

"I wish I hadn't come," he said.

Pete laughed again. "Why, it's immense!" he said; "it's like being up in the arctic regions. Just fancy you're on the *Jeannette*, caught in the ice. Oh, pshaw!" he exclaimed, as the boat drew near the ferry slip on the New York side, "we've got over too easily. I'd like to be out all night."

Willie looked grave. "Papa was out all one night last winter," he said; "he was nearly frozen to death."

"Oh, I wouldn't mind that!" declared Pete; "it's the easiest way to die. Come along, now." And stepping over the chain he leaped for the dock while they were yet as much as four feet away. Willie followed at a less perilous distance, and in a moment both boys were outside the ferry gate and running up the elevated railroad steps.

The place which advertised the jewelry and other great bargains was on Sixth Avenue. So they took the elevated road as far as Fourteenth Street, and getting out there walked along with the crowd. A few purchases were made, and then the boys walked along, looking in at the gayly dressed windows, and feeling as though they must be near the home of Santa Claus himself. One toy store window was particularly tempting.

"Oh, look at that doll!" Willie exclaimed; "wouldn't Nell go wild over that!"

For a small doll it was indeed a beauty, and the price, two dollars and a half, was not high.

"Nell would give her eyes for it," Willie went on, admiringly. "I wish I hadn't spent all my money."

Pete turned suddenly round. "Have you got anything left?" he asked.

After careful searching, Willie's pockets were found to contain sixty-five cents.

"Well, I tell you what," continued Pete, when this result was announced, "I don't care much about buying anything more for my people. We'll just put our money together, and buy the doll for Nellie."

Will opened his eyes in delighted surprise. "That will be immense!" he cried. "But I didn't know you thought as much of Nell as that."

"Oh, pshaw!" exclaimed the boy, finding his cheeks uncomfortably hot, as he led the way into the store; "Nellie's your sister, you know, and it will be just the same as if I gave a present to you."

"Yes," said Willie, doubtfully. He was thinking of the sleeve-buttons which Pete might have given him, and of the knife which he had meant to buy with his own money, neither of which he would now get. It was not altogether the same; but Nell was a good little thing, and he had meant to get her a present anyhow; so he followed Pete through the crowd, and after half an hour's delay both boys came out with the doll.

### III.

It was getting dark, and though the sun had not been powerful enough to make the day warm, it seemed colder now that its rays were gone. That, however, did not affect the crowd, which poured along the street in a never-ceasing procession. Pete and Will, for their part, concluded that it was time to go home. Their money was all spent, they had seen the sights, and if they did not get back soon there would be no time to skate. So they walked over to the Third Avenue Elevated, and rode down to Hamilton Ferry.

When they reached the ferry, they found the gates closed, and a crowd of people standing idly around.

"What's the matter?" asked Pete.

"Boats stopped," replied the man whom he had addressed; "river's blocked up with ice."

The boys looked at one another in alarm. "What shall we do?" asked Will.

"Let's go to Fulton Ferry," said Pete, moving off in that direction.

"But that isn't running. Don't you recollect, we saw them walking across there?"

Pete was already crossing over to South Street. "Oh, we'll get over somehow," he said.

It was fifteen minutes before they came to the foot of Fulton Street, and here too the ferry was closed; though at the end of the pier they saw a crowd, as though the people were still crossing the ice.

"Come ahead," said Pete, still leading the way.

They walked to the end of the pier, where a man was making a small fortune by letting persons climb down his ladder at a cent apiece, and looked for a moment at the strange sight. Across the river stretched a sheet of ice, covered with snow, and forming a natural bridge, over which, dimly seen in the twilight, streamed a long line of foot-travellers. To a boy of twelve it was a very inviting scene, and Pete, who had long been wildly anxious to cross the river in this way, resolved not to let the present chance slip.

"I'm going over," he said, moving toward the ladder as he spoke. "Come along, Will."

Willie followed hesitatingly. "Do you think it's safe?" he asked.

"Safe! Of course it's safe." He had already paid the two cents, and was rapidly descending the ladder. "Look out, now; don't tread on my hands."

Will was obliged to follow his more adventurous companion, though, as he went down, he heard some one above say, "Those boys oughtn't to go over; it's nearly ebb tide, and the ice may break up at any moment." Still,



GERTRUDE.

there were many others behind them, and the ice was yet firm.

They set off on a little trot, as everybody else was doing, and in a short time had left the New York shore some distance behind them.

"It's fine, isn't it?" exclaimed Pete, in delight. "Ain't you glad you came?"

Will looked around and shivered. "I don't know," he said. "I'd rather be home. Oh, Pete, what was that?"

A loud crack like the report of a gun had sounded just in front of them; then another was heard, and another, while before their feet and on either side the boys saw a yawning gap of water.

"The ice is breaking up!" Pete cried. "Run, Billy; it's our only chance."

They leaped across the crevice to the cake beyond, hurried over that until another crack appeared, jumped that, and were hurrying faster, when their steps were stayed by an opening wider than any they had yet crossed. Indeed, it was too wide for them to jump. By this time the ice was moving swiftly down-stream, and before they knew it the boys found themselves separated from all their late companions, while the current carried them rapidly toward the bay. For a moment they were too much bewildered to do anything; then, when his wits came back, Pete called out loudly for help.

There was no way, however, for help to come. The cakes were too widely parted for any one to cross from one to the other, while they were not yet broken up enough to allow the tug-boats to push through. Besides, it was now so dark that they could not be easily seen from a boat, and the ice was drifting so swiftly that within a few minutes they would be carried past Governor's Island. Meanwhile the frail raft rocked like a skiff, while the weight of the boys kept its surface beneath the water, which played around their ankles until they were numb with the cold, and could hardly stand. When at

length it was clear that all their cries were in vain, Willie's courage gave way, and he began to cry.

"We'll be drowned," he sobbed. "Oh, I wish I'd minded Laura, and staid at home!"

Pete bit his lips, and tried to seem brave. "Oh, come," he said, "we ain't going to drown. All I'm scared about is that the doll will get wet. I don't want to lose that two dollars, and I don't want Nell to be disappointed. My gracious!" he exclaimed, as the cake gave a lurch, "I came pretty near it that time."

They were now drifting with the tide through Butter-milk Channel. Presently they had left the island behind, and had come into rougher and more open water. The ice-floe rocked and plunged until it seemed that they must go over. All at once it parted in the middle.

"We're lost!" cried Will.

But Pete was looking the other way. "No, we're not," he exclaimed. "There's the Staten Island boat coming up. Oh! if I only knew some way to signal her!"

Willie turned quickly around. "Have you got a match?" he asked.

Pete answered by fishing out of his pocket half a dozen. "But there's nothing to burn," he said.

"Burn the doll!" cried Will. "She'll light up like tinder. Quick, now, or they won't see us!"

With trembling fingers Pete untied the wrappings and opened the box. Inside, done up in folds of tissue-paper, lay the pretty toy, smiling up in their faces as though it had life, and was quite ignorant of what they meant to do.

"I can't bear to," said Pete, hesitatingly; "it's like committing murder."

"But that's the only thing to do," urged Willie.

Pete sighed. "Well," he said, "I'll light the paper and the box first, and if that won't do, then I suppose the doll must go."

He struck a match, and it went out. Another attempt was more successful, and in a moment the tissue and wrapping paper were blazing out across the icy waste. Very soon, however, it had burned up, and as yet it did not appear that the boat had seen them.

"Light up the doll!" cried Will.

Pete sighed again as he struck a third match. Then, without firing the doll, he flung the match into the water. "I can't do it," he cried; "you must do it yourself."

Will took it, half unwillingly. "We'll wait a minute," he said. Then, as he peered through the darkness that was beginning to be lit up by the rising moon, he saw the course of the boat suddenly change.

"Oh, they've seen us!" he cried—"they've seen us, and they're turning around!"

#### IV.

Among the few passengers on the Staten Island boat that evening was Dick Winthrop. There were not many who were willing to take the chance of being caught in the ice and staying out all night. Dick himself would not have taken it on any other night in the year; but to-morrow would be Christmas, and Dick would not be away on that morning if the bay was full of icebergs, and he had to climb them all to get home. So he had started out, though all his relatives on Staten Island had tried to persuade him to give up the dangerous experiment, and stay there all night. "I guess we'll make it," he said to himself, as he leaned over the guard-rail of the boat, and saw the cakes split open before the sharp bow. It was bitterly cold, and everybody else but himself was inside. Dick never felt cold, and just now he was too much occupied with other things to think anything about it.

He had never been a good boy; that he knew. Before, it had not seemed to make any difference, but this last year the other fellows had dropped him, and for the first time in his life Dick had realized what it was to be left alone. He did not need to ask himself the reason: Miss Safford, he knew, did not approve of him, and the fellows

had got so that they took their opinions from her. If he could only make Miss Safford like him, it would be all right. But there was only one way to do this: he must turn over a new leaf.

Just as he reached this point in his reflections his eye was caught by a light that suddenly gleamed up from the surface of the water half a mile, perhaps, away. While he looked, the flame glowed more brightly, and by its light he could see a couple of figures wildly waving their arms. The stairs to the pilot-house were just behind him, and running up these, and opening the door, he grasped the pilot's arm.

"There's somebody adrift on the bay," he cried, pointing to the flickering light that went out even as he spoke.

It was the work of a moment to head the boat in that direction; and presently, as they came nearer, and as the moonlight grew more brilliant, the castaways could be distinctly seen on their ice raft. The great boat could not venture too near for fear of swamping the cake, and so at length it stopped, while one of the life-boats was lowered, and sent out with a man to row and another with a boat-hook to push away the floating cakes, which by this time were broken up so as not to be really dangerous.

By-and-by, Dick, watching from the deck, saw the boat coming back. There were two boys in it, and one of them carried something that looked like a baby in his arms. Could it be a baby? Dick wondered. Presently the boat had drawn alongside, and Dick heard one of the men say,

"There's the young fellow that saw you first."

Then he heard a boy's voice which was very familiar to him exclaim:

"Why, it's Dick Winthrop. Hello, Dick, old fellow, don't you know Pete and me?"

And while the boys, forgetful of their wet feet and icy clothes, delightedly grasped his hand and began to pour out their story, Dick felt that the way between him and Miss Safford was open as it had never been before. He would not even wait for Christmas to take his good resolution; he would do it now, on Christmas-eve.

## THE ICE QUEEN.\*

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### CAMPING ON THE ICE.

"I TELL you what, boys," Tug cried, after a great effort, "there's no use trying any more till we have smoothed a road, and I think, Captain, you'd better set all hands at that."

"I'm afraid that is so. Jim, please go back and get the axe, the hatchet, and the shovel. Now, while Tug and I dig at this road, you and Jim, Katy, can bring some of the freight up here, or perhaps take it clear across, and so save time. The small sled will help you."

\* Begun in No. 217, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.



JIM AND KATY BRINGING THE RUSHES TO CAMP.



It was tedious labor all around, and the wind began to blow in a way they would have thought very cold had they not been so warm and busy with work. As fast as a rod or two of road had been cleared, the four took hold and dragged the boat ahead. These slow advances went up so much time that when the plateau had been crossed, the sun, peering through dark clouds, was almost level with the horizon. It now remained to get down the sudden pitch and rough slope on the further side. But this was a task of no small importance, and Aleck called a council on the subject.

"My lambs," he began (the funny word took the edge off the unfortunate look of affairs, as it was intended to do)—"my lambs, it is getting late, and it's doubtful if we can get this big boat down that pair of stairs before dark. Don't you think I'd better order Jim and Katy to pack up the small sled with tent and bedding and kitchen stuff?"

"T'won't hold it all!" interrupted Jim.

"Then, Youngster, you can come back after the bedding. Take the cooking things first, and you and Katy go back to the island where we lunched, and make a fire. Tug and I—eh, Tug?—will stay here and chop away till dark, and then we'll go back to camp with you when you come after the blankets, and help carry the tent."

"Are you going to leave the boat here all night?" asked Jim, in alarm.

"Why, of course; what 'll harm it? Now be off, and make a big fire."

So the younger ones departed, and by-and-by Jim returned for a second load. He found the two older boys cutting a sloping path through the little ice bluff on the farther side of the hummock, and pretty tired of it. They were not yet done—the shovel not being of much service in working the hard blue ice—but it was now getting too dark to do more, so they piled the snug bundles of blankets into Jim's sled box, and gave him the rope, while Tug and Aleck put their shoulders under opposite ends of the tent roll. Then together they all skated away through the thickening windy twilight, and over the ashy gray plain of ice, toward where Katy's fire glowed like a red spark on the distant shore.

It was a weary but not at all disheartened party that lounged in the open door of the tent that night, while a big fire blazed in front, and supper was cooking. This was the first time the sail had been spread as a tent, and it answered the purpose nicely, giving plenty of room. The straw Katy had been so anxious about had to be left in the boat, so that they got no good of it. Jim chaffed his sister a good deal about this, and Tug rather encouraged him, thinking it was a fair chance for fun at Katy's expense; but when he saw that Katy really was feeling badly, not at Jim's teasing words, but for fear she had made the boys useless trouble, Aleck came to the rescue. Seizing The Youngster by the shoulder, he spun him round like a teetotum, and was going to box his ears, when Katy cried out, "Oh, don't!" and saved that young gentleman's skin for the present.

"Then I'll punish you in another way. Take your knife, go over there to the marsh"—it was perhaps a hundred yards away—"and cut as many rushes as you can carry."

The Youngster never moved.

"I don't want the rushes," said Katy, trying to keep the peace.

"Did you hear what I said?" asked Aleck.

"Yes, I did."

"Well, that was a Captain's Order, and I advise you to obey."

"Do it yourself!" shouted the angry Jim, sitting down by the fire.

Aleck looked at him an instant, saw his sulky, set lips, and then walked over to a willow bush near by. From

the centre of this bush he cut a thriving switch, and carefully trimmed off all the twigs and crumpled leaves. It was pliant and elastic like whalebone. It whistled through the air when it was waved like a wire or a thin lash. It would hug the skin it was laid upon, and wrap tightly around a boy's legs, and sting at the tip like a hornet. It wouldn't raise a welt upon the skin, like an iron rod or a rawhide, but it would hurt just as bad while it was touching you.

Jim knew all this, and it flashed through his brain, every bit of it, as he saw Aleck trim the switch.

"Better scoot, Youngster," Tug advised, with a grin that was meant kindly, but made Jim madder than ever.

"Please get the rushes," coaxed Katy.

But when Aleck had come back the boy still sat there defiant of orders.

"Now, James," he said, as he stood over him, "you have been ordered by your Captain to go and get some rushes. You refuse. You are insubordinate. I'll give you just one minute to make up your mind what you will do."

Jim glanced up, saw the determined face and stalwart form of his brother; saw Tug keeping quiet and showing no intention of interfering; saw the awful willow. He rose quickly from his seat, and darted away into the scrub alders and willows as hard as he could run, but not toward the rushes.

Aleck didn't follow him. "Never mind," he said. "Go on with your supper, Katy. That boy gets those rushes before he has any grub to eat or blankets to lie in, unless you both vote against it, and I don't think you will, for it was a reasonable order."

"Well, Captain," said Tug, "I think we might ease up on it a little. It was a little rough on The Youngster sending him alone in the dark to get the stuff. If you had sent me with him, I suppose he'd have gone fast enough. If you'll say so now, I allow he'll surrender and save his hide. For that matter, I don't mind getting 'em alone if you'll let the kid go. I was going to propose it myself just as you gave the order."

"That's very kind of you, Tug; but I couldn't allow you to get them alone. You may help if you want to."

"May I tell him so?" Katy asked, eagerly.

"Yes, if you can find him."

"I'll find him—look out for the bacon;" and the girl went off into the gloom and the bushes, calling, "Jim! Jim!"

It was a good while before she came back, and the boys, tired of waiting, had forked out the bacon, and were eating their meal, which was what the poets call "frugal," but immensely relished all the same.

Suddenly Aleck and the culprit stalked out of the ring of shadows that encircled the fire, bearing huge bundles of yellow rushes.

"That ain't fair!" cried Tug. "You ought to have let me gone, Katy."

"Oh, I didn't mind, and I wanted Jim to hurry back."

"I didn't want her to carry none," said Jim, more eager about self-defense than grammar. "If I give up, I want to give up all over, and not half-way."

"Good for you, Youngster," Aleck shouted, leaping up. "Give us your hand!"

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE WILD RICE AND ITS TENANTS.

THUS peace was restored, and the boy sat down happily to his well-earned supper, while the older ones spread the crisp reed straw. Finding there wasn't quite enough, they went off to the marshes and brought two more armfuls, which made a warm and springy couch for the whole party.

These "rushes" were not rushes properly speaking, but



the wild rice which grows so abundantly on the borders of the great lakes, and throughout the little ponds and shallow sheets of water that are dotted so thickly over Wisconsin and southern Minnesota. It is like a small bamboo jungle, for the close-crowding stiff reeds often stand ten feet or more above the water. They bear upon the upper part of their stalks a few ribbon-like leaves, and each reed carries a plume which in autumn contains the seeds, or the "rice."

This rice formed an important part of the food of the Indians who lived where it grew. Through these great marshes run narrow canals that the currents keep open, and through these the Indian women would paddle their canoes, seeking the ripe heads, which they would cut off and take ashore, to be threshed out in the wigwam, or else they would shake and rub out the rice into a basket as they went along. At home the rice would be crushed into a coarse flour in their stone mortars, then made into cakes.

The stalks, round, smooth, and straight, were of service to the Indians also. Out of them they made mats and thatching for their lodges, and they served as excellent arrow shafts, a point of fire-hardened wood, of bone, or of flint having been fixed in the end.

It is very interesting in summer, and even more so in the autumn, to paddle through these vast marshes, upon the outer limit of which our friends were encamped, and they had often enjoyed it. They would have preferred to skate across these marshes to going outside upon the open lake, but there was a report that warm springs came out of the ooze in many parts of the rice morass, keeping the ice so weak (though not melting it quite away) as to make the skating very unsafe. This danger was not so great, perhaps, in a winter so unusually cold as this one was proving itself to be, but they did not want to run risks.

"How still it is!" cried Katy, as they sat a few moments "between bed and board," as Tug expressed it.

"Yes; but how noisy it will be around this islet in three months from now!" said Aleck. "Then you will hardly be able to hear yourself speak for the frogs."

"Before there were any light-houses on the lake," said Tug, "sailing was pretty much guess-work; but my father told me the sailors, when they approached the shore, used to know where they were by listening to the bullfrogs. The bulls would call out the names of their ports, you know: *San-disk-y!* *To-lée-do!* *Mon-roe!* *De-troi-i-i-it!*"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## FAIRIES.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

**T**EN little dancing fairies white,  
Moving quick as a glance of light  
Over a shining floor of snow:  
Cheerily now they go, they go.

Up and down in a lively chase—  
Who shall win in the merry race?  
Tripping, springing, frolicking gay,  
Light as a vapor, blithe as the day.

Now, as they tread with dainty feet,  
Scarcely you hear the tinkling sweet;  
Now with a bound at once they come  
Down with a hearty thrum, thrum, thrum.

Now they laugh like a child at play,  
Ripple now like a streamlet gay,  
Now like a zephyr softly hush,  
Now in a careless gambol rush.

Can not you guess their names? Why, then,  
Take a peep at my fairies ten—  
Mabel's dear little fingers light  
Dancing over the key-board white.

## OLD SOBERSIDES'S HERO.

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS.

**I**T was study hour, and the dining-room table had been cleared off for the boys who were hard at work.

Tom was at his history, Jack deep in geography, and Vincent was supposed to be busy with several lessons; but underneath his pile of books had been a cheerful-looking red-bound volume, which somehow or other had contrived to lure him into looking through it.

This was noticed by Ned, or "Old Sobersides," as they called him, more than once, and he looked up from the map he was drawing to tell Vincent that it was getting late, and he would have to look out for "deficiencies" on the morrow if he did not hurry up and study. But Vincent's only reply was, "Oh, bother! this is too good to leave."

"What is it?" asked Tom.

"*Lives of Illustrious Men.*"

"Any explorers or navigators among them?" asked Jack, fresh from the wilds of Africa.

"No; they are principally soldiers."

"I heard Billy Buttons say he did not like his last new book because the boys had not enough fight in them."

"Yes, that is about all that makes a fellow anybody nowadays."

"But Billy is too little a chap to have those ideas."

"What is anybody good for who hasn't plenty of fight?"

"Good for?" repeated "Old Sobersides," thoughtfully. "I can imagine a man good for a great deal who never so much as smelled gunpowder."

"Your heroes are always Miss Nancys."

Ned colored up, but he was not of a hasty temper, and made no angry retort.

"My hero is Gustavus Vasa," put in Tom, "the pluckiest fellow that ever lived. Do you remember how they stuck him with bayonets once when he was secreted in a cart; and they never discovered he was there, although they wounded him in the hip very badly?"

"And my hero is Mr. Livingstone," said Jack, "the African explorer and missionary. I think the way he died, all alone in that savage country, is one of the grandest things I ever read."

Vincent's ardor was all for Napoleon.

"Who is your hero, Sobersides?" asked Jack.

"Well, I am not sure that I have any particular one," replied Ned; "but I was reading not long ago of a man, whose name I forget, but whose work seemed to me worth more to the world than many a hero's whose record glitters in history. He was a poor shoemaker living alone, I believe in London, and having much time to think and observe, he noticed how many children of the poor were growing up in ignorance, for it was before the time of public schools. One day he called in a couple of youngsters and asked them how they would like to learn their alphabet; they were not unwilling, and became so interested that he taught them to read. As fast as one set of children learned to read, he would send them away that others might fill their places, and so he really gave to hundreds of poor children all the teaching they ever received, and yet he was never anything more than a shoemaker."

"I know about him. He was John Pounds, of Portsmouth, England," called out Vincent.

"How did you come to know?"

"I read about him in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE nearly a whole year ago."

The boys made no end of fun over Sobersides's admiration of so plain a character.

Ned said nothing, but he stuck to his shoemaker hero.

In consequence of all this talk, and the fascinations of *Illustrious Men*, Vincent did not know his lessons next day, was detained after-hours, which made him cross, and he got into a quarrel with one or two fellows who laughed

at him. He was getting a good pommelling, just as Ned happened to come up.

Old Sobersides was of slow temper, but when he saw little Vin, as he called him, getting the worst of the quarrel, he put down his books, collared one fellow and flung him into the gutter, gave another a persuasive cuff which sent him howling, and the third he tripped and made him sit down to peacefully consider his recent dispute. Vin was too mad to be grateful; but as they walked home, and his anger cooled, he said to Ned,

"I say, old Sobersides, I thought you didn't approve of fighting?"

"Nor do I," answered Ned. "I think it is about the most senseless thing men or boys can engage in; but I never could stand by and see the weak overpowered by the strong, or the gentle submissive to the rough, and when it is necessary I mean to use the weapons God gave me—just these two fists; but when you want to know who my hero is, I shall always choose one who serves the world with his brains rather than with his muscle."



GOING TO MEET PAPA.

### THE BABIROUSSA.

**T**HE babiroussa is an Indian hog, not a very pleasant sort of animal to look at, and an exceedingly disagreeable one to meet when it is not in the best humor. As shown in the illustration, it has two pairs of tusks, those in the lower jaw being somewhat like a wild-boar's, but the pair which spring from the top of the upper jaw are very long, and curve inward, almost touching the skin of the forehead. The upper tusks do not spring from between the lips, but cut their way through the skin, and have the appearance of growing out of the upper part of the snout.

The animal usually grows to the ordinary size of wild

hogs, but some have been killed that were as large as a donkey. It can run very fast, and is a most dangerous enemy when brought to bay. It is of a gray color, the skin hanging in folds or wrinkles about the body, which is covered very thinly with short bristles. The tail is nearly without hair, save at the end, where it forms a sort of tassel.

The female has the merest apologies for tusks, the bone hardly showing through the skin, and in many cases she can not even boast of that much.

These animals hardly ever have a regular home; they wander from one part of the forest to the other, but always in the wet, marshy portions, feeding on leaves, grass, and water plants. They are remarkably good swimmers, and often cross large lakes rather than walk around them, and they never hesitate to take to the water when in flight. Swimming appears to be as much an instinct with the young babiroussas as with ducks, for they plunge boldly into the water as soon as they can walk.

If suddenly roused in its lair, instead of seeking safety in flight, the babiroussa rushes out upon its assailant with the utmost fury, and although its tusks are curved so nearly to the flesh, it can inflict most dangerous wounds. By the natives its flesh is considered a great delicacy, and all the more so because they rarely succeed in killing one save at the expense of several lives.

These hogs usually are found in herds of six or eight, and the males as well as the females care for the young, petting them in their swinish way as human parents do their offspring. Savage as they are, there is no more dangerous time to approach them than when the young are small. The females will gather around the young ones, while the males will rush out to give battle without waiting for an attack.

Funk, the naturalist of Cologne, tells of an encounter with a babiroussa which was related to him by a sea-captain. Two sailors and three natives came suddenly upon a herd of five full-grown hogs and two young ones. The two females of the party immediately covered the young with their bodies, while the males dashed forward with such fury that all the party, save one of the sailors, were overturned, and at the mercy of the savage brutes.

One of the natives was instantly killed, the lower tusks of the hog being driven through his eye into his brain. Another was fatally wounded, and not one of the party escaped serious injury. During the affray, which did not last many minutes, the hunters had had an opportunity to fire among the herd but once, and that without inflicting any injury. It was almost impossible for the party even to drag their wounded companions out of the reach of the infuriated beasts, and they did not succeed in doing so until after several more severe wounds had been inflicted by the hogs, which pursued them quite half a mile.

The traveller Brun, writing of the fortunate chance which gave him an opportunity of carefully examining the babiroussa, was much more successful. He says:

"I was once in a low, damp forest on one of the Malaccan islands, when one of my guides drew my attention to a noise as of the grunting of hogs but a short distance away. It was more of a low, whistling sound than a grunt, although now and then could be heard the squeal peculiar to the common hog when angry or frightened."

The guides were familiar with the sound, and without stopping to explain their course, or even to give any advice to the traveller in their charge, they started off at full speed, leaving the explorer with no weapon save a light gun, and no ammunition save the two charges it contained.

Brun knew from the stories he had heard from the natives that his guides had been frightened by the hogs, and he was all the more anxious to capture one because of their rareness.

"The noise, which at first seemed near by, was farther away than I had thought, for it was not until I had walk-



A FAMILY OF BABIROUSSAS.

ed quite a mile and a half through the thick underbrush that I could distinguish any living thing. Then the gray forms of several hogs could be indistinctly seen through the foliage, and I determined to risk everything for the sake of bagging the largest of the herd."

Whether the hogs were startled by something other than the hunter, or whether it was because they were in no mood for fighting that day, can not be told, but certain it is that, contrary to their usual habits, instead of rushing upon the intruder, they ran swiftly past him to a brook



near by, leaping in as if in the greatest excitement and fear.

"They certainly swam under the water at least forty yards, from the time they plunged in I could see no more of them until they scrambled out, squealing and whistling, on the other side. My gun was loaded with large shot, and since, owing to the absence of my ammunition carrier, I had no bullets, I gave the largest of the party my compliments in the form of a charge of shot."

The animal was hit just behind the fore-leg, and tumbled over dead, while his companions, instead of continuing their flight, surrounded him as if to aid him in his trouble.

A second shot had the effect of dispersing them, and the brave hunter had the satisfaction of examining the prize at his leisure. It proved to be a full-grown hog, "weighing about one hundred and fifty pounds, while its thick, round body measured three feet in length, and over two feet in height."

## THE KING OF GAMES.

### HOW TO LEARN CHESS WITHOUT A TEACHER.

BY GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON.

#### I.



**A**MONG quite a large number of quiet parlor games chess is by far the best; so much the best, indeed, that nobody who has once learned it ever cares much for any other. It is a game that you never grow tired of, because it has so much variety in it, and because it is purely a game of skill.

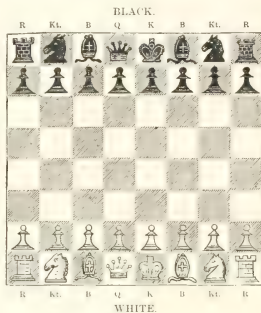
To a person who does not understand the game it seems a hopeless puzzle, but it is in reality far from being as difficult as it appears. I have taught many a boy to play in half an hour, and I believe the game can be so clearly explained, even on paper, that every reader of *YOUNG PEOPLE* may learn to play it without a teacher. To do that, however, you must read all I have to say with a chess board and men at hand, and must do on the board everything I describe on paper.

**THE BOARD.**—A chess-board is the same as a checker-board; but in playing chess you must turn it so that each player will have a white corner on his right hand.

**THE MEN.**—Now look at your chess-men. There are two sets just alike, except that one is black and the other white, as in checkers. In each set there are eight pieces and eight pawns. The pawns are the eight little men, all shaped alike. The pieces are the larger men, made in different shapes. There are one king, one queen, two bishops, two knights, and two rooks, or castles, as they are sometimes called. The king is the tallest piece of all; the queen is the one next in height, and you can easily recognize her by the coronet on her head; the bishops have tops like a mitre (in some sets they merely have a slit in their tops); the knights are those which have horses' heads; the rooks are in the shape of old-time castles or towers. By looking out the several pieces you may easily learn to know them at sight.

**PLACING THE MEN.**—The next thing to be learned is how to place the men on the board, and this, too, may be learned in a few minutes if you will carefully carry out the following directions. First place the board, as I have already directed, so that the corner square to your right is a white one. Next, take your king and queen and place them on the two middle squares of the first row, placing the queen on the square that matches her in color, and the king by her side. The white player will thus have his king to the right of his queen, while the black will have his to the left, and each king will have a king

directly opposite him. Next place your bishops, one to the right and the other to the left of the royal pair. Then go on in the same way with your knights, placing them to the right and left of the bishops. This will leave only the two end squares vacant, and in them you must place your rooks. Finally, arrange your pawns in a line in the second row of squares, placing a pawn in front of each piece. Now if you have done all this correctly, your men are arranged as in this diagram:



By removing the men and setting them up again you will soon learn their proper places. Practice this till you can do it readily before going on to anything else.

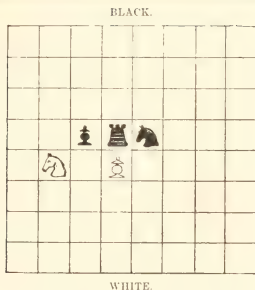
#### THE MOVES.

**PAWNS.**—The pawns always move straight forward toward the opposite side of the board. Usually they can move only one square at a time, but so long as a pawn stands where it was placed at the beginning—so long, I mean, as it has not been moved at all in the game—its first move may be either one square or two squares straight forward. After it has been moved once, whether the move was one square or two, it can only be moved one square at a time, and no pawn can ever be moved backward. All the pieces may go backward as well as forward, but the pawns can not retreat in any case.

But how does a pawn take another pawn or a piece? There is no taking by "jumping" in chess. When one piece or pawn takes another, it takes the place that the other occupied. You remove the piece or pawn that is captured, and set the one that takes it in the place made vacant. The general rule is that a *piece* can take any other which stands on a square which the taking piece might move to if it was vacant; but with the pawns the case is different. They always *move* straight forward, but they always take other pawns or pieces *diagonally*. If there is a vacant square next in front of a pawn, the pawn can move into it; but if another pawn or a piece stands just in front of a pawn, the pawn can not take it. It can only take pawns or pieces which stand on the next square *diagonally* in front. On the next page is a little diagram which will show you what I mean.

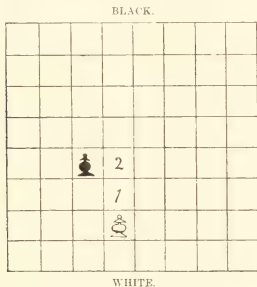
In this diagram you see a white pawn and a black one with other pieces around them. The white pawn can not take the rook just in front of it, although it might move into the square held by the rook if that square was vacant. But the white pawn can *take* the black pawn or the black knight, moving into the place of either, although if their squares were vacant the pawn could not move diagonally into them. So the black pawn can take either the white knight or the white pawn, or it can move into the vacant square in front of itself without taking anything.





From all this we get the following *rule for pawns*: A pawn moves straight forward, one square at a time, except on its first move, when it may move one or two squares, as the player chooses; but a pawn always *takes* diagonally, one square at a time.

**PASSING PAWNS.**—If in moving a pawn two squares you skip a square on which one of your adversary's pawns could have taken yours, it is called "passing his pawn." When that is done, he may, if he chooses, take your pawn "in passing"; that is to say, he may take your pawn off the board, and move his diagonally into the square where yours would have stood if you had moved one square instead of two. Here is a diagram to explain this:



If the white pawn in the cut is moved forward one square, the black can take it, as you see. But if it is moved forward two squares at once, so as to stand by the side of the black, the black pawn can still take it, moving for that purpose not into the square marked 2, where the white pawn will stand, but into that marked 1. But if a pawn is to be taken "in passing," it must be done at once. If black makes any other move after you have passed his pawn, he loses his right to take it in that way.

**QUEENING PAWNS.**—If a player gets one of his pawns into the other player's rear row of squares (which is the king row in checkers), he is said to "queen" the pawn. He can make it a queen or a knight, no matter whether he has lost his queen or knight or not. The rule is that he may make it anything he pleases, no matter what pieces he may have on the board. Generally he makes it a queen, because that is the most powerful piece in chess, but sometimes it is better to make it a knight, because the knight has a peculiar power of moving which no other piece has.

**THE KING.**—The king can move one square at a time in any direction, backward, forward, diagonally, or to the right or left.

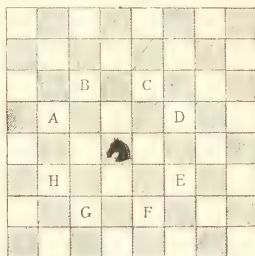
**THE QUEEN.**—The queen can move any distance in a straight line, in any direction, backward, forward, diagonally, or to the right or left.

**BISHOPS.**—The bishops can move any distance on diagonal lines. They can never move except on diagonal lines, but they can advance or retreat on those lines at will.

**ROOKS.**—The rooks move any distance in straight lines, backward, forward, or to the right or left, but never diagonally.

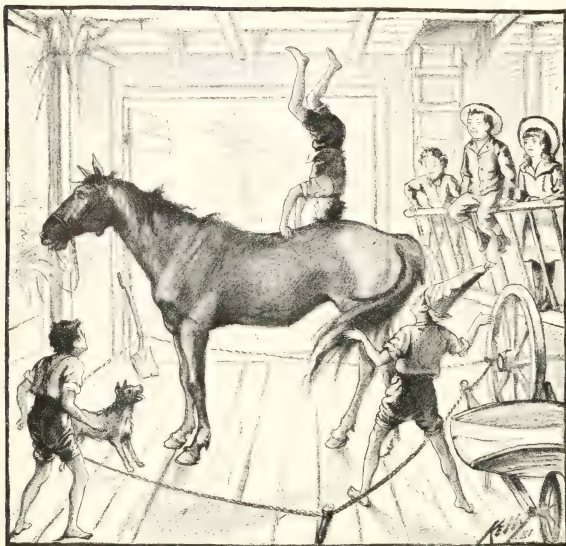
None of these pieces can jump over any piece or pawn. They must have a clear track always. They can take any piece or pawn belonging to the enemy which stands in their line of movement with nothing between, and in taking, they must be placed on the square held by the piece or pawn which is taken.

**KNIGHTS.**—The knights have a move of their own, which is different from all other moves. They can not move straight forward, straight backward, or in straight lines to the right or left or diagonally. A boy of my acquaintance says they move "skiwinkety"; that is to say, no matter where a knight stands, it can move to any square which stands two squares off in one direction, and one square off to the right or left. That is not very clear, but here is a diagram which will make it so:



A knight placed as the one in the diagram is could move into any of the squares that are marked with the letters A, B, C, D, E, F, G, and H, and nowhere else. Now look at the diagram, and you will see that to reach A the knight must travel two squares to the left and one square forward; to reach B he must go two squares forward and one to the left; C stands two squares forward and one to the right; D, two squares to the right and one forward; E, two to the right and one backward; F, two backward and one to the right; and so on. If the knight stood near the edge of the board, he would not have so many moves open to him; but no matter where he stands, he can move to any square which can be reached by travelling two squares in one direction, right, left, backward, or forward, and one square in a direction at right angles to that. In making his moves the knight can pass over the heads of any men that stand in his way. He can take any man belonging to his adversary which stands on the square to which he moves. A little practice in moving a knight about on a clear board will make his powers familiar to you.

These are all the moves except one, which can not well be explained until you learn how the game is played. Next week there will be another article explaining the game, and telling you about the other move. Practice what I have explained to you till you know it well, and next week you will learn how to begin playing.



"START THE HORSE." URGED TWO OR THREE.

### "HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES."

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

IT was Saturday afternoon, and all the boys had congregated, as was their custom, in Mr. Lindell's barn. They were stretched in every attitude on the hay, and Tommy Dunn was lying in a very dangerous and therefore very delightful position on one of the big beams.

"What are you going to do when you get to be a man?" inquired Tommy, as he gazed at the family of swallows that had made their nest in the ridge of the old barn.

"I suppose I'll help father run the place," replied Jimmy, soberly.

"I'm going to keep store," announced Eb Parsons, who was in the habit of making the most advantageous "swaps" of any boy in school.

Many of the boys had no clear idea of what they were going to do; but all were surprised when Tommy announced, boldly, "I'm going to be a circus rider."

Several had longings to become lawyers or physicians, but none had hoped to become one of those gorgeous gentlemen in pink tights and spangled trunks who had appeared in the circus which was in town the week before.

"But father says that a circus actor has to begin to practice when he is a boy," objected Jimmy.

"Of course," agreed Tom. "I practice every day."

"On what?" asked Jimmy, with a sly smile; for he knew well that Mr. Dunn would never allow Tom to drive his team, much less practice circus acts on their backs.

"Well, I haven't tried a horse, so far," Tom admitted; "but," he added, regaining his composure, "I swing on a trapeze and jump over boxes almost every day."

"Guess you'd find a difference if you tried a real horse," remarked Eb Parsons.

"Say, Jimmy, couldn't you get one of your father's colts to let me have a try on?" asked Tom.

"I don't know; I'll ask him," said Jimmy.

He went to look for his father, and found him directing some men who were building a wall.

"Father, can we have the colts to ride a little while?"

"The colts!" answered his father; "why, my boy, they are not half broken yet. Take old Jack."

"But old Jack looks so bad," objected Jimmy.

"Handsome is that handsome does, Jimmy; and old Jack will do better by you than the colts would."

Jimmy went back to the barn, not at all satisfied.

"Father says we can have old Jack."

"Old Jack!" exclaimed Tommy; "a pretty circus horse he would make!"

"He looks more like a horse than your dry-goods box that you have been practicing on."

"Well, I suppose if we can't have what we want, we've got to take what we can get," muttered Tom.

Accordingly the horse was led out.

"He'd make a good subject for a horse-doctor," commented Joe Fisher. "You ought to put him on a package of horse liniment, and label him 'Before using.'"

Meanwhile the boys were busily engaged in clearing the barn floor, and putting up a rope to make the ring. At last it was finished. Tom dropped from his perch on the beam on to the horse's back, and losing his hold, slid down on the floor.

"He's got a slippery back anyhow," Tom remarked, as he climbed on a manger in order to mount again.

Jack stood perfectly still, surprised, no doubt, by these strange proceedings, but evidently having a clear idea that his first business was *not* to hurt the boys.

"Stand on his back," urged one.

"Stand on your head, the way the circus man did."

The latter seemed to be the most difficult, and consequently the most attractive to Tom's disposition. He scrambled up, and after several unsuccessful efforts, finally succeeded in balancing himself on his hands. The boys were in a fever of excitement.

"Start the horse," urged two or three, and before Tom could let himself down, Jack had taken a step forward in obedience to some one's order to "G'lang."

It was only one step, but that was enough to make Tom lose his balance, and fall heavily to the floor. Jack stood perfectly still, and allowed the boys to drag Tom, who was stunned by the fall, from between his feet.

Fortunately Tom was not seriously injured, but it cured him of all desire to be a circus rider. When he told his father about the accident, he finished the story with:

"And if old Jack hadn't had more sense than all of us boys put together, I'd have been killed. 'Handsome is that handsome does,' Mr. Lindell says, and old Jack must be a beauty, for he certainly acted handsomely by me."



## The accident of birth.

SAINT NICHOLAS used to send, so I am told,  
All new-born babes by storks, in days of old.

1

King Friedrich Max, of Stultzenmannenkim,  
For many years unto ye Saint did pray,  
That he would send unto his Queen and him,  
A baby boy, to be ye King some day.  
At last ye Saint ye King's petition heard,  
And called to him a sober long-legged bird.

2

Quoth he, "Good Wilhelm Stork (such was its name),  
Here is a baby boy to take away.  
It is for Fritz; so bear him to ye same,  
Or rather to his Queen, without delay.  
For one grows weary when one always hears  
Ye same words daily dinning in one's ears."

3

Now Wilhelm Stork was old, and dull of wits,  
For age not always sharpens wisdom much,  
So what does he but bear ye gift to Fritz  
Ye cobbler, who had half a score of such.  
And so ye baby, through a blunder, passed  
From being first of all, unto ye last.

4

From this I gather that a new-born Prince, know,  
From new-born cobbler's somewhat hard to  
For which of us could tell ye difference, since  
One thus experienced was mistaken so?  
Also, perhaps, I should be great, instead  
Of writing thus, to earn my daily bread.

H. P. MDCCC LXXXIII



## SUMMER AND WINTER.

What are the bright eyes watch-  
ing  
Oh, the roses fall in the balmy air,  
And the vines that climb and run,  
What are the bright eyes watching  
Under the Northern sky?  
Feathery snow, while the chill winds  
blow  
And the clouds go drifting by.

What are the children doing,  
Alike in the cold and heat?  
They are making life gay on the  
haziest day  
With the sound of their little feet.  
What are the children learning,  
Alike in the East and West?  
That a Father's hand guides sea and  
land  
That of all things Love is the best.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I write to ask you a question, which I hope that you can answer. It is this: My friend and myself have been collecting stamps for a long time, and would like to know if we can get anything for them. We were told that if we sent them over to England we could get \$300 for a million. Can you answer this question, and if so, put the answer in the next number? I take the paper, and like it very much.

F. M.

I am sorry that you have taken the trouble to collect so many stamps. They are valuable, and you can not obtain money for them, though numbers of people, like yourself, have been under an impression that they would receive a large sum of money could they succeed in collecting a million.

It is very seldom possible to answer a question or insert a letter or exchange in the next number of the paper, dear children. Usually I am obliged to keep you waiting several weeks, so please always have patience, and wait till your requests are attended to.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

I am a little boy nine years old. I have a brother four years old; his name is Robert. I have eleven pets: a squirrel, three dogs, a gold-fish, an alligator, and five canary-birds. I live two miles from Louisville, Kentucky. I am reading two books, *Geological Treatise and Stories of English History*; the former I received for a Christmas gift. I go to school, and study reading, writing, German, spelling, arithmetic, and geography. I go to school in the country. I like Jimmy Brown's stories very much.

FRANCIS H. M.

You have an odd assortment of pets. Do they live together like a happy family?

JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY.

I am a little girl fourteen years old. I have two little sisters, and two brothers—one is big and the other is little. My big brother takes me to *Young People* for me, and I like it very much. My mother has been dead almost a year now, but we have a housekeeper to take care of us. I have no pets except my little brother Tommy, and he is a very cunning little boy.

EMILY LEONORA L.

BOSTON, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—In all this wide, wide world, there is, in my opinion, nothing more lovely or more lovable than a little child, and I am therefore intensely interested in all that is done for the little ones. I feel an ever-increasing

affection for Young People, and as I turn its bright, cheery pages, I sometimes think of those days when such delight was unknown, and I picture to myself the pleasure with which little Peregrine White would have listened to one of its charming stories, or fancy how little Love Winslow's eyes would have sparkled at sight of its attractive pictures.

I wish to tell your readers a story of a little friend of mine, whose name is Gertrude. Her mother dresses her little daughter in very pretty and dainty ways, but considers it vulgar for children to wear silks, satins and velvets in other words, to be *immaculate*. One day Gertrude was in company with a little girl who was dressed in an expensive style unsuited to her age. Agaciously standing near said, "That little girl is better dressed than you are Gertrude," upon my little friend, who was not more than seven years old at the time, replied, "That's as one thinks." Query: Could such a little girl have given a better answer?

The school-house in which I teach commands a fine view of the beautiful Niagara River and of the great International Bridge between Queen Victoria's dominions and our own. I have "camped out" at a spot four miles above the great Falls of Niagara, where the never-ceasing roar of the wonderful cataract could be plainly heard. I believe in being very kind to dumb animals, but for pets I prefer children. Since last winter you God has given us two very dear ones. I now have three little nephews, Roswell, Edgar, and Arthur; two little nieces, Marjorie and Helen; a dear little boy in *Hyacinth*, a young man, named Myrtle; and besides these darling children, two dearly beloved little nephews whom our dear Lord has taken to live with Himself, and whom I hope some day to see.

J. B. H.

Many thanks for this beautiful letter. Little Gertrude's mamma and myself are of the same opinion so far as the dress of the little ones is concerned. Simplicity is more appropriate than splendor for children, who really need no dress to add to their charms. I am always sorry for woe to those who costlily dress are a real trouble, because they are expected to take great care not to tear or harm them. The little girl gave a very good answer to her injudicious friend.

Here is a composition from a little writer under-

## SUN, RAIN, WIND, AND STAR.

"I am kinder than you, Rain," said the Sun; "you wet all the men, boys, girls, and women."

"But," said the Rain, "I give water for the men and women to drink, and make the things grow."

"I give the heat and light," said the Sun, proudly.

"No! I am nicer than Rain or Sun," said the North Wind; "I give the cold and bring the snow."

"Now, see here," said a pretty little Star, kindly; "you are all as good as one another."

"Then they all kissed the Star, and I was very glad."

"Good-by," they said, as the pretty little Star floated away on the dark blue sky.

"Good-by," said the Star to them all.

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

T. C. C.

WILMINGTON, CONNECTICUT.

As I have never seen a letter from this place, I thought that I would write to you. I am a little girl ten years old. I have two brothers, Arthur nine, and Freddy six years old. For a pet I have a large cat fifteen years old, which weighs thirteen pounds. It can do many tricks. We had a dog, but he died; his name was Tiger. He was very small, and could perform tricks. We have his picture, and in it he is standing on his hind legs with a rope in his mouth. It is a *magician* now, but in the school term I go every day, and study reading, spelling, arithmetic, grammar,

writing, drawing, geography, oral lessons, and music. We take *Harper's Young People*, and *St. Nicholas*. We all read them, and enjoy them very much. Please print this, so as to surprise my papa.

EDITH M. D.

No doubt you love pass very much. She has known you all your life.

We have published several other letters from young correspondents in Louisville, telling about the Exposition, but we think Guy deserves these his in the Post-office Box too, as he proved himself to be an enterprising boy.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

Although our great Southern Exposition has been over for some time, I will write and tell you about it. It was splendid, and comprised a great display from many parts of the country, particularly from the South. I am only thirteen years old, but I worked in the Exposition, selling medals, and thus made nine or ten dollars, besides having a pass, so that I could go in and out at pleasure. The consequence was I saw the building and displays nearly every day during its continuance. The music was grand, and furnished by the New York Seventh Regiment Band, and Gilmore's Band, of New York.

The entire building was lighted up by electricity, making everything light as noonday. There was an electric railway running all around the park in which the Exposition was situated. The trains on it stopped at the Art Gallery, which is some distance from the Main Building, afterward going through a tunnel to the station from which they started. The buildings are very large, covering thirteen acres.

I live in the west end of Louisville, adjoining the beautiful suburb called the Homestead. I have a lovely home, and large grounds, in which my little friends often come to play with me and my little sister.

I spent a very pleasant Christmas, and hope you did also. I had a Christmas tree, and I received a number of presents from my dear and precious branches—Santa Claus having been extremely liberal to me.

I have a brother younger than myself, and twin brothers only three years old; they are very cunning, very naughty, and very sweet. My little sister has a bird that an uncle brought to her all the way from the South, and it is a Southern mocking-bird, and sings beautifully.

I have been taking *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* but a short time, and like it very much. I have a cousin who is twelve years old, and for four years, which, I think, shows how well he likes it.

GUY P.

LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS.

I send this story that I have made up. I am nine years old.

## THE LUCKY HATCHET.

Once, a long while ago, there was a boy by the name of Peter Peddiekins, and his great-grandfather had a hatchet that would bring almost anything he called for. The hatchet by-and-by came to Peter, and he always carried it with him, no matter where he went. One day he was wandering out in the woods very far from home, and he saw a tall tree without any limbs except at the top, but the top was a long way from the ground, and while he was looking at the tree he saw a great big wolf. He told the hatchet to kill the wolf. If it refused, he said, he would throw it at him; but the hatchet would not, so he threw it at the wolf, and it hit a rock, and glanced and flew to the top of the tree. Peter was so frightened that he did not know so to do, so he tried to hit the wolf or not, but took to his heels, and the next day, when he went to look for his hatchet he could not find it, and so he thought that it was in the top of the tree. So he went to climb it, but it was so big that he could not; and then he thought of a bean, and he planted the bean, and the next day he climbed it, but it was rather hard work, and he was tired when he got to the top there was a lot of chopped hay, but he could not see his hatchet.

When he wanted to go down, the sun had witted the vine, and he could not go down. So he braided the hay into a rope, and climbed down to the end. He found it was not long enough, so he went to the top and cut the rope off at the splice to the other end, and he kept going so until he got about half-way down. The hay then broke, and he fell down, and there was a high wind blowing, and it blew him down to the ground, and he went down so swiftly that he went a quarter of a mile into the ground. He tried to get out, but in vain. The last he got out, he saw a large stone building with many windows. He walked half-way around, and saw a big gate which he opened the top in big letters, *Fairy Land*.

"Oh," he said, "I will go in here, and I will last he saw a knob, and he gave it a pull; then the knob struck up; then he gave it another pull, and the knob opened, and the great gate opened, and he went in. He saw a little boy, and he said, 'Go where you please.' He looked all around him, but he couldn't see anybody. He pinched himself to see if he were awake, but it hurt him so he walked around, and it blew him down to the ground. Here he saw the elves make cake of all



kinds. He got up on a table, and the elves gave him quite a feast, which he enjoyed. Then he went out into another building, and saw more than a thousand tiny, very tiny, and very tiny, and gave him anything he asked for, and at last he got so tired he fell asleep with all the toys around him. When he woke up he found himself in a nice bed. He got up and looked around, and saw as many as a hundred fairies in a half-circle, and the fairy queen in the middle of that. Then she told him how his grandfather got his hatchet, and she told him how he just like a fairy queen, and she gave him two of her fairies to take him home. The next morning, when he woke, he found that he was at home and the hatchet was in his hand beside the bed.

RALPH W. E. P.

Ralph's mother assures me that the little boy composed this pretty story entirely by himself, without any help, which was quite an undertaking for one so young.

ROCKFORD.

I wrote to you once before, but it was not published so I thought I would try again. I had a lovely time Christmas, and had eighteen presents. In the evening we had company, and made corn-cakes. I am lame, but I have a nice little chair to wheel around in. My mother has been dead almost two years, and I live with my aunt, who is very kind to me, and fills my mother's place as well as she can. I have no brothers or sisters. My little sister nearly three years old; her name is Marion Barnes. She had seventeen presents on Christmas. I study at home. I have had a vacation this week, but shall be again next week. I study history, reading, spelling, grammar, geography, and arithmetic. I am twelve years old. I have made one quilt, and have another of the rock-cabin pattern almost done. I think of the Christmas Tree, and How It Grew." is the best story I have read in YOUNG PEOPLE. My father is a sea-captain. I am knitting him a pair of stockings.

EDITH S. Y.

I see you like to make presents as well as receive them, and I know your father will like stockings knit by your careful fingers.

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

My sister and I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE for a long time, and we like it very much. I am thirteen, and my sister Jessie is ten. I have been waiting to write to you for a long time, but my letters would not be printed. I haven't any pets except my bird. His name is Frankie; he is a splendid singer. I go to school, and am in the third grade. I have been in school for four years and two years in my life. I study geography, spelling, arithmetic (both problems and principles), writing, drawing, music, reading, and grammar. My teacher is Professor B. I like him very much. I thought "Nan" just splendid. I wish there would be more about her. I like the Jimmy Brown stories very much. We had a Christmas entertainment at our school the Friday before Christmas, and I read "Santa Claus." I made them all laugh, I tell you.

FLORA W.

DELICIA, OHIO.

I am a little boy nine years old. I like to read the stories and letters. I have been a little sick to-day. I go to school, and have a very nice teacher. I have been going to the Union School for three years, and have been late but once, and then our clock was too slow. I have two pets, a dog and a bird. The dog's name is Mac, and he is just now wanting to get up in my lap. The bird's name is Jim Blaine.

CHARLIE E. S.

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.

I am a girl eleven years old. I have no pets now except nine dolls. I went to New Jersey last summer, and my aunt had a dog named Prince, a cat, and a goat, many other things, and I saw a bear. Its name is Phoebe; it will sit on your shoulder, and go to sleep.

LULIE S.

Cunning Little Phoebe,

Click that goes to sleep

On Lullie's shoulder, waking there,

And crying "Peep! peep!"

GEORGETOWN, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little girl ten years old. I have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since the first number, and like the stories in it very much. I have six dolls, four of them are French, and I also have a trunk for their clothes. I have written to you once before, but did not see my letter printed. I hope you will print this one soon.

GERTRUDE P.

BRIDGEPORT, OHIO.

I live in Bridgeport, opposite Wheeling. My father has a planing-mill and lumber yard. I have two sisters, one fifteen and the other two. I am a girl, and I like to go to school, and am in the grammar room, and study arithmetic, grammar, spelling, general exercises, reading, and writing. I like to go to school, and study Latin and drawing. Among my presents for

Christmas I got a book entitled *An Old-fashioned Girl*. I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE for nearly two years, and like it very much. It comes on Wednesday, and I never miss calling for it on the way home from school. We have had Christmas vacation for a week, and school begins to-morrow.

An *Old-fashioned Girl* is one of Miss Allot's most winsome stories. I am glad you have it.

A happy new year! I hope that every little girl and boy likes to read YOUNG PEOPLE as well as I do; I look for it every week, and when it comes read to my little brothers, and sisters all the pretty stories that are in it. I am nine years old, and we have had a new baby sister at our house, her name is Carrie. I like her very much, and I say all my lessons right, so I can grow up and know something.

R. A.

Very glad I am, dear, to hear of that new little sister, who will grow sweeter and sweeter every day.

CARROLL, IOWA.

I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE for three years, and have read many letters in the Post-office Box, and I like to read them. This is my first letter to you, and I hope you will like it. It is in your paper. I am a little girl, and live in the northwestern part of Iowa, where we have many cold storms in winter. Papa has promised me a trip to Salt Lake City next summer, and when I return I will write and tell you what I have seen.

MATTIE W.

Don't forget that promise, Mattie.

YENNA, CALIFORNIA.

I am ten years old, and I have a dear little sister named Baby May. She has a little pet kitty, and I have one also. I have just begun to take music lessons; my older sister has been taking them for a year. I go to school, and I like my teacher very much. I study reading, grammar, geography, arithmetic, mental arithmetic, and writing. Our school is going to have two weeks' vacation. I think it will be nice; don't you? My little sister learns a few pieces on the piano; mamma or I play, and she sings. I will name a few, like "Jack and Jill," "The Bells," "The Old Maid," and "I Love Little Pussy." "Jack and Jill" has a pretty tune, but the words are rather silly. I like to do fancy-work. I had a grammar book, and I like to sew, but she did some months ago. I have another grandma, who taught me how to write. I was left-handed in almost everything. I remember one of the copies that grandma taught me to write from was "Father, mother, sister, brother." I think that is rather a nice copy; don't you?

CLARA B. B.

Let me tell you a funny copy that I used to write when I was about your age:

"Command you may"

Your mind from play."

NEW YORK CITY.

I am a boy of nine years. I liked the "Lost City" very much, and was very sorry we had not the time to read it. I liked the "Pigeon" very much every Tuesday. To-day we (my brother and I) built a snow man in the yard as big as myself, and we threw snow-halls at it until it fell down. I am in the third class in school. Grandma says that YOUNG PEOPLE is enough for a little boy like me to read every week, and she says I should ask you what you think.

JOE C.

I think so too.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

My sister takes YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like it very much, especially the Post-office Box. My sister has written before, but I have not. We have no pets, except a bird, which sings very sweetly, though it is ten years old. I had a kitten, but it tried to catch the bird, so my mother would not have it. I also had a pure white rabbit, but it died. We spent Christmas in New York. My cousin got a Japanese dog, named Fussy Yama; it is white and has a black ring around its tail, and a black eye; it is so small that the man who brought it carried it in his pocket; it cries like a baby, and is very frolicsome.

MAMIE T.

Many children will wish they had a pet like Fussy Yama, but I should prefer the dear old bird myself.

E. K. A. MISSISSIPPI.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—You say you wanted us to write and tell you how we spent Christmas, and had the nicest time I ever had any Christmas, and got more presents. Christmas night I went to my Sunday-school Christmas tree at the Episcopal church. The tree was very pretty, and all my presents on it. I received a new tea-set, a very pretty pitcher, and a beautiful Christmas card. Santa Claus brought me a doll, a Christmas card, and lots of candy, and a beautiful chamber-stool. The next evening the little folks had a party. I was invited, and we had a gay

time. I am nine years old, and live with my uncle and aunt. I have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE two years, and like it very much.

ANNIE S.

WHEATON, NORTH CAROLINA.

I want to tell you about our Christmas, and some of the funny customs and negroes here. It was just as warm as spring on Christmas day, and so it has been ever since. We can sit with the windows and doors open. The negroes here have a way of dressing, and go to school on Christmas and New-Year, and go about dancing and singing.

ED. PATSON W.

ATHENS, NEW YORK.

My little brother has broken his arm. Six weeks ago he broke it by falling out of his crib. He was a naughty boy, and did not go to sleep. He has both of the splints off; next week he will have the sling off, too.

In the summer I go to the lake, almost always to Ensenore. I throw stones in the water, and float pieces of wood, and go up in the canoe. Sometimes I go to Canaan. When we go to Flat Haven Bay, on Lake Ontario, in the afternoon we go out in the tug on the lake four miles. Generally when I have been out the water has been so rough, but once it was very rough, and I was almost seasick.

I am only seven years old, so papa has to copy this for me.

ALICE T. B.

DOLLIE K. In reply to your inquiry I must answer Mr. Louise B. by saying that I have sometimes been told by Jennie M. A. that I am very sorry that a little girl like you should suffer so much from the asthma; perhaps you will outgrow it. Tell S. J. I have never had a twin sister—thanks to Jennie P., May W., Lucy T., and Arnold K.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

CONCEALMENTS.

1. Fish.—1. James can fish a deal better than I. 2. I want this red pepper charged, sir. 3. Mary lost her ring? 4. Look, Flo; when I said that stone is a snake. 5. Tell Sad Monday will do just as well. 6. He took the right route after all. 7. Thou shouldst urge on that horse. 8. Stop that car, please. 9. Mark, James, do you hear nothing? 10. Can you find a cedar-tree? 11. Is Adolph in town? 12. James Mack, E. R. Ellis, and you are invited. 13. Keep like home to you. 14. Has our dog Nero a chain? 15. Is Sam in now?
2. Birds.—1. I was at the window last night. 2. I saw her on Monday. 3. Dogs walk in mud. 4. Seth rushed from the house. 5. He looked at his wan face. 6. Mr. Barlow renewed his insurance. 7. He has gone to Dover. 8. Is Mr. Provost rather than you? 9. Her bird is torn. 10. Please crack it, Emma.
3. Beasts.—1. Ghosts and ogres are imaginary beings. 2. I met you a year ago at London. 3. Send the sixth of June to my mother. 4. I don't want a penny? 5. It was as still as a mouse. 6. The mast, if found, will be brought. 7. Jim will be arrested. 8. Do end that game! 9. The havoc at the battle was great. 10. It is better here than there.

C. H. BURR.

No. 2.

AN ASPIRE SQUARE.

1. Hets in. 2. A spiracle. 3. A metal. 4. A United States coin.

GAZETTA.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 219.

- |         |   |          |   |
|---------|---|----------|---|
| No. 1.— | C | ra       | R |
|         | l | le       | G |
|         | M | ontevide | O |
|         | P | r        | U |
|         | I | ndia     | N |
|         | I | mp       | D |
|         | G | ras      | S |
- No. 2.—Labor shall refresh itself with hope.
- No. 3.—Whip-poor-will
- No. 4.—P O N D E C H O O V E R C R O W N E R O P O W E N
- No. 5.—May.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Ernest Barlow, Jennie Seymour, Lucy Dow, A. B. Blunt, Arthur C. Gertrude N. Griswold, Grace Nettleton, Robert L. Allen, Clara B. R. Ellis, Jennie Lott, Lott, Hervey Anderson, and Comstock, Bangs, Daisy H. and Martha Rose J. M. F. To Plitz, Artie Clark, Edwin T. Pollock, Harry J. Besnick, F. J. Kennedy, Charles Percival Selden, and Clara B. R.

[For Enclaves, see 24 and 34 pages of cover.]

## HEART, DART, AND KEY.

SOLUTION OF PUZZLE.

**B**END the heart as in diagram Fig. 1, so as to cause the tongue to rise up.

Next pass the hole in the key over the loop formed by the tongue, as shown in the diagram. Then push the head of the



FIG. 1.

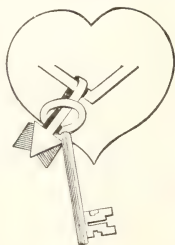


FIG. 2.

dart gently through that portion of the loop which looks in the diagram like the upper part of the letter A.

The heart is then to be flattened out again.

This also solves tongue, dart, and ring.

To complete the solution of heart, dart, and key, the shaft of the dart is now to be bent or folded, and pushed through the hole in the key. If the key is then drawn down the folded shaft of the dart, it will hang as shown in diagram Fig. 2.

## CAUSE FOR COMPLAINT.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

"I DON'T like Grandma at all," said Fred—  
 "I don't like Grandma at all!"  
 And he drew his face in a queer grimace,  
 The tears were ready to fall,  
 As he gave his kitten a loving hug,  
 And disturbed her nap on the soft warm rug.  
 "Why, what has your Grandma done," I asked,  
 "To trouble the little boy?"  
 Oh, what has she done, the cruel one,  
 To scatter the smiles of joy?"  
 Through quivering lips the answer came,  
 "She—called—my—kitty—a—horrid—name."  
 "She did? are you sure?" And I kissed the tears  
 Away from the eyelids wet.  
 "I can scarce believe that Grandma would grieve  
 The feelings of either pet.  
 What did she say?" "Boo-hoo!" cried Fred,  
 "She—called—my—kitty—a—*Quad-ra-pod!*"

## THE CAT AND THE LOOKING-GLASS.

**M**ANY years ago, at a certain farm-house, the household cat was observed to enter a bedroom in course of spring cleaning. The looking-glass being on the floor, the cat, on entering, was confronted with its own reflection, and naturally concluded that he saw before him another cat. A fierce growl was the result, followed by a rush to the mirror, and then meeting an obstacle to his vengeance, a fruitless cut round to the rear. This was more than once repeated, with, of course, equal lack of success.

Finally the cat was seen to walk deliberately up to the looking-glass, keeping its eye on the image, and then, when near enough to the edge, to feel carefully with one paw behind for the supposed intruder, while, with its head twisted round to the front, it assured itself that the other had not escaped. The result fully satisfied the cat that he had been deceived, and never after would he condescend to notice a cat in a looking-glass.



A COLD DAY IN JANUARY.

# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 223.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Tuesday, February 5, 1884.

Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$1.50 per Year, in Advance.



JEALOUS PUG ATTACKS HIS RIVAL.

## "KEPT TILL CALLED FOR."

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS.

I.

"IT'S all well enough for your highty-tighty rich folk to keep Christmas. Where's the use in our a-doin' it? I ain't had a square meal in a month, an' I'd rather have baked beans than plum-puddin' any day. Shake the ashes out o' that old rusty pot, Doll, an' pick out what ye can fur the fire. Lor! how the wind howls, an' the old roof creaks! Listen! what's that noise?"

Was it the surf beating on the rocks, or a hungry demon howling through the storm?

"I don't hear nuthin', Pop."

"But I do. Hark! there it is again."

The boy flung a handful of half-burned coals on the fire, and then flattened his nose on the window-pane in the effort to hear what his father's keener ear had caught.

"Tain't no use, Doll; these here coals ain't no good. I'll go out an' git some drift-wood."

"It's all wet, an' won't burn." Doll had lugged the coals all the way from the village ash heap on account



of the storm, and in hopes of having a little cheerful warmth.

"So you won't keep Christmas, Pop?" he asked, again returning to the subject they had been discussing.

"Keep it?—no. There's that noise again. I'm goin' out. Jist you stay here, an' hold on to things, or mebbe we'll be drowned out afore mornin'."

Doll held the door as his father plunged into the darkness, or the wind would have prevented its being shut again.

Wrapping himself in an old pea-jacket much too big for him, Dick sat down to await his father's return. It was after this fashion that his thoughts ran:

"Me an' father's lived all alone here as long as I can remember. We ain't had much to eat an' drink an' wear, an' I ain't had no schoolin'. Clams is about all we've got, an' if it warn't fur clams we might as well be drowned, an' done with it."

Then he drew from his pocket a crumpled half-sheet of an illustrated paper, and gazed longingly at the picture of a Christmas dinner party on it. Around a bountiful table were the chubby faces of well-fed children, looking with delight at an immense plum-pudding. Sprigs of holly and wreaths of evergreen, with the usual branch of mistletoe, decked the page. Besides this there was the old story in the corners—the three Wise Men on their camels in the desert, the bright star above guiding them, the old inn at Bethlehem, the manger, and the Blessed Babe.

What did it all mean? In vain he spelled out a word or two. He could not understand it.

Meantime the wind rattled at the latch, and howled down the chimney, and shrieked through every loop-hole. Doll was getting sleepy, and the fire was almost out. Why didn't Pop come back? Should he go to bed, or would he wait? Fatigue soon settled the question, for he fell asleep in the old rocking-chair.

Waking late in the night, he found that the wind had died down, and the storm was over.

Where was Pop? He must find out, for he and Pop were all in all to each other. Opening the door, he crept out.

He had not gone far when he saw something queer. Under a jutting rock a big bundle seemed to be lying, all twisted up with ropes and sea-weed and broken timbers.

Doll looked and looked; then he went nearer, then a little nearer still, and at last he touched the bundle cautiously. As he did so, something cried. What was it? and who was it that hugged something so tight? Surely not—yes, it was Pop!

## II.

Doll's curiosity and fear were about equal. He knelt down and put his hand on Pop's cold face; he tried to get at his heart, but as he did so there was that cry again, and he jumped back in a fright.

How glad he was to see a little flutter of Pop's neck-tie, and a tiny little hand pulling at it, and Pop's eyes unclose and shut again, and his old waistcoat gave a great heave!

"Pop! Pop!" cried Doll, bursting into tears, "please wake up—please do." And then Pop really did try to speak, but his voice was very low and faint.

"Take this home first, Doll," he said; and he put the strange object he was hugging into Doll's arms. "Take it home and put it in your bed; be very careful; and then come back and help me."

Doll did as he was bidden. The queer little thing struggled, and struck him with its tiny fist, and kicked against his breast with all its small strength, but he did not let go; and after putting it on his cot, and tucking it up carefully, he hastened back to his father. Pop was badly hurt, but with Doll's help crawled home and got to bed, meanwhile giving the boy directions what to do.

Doll must go over to Granny Crane's and get the cent's worth of milk which she always let them have when they could afford the luxury, and he was to warm a few spoon-

fuls and feed the baby. And he wasn't to say a word about it. It was a rule among the rude people of the shore to say little about the wrecks in their vicinity; there was no life-saving station there, and they wanted none—for reasons of their own.

So Doll got the milk, and after he had made the fire burn, took the little creature on his lap and tried to feed it. He wished it had been a kitten, for then it could have fed itself; but it winked its great blue eyes at him, and spluttered and choked until he was scared out of his wits. It awakened his father, who was now groaning with pain, and to quiet it Doll thought of a way of feeding entirely original with himself; he dipped the end of a towel in the milk, and the child sucked it.

It was slow work, but it succeeded, and Doll had the happiness of seeing the hungry little creature satisfied. Then he fondled and caressed it just as he would have done a kitten, and its warm breath was sweet as it snuggled against his rosy cheeks. All day long this was repeated, and at night he built a big fire, and drew his bed beside it, keeping the child still in his arms.

The next day he warmed water and tried to bathe it; but between the soap-suds and the kicking and screaming, he was glad to wrap it up again in one of his own coarse but clean garments, and quiet its cries.

Still Doll was supremely happy in his new possession. He had often wished for brothers and sisters, but this was much better; it was all his own, and he took the tiny fist in his grasp with fatherly fondness, only one thing marring his joy, and that was Pop.

Poor Pop was very ill; all day long he moaned and moaned, and refused food; nothing but a little clam juice passed his lips; and Doll began to think something must be done. What the something should be he did not know, but he would try—just as he had done for the baby.

When he went over to Granny Crane's for his next pennyworth of milk he asked her for some boneset, and she gave him a big bunch of the herb. This he steeped in hot water, and gave his father to drink. Pop certainly did get better after he had swallowed a big pitcherful; but there seemed to be something the matter with his legs, and Doll did not dare to touch them; so there was nothing to do but to travel off five miles away, and ask Dr. Perkins to come over. It would have been too great a trial to Doll to leave the baby, so he didn't do it; he just bundled it up in an old piece of bed-quilt, and started on his journey. Fortunately he did not have to go the whole way, for he met the Doctor on the road.

The gig was going slowly, and when Doll stopped, it stopped, for the Doctor's horse knew when to do this quite as well as his master.

"So something's the matter with Pop, eh?" said the Doctor. "Well, I'll come down there to way before I go home. What have you got there? clams?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I was in hopes you had some—they're wanting them at home."

"I'll bring 'em sure, Doctor—soon as you take a look at Pop," answered Doll, in a great hurry to get off, and scudding away as fast as his legs could carry him.

"That was an odd sort of a bundle he carried," thought the Doctor, as he tickled his horse with the whip.

He still thought it odd when he was gently but firmly handling Pop's poor bruised body, finding one leg broken, and the other one almost as badly hurt.

Doll was crouching over his bundle in the most remote corner of the room, unaware that the Doctor's keen eye was watching him. He thought the Doctor wouldn't find out what it was, but his little charge was hungry, and he could not prevent its crying.

"Hello, Doll! that's a queer kind of a kitten," said the Doctor.

"Tain't no cat," said Doll, indignantly.



"What under the sun is it, then?"

There was no use in trying to conceal it any longer.

"It's a baby, that's what it is, an' it's mine; ain't it, Pop?" said Doll, holding his treasure closely, but still proud to show the little fair head, and fists like crumpled rose leaves.

"A baby! Good gracious! Where did you get that, Doll?"

"I didn't find it—Pop did; but I'm going to keep it till it's called for."

"It 'll be a long while 'fore that's done," said Pop, feebly. "It was the only one I could save—all the rest went down. There were three men an' a woman, an' I might have saved her but for the baby. She couldn't hold on long enough, though, an' the wind was awful."

"Ah! I heard there was a schooner ashore the other night."

"That was it."

"I must make inquiries. And this child—poor little thing! 'twill have to go to the county house."

"No, it sha'n't," sobbed Doll. "Pop says I may keep it. It's his find, an' nobody wants it. I say, Doc, I'll bring you clams every day ef you'll let it alone with me."

"Nonsense, child! How can you bring up a baby?"

"I can, an' I will," said Doll, proud and defiant.

The Doctor laughed, and turned toward his patient, who, laying his hand on his arm, said, softly, "Let him be, Doc; it's Christmas, ye know, an' I ain't got nuthin' else ter give him."

### III.

Years passed, and it was Christmas-eve again, and again there was a storm beating on the coast, and rearing its angry waves high upon the shore; again the old rafters shook, and the shutters rattled, and the door seemed about to burst open; but it did not, for in place of the rusty latch was a good strong bolt, and within was light and cheer and comfort. A bright fire of drift-wood leaped in clear flames, the floor was covered with rag-carpet, and all about the chimney, and over the windows, and half burying the dresser, with its row of shining platters, were boughs and branches of spicy cedar.

In a big easy-chair in the warmest corner of the room sat an old man, with a mass of seine twine beside him, netting; opposite him a young man and a boy were playing checkers; while a young woman with a pleasant face was moving about to the tune she was humming, alternately arranging the supper table and giving a stir to the pudding spluttering in the pot.

Presently she called them all to the table, and took the pot from the fire. The boy gave a cry of delight as he saw the plums, and even the old man hobbled a little faster as the steam curled up about the savory mess.

"It's all owin' to Dick that we keep Christmas; isn't it, Doll?" said the old man.

The child looked up curiously.

"Yes, Pop," said the young man, nodding; "it's all Dick's doin's."

"How is that?" asked the young woman, with a smile toward the child, who was holding up his plate for a good thick slice of pudding.

"Why, ye see, Doll an' me jist sort o' crawled along anyhow till Dick come. We didn't care for nuthin' nor nobody so long's we dug the clams an' kept the fire goin'; but when Dick come, it sort o' give us a start. I never saw nuthin' like Doll arter that; he nussed that boy like an old hen with its chicks, an' ef any one looked at Dick, it riled him an' ruffed up his feathers. He watched him night an' day; he 'arned to read, so's he could teach Dick; he 'arned to sew, so's he might mend Dick's clothes, an' he 'arned 'rithmetic, so's he could earn money to pay Granny Crane for doin' chores for Dick. I never saw nuthin' like it, an' atween Doll an' Dick, Pop's a happy old man."

The child had listened and eaten until he could eat no more. He now pushed away his plate, and sprang into Doll's arms, while the young woman looked proudly at the fair head leaning its curls against her husband's shoulder. At this instant there came a loud rapping at the door, and she hurriedly rose to open it, for above the din of the storm came a familiar voice.

"Hello, there! let me in," it cried. "Merry Christmas to you all!"

"Why, what on airth, Doc, has brought you out such a night as this?" said Doll, still with Dick in his arms, but rising to meet the visitor.

"Somebody a-dyin'?" suggested Pop.

"Not just at present," answered the Doctor, with a twinkle in his eye, and pulling off his wet things—"not just at present. I've only called in with a little trifle for Dick, seeing it's Christmas, and to say that somebody wants."

"Nobody wants Dick—nobody can have Dick," put in Doll, hurriedly; and the child clung to him still closer.

"Wait till I have said my say," replied the Doctor.

"How do you know anybody wants him?"

"I don't. I beg your pardon, Doc. But I'm always afraid of somebody claiming him."

"Nobody shall," whispered the boy, kissing Doll.

"Suppose somebody wants an heir to some property?"

"Well, what of that?"

"And suppose that heir happens to be a boy called Dick?"

"Nonsense!"

"Is it, indeed? Well, just read this advertisement, and this, and this"—pulling out paper after paper and cutting after cutting, and ending with a bundle tied with red tape. "Here have I been writing letters to lawyers and all sorts of people, using all my spare time, doing my best to unravel a very much twisted skein, and these are the thanks I get."

Doll said no more, but opened the papers and read. Pop, too, got out his spectacles, and plodded through a line or two, but gave up in despair. And then they all waited, with only the crackling of the fire and the hissing of the tea-kettle breaking the silence.

At last Doll stopped reading while they all looked expectantly up at him. His face had a strange expression as he again took the fair-haired boy in his arms.

"Dick," he said, "I'm afeard it's true, an' that ye'll be a rich man."

Dick's blue eyes filled as he saw Doll's grave face, and he put his arms around Doll's neck.

"Yes, Dick, there's no doubt about it. We little thought, Pop an' I, ten years ago this very night, that the little hungry crying baby we brought home from the sea would live to be a big boy such as you, nor that, bein' a boy, ye might grow to be a man, an' a rich one at that. No, Dick, we didn't, but we loved ye all the same. An' now, Dick, ye must promise me that ye'll never forgit what ye owe to the One who gave ye to Pop, and that ye'll be good—be—"

Doll could not say another word, but buried his face in Dick's curls, and there was again silence in the room, until the Doctor jumped up and made a great racket getting his things together, and coughing, and saying it was time for him to be off.

It was really true. The wealth was not so very great, but Dick being the only survivor of both his parents, a nice little sum had been growing all this time. Had not Pop carefully saved a handkerchief and a ring with letters inside it, which he had found in a trunk washed ashore at the same time that he found Dick, there would have been much trouble in proving who the child was.

Dick, of course, had to be educated, and after a while left his humble home, but he never forgot Pop or Doll, and always spent Christmas-eve with them.

## FAMOUS PIANISTS.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

WE have considered in former papers the growth of the piano-forte, its final perfection, and the various masters who composed works to be performed upon it, both with and without orchestral accompaniment; and I feel sure my young readers, especially if they be students, will like to hear something of the famous pianists of their own day as well as of those who immediately preceded them.

Musical study now holds so very high a place in science and art that not only is a pianist criticised for his *method* of playing, but also for his *interpretation*, as it is called, of the composer's meaning. After any concert you may hear critics or connoisseurs remarking upon how the performance compared with that of this or the other master

posers would have given the same works does not count in criticism, since in many instances they were far poorer performers than those who execute their works. For instance, Moscheles played the works of Mendelssohn far better than Mendelssohn could himself, being a much finer performer, and certainly Rubinstein and Von Bülow give Beethoven's sonatas as the great master never could have performed them.

A poet may not be able to explain his meanings and read them to the public; it takes another kind of genius to do this for him; and so the fine pianist, even though he be a composer himself, has a genius entirely his own, a talent which can be recognized and criticised without the least reference to the intention of the composer.

Among the famous pianists of this day, Liszt, I suppose, may be considered the leader. He is Hungarian by birth, and has had every advantage of musical tradition and surrounding. He was born in 1811, and his father, who had been an intimate friend of old "Papa Haydn," and was passionately fond of music, determined his boy Franz should be a musician. Happily the child had genius, else his life might have been ruined. He studied under the best masters, and as a boy astonished all who heard him. When he went to London in 1823 his playing was pronounced the marvel of the age, and from that time steadily Liszt has been celebrated as a teacher, a composer, and above all as a pianist.

He played as a youth for Beethoven, who declared that a glorious musical future awaited him, and now in Liszt's possession is Beethoven's long-used piano-forte, and also the great master's harpsichord.

Liszt no longer cares to have pupils, yet he spends much time in listening to and advising students, and all who have studied under him declare his method and manner to be most inspiring.

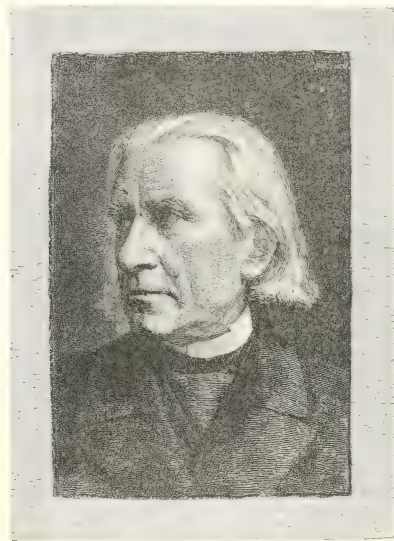
A friend of mine, wishing very much to receive lessons from him, went timidly to beg the favor, but the master told her it was not possible. He could make no such engagements. However, she played for him his own "Rhapsodie Hongroise." He expressed himself pleased, yet said much more could be done.

Soon after, at one of his small concerts, she was present, and near the front. What was her astonishment to see the master beckon to her to come upon the platform. Once there, he placed a seat behind the piano for her, and then, beginning the Rhapsodie, bade her listen critically, and in the pauses of his concert pointed out its peculiarities and her defects. In this way she sat by him at many concerts, he really giving her instruction which he felt he could not in any other way.

Next in rank to Liszt we might place Rubinstein, the brilliant Russian pianist, whose career from his first public performances has been so remarkable.

Rubinstein is one of those players who seem to defy everything but their own ideas, and he dashes into his work with *abandon*, and what might seem a wild flourish. But listen; you will hear that his touch is like the falling of pearls. He *seems* to be careless, but in reality he is only impassioned, swift, and fanciful. By no means is such a performer to be imitated by a young student. Without absolute genius, just of his own kind, no one could venture upon playing as he does.

Von Bülow, the most careful of all living pianists, gives a great deal of thought to each individual bar of the work before him, and he intends that his listeners shall listen carefully from the very beginning. I remember an occasion some time ago in London when Von Bülow was playing for a small audience. The audience well knew that he demanded their strictest attention from the outset. Well, every one seemed to have assembled, and out upon



FRANZ LISZT.

—whether, for instance, Rubinstein played it or "took it" so fast or so slow, or so *andante* or *allegro*.

Criticism, properly speaking, should only come after the most careful training, study, and experience; but the experience may and should begin by observing every performer carefully, and comparing his or her rendering of the work with that of some one else. I know of a young student who made it a point to hear the glorious Ninth Symphony of Beethoven as often as possible by good orchestras, and compared the time and style of performance, so that she learned better and better to understand this marvellous work.

Then, again, in matters of expression. Different artists differ as to how certain portions of well-known works should be rendered, and all may have truth in their idea if they be conscientious, artistic workers. How the com-



IGNATZ MOSCHELES.

the platform came the master's trim little figure. His eyes were fixed on the piano, and just turning an instant as he gave his quick bow to the audience, he seated himself, and presently there arose the exquisite opening strains of the Moonlight Sonata.

At this point a movement was heard, and up the aisle came a fashionably dressed lady. She arranged her silk gown, and prepared to take one of the front seats. But suddenly the music ceased. Von Bülow turned around, banged his left hand down on the keys, and glared at the offender, who sank into her seat, while thump, thump, thump went the artist's hand on the keys, the whole audience being fairly terrified into silence. This over, he sat perfectly still, fairly glaring at us all, after which he went back to his work. But he did not give the sonata; on the contrary, he dashed off into a gavotte of Bach's. I suppose the different measure relieved his feelings.

Next to Von Bülow in delicacy and precision are Clara Schumann and Charles Hallé. At one time the concerts presided over by the latter were among the great musical features of a London winter. Neither Hallé nor Madame Schumann has ever visited America. The latter is the daughter of one of the most famous German teachers, Herr Wieck, and was born in Dresden in 1818. In 1840 she married the famous composer Robert Schumann. Her education was probably the most perfect ever given an artist. Her father drilled her hour by hour, day by day; and although many stories are told of his severity—keeping her five hours at a time at the piano—I scarcely believe that he could have been so harsh, since better than most people did he know the wisdom of avoiding overfatigue in musical study.

Madame Schumann lives at Stuttgart, but she visits London yearly for concerts, and, although no longer young, still delights all who hear her. Perhaps "grand" would be the word to apply to her playing. It seems to me like some perfect piece of lofty

architecture, every piece solemnly put in, no detail considered unworthy of care and finish, yet the whole lifting itself high up toward heaven.\* This, I think, is the result of the patience and zeal with which she always studied. She says herself that having a scale to practice, she never hurried it, never slighted it, nor left it until she had mastered it thoroughly. Having discovered that a *toccata* was a peculiarly good exercise for her fingers, she made a rule of practicing it at least once every day of her life.

A host of other names arise as those of popular pianists of our time. The best are certainly Scharwenka, Madame Schiller, Miss Mehlig, Baarman from Munich, Saint-Saëns of Paris, and Sherwood of Boston.

Among the famous pianists not long passed away I must mention to you Carl Tausig, the strange, capricious genius who died in early youth, but who had lived a lifetime in talent. An English friend told me that when she was visiting a friend's house in Berlin there suddenly dashed into the dimly lighted drawing-room an elfish-looking boy of about twelve years, who straightway seated himself at the piano, and began the most wonderful performance. Never had she heard such strains except from a great master. And this was Tausig, the boy who lived only to the first years of manhood, but of whom his pupils now tell most wonderful tales; how he would play to them, leading them like the famous Pied Piper, yet who was never like other mortals—always seeming to be more than half elf or sprite.

I fancy I can hear some of my young readers say, "But it is so *hard* to appreciate classical music and good performances!" And I would say yes, very decidedly, to the first. Through no defect in mind, there are many to

\* A famous pupil of Clara Schumann's is Ganotha.



MADAME CLARA SCHUMANN.

whom classical music must always be dull and uninteresting; but, on the other hand, the performance may be appreciated as an art, if we choose to enjoy what is melodious and good. And here I will add an anecdote recently told me by an old lady who knew Moscheles in his prime.

My friend was on her way toward a German town where she expected to visit the musician's family, and meet him for the first time. Having heard so much of him as a husband, father, and friend, and not being interested in musical matters, she forgot that he was the famous musician. She reached the station at L—. There stood Moscheles, who welcomed her with outstretched hands, and exclaimed, as he led the way toward their abode: "We shall have delightful times. B— and A— are here. We will give you *such* music. Are you fond of it?" he asked, suddenly. Mrs. — confessed that a dreadful feeling came over her. Could she venture to avow her ignorance? What should she say? Then, well knowing how false is an *affectation* of enjoyment in anything, she looked at him, saying: "No, candidly I am not. I care nothing for *harmony*, but I love *melody*."

Moscheles was delighted. During her visit she found how entirely he appreciated her frankness; he gave her all the most enchanting *melody* he could summon up, and she came away feeling she had taken a decisive step toward the real appreciation of *harmony*.

#### A LION-TAMER'S EXPERIENCE.

"WHILE with Robinson's circus," said Mr. Neylan, the celebrated lion tamer, "I became acquainted with Bill Reynolds, the well-known lion performer, and became a fast favorite with him. He was sick quite often, which made it necessary to withdraw that feature of the entertainment.

"I was in the habit of playing with the lions outside the cage, and one day I asked the keeper who had charge of the cage if he would let me go inside. He laughed at me, and said that I would be glad to come out mighty quick. I looked about for a cowhide, and being unable to find one, seized upon a broom handle, and started in. There were three animals together in the cage, the famous lion Old Prince, the pet lioness Jennie, and a beautiful tiger. I was about sixteen years of age at the time, and very strong.

"The moment I entered, the animals regarded me as an intruder, and Old Prince began to look warlike. I beat him vigorously with the broom handle, and before I left the cage he was humbly submissive, and, with the other animals, would promptly do my bidding. I told the manager that I had found a man to take Reynolds's place, and would produce him that night.

"Evening came, the cage was drawn into the ring, and at the appointed time I appeared, greatly to the surprise and bewilderment of the manager. As I started toward the cage he shouted:

"Come away; you'll be eaten up."

"But I went on with the performance, and the animals behaved beautifully. At another time Robinson had a young lion, three years of age, of great strength and ferocious disposition. I determined to tame him, and selecting an empty cage with two partitions, I had it drawn into the woods one bright day. There I had a terrible encounter with him for three hours. The enraged beast refused to obey the lash, and it became necessary to use hot irons instead of a raw hide. After he had been subdued I petted him for a time, furnished him with a good meal, and we became the best of friends. At the close of the encounter I was almost entirely stripped of clothing."

Mr. Neylan was asked if ever he found himself in extreme peril.

"Well, yes," replied Mr. Neylan; "I was placed in a most uncomfortable situation. One day I had occasion to enter the cage of Jennie, the pet lioness, to repair it. The sound of the hammer employed in driving nails appeared to frighten her, and suddenly she fastened her teeth in the calf of my leg. I had the presence of mind to let her alone, although she was tearing my flesh terribly, and seizing my hammer, I watched my opportunity, when she had caught my wrist between her teeth, and thrust the handle down her throat, choking off her hold. Then she sought to leap upon me, and stripped me of my clothing, besides leaving the bloody imprint of her claws upon my back. The blows of the hammer did not seem to have any effect, and at the right moment one of the keepers, seeing my danger, seized an iron bar and belabored her vigorously, while I kept up an accompaniment with my hammer. We conquered her at last, and I left the cage to dress myself and my wounds. She never disturbed me again, and was always tame and gentle.

"The best time to begin to break lions," said Mr. Neylan, "is when they are cubs eight to ten months old. My practice was to devote an hour a day in the training, always exercising them on empty stomachs, and feeding them immediately afterward. If the animal is gentle and submissive, he should be treated kindly; but if he is inclined to be stubborn and ugly, then you must obtain the mastery by a vigorous use of the cowhide. They are inclined to be treacherous even when most frolicsome and gentle, and it can be shown that the majority of lion performers who have been killed have allowed their pets too much liberty.

"The place to use the cowhide is over the face and eyes, to blind and confuse them. It must not be thought for an instant that one can look them steadily in the eye and thus disarm them. The lion does become somewhat blinded by a steady gaze, but the moment he lowers his head and gives it an ominous shake, then look for danger, and the more promptly the lash is applied the better.

"The tiger is more inclined to be treacherous than the lion, and it is more difficult to train one. I have trained Asiatic, African, and Mexican lions, and some of them have developed remarkable powers of intelligence and sagacity."

#### THE WILL AND THE WAY.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

THERE'S something I'd have you remember, boys,

To help in the battle of life;

'Twill give you strength in the time of need,

And help in the hour of strife.

Whenever there's something that should be done,

Don't be faint-hearted and say,

"What use to try?" Remember, then,

That where there's a will there's a way.

There's many a failure for those who win;

But though at first they fail,

They try again, and the earnest heart

Is sure at last to prevail.

Though the hill is rugged and hard to climb,

You can win the heights, I say,

If you make up your mind to reach the top;

For where there's a will there's a way.

The men who stand at the top are those

Who never could bear defeat;

Their failures only made them strong

For the work they had to meet.

The will to do and the will to dare

Is what we want to-day;

What has been done can be done again,

For the will finds out the way.



## THE ICE QUEEN.\*

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL

## CHAPTER X.

## SKATING BY COMPASS.

THE next day was Sunday. Fortunately the sacred day had found them in such a position that they could spend it quietly. Katy persuaded Jim and the two young men to listen while she read them some chapters from the little Testament she had carefully packed among her "necessary articles."

This, together with the work that *must* be done, took up a good part of the morning, and the afternoon was spent in making a trip to the boat, looking the situation over carefully, and laying plans for a very early start the next day. Supper over, they soon crawled into bed, and woke at daybreak, ready for work, and all the better for their day of rest.

After a hasty breakfast camp was broken, and work was resumed at the hummock. All hands labored with such a will that long before noon they had let the boat down to the smooth white plain upon the other side; and though it got away from them at the last, and went spinning off on its own account, no harm was done.

The onward march was resumed, and splendid headway was made. At noon a short halt was called and gladly accepted, all lounging upon the straw and boxes in the boat, munching crackers and cheese and drinking Katy's cold chocolate. The sun had been out all the morning, and the ice was not only a trifle soft, but frequently rough, which had made the skating and dragging a little harder work than before.

No land appeared ahead, but Aleck knew the name and position of a light-house just visible upon an island at the mouth of a river away off at their right. He therefore took out of his pocket a small map of the western end of the lake that he had copied from a big chart, and began to study it. He found that it was about fifteen miles across the end of the lake to a certain cape on the southern shore, which lay beyond the great marshy bay into which emptied the river just mentioned. He took the direction of this cape from where they were at present by compass, and made a note of it in his pocket-book. It was almost exactly southeast. Aleck reckoned on reaching so near there by sundown that the party could go ashore if very hard pushed by any misfortune or bad turn of the weather, though it was too long a march to make unless they were compelled.

"But supposing we find open water, and have to change our course?" asked Katy.

"Well, we shall know, at all events, that we mustn't go east of southeast, and must try to keep as close to that direction as possible. I don't like this sunshine and westerly breeze. I had much rather the weather kept real cold."

"Why?" said Jim. "It's much nicer when it's warm."

"I'm afraid of snow and fogs, Youngster. Now let us be off."

No snow or fog came to bother them, however, and at sunset they were out of sight of any landmark, and travelling by the compass like a ship at sea.

You may ask, How could they be sure they were following it truly, since they had no object, like a long bowsprit, to guide the eye in ranging their course into line with the needle point, as the steersman on a ship does when he glances across his binnacle?

This is the plan they took: The compass was a small one, but it was hung in a box so as always to stand level. It was, in fact, an old boat compass which Mr. Kincaid had had for many years. This was set exactly in the

middle of the seat at the stern of the boat, where Katy still skated, with her hands resting upon the stern-board. Here she could keep her eye easily upon the face of the compass, and make a straight line from its pointer through the middle of the boat. When the compass point "south-east" and the stern-post of the yawl were in line, she knew they were going on a straight course. When these were out of line, she knew her team had swerved, and she called out "Right!" or "Left!" to bring them back to the true course, just as a quartermaster would order "Port!" and "Starboard!" to his helmsman.

The sun went down slowly at their right hands as they rushed along, and as Jim saw his shadow stretching taller and taller, he found it difficult to keep pace with the older lads. Noting this, the Captain ordered a halt, and put Jim into the boat as a passenger, tying his sled behind.

"Don't you want to ride also?" asked Tug of Katy, very gallantly.

Katy was tired, and one of her skate straps chafed her instep a little, but she didn't propose to give up.

"Oh no," she said, cheerily. "I have so much help by resting on the stern of the boat that I can go a long time yet before I give in. Besides, who would steer?"

So they rushed away again, the clink-clink of their strokes keeping perfect time on the smooth ice. All at once—it was about four o'clock in the afternoon now—a dark line appeared ahead, and in a few moments more they could plainly see open water across their path.

When they became sure of this they went more slowly, and in about ten minutes had approached as close as they dared to a wide space like a river, beyond which white ice could be seen again. Here all knew they must spend the night, for it would be foolish to attempt to cross before morning.

"Well," remarked Tug, as they came to a halt, "according to orders, it's my duty to take the axe and cut fuel; so I can loaf, for there's no wood to chop round here that I see;" and he pretended to search in every direction.

"Not a bit of it," shouted Aleck, with a grin. "My order to you is, Unload that tent, and set it up on the ice. Jim will help you. I'll help Katy make a fire."

"I wish you would," said the girl. "I'm 'fraid I shouldn't make it go very well out here. I have never built a kitchen fire on ice."

"This is the best way."

Saying this, Aleck took two of the largest pieces of wood from Jim's sled, and laid them down a little way apart. Then he laid across them a platform of the next largest sticks, and on top of this arranged his kindling, ready to touch a match.

"We won't set the fire going till we are quite ready for it, and—"

"But I'm cold," said Jim.

"Well, Youngster, I've heard that the Indians never let their boys come near the lodge fire to get warm, but bid them run till they worked the chill off. You'd better move livelier if you want to get warm, for we can't afford any more fire than is necessary for a short bit of cooking. Katy, what do you propose to have?"

"I thought I would make tea, boil potatoes, and bake some johnny-cake in my skillet. May I?"

"Oh yes, but you must economize fuel."

With this warning, Aleck struck a match, and the little fire was soon blazing merrily in the "wooden stove," as Katy called it. Only one or two sticks had been burned clear through before the fire had done its work, and was put out in order to save every splinter of wood possible. They sat down in the shelter of the boat to eat their dinner, and enjoyed it very much, in spite of their loneliness and the gathering darkness.

Meanwhile the tent had been set up. Over its icy floor were laid the thwarts taken out of the boat, the rudder, and two box covers which nearly covered the whole space.

\* Begun in No. 217, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.



"THE LITTLE FIRE WAS SOON BLAZING MERRILY."

On top of this was placed as much straw as could be spared, and upon the straw Aleck and Tug spread their blankets.

Dinner out of the way, the after-part of the boat was cleared out, and re-arranged, until a level space was left. Here a heap of straw and beds for the younger ones were arranged. Then the spare canvas was spread across like an awning, and was held up on an oar laid lengthwise. This made a snug cabin for Katy and the wearied Jim, who were not long in creeping into it. Rex followed, and slept in the straw at their feet, which was good for them all.

With the coming of darkness came also a damp sort of cold, that caused them to huddle close in their blankets; and though they presently fell asleep, it was with a shivering sense of discomfort that spoiled the refreshment.

Midnight passed, and Aleck, only half awake, was trying to tuck his blankets closer about him without disturbing his bedfellow, when the tent was suddenly struck by some large object, and considerably shaken. Alarmed and puzzled at the same time, Aleck paused to listen an instant before rising, when the shrieks and barks of the sleepers in the boat came to his ears. He sprang out of his blankets only in time to see two shadowy objects rise from the camp, and drift away across the face of the moon, which was just rising.

"Wh what w was that?" came from two scared figures sitting bolt-upright in the yawl, their tongues stuttering with terror and cold combined.

"I don't know." Aleck was as bewildered, if not quite as much frightened, as they.

"Humph!" cried Tug's voice behind; "you're a pretty set to be scared out of your wits and wake everybody up on account of two birds. They're nothing but snow-owls. Go to bed, or we'll all freeze."

"Wh-wh-what are they?" asked Jim, failing completely to keep his jaws from playing castanets with his teeth.

"Tell you in the morning," was the reply. "Go to bed. Come in, Cap'n. Owls are nothing. Come to bed."

This seemed good advice, however gruffly given; but you can hardly expect a person to mince his phrases at two o'clock of a winter's morning on an ice-floe. Aleck was ready to comply, but he was too cold.

"I must get warm first, and so must you, Jim." Katy had wisely disappeared some time before, and said she was pretty comfortable. "Come and run with me till we get our blood stirring."

Neither of the boys had dared undress at all, so it only remained for Jim to creep out from under the canvas, and limp stiffly to his brother's side. Then hand in hand they raced up and down the ice half a dozen times in the pale greenish moonlight. Once or twice they disturbed an owl perched on the ice, or heard wild hooting—a sound so hollow and unearthly that they could not tell whether it came from near by or far off.

This strange voice and the gray, silent half-light on the wide waste gave them a very lonely and dismal feeling. When they had put themselves into a glow by exercise, they were very glad to creep back into their beds.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



“THE DAYS KEEP COMING.”

“**T**HREE days keep coming, Mamma,” said little Serious Eyes, As he looked out of the window at the rosy morning skies; “So many days keep coming, that soon I’ll be a man”; Then Mamma dressed her little boy, and off to play he ran.

He was not a philosopher, this boy of summers three, But just as full of mischief and frolic as could be; He loved his rocking-horse and drum, and all his pretty toys, And was sometimes very naughty, just like other little boys.

But from morning until evening of that long sunny day, While Mamma sat at sewing, and watched her darling play, To herself she kept repeating what the little rogue had said When he peeped out from the curtains of his snowy little bed.

“Yes, the days keep coming, darling,” she whispered, bending there To lay her gentle hand upon the tangled golden hair: “May days for thee keep coming, and growing into years, And bring thee naught of evil to wake thy Mother’s tears!”

## THE KING OF GAMES

HOW TO LEARN CHESS WITHOUT A TEACHER

BY GEORGE CARY EGLESTON

## II—THE GAME



**C** will suppose that you are seated with your opponent opposite, your chessmen in their place, and that you are all ready to begin your game.

The single object of each player is to checkmate the other's king. A king can never be *taken*; but when any piece or pawn is so placed that it could take the adversary's king, that king is said to be "in check," and the player who checks it must cry "Check." Then the other player must rescue his king at the next move. He is not allowed to leave it in check. Sometimes he can release it by taking the pawn or piece that checks it, and he may do this with the king or any other man. Sometimes he can interpose a piece or pawn; that is to say, he can move a piece or pawn so that it

will stand between the king and the checking piece, and so relieve the check. But he must get his king out of check in some way, and if that is impossible, he is checkmated, and loses the game.

**CASTLING.**—There is still another move, as I told you last week, called "castling." When the space between the king and either rook is clear, if you have not yet moved either the king or the rook, you can "castle"; that is to say, you can move the rook to the square next to the king, and jump the king over it. This is counted as only one move. The diagram will show you how it is done. Here,



in order to castle, you must bring the rook to the square marked A, and place the king on the square marked B. You are free to castle at any point in the game, if you have not yet moved the king or the rook. You may castle on either side. But you can not castle to get out of check, nor can you castle over a square on which one of your adversary's men is bearing. For example, if a bishop or other piece is bearing on the square marked A in the diagram, so that your king could not move into that square without being in check, you can not castle on that side. Of course you could not castle if any piece or pawn were bearing on the square marked B, for that would put your king in check, and you must never do that by any move.

Checkmate wins the game, and there is no other way of winning.

Games may be drawn, so that nobody wins, in two ways: first, by perpetual check, and secondly by stale mate. When the pieces are reduced to two or three, and these get so penned up that one player can give check at every move and keep it up forever as fast as the other player moves out of check, but still can not checkmate him, it is a case of perpetual check, and the game is drawn. When a player's king is not in check, but it is his turn to move, and he can not move either the king or any of his men without putting his king in check, he is stale-mated, and the game is drawn.

**NOTATION.**—Before I can tell you how to begin a game at chess, you must understand what is called chess notation, so that when I give you a move to make you will know what I mean.

The square on which the king stands at the beginning of the game is king's square; that on which the queen stands is queen's square; and so on with the eight pieces. The square in front of the king is king's 2d, the next in front of that is king's 3d, and so on across the board, and we count in the same way with all the pieces. In giving moves for the white, we count from white's side of the board; in giving moves for the black, we count from black's side. Thus queen's 6th of the white is queen's 3d of the black. In order to understand this clearly, look at the board and see.

In writing out games we use abbreviations, as follows: K for king; Q for queen; B for bishop; Kt for knight; R for rook; P for pawn.

These letters are combined thus: K B for king's bishop, meaning the bishop which stood on the king's side at the beginning of the game; K Kt for king's knight; Q B for queen's bishop, etc. So we write K B 3 for king's bishop's 3d, and so on. Each pawn belongs to the piece it stood before at the beginning; thus Q R P means queen's rook's pawn, or the pawn which stood in front of queen's rook at the beginning. Sometimes, where no mistake can be made, we shorten all this. For example, where there is only one pawn which can take a bishop we say P takes B, instead of K P takes Q B.

**BEGINNING A GAME.**—There are many ways of beginning a game, but most of them require a good deal of skill and experience to make them successful, and young players will do better to begin somewhat in the way which I shall indicate.

The first move is generally K P to K 4, and this is met by the same move on the other side. Young players who have had no teaching nearly always *spoil the game* at the second move. After moving K P to K 4 on both sides, they move Q P to Q 4 on one or both sides. This leads always to a poor and uninteresting game. It brings on the fight before either side is ready for it, and makes it a fight between single pieces instead of a grand battle between strong combinations of the forces. After such a beginning neither player can bring out his pieces well, and the game never becomes interesting. It is well to avoid such an opening. Even if you can not yet see why, it should be enough to know that no good player ever makes it.

Now replace your men for a new beginning, and play them as follows:

- | White.          | Black.          |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| 1. K P to K 4   | 1. K P to K 4   |
| 2. K B to Q B 4 | 2. K B to Q B 4 |

That is an excellent opening, which insures a lively game, and it may be followed up in several ways. A good way to continue it is as follows:

- | White.           | Black.            |
|------------------|-------------------|
| 3. K Kt to K B 3 | 3. Q Kt to Q B 3, |

and sometimes the other knight on each side is brought out also. In any case, the first two moves given make a good beginning to the game; but there is a danger to be looked out for, a trap into which new beginners sometimes fall in making this opening. It is called the scholar's mate. Let me show you what it is. Set up the men, and play as follows:

- | SCHOLAR'S MATE.             | White.          | Black. |
|-----------------------------|-----------------|--------|
| 1. K P to K 4               | 1. K P to K 4   |        |
| 2. K B to Q B 4             | 2. K B to Q B 4 |        |
| 3. Q to K B 3               | 3. Q to K B 3   |        |
| 4. Q takes K B P—checkmate. |                 |        |

There are many ways in which black might have avoided this. If his third move had been K Kt to K B 3, or K Kt to K R 3, or Q to K 2, he would have escaped checkmate. Of course no good player would fall into such a



trap, but you may have some fun trying the trick on your young friends. If it does not succeed, you are still in a good position to go on with the game. You can vary the mode of this attack by making your third move Q to K R 5, instead of Q to K B 3. Try it on the board, and you will see that your queen now threatens king's pawn as well as king's bishop's pawn, and your adversary may think that is your real point of attack.

There is still another checkmate shorter than this. It is called the fool's mate, because it never occurs except when the player, in trying to invent a new opening, blunders into it by his own foolishness. Here it is:

## FOOL'S MATE.

White.

Black.

1. K B P to K B 4

1. K P to K 4

2. K Kt. P to K Kt. 4

2. Q to K R 5—*checkmate.*

I have shown you the scholar's mate and the fool's mate, partly to warn you of the danger, but more because they show you the game in its simplest form, teach you how checkmate is given, and may give you some notion of how you must look for danger from distant pieces in chess.

If you have carefully worked out all the directions given to you in these articles, and practiced each thing upon the board until it is familiar to you, you know all that is needed for a beginning in chess. As you go on playing, you will steadily improve, and there are books from which, after you have learned to play tolerably, you may get a good deal of instruction. One of the best ways of improving your play is to work out the chess problems which are given in many books and newspapers. In these problems you are shown how the men stand on the board, and are required to find out how one player may force a checkmate within a given number of moves. If you begin with problems of two moves, and go on gradually to harder ones, your skill will rapidly improve. But, after all, actual play is the best and surest teacher in chess.

THE END.

## RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.

## AN ADVENTURE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BY DAVID KER.

WE were a merry party, one bright morning in December (which is the height of summer in South Africa), at the little railway station of Hottentot Camp, upon one of the half-finished railroads of Cape Colony. A branch line to the Dutch market town of Zwartberg (Black Mountain) had just been completed, and the first train was to be run over it that morning.

In Africa, where the making of railways advances as slowly as everything else, the opening of a new line is a great event, and must be celebrated accordingly. The excursion party which was to make the trial trip in this pioneer train included almost every English settler within several miles of the spot.\*

The locomotive looked as gay as a circus, with the bright-colored Dutch and English flags that fluttered over it. The children, whose round, ruddy faces peeped from every window of the cars, made the air ring with their shouts and laughter. Ten or twelve Caffre servants, whose black faces were lighted up with a continual grin, were bustling about with sun-shades and lunch baskets, while a crowd of gaunt, half-clad natives clustered in the background, watching the show, and chattering among themselves like so many monkeys.

Besides the passengers in the cars, there were five men

on the tender—the engine-driver, his two mates, myself, and the engineer who had built the line, and was now going to see how it worked.

The merry party in the cars were well employed with the contents of their lunch baskets. The cool lemonade was a treat, plentifully peppered though it was with hot African dust; and the fruit and sweet biscuits were thoroughly enjoyed, in spite of the swarms of black flies that settled upon them.

The children fairly shouted with glee as a huge brown locust came swooping with outspread wings through the open window, right in among them; and when two full-grown ostriches, startled by the passing train, crashed suddenly out of the nearest thicket, and scampered away, the delight of the little people knew no bounds.

"Put on steam, Sam, and run her over it at twenty miles an hour."

Turning round to see what had occasioned this order, I found that we were rapidly approaching a bridge. I had barely time to wonder whether this extra speed was meant to please the passengers or to lessen the chance of the bridge breaking down under us, when I found myself hanging in mid-air over a vast black chasm, through whose jagged rocks a foaming water-fall (now dried up to the last drop) had gone rushing and roaring only a few months before.

But the bridge stood the test bravely, and in another moment we were skimming over the dusty flat beyond, in the midst of which rose half a dozen great mounds of red clay, very much like overgrown ant-hills. Indeed, it would be hardly fair to call them "overgrown," for in Central Africa and South America one often sees ant-hills as big as a small hay-stack.

Each of these mounds had a hole in one side close to the ground, and the black bony creatures that came crawling out might well have passed for monster ants, had any such existed. But they were not ants; they were Caffre children, and these queer clay heaps were really Caffre houses, or *kraals*, as they are called here. At the sight of the train the little savages raised a shrill shout, and tried to run alongside of it, to the great delight of the children in the cars, who shouted back at them, and threw them biscuits and fruit from the windows.

On went the train through the dust and glare, while as the bare plain fell behind, and the clump of bush grew thicker, swarms of flies came buzzing through every window, until all the cars were filled with waving handkerchiefs and slapping hands, trying in vain to beat them off.

Little by little the surrounding country got higher and bolder, the barren plain gave place to a succession of steep rocky ridges dotted with dark green clumps of thorny undergrowth, and already we could see plainly the great purple mass of the Zwartberg, from which the town whither we were bound took its name. We were almost there now, for the town itself lay just at the other end of a deep, gloomy gorge in the mountain-side, shut in on either hand by vast masses of crumbling rock. A few moments more, and our train was at the entrance of the gully, and went rattling and screaming in.

As we entered, everything seemed to grow dark around us, and the very air felt chill as a grave, after the hot, cloudless glare of the unsheltered plain. All was deadly still save the hoarse shriek of some passing bird of prey up among the huge gray precipices that overhung us on either side. Even the light-hearted excursionists seemed to feel the dismal influence of the place, and their merry talk died away by degrees into a dreary silence.

We had gone about a mile up the gorge, when all at once I saw the engineer's bold brown face *harden* suddenly like frozen clay. He sprang forward, and screamed rather than shouted to the engine-driver,

"Full steam, Sam!—it's our only chance."

\* The total length of the railways completed in South Africa is a little over 1100 miles.

The words were hardly uttered when a strange dull rumble was heard far away up among the rocks. A wide cleft yawned suddenly in the mountain-side, broadening every moment, and disgorging a torrent of dust and gravel. Then came a deafening crash, through which were plainly heard the shrieks of the terrified women and children, and an enormous mass of clay slate, many tons in weight, came thundering down the slope, just missing the train by a few feet.

How we got through that valley none of us could ever have told. It was all like a troubled dream—the train rushing along at its utmost speed; the once merry passengers screaming and crying in their agony as rock after rock came thundering down; the driver and his mates standing at their posts with clinched teeth and set, stern faces, knowing that at any moment a tumbling rock might break or block the line, and leave them at the mercy of this cannonade of falling mountains.

Away we went, through a whirlwind of flying dust, and leaping boulders, and stunning uproar, running the gauntlet of a bombardment one shot of which would have sunk a line-of-battle ship, for the higher crags, loosened by the rain, were giving way on every side. Blinded by the dust, deafened with the din, we saw nothing and felt nothing until our headlong train darted between two vast overhanging cliffs, and right before us, in the hollow of a quiet little green valley, lay the low white houses and single spire of Zwartberg.

"Thank God!" said the engineer, solemnly; and his thanksgiving found an echo in the heart of every one who heard it.

#### AN EXHIBITION OF PETS.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

EVERY little reader of *YOUNG PEOPLE*, if we may judge from the letters received by the Postmistress, has his or her especial pet, and I only wish I could have had each one by the hand during the visit I have just made to the Exhibition of Pets, which opened at the Madison Square Garden, in New York, on the afternoon of January 23.

Cock-a-doodle-doo! Quack, quack! Coo-coo-coo! Miaow!

greet one's ears as he enters the great amphitheatre. Besides the crowing of the roosters, the cackling of the hens, the shrill cries of the Guinea-fowl and the peacocks, the harsh quack of the ducks, and the soft cooing of the pigeons and doves, one hears the continual hum of many voices, the twitter of small birds, the plaintive cheep of the wee chicks which are hatched out in the patent "incubator," and which, poor things, know no mother.

We pass the long rows of cages of fancy fowl, the White Leghorns, the Black Spanish, the Brahmas, the Plymouth Rocks, and all the rest, until we reach a cage containing a large striped cat. This is one of the great attractions of the Exhibition, the tiger cat belonging to the International News Company; he is said to be the largest cat in this country, probably the largest in the world. He is a massive fellow, and weighs forty-five pounds, is striped like a tiger, and looks more like one of those savage beasts of prey than like an ordinary pussy.

Here is another cat, which at first glance looks like a young kitten, but we soon see by its actions that it is long past the age of babyhood. The manager tells us that it is the smallest cat in the show, and though five years old, is no larger than a two weeks' kitten. Tom Thumb, as he is called, is a fitting contrast to the great tiger cat.

But such a quantity of cats as we see!—cats with long bushy tails like foxes, and Manx cats with no tails at all; jet-black cats with green eyes that gleam like emeralds in an onyx setting, and white cats with pink eyes like an albino rabbit. There are cats with six toes, and cats with none; in fact, all sorts and conditions of cats, except the tramp cat.

A cat with a brood of chickens attracts general attention, and after watching her for some time, expecting every minute to see her make a meal off one of the downy little cheepers, we pass on, sorry to leave the sleek and graceful pussies, yet anxious to see the rest of the Exhibition.

The special exhibition of fish interests us but very little. Fish are not intelligent; they have little or no recollection of persons, and if by chance they have

learned to eat from the hand, they will come up to an entire stranger as readily as to their master.

One of the most amusing and at the same time the most pitiful sights is the steam hen, as it is called, or, as it is marked, "the artificial hatcher." Here fifty or a hundred young chicks are hatched by the heat of steam-pipes, and here we see the comical little balls of down running back and forth, scratching for dinner. It seemed mournful to watch them nestling under the hard steam-pipes, and cheeping piteously, as if inquiring why modern science had robbed them of the sheltering wings of some motherly old hen, which was their natural right.

Next come the birds, and we gaze in awe at a linnet which can whistle sev-



A CAREFUL MOTHER.



"BLOWING UP A POUTER."

en tunes correctly, so painfully conscious are we of not being able to whistle even one.

On visiting the space occupied by pigeons we pause in amazement at the numberless varieties which are exhibited—fan-tails in all colors, tumblers, carriers, pouters, and a great many more which I can't remember.

The carriers were of special interest, because, while they have been used in all ages for carrying messages, it is of late years that the subject has received especial attention at the hands of the fanciers, and trials of "homing pigeons," as they are called, are becoming more frequent each season. They proved to be of great use during the siege of Paris, and it is only lately that a gang of smugglers were discovered who used pigeons to smuggle diamonds across the Canadian frontier.

Though the carrier is the most useful, the pouter is to my mind the most wonderful, of all the pigeons. He fills his crop with wind, and struts up and down his cage, looking very dignified and important. In front of this cage two or three ladies are watching one of the attendants who is "blowing up a pouter," as it is called; for when alarmed or sleepy, the pouter will not exhibit the accomplishment for which he is valued by fanciers; then the attendant takes him in his hands, and taking his bill in his mouth, he proceeds to blow him up, just as one would inflate one of those small rubber bagpipes in which children delight.

Black, gray, red, and flying squirrels, and chipmunks, white mice and white rats, monkeys, and a raccoon are

among the other pets exhibited. They all seem to be very gentle, though they look very unhappy and out of place cooped up in these little cages, when in all probability they have been used to plenty of freedom and petting in their homes.

A huge raven, which gazes down upon the visitor with a sarcastic look in his beady black eyes, and hops across his cage, glancing around now and then in a contemptuous way, as if he felt superior to everybody near him, is well worth watching. He seems to chafe in his confinement, yet he has no respect for those who confine him.

The cats alone seem to take to their cages kindly, and curl themselves up, lazily winking and blinking at the visitor, in perfect contentment, or stretching themselves and yawning as if consumed by ennui, but at the same time rather liking it.

The hens and chickens, of which the majority of the show is composed, do not know, I should judge, whether they are shut up or at liberty, and seem to be just as well contented to scratch and strut in the few square feet which they are allowed as if they had the freedom of the entire hall.

But we can not remain here always, however interesting it may be, so we say "good-by" to the imprisoned pets, and soon find ourselves in the street, where the cackle of the fowl and the sounds of the barn-yard which had rung in our ears are drowned by the rattle of the omnibus, the jingle of the street cars, and the buzz of the busy city.



## THE BABY'S DANCE.

DANCE, Little Baby, dance up high;  
Never mind, Baby, Mother is by;  
Crow and caper, caper and crow;  
There, Little Baby, there above;  
Up to the ceiling, down to the ground,  
Backward and forward, round and round;  
Then dance, Little Baby, and Mother will sing,  
While Baby's soft arms round her neck shall cling.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

I am a little girl nine years old, and live on a farm eleven miles from Little Rock, Arkansas. I have one brother, thirteen years old, who took *YOUNG PEOPLE* last year. It was sent to me as a birthday present. The year before, my dear kind sister, who lives in Little Rock. This year, mamma will have it sent me as a Christmas present. We all enjoy reading the nice stories and the charming little letters so much that we could not well do without it. I go to school, and write two and a half miles. When the weather is bad my brother takes me on Mollie, our pony. I have a dog named Queen and last named my. I am very fond of hunting. I was bitten on my toe by a dry land moccasin snake last August. I went to look at some traps I had set to catch the "coons" and I had her picture taken on Thanksgiving. I saw the snake after he bit me, but I did not stop to kill it. I ran home as fast as I could, and papa bandaged my leg from my ankle to my knee, and gave me an antidote. My foot pained me terribly, and swelled almost to bursting, and was sore for several weeks, but, thanks to the kind Father above, I did not die. I hope you will not think this letter too long to print.

PERCY M.

JUNIATA CITY, KANSAS.

I am a boy ten years old. I go to school, and like my teacher. There are four departments in our school; I am in the third. I have not been absent or tardy this term. I have no brothers or sisters. I have four pets of my own—three cats and one chicken. The cat is named Strawberry; she is black, and her feathers all stand up from her head. My grandpa gave her to me three years ago, when I went on a visit back to Illinois. I had her picture taken on Thanksgiving. I wish all the little folks that take *YOUNG PEOPLE* could see it, it is so cute. I bought a pig last fall for one dollar, and sold it for seventeen dollars and seventy-seven cents; it weighed three hundred and ninety-five pounds. I liked the "Good Goodbye Boy," "Nannie's Thanksgiving," and "The Lost City." Very much. FIDELITY.

You made quite a large profit on your pig.

SHERIDAN, NEVADA.

I am a little girl twelve years old, and live in "barren Nevada." It is sometimes called, but it does not seem barren to me, for I like it here. My papa has a large dairy, and takes it up to the mountains in the summer, and mamma and I go up there too; we go to a place called Hope Valley. It is found in the depths of the Sierra Nevada, and it is a beautiful little valley. May I have a description of it? If I go there next summer. My little brother takes *The Young People* and I take *Harper's Young People*. I have to read *Illustrated Stories* by L. B. Deane from letters from *Frederick* and *John* which I send them. My sister has chickens, hogs, and we have a horse and buggy, and ride to school, three miles, a trio of

brother, sister, and I. I have two pet cats, Tiger and Toby Tyler. My brother has a little dog Teddy; he sits up, rolls over, and shakes hands. EDNA M. M.

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.

I have been thinking for a long time of writing and telling you how much we all enjoy *YOUNG PEOPLE*. Papa reads it aloud to us after tea. I am nine years old, and my brother, Arthur, is seven. While I was sick with scarlet fever last September Arthur's velocipede was stolen from him. I thought I would write a story, and tell him he had to come to court to find it. I wrote with my letter, but as I am in school all day, and have very little time for writing, a friend of ours said she would write a long story about the velocipede, and I know that she will make one as interesting than I could. I wish you a happy New-Year. EDDIE N. A.

I am glad the velocipede was recovered.

NEW YORK CITY.

I wrote a little letter to you, but I don't know if I ever saw it in print, and that rather discouraged me, so I never wrote again. I like *YOUNG PEOPLE* very much. I take it every week. I take a great deal of interest in your reviews. I agree with Edna S. that those cookies do melt in your mouth. Don't you like the Swedish custom of putting sheaves of wheat on the roof, and letting the little birds eat them? I don't think that any one else would too who took any interest in birds. I am a little girl without brother or sister. I fared very well this Christmas. I received a number of nice presents. I think it was a real watch. I hope you got what you wanted. I must say good-by now to the Postmistress and my little friends, wishing them a happy New-Year from

PETERBORO, ILLINOIS.

I am a little girl nine years old. I have eleven dolls, a kitten, and a canary-bird. I have no brothers or sisters. I go to school all the time. I like the story of "Dick and D" and Jimmy Brown very much, but I think Little Harry has lots of trouble. I like best of all to read the letters in the Post-office Box. I thought I would write one, and I would like to have it published, as I have never written one before. ANNA G. W.

IOWA CITY, IOWA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have wanted to write to you for a long time, but never to find an opportunity as good as the present. I like your paper very much, and I have read it every week for four or five years either, and I want to take it as long as I can. We are having very pleasant weather here, although the thermometer is below zero most of the time. We have a little dog by the name of MUG, who, when my mother has a headache, will lay any one approach her, for fear that she may be disturbed. I think that it would be a good plan for every one who takes this paper to have a motto. Don't you? My motto is "Ready and willing." H. M. E. K.

A very good motto.

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

I am a little girl eleven years old, and my sister is two years older. We go to school, and study history, grammar, writing, arithmetic and spelling. We take your paper, and enjoy reading it very much. I was very much pleased when I read Annie W.'s letter from Nyack, as she has been my classmate for a long time, and we all thought she wrote a very nice letter for her age. I always like to read the letters of the first and copy them. Everybody says I am going to be an artist. Some day my sister will write to you. I spent the holidays very much, and we both received a good many presents. I am very busy collecting pictures for my scrap-book, which I wish you could see. MARIE B.

## LUCY'S MISCHIEF.

Once there was a little girl whose name was Lucy. She was not naughty, but careless. Every summer she was used to go to her uncle and aunt Lucy with her. Her aunt lived on a large farm, and Lucy used to have grand times.

One day Lucy and her cousins were playing by the river, and, because she was careless, she fell in. Her mother asked her how she came to get wet, and Lucy told her. Her mother said, "Lucy, I did not tell you that you could go to the river, when you were so young, and she did it because her cousin did, and she wanted to go."

Next she was playing with her cousins, and spilled a bag of flour on her dress, and got all the rest of the day without any more mischief. But next day she was in the room alone, and saw her father's watch on the table. She thought it was a beautiful watch, and she took it out and watched so long that it stopped. When her father came in for the watch, which he had forgotten, he was very much displeased, and said, "Lucy, I don't stand for the any longer; we must go home the day after to-morrow."

So Lucy had to go home. Everybody was sor-

ry, for, though very mischievous, she was very bright. She went home with many good resolutions, and we will hope she grew to be a good little girl. But we must say good-by now.

MAX D.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—“THE HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is mine. I couldn't read it or know much about it at first, but I can read some, and mamma reads all the rest. I just begin to like the Post-office Box and you. I have such a good papa, he is just too good for anything. He does buy me such lovely things, and all the nice like the chemical (mechanical) toys. Mamma tells me that word isn't just right, but I forget. And I want to tell you I am saving up money for a Shetland pony. Wasn't I a good girl? I opened my bank to get the money for my Christmas presents to find great half-dollars and quarter-dollars? I first thought 'Santa Claus,' then I said 'Papa.' Well, it will have the forest time, and I didn't care much when my papa said the six extra dollars in my bank he wished I would give to the little children without any papa and mamma. He wanted me to send two dollars to the babies in the crèche (how I would like to tell you about them)—there was one day with my mamma, and I said 'Oh, papa, I wish I could go to the Boot-Blacks Home. It was my own money, he said, and it could go with all my pennies and five-cent pieces for Christmas presents, but that it would be a present just the same as if I had bought toys or candies, and he thought I ought to begin while I was a little fellow to think of those homes where little children lived, and try to let them have a part of the good time that all little children should have. I am just glad I did do it. I had enough anyway. Oh, such a tree, such lots of presents, and such fun! But what I wanted to know was if you could print a little verse or two I said to my papa a few days before Christmas, when I gave him his birthday present. It was a little private present. I handed him four days, and would have said longer, only mamma let me take the box to give some to my friends Charley and Harry, who had come in to day with me. I wanted to tell you that on the fourth day, when mamma remembered, the box was empty—of course, I am six years old. I don't go to school, but I can read some, spell some, write some, and I can read and write. I go to the Boot-Blacks Home, and where the Shetland Islands are, where my pony is to come from. Please, do mountains now. I read the Rocky Mountains and the world and all the things that are in the world with us, just landed and said he was to read of mountains running. There are so many questions I want to ask, and so much I would like to tell you, but I must stop now. I will tell you very much—very much indeed. Good-by. WARD K.

Oh yes, the verses; we call them.

## PAPA'S PRESENT.

Oh, papa, dear papa,  
You're such a good man,  
I'll try to be like you,  
As hard as I can.

I want so to tell you,  
On this your birthday,  
I'm so happy I've got you,  
And this more I will say:

In spring-time and summer,  
Cold weather and snow,  
You're the very best papa  
I ever did know.

I am sure there is something  
For which I shall pray:  
'Tis that you, my dear papa,  
Have many a happy birthday.

Now here is your present,  
Of a box full, you will see,  
Of the very best candy,  
'Tis for you—and for me.

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

I am not going to tell about my pets as the others do, but, instead, I am going to tell you what I got for Christmas. When I came down stairs Tuesday morning, mamma took me into the parlor, where my presents were. The first thing I saw on entering the room was a lovely book-case. I was delighted with it, as I wanted one very much, and my mother and father had bought a very nice little iron stove with a lot of pans for cooking. Then a very small box was handed me, and on opening it I found a lovely old ring set with three very precious stones. The first thing I saw on the book-case was a light blue plush box containing four glass bottles for cologne, and three other ornaments. From my grandpa I received a very good book, and my mamma gave me two splendid books, and a Prayer-book and hymnal. To finish up the whole, a very pretty set of books, and a glass box with a lovely pen-holder, paper-cutter, and a box of candy.

LIZZIE W. A.

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

I am a little girl nine years old. I have three pets—a large dog named Joe, a lamb named Fanny, and a bird named Joe. I go to school in summer-time, and study reading, arithmetic,



[For *F. catesbeiana*, see 2d and 3d pages (Cover)]

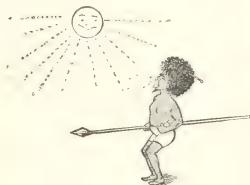
## A KANGAROO HUNT.



A LAZY kangaroo there was  
Asleep one morning in the grass.



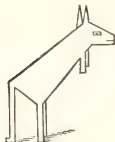
But soon along the pathway ran  
A merry hunting Pap-u-an.



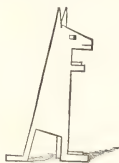
There was a chilly morning breeze  
That made the lively Pap-u-an sueze.



The kangaroo the warning hears,  
And in alarm picks up his ears;



His little heart goes pit-a-pat,  
And to himself he says, "What's that?"



And then, assisted by his tail,  
He rises up and snuffs the gale.



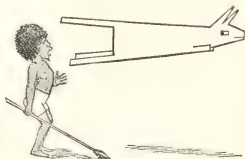
The Pap-u-an is very near,  
And just about to throw his spear.



The kangaroo can't see the fun,  
But says, "I guess I'd better run,"



And starting with a sudden bound,  
He clears full twenty feet of ground.



The Pap-u-an, in sore dismay,  
Beheld him sailing fast away,



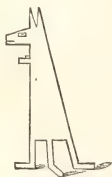
And when he to his senses came,  
Far out of spear-throw was the game.



He followed fast as he could run,  
But got so heated in the sun,



Although he was a plucky chap,  
He laid him down to take a nap.



Loud laughed that cunning kangaroo—  
"My boy, I guess I've done for you!"



Then stretched himself upon the ground,  
And fell into a slumber sound.  
All which doth prove the saying true,  
"Tis hard to catch a kangaroo."

# HARPER'S

# YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 221.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Tuesday, February 12, 1884

Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$1.50 per Year, in Advance.



CAMPING AGAINST AN ICE WALL.

## THE ICE QUEEN.

BY ERIC ST INGERSOLL.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### AN UGLY FERRIAGE.

THE sun had been up an hour when Aleck woke again and pulled Tug's ear, at which that young gentleman sat up, and was going to fight somebody right away.

But Aleck pounced on him, and pinned him down before he could stir or strike.

"No time for fooling," he laughed in his chum's face; "but if there were I'd like to take you out to the creek here and duck you for your disrespect to your superior officer. Will you touch your cap if I let you up?"

"Ye-e-s," Tug replied, as he felt the strength of the Captain's grip; "but I'm not sure about your duckin' me!"

"Nor I," laughed Aleck, and he leaped away, to go

and wake up the others by kicking on the side of the boat.

The morning was beautiful, and by the time breakfast was ready the tent had been struck, and the big boys had come back to say that they could go almost to the brink of the open water.

"It must be a 'lead,'" exclaimed Katy. "That's the name Arctic travellers give to a wide crack in the ice, by taking advantage of which, whenever it leads in the right direction, vessels are able to make their way through the 'packs' and 'fields.'"

"Probably their *leading* vessels through is where they get the name," Aleck remarked.

"Shouldn't wonder," said Tug; "but however well that plan may work in the Arctic regions, we must *cross* this one."

Getting everything ready at the brink of the canal occupied fifteen minutes. Then, all the cargo easy to be moved having been taken out, the boat (sledge and all as an experiment for this short trip) was launched without mishap. The sledge bobs hanging on her bottom weighted her down, and canted her so much, though the water was perfectly smooth, that it was necessary to make the trip very carefully. The young voyagers were thus taught that for any real navigation the boat must always be removed from the sledge. By noon, however, they were packed up, and ready to go on again as soon as they had eaten a "bite." While discussing this, Katy suddenly exclaimed:

"Oh, I have never once thought about our visitors last night. I'll confess I was dreadfully frightened. How did you know they were owls?"

"Saw 'em," Tug replied, shortly, with his mouth full of dried beef. "Couldn't be anything else, anyhow, this time o' year."

"Where do they come from?"

"From 'way up north. Don't your Arctic book say anything about 'em? Maybe it calls 'em 'great white' or 'snow' owls."

"I think I remember something about them. The Esquimaux have a superstitious fear of them, haven't they?"

"Yes, and lots of other people, for that matter. Why, only last winter one of 'em lit on the roof of a house out in the country where I was staying, and the old woman there began to rock back and forth, and whine out that some dreadful bad luck was coming. But that's all nonsense."

"I guess its cry has given it a witch-like reputation," said Aleck. "It sounded uncanny enough last night; didn't it, Jim? But what were they doing away out here?"

"Oh, I suppose they were flying across the lake, and stopped to rest on our tent ridge till we started them. I fancy they were worse scared than you were. You see, their proper home is in the Arctic regions. That's where they build their nests, putting them in trees and in holes in rocks. But when winter comes up there, and the snow gets so deep and the cold so severe that all the small animals he feeds on have retired to their holes or else left the country, Mr. Owl has to get up and flit too, or he will starve to death. So he works his way down here. They say these great white owls—why, they're bigger than the biggest cat-owl you ever saw—never go far south of this, and I know that we don't see many of 'em except when we have a very severe winter. But I've talked enough. Let's get out of this."

The sunshine by this time was interrupted by dark clouds that rose in the west, and puffs of damp, chilly air began to be felt by the skaters, who wrapped themselves a little closer in their overcoats as they measured their steady strokes. Still no land came in sight, but they thought this must be owing mainly to the thick air to the southward. Once they thought they saw it, the dark

line on the horizon proved to be a hummock, not so bad as the one lately passed, but still troublesome, and closely followed by a second. The lifting and tugging tired them all greatly, and after the second barrier had been climbed they found themselves on ice which was incrustated with frozen snow, and exceedingly unpleasant to skate upon. But a few rods farther on there was a narrow stream of open water, beyond which the ice looked hard and green.

"Let us cross and camp on the other side," said Tug.

"Yes," Aleck answered in a troubled voice. "Do you see that snow-storm coming over there? It'll be down upon us in a jiffy, and there's no telling what next. Yes, let's cross before it gets dark, if we can. There's a hummock over there that will shelter us a bit from the wind, I think."

The anxious tone of his voice alarmed his companions, and all set to work with a will. But the snow-flakes had come, and were thick about them by the time the second ferriage had been made, and the wet and heavy boat lifted out upon the ice.

## CHAPTER XII.

### CAMPING AGAINST AN ICE WALL.

"Now what?" asked Tug, holding his head very high to prevent the snow going down the back of his neck.

"Now what?"

"Now," Aleck answered, in a tone of command, "get the boat up there under the lee of that hummock. Everybody take hold."

The ropes were seized with a will, but the heavy boat could not be dragged in the snow until it had been lightened; then by great exertion it was taken over the fifty yards that lay between the water and the hummock. At that spot the ice had been thrust up like a smooth wall about fifteen feet high, and it overhung slightly, so as to form a cozy shelter from the storm. The bow of the boat was swung close against its foot, while the stern was slanted away until there remained a space of about eight feet between it and the smooth face of the hummock at that end. Tug and Jim went back after the sled and what baggage had been left behind at the lead, while Aleck and Katy began to contrive a shelter.

To manage this they cleared out the movable things in the boat, arranging all the cargo (except the mess chest), as fast as it was removed, in the shape of a wall extending across from the stern of the boat to the hummock. In this way, with the help of thwarts, two oars, and some blocks of ice, a rough wall was raised about four feet high, inclosing a three-cornered space eight feet in width, having the hummock and starboard side of the boat for its sides, and the cargo wall (through which a hole had been left for a doorway) for its end or "base."

Next a roof must be contrived. The mast and two oars were set in a leaning position from the outer gunwale of the boat, where they rested firmly upon the thwart cleats up against the hummock, to which they were firmly wedged.

It had now become dark, and Katy lighted the lantern. Tug and Jim, covered with snow, brought their last sled-load and added it to the wall, throwing all their little stock of fire-wood, which amounted to about three bushels, into the hut. Then all hands set to work in the wind, which blew sharp gusts now and then over the crest of the hummock, to stretch the sails upon the rafters formed by the mast and the oars.

The handling of the heavy mainsail proved an extremely difficult matter. Once it blew quite away from their grasp and went off in the darkness, but Jim and the dog gave chase, and soon caught it, Rex grabbing it with his teeth, and so holding on to it till the others came to the rescue. At the next attempt they succeeded in fastening one end, after which the task grew easier.

The mainsail fairly in place, the job was next hoisted



across the end, and here its leg-of-mutton shape was a great advantage, for when the broad lower part was hung against the hummock wall the narrowing peak just fitted between the sloping roof and the top of the wall.

When the two sails had been fastened, the party found themselves covered rudely but pretty tightly, and the spare canvas remained to serve as a carpet, which was greatly needed. Plenty of snow and cold were "lying round loose" yet, but to be inside was far better than to be out-of-doors. That this safety and warmth were possible to their frail structure was owing, of course, to the fact that it stood under the lee of the tall ice wall, which acted as a shield.

"Really the wind does us more good than harm now," Aleck remarked, "for it drifts the snow under the boat sledge and against the wall, and, if it keeps on, will soon stop up all the holes, and leave us boxed into a tighter house than our old snow-chinked cabin back at the mouth of the river."

"Mebbe it'll bury us," said Jim, in an awful whisper.

"Guess not. Anyhow, we can have a fire first—there are holes enough left yet to let the smoke out. Tug, just shovel the drifted snow out of the house, or pack it between the bobs under the boat, while I whittle some kindling. There won't any more blow in—the drift's too high now."

"Shall I boil tea or coffee?" asked Katy.

"Coffee, I guess; and give us some fried bacon and crackers—but lots of coffee."

"Why couldn't we use our oil stove now?"

"We don't really need to. We have some wood, and can build a fire well enough inside here, and the oil is easier carried than the wood for a greater need. Ready, Tug?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"All right. Here are our kindlings. Katy, open your lantern, and let me set these shavings afire. Matches are too precious to be wasted or risked."

A minute later a brisk little fire was burning, snow was turning to water, and cold water to hot, and coffee was thinking that presently it would be in the pot, and slices of bacon were saying good-by to their fellows, as one by one they dropped into the frying-pan.

It was a strange scene, but the actors in it were too tired and hungry to notice how they looked, and they watched with eager interest the progress of supper-getting. They were not cold, and wraps were all thrown aside, for the wind was cut off, and the fire, small as it was, made a great deal of heat in the confined space. The atmosphere of an Esquimaux house of ice, though there is no better fire than a little pool of train-oil in a soapstone saucer in which a wick of moss is smoking and flaring, will become so warm that the people remove not only their furs, but a large part of their under-clothing, and this when the temperature outside is fifty degrees or so below freezing-point.

"It is just about big enough for a play house," Katy remarked, as she jostled one and another in moving about.

"I'm glad the snow blows over, and doesn't settle on the roof. If it did, I'm afraid the canvas would sag down awfully, or the oars break."

"How will we sleep to-night?" asked Jim.

"Well," said Aleck, "I think we must all sleep in the boat somehow. Katy and you can lie on the straw in the stern sheets as usual, and Tug and I will bunk in somewhere for'ard. If we had plenty of wood to keep the fire going, it would be comfortable out here, but we must economize. If this snow keeps on, I don't know when—"

"Supper!" called Katy, and Aleck didn't finish what he was saying; but they all felt a little more serious about their situation. Though Jim objected, Aleck ordered him to put out every bit of the fire, and they ate their supper by the light of the lantern perched up in the boat.

"It's precious lucky we found this straw in the cabin," said Tug, as he leaned upon it, with a tin cup of coffee in one hand, and in the other a sandwich made of two pieces of cold johnny-cake and a slice of bacon.

"That's cool! The *luck* is that Kate had the good sense to make us bring it. I know two young fellows who objected."

"I know *three*," Katy spoke up. "Fair play. You sneered at me at first, Mr. Captain, as much as anybody. You needn't play goody-goody over the rest of them."

"Go in, Katy!" they both cried. "Give it to him! He was going to leave every bit behind—and the rushes too."

"Well, well," pleaded Aleck, "I know now it was a good idea, and I'm not always so—"

"—big a fool as you look, eh?" exclaimed Tug, making them all laugh at the face the big fellow made, who was thus cheated out of his smooth apology.

"Never you mind; I'll get even with you before long."

Then the Captain took out his watch and wound it. Holding it in his hand he said: "Now it's *my* turn. I'll give you merry jesters just four minutes to finish your supper and make your beds. Then I blow out the lantern. Oil is precious."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## "THE PRETTIEST GIRL."

BY MARY D. BRINE.

WE had such fun on Valentine's Day

With the little girls who live over the way!

Teddy and I, and Jed and Joe,

Picked out the prettiest girls, you know,

And wrote 'em things about "Violets blue,

And sugar is sweet, and so are you,"

And only that Bobby said it was mean,

I wanted to write, "The grass is green,

And so are you," and send it out

To a girl we fellows don't care about.

But Bobby he's queer, and doesn't go

For fun like the rest of us chaps, you know.

Why, who do you think he chose to be

His Valentine? Now, if I'd been he,

I'd rather have chosen— Never mind;

I'll tell you about it, and you will find

That if ever you want a feller that's queer,

You'll get him in Bobby, never you fear.

You see, we boys we had all picked out,

As I told you, the prettiest girls about.

But Bob he said there wasn't a girl

As pretty as his, and there wasn't a curl

On any girl's head that could half compare

With his chosen Valentine's soft, fine hair.

And he said her eyes were a whole lot bluer

Than any skies, and double the truer.

And that he was going to be her knight,

And take care of her always with main and might.

He wouldn't tell us his Valentine's name

Till the regular day for Valentines came,

And Mamma had hers, and Sister, you know

(Of course from Papa, and Sister's beau).

Then Bob he told us to come ahead,

And he'd prove the truth of all he had said.

And where do you think he took us boys?

Hushing us up at the leastest noise,

And making us promise not to laugh,

Nor quizz him, nor give him any chaff?

Why, he opened Grandmamma's door. "See there!"

He said.

It was Grandmamma, I declare!

Grandmamma sitting and knitting away:

Sweet Grandmamma, with her hair so gray,

Lying all soft on her forehead in curls

Just as pretty as any girl's.

And I never had noticed before how blue

Were Grandmamma's eyes. It was really true,

As Bobby had said, that there never were skies

One bit bluer than Grandmamma's eyes.

So she was his Valentine, he was her knight,

And somehow we all thought Bobby was right

When he kissed her hand, and cried, in glo—

"Dear Grandma's the 'prettiest girl,' you see;

Of course I chose her instead of Mamma,

For she, you know, belongs to Papa.

But Grandpa's in heaven, and so I knew

That Grandma must be my Valentine true."

## A CHAT ABOUT VOLCANOES.

BY HELEN S. CONANT.

**V**OLCANOES, or burning mountains, as they are sometimes called, are elevations on the surface of the earth, which act as chimneys for the great fires deep underground. There are nearly three hundred at present which are hot and smoking mountains. The great crater, or opening, is generally near the summit.

As volcanoes are not always active, the crater sometimes becomes dead, and is filled with great masses of cold black lava. Mountains have been known to remain in this quiet state for centuries, when suddenly noises like thunder are heard, and the crater begins to throw up

The peak of Orizaba is another famous volcano of Mexico, almost as high as Popocatepetl. It has not been active for more than three hundred years. Now it is very cold, and the great valley of its crater is filled with ice and snow.

The highest volcano in the world is Sahama, in Bolivia, which rises 23,000 feet above the sea; but the largest crater is that of Mauna Loa, one of the great volcanoes of Hawaii, in the Sandwich Islands. Mauna Loa has two craters, one near the summit, about 13,000 feet high, and the large one, which is called Kilauea, about 9000 feet lower down the mountain slope. The great lower crater is nearly eight miles around, and about eight hundred feet deep. The sides are steep and rocky, but there is a zigzag path by which people go down

to see the great lake of liquid fire at the bottom. The wind on the mountain is very cool, and sometimes it hardens the surface of the lake so that it appears like a great plain of black earth, just as the cold air in winter forms a coating of ice on the rivers and ponds. But the fire is underneath the black crust, just as the water is under the ice, and it is constantly breaking out into little fiery lakes, which, as the heat increases, overflow the whole bottom of the crater and form a great boiling mass.

Mauna Loa is full of strange rumbling noises like thunder. Several times great fissures have suddenly opened in the mountain-side, from which fountains of fiery lava have sprung several hundred feet high, and, in falling, formed rivers of fire which poured down into the sea.

These hot streams of lava which burst from volcanoes sometimes come so suddenly that whole villages near the mountain are swept away in an instant, before the in-



KILAUEA, THE GREAT CRATER OF MAUNA LOA.

boiling lava and hot ashes and smoke. A volcano in eruption is one of the grandest sights in nature. Vast quantities of heated matter are thrown hundreds of feet in the air, great bombs explode with a terrific noise, and at night the sky appears like a sheet of flame.

The volcanoes of North America are all situated near the Pacific coast. There are none of them very active at present. Mount Saint Elias, which stands on the boundary of Alaska and British America, is a volcanic peak nearly 19,000 feet above the level of the sea. It is the highest point in the northern half of the Western continent.

Popocatepetl, which is the next highest, is less than 18,000 feet. It is the largest volcano in Mexico, and although it is crowned with snow all the year, its crater is still very hot, and all the snow which falls inside the great hole melts as soon as it touches the warm field of black lava. The last great eruption of Popocatepetl was two hundred and seventeen years ago, but as late as 1827 it would now and then throw up dirt and small stones. Now nothing rises from the cracks and crevices of the crater but little spirals of hot vapor, which smell like a burning sulphur match. The whole crater of Popocatepetl is filled beneath the surface with beautiful yellow sulphur. Deep holes have been dug there, like wells, and Indians go down to gather the sulphur, which is carried down the mountain and sold. The air is so hot underground in the crater that the Indians can not stay long, and they wear big wooden shoes to keep their feet from becoming blistered.

habitants can escape. Great clouds of hot ashes are often thrown from the crater, which cover the plain around the mountain many feet deep, burying all the cities and towns, together with their inhabitants. In 1835 the volcano of Cosequina in Nicaragua threw out such vast quantities of ashes and powdered stone that the air was filled with them for hundreds of miles away. The surface of the ocean was so thickly covered that ships sailed with difficulty, and in the island of Jamaica, eight hundred miles from Cosequina, ashes fell on the fields. The people who lived near the mountain ran wildly in all directions in search of a place of safety, and it is said they were joined in their flight by hundreds of monkeys, and by tigers and other wild beasts, whose savage nature was completely subdued by fright.

The largest volcano in Europe is Mount Ætna, which stands in the island of Sicily in the Mediterranean Sea. It is nearly 11,000 feet high. It has always been a very active volcano. A little more than two hundred years ago a stream of boiling lava poured down from its crater, and completely destroyed fourteen large towns.

Mount Vesuvius, which stands on the shore of the Bay of Naples, is also one of the most active volcanoes of modern times. It has a very curious history. At the time of the birth of Christ the whole mountain, which is only about four thousand feet high, was covered with forests. The people called it the "Burnt Mountain," because they knew from the old crater that it had been a volcano at

some time, although it had never been known to smoke, and even the crater was a green valley full of trees.

About sixty-three years after the birth of Christ the cities near Vesuvius were startled by an earthquake, and sixteen years later the whole southern half of the mountain burst with a terrible explosion, and a vast cloud of hot ashes sprang forth, which covered the country to a great depth for miles around. It was at this time that the beautiful cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum were destroyed. They were buried in the volcanic ashes so suddenly that very few of the inhabitants escaped. Even the highest houses were covered, and nothing could be seen but a great bare plain of volcanic matter. Centuries passed away, and the buried cities were forgotten, until in 1748 some workmen who were digging a well discovered remains of ancient buildings. Now a large part of these old cities has been dug out, and many wonderful relics of their former inhabitants have been discovered.

Since that time Vesuvius has often thrown out lava and ashes and flame. At one period it was dead and still for five hundred years; then it began once more to thunder and tremble, and now smoke and flame are often seen rising from the crater.

Many of the islands in the Atlantic and Pacific oceans contain lofty volcanoes. On the island of Nippon in Japan is a famous volcano called Fusi-yama. It is 14,000 feet high, and has often thrown out quantities of lava. The Japanese look upon it as a sacred mountain, and their native artists are fond of drawing its picture. On Japanese fans and boxes and screens the rude outline of a mountain is often seen combined with other designs.

## JIM'S VALENTINE.

BY SYDNEY DAYKE.

I.

"SHINE, sir—shine?"

"No," said the gentleman addressed; and he was just passing on, when a second look at the boy with the shoe-blackening kit stopped him.

"Yes, I wil!," he said; and he watched steadily the face of the boot-black as the boy busily polished away, not with a lively whistle, nor with the air of light-hearted carelessness with which many of his brethren seem to forget the hardships of their lot. His thin features wore a sober expression, and his frame showed a very large amount of bone to a small allowance of flesh.

"Are you in good health, my boy?"

"Yis, sir." But it was the poor kind of health that is built upon half starvation and nourished by foul air.

"We are sending a number of boys and girls into the country," went on Mr. Brown. "They go and stay awhile with people who wish to give them a taste of fresh air and sunshine"—the speaker looked for some lighting up of the boy's face, but none came—"and flowers and plenty of fruit, and fishing, perhaps, and riding." Surely something of boy nature must have been left out when this boy was made, for he went on with his work as if all this had been said in a strange language. "Well, wouldn't you like to go too?"

"No, sir."

"Why not? You would find it very pleasant, and it would do you good."



JIM AND KATIE AT FARMER WARD'S.

"It's meself as niver could be lavin' little Katie," said the boy, quietly.

"And who is little Katie?"

"Me sister, an' it's only me she's got in the worruld."

"Well, couldn't Katie go?"

The boy shook his head. "Katie couldn't be lavin' me."

"But I mean couldn't you both go?"

"Is it the two of us?" Jim bounded up with an energy which sent his blacking-box rolling down the street, as, with face aglow, he cried out, "Is it ye're manin' Katie can go, and meself to take care of her?"

"Yes; I mean just that. Take this card."

The gentleman gave a few directions, and went on, leaving Jim in a maze of delight. Through street and alley he rushed, then up several dark stairways, until he flung open a door and threw his arms around a slender little girl who had turned a bright face at sound of his steps.

"Oh, Katie, Katie, it's the grand news intirely I've got for ye. Hear till I tells ye a shitory, Katie. Wanst there was a little gurrel, and she went to the country—the country, Katie—where her poor mother used to live, an' her big gossoon of a brother could just remember the darlin' little chickens an' the ould shnarlin' goose as used to rin aftther him, an' the cow—oh, Katie, it's yerself 'll have milk to drink. There, now! bad luck to me, it's the sacret I'm lettin' out, like the big blunderin'—Katie, hear, now, the little gurrel's name was Katie."

Katie listened and laughed as Jim told her everything he knew, and some things he thought he knew, of the wonderful land to which they were going. As she knew nothing herself, she believed it all, and had a light heart full of very pleasant thoughts by the time Jim went out to give up their wretched room, and to tell the whole story over again to Mrs. Murphy, their good-natured landlady. Two weeks' rent for nothing was not to be thought of.

Jim and Katie were great favorites with Mrs. Murphy, in spite of frequent troubles about the rent, and on the morning of their leave-taking the good soul rose long before light to see that both were dressed in their shabby best, and never lost sight of them until they turned the corner on their way to the cars.

Jim carried his kit, for he had reflected that there must be boots everywhere, and that they must need blacking. But this did not prevent his taking such tender care of Katie that a few turned half in anger to see who stood so firmly, and planted his foot so squarely, that, as others pressed and crowded, she might not be jostled. And then each one softened at sight of the patient little face turned toward Jim, as he eagerly described everything about them, but without ever raising the drooping eyelids, which told the sad tale of blindness.

## II.

Jim and Katie were lying under the trees in Farmer Ward's great orchard. Jim was taking in all the wealth of country sight and sound, and Katie dreamily enjoying all that could be enjoyed without eyes. The two talked of their return to the city on the next day. It was not a pleasant prospect. The goings after the cows, the rides to mill, the berrying and fishing frolics, would live as bright memories, but just now seemed to make the idea of going back to his round on hot streets and hard pavements very gloomy to Jim.

But how much worse to Katie was the thought of returning to those long days in the stifling garret! She had lately been learning how many beautiful things the earth had even for such poor little darkened lives as hers. The song of the birds and the whisper of the wind, the smell of the flowers, and the voices of the home animals to whom Jim had led her that she might lay her gentle little hand on them, had opened a new life to her. Both were already looking forward to a promised visit next summer.

Mrs. Ward, the mistress of the house, came out, and

first stooping to stroke Katie's head, with a look of even more than usual sweetness in her always sweet face, sat down on a bench beside her.

"You needn't get up, Jimmy. No," she said, laughing, "my shoes don't need blacking. But you talk to you." She looked at his face; it was healthier and brighter than before, but still bore its old look of half-dogged resolution, which she knew meant a constant watch over Katie's well-being, to the utter forgetfulness of his own.

"Jimmy, could you do without Katie for a while? Could you go back without her?"

"Is it lavin' the little gurrel ye'd be manin', ma'am?" Jim sprang to his feet with a dismayed expression.

"Some time ago," she went on, "I saw a little girl who was like Katie. The good Lord had seen fit not to bless her with light in her dear eyes; but she had been with some kind people who had taught her to do many useful and pleasant things in spite of her blindness. Now, Jimmy, what should you think of it if Katie could learn to read and write and sew—"

Jim gave a jump and a whoop.

"Katie is it! Katie! a radin' an' a writin' an' a sewin'! But she couldn't, ma'am." His voice fell, and he shook his head, as he softly laid his hand on the drooping lids.

"She could, Jimmy. She ought not to be allowed to grow up in helplessness, when her life can be made useful, and, in being so, happy. And some of us want to send her to a place where she can be taught, if you can let her go."

"Would it be for long, ma'am?"

"I can't tell you how long, Jimmy. It would take a good while, I think. But I'll tell you: if it takes very long you shall come here some time, and Katie shall be here too, and you shall have a nice visit together then."

Poor Jim hardly knew what to think. His heart was swelling with pride and joy at the thought of Katie doing such wonders, while the prospect of a long separation quite overcame him. But, as always, his first thought was for her.

"Could ye be doin' widout me, Katie?" he said, wistfully.

"I'd like to be learnin', Jim," she said.

Jim turned toward Mrs. Ward, with eyes full of gratitude, as if about to speak; but his voice choked, and he darted across the fields, and disappeared among the trees. The lady talked quietly with the little girl, filling her heart with such bright hopes for the future as gave her courage to entertain the dreadful idea of going among strangers without Jim.

So the next day Jim, with a heaviness in his heart, and a lump in his throat, and tears behind his eyes which he would not let fall, freed himself from Katie's clinging hands, and went resolutely back to work and to self-denial.

## III.

Day after day Jim toiled and looked forward, going very often to Mr. Brown, through whom he was to hear of Katie.

Once every week at least he would go to that gentleman's office, and always with the same inquiry. "Is it yerself's been aftther hearin' o' Katie, sir?" The question would be in a tone of almost pitiful appeal. At the sound of it Mr. Brown would turn from two or three dozen others who were claiming his attention.

His words were always kind, even though he did sometimes think that Jim was a good deal of a bother.

"Patience, my boy, patience," he would say; and Jim was obliged to have patience, even though it came very hard.

One day it came into Jim's head that he would attend night school. There was one not far away, and Mrs. Murphy would clean him up some way, so that he could be decent enough to go among the other scholars.

To night school he went, and it was in this way that one day in February, when Mrs. Mulaney's little candy



store began to have some wonderful pictures, with verses underneath them, hung up in the window, Jim could almost read what they said.

"Them's funny things," said Jim. "I wonder what people would be doing with 'em?"

"Sindin' 'em to each other, sure," said Jim's crony and particular friend, Tim Mulligan.

"Cur'us, that is," replied Jim.

But on the 14th of February a most wonderful thing happened. The postman, making his way among carts and ash barrels, stopped at Mrs. Murphy's door. In his hand was a large envelope directed to "Mr. James O'Niel."

"Shure that's me!" shrieked Jim. "Did yez iver hear the loikes o' that? 'Misther,' is it? Hip! hip! hurrah!" and Jim turned a somersault, standing on his head several seconds, and utterly forgetting the envelope and what it contained.

It was the postman that brought him to his senses with a smart blow on the calves of his legs.

How that envelope was ever opened and read I can't pretend to describe. It took half the neighborhood to help Jim, and even then an appeal had to be made to the teacher of the night school. Finally the contents proved to be as follows:

*"Shine, sir—shine!"  
Says my Valent'ne,  
I love him with all my heart,  
Never was a boy so good and smart  
As this one of mine,  
With his 'Shine, sir—shine!"  
My own best Valent'ne.*

*"They call him Jim,  
And there isn't any brim  
To his cap so old and torn;  
But from ere till morn  
He is all, all mine,  
With his 'Shine, sir—shine!"  
My own best Valent'ne.*

*"I'm a little girl,  
And my hair won't curl,  
But he loves me all the same;  
And I've told his name  
In that other line,  
And he's all, all mine,  
My own best Valent'ne."*

"It's a valentine shure," shrieked Jim, in a voice that threw the whole school into disorder. Then he ran out to give vent to his feelings in another somersault.

But if this was a wonderful thing to happen, something nearly as strange came the next day.

Jim went to make his usual inquiry about Katie. Mr. Brown hardly waited for him to speak, when he said:

"Ah, Jim, I've been expecting you, my boy. Yes, Katie's well, and wants to see you."

"An' would they be tellin' ye any more about the rad-in' and the writin', sir?" Jim's great anxiety led him to forget that he was venturing to interrupt.

"Well, they didn't stop for that; but you're to go out to Mr. Ward's next week. Here, take this card to this address, and they'll give you a coat. Take this railroad ticket, and be off next Tuesday. Good-by."

#### IV.

The wide country, in its robe of white, seemed more wonderful, if not more lovely, than when dressed in summer green. Jim thought what an amazing number of white aprons it would cut up into, and then began trying to calculate how long it would take Katie to sew them, in case she ever should sew. Then he tried to fancy how her voice would sound if she should be able to read him a story. By the time the ride was over he had grown so nervous between hope and fear of what he might hear about Katie that his knees shook as he walked up between the bare lilac bushes.

Katie was not at the door to meet him, as he had thought

she might be. He saw some children's faces at the windows, and they looked out at him, as if in great eagerness and excitement; but Katie's was not among them. Mrs. Ward opened the door, and gave him a warm greeting; but when she led him into the sitting-room it was empty. A nameless terror shot to his heart. Could something be wrong with Katie?

"Is—is Katie here, ma'am?" he asked.

"Oh yes, Jim, she's here. She's been here for several weeks. I'll send her to you; but mind you keep quiet. I mean don't get excited about anything."

She left the room with hasty steps, and Jim shook his head sorrowfully. He understood it all now. Katie had been sent back from the asylum because they found she could not learn. Well, he was going to have his own little Katie again, and things would not be worse than they were before.

The door opened, and, as Katie came in with her usual quiet step, Jim sprang toward her.

But was this Katie? He stopped and looked again, for Katie never used to wear a green shade.

It was Katie, though, who came forward and raised the shade with one hand, while the other was laid on Jim's arm with a tight, trembling clasp.

"Jim! Jim! I see you! Oh, Jim, I see your face!"

Jim put both arms around her so tightly that he hurt her, and looked at the soft brown eyes. Then he hardly breathed as he asked,

"Is it yet over purty eyes can see meself intirely, Katie?"

"Yes, Jim, I can."

"Ivery inch o' me? The ould shoes an' the new coat, Katie, an' the rid hair?"

"Yes." Jim danced about like a wild Indian, and then flinging himself on the floor, sobbed till Mrs. Ward came at sound of the noise.

"This won't do, Jimmy; Katie must not cry or get upset; it will be bad with her eyes."

And sitting beside the excited boy, she quieted him with the story of how a kind-hearted doctor had seen Katie at the asylum, and examining her eyes, had felt sure they could be cured; how he had performed an operation upon them, and she had soon been brought back to the farm, when it had been some time before any one could know whether it would be a cure or not.

But it had been a cure, and now for some weeks Katie had been using her eyes as well as anybody. Oh, what a lot of studying and reading and writing she had done!

"Och, Katie, was it yez that sint me that valentine?"

Then the story came out. Of course there was a good deal of management about that valentine. The people at the asylum had wanted to write to Jim; but Katie, who thought that in order to write it was only necessary to see, had begged to be allowed to write the letter all herself. They laughed at her a little; then her good teacher promised to write the letter in lead-pencil, and let Katie trace the lines in ink. Then somebody spoke about St. Valentine's Day. Katie was delighted with the idea, and after that it took a whole week to get the verses made up. Everybody seemed to help, and so at last Jim got his valentine. But it was finally Mrs. Ward who planned the great surprise.

All that Jim said and did I can't begin to tell you. He capered about, kissed Katie a dozen times, and only left out the somersaults for fear he might not get his feet down again without hitting something. When Mrs. Ward came in he flew to her feet, and sobbed again and again as he kissed the hand which had brought such a gift.

"May the good Lord heap blessings on ye, ma'am, that's put the light into the sweet eyes of her!"

Such a royal time as followed had never been dreamed of by these two. They enjoyed it to the full, learning by gentle teachings to realize that each blessing comes

from the hand of the Lord, who moves with His own spirit of loving-kindness the hands held out to comfort His helpless ones.

Then Jim went back for a few more months of hard work, until in the spring he was to have a place with a neighbor of Mr. Ward's, and learn to be a farmer. Katie remained, proud to call herself Mrs. Ward's little maid, and learn, not by the slow process for which the poor little dwellers in the shadow are so thankful, but through her own bright eyes taking in everything which goes to make a girl or a woman useful and happy.

But Jim never lost sight of his plan to have Katie all to himself some day in a home of their own.

"It's hard I'll be workin', Katie," he said, as he wished her good-by, "wid me big hands, an' it's the brave farmer I'll be. An' it's the radin' an' the writin' an' the sewin' an' the cookin' ye'll be doin', jist like any lady of 'em all. An' thin we'll go to the big place they be callin' 'Out Wist,' where there's plenty o' land for thim that wants to work, an' it's the nate ilegant little place intirely we'll be havin', Katie, all to our own two silves."

Jim's dream is not accomplished yet, but Farmer Ward says he thinks it will be some day. In the mean time Jim keeps in a little box, among a few other treasures, a valentine in which the verses, traced in ink over faint pencil marks, begin with,

"Shine, sir—shine!"

# ON A WINTER'S NIGHT.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JUN.

"GUESS we'll soon be havin' skating, at this rate," remarked Gus Talcott, warming his ears with the backs of his seal-skin gloves, as he glanced out over the river, along the shore of which he and his friend Ben Warding were taking a brisk afternoon walk.

"I hope it 'll come before you go away," returned the other; and then both lads broke into a run to "warm up."

"But I say, Ben," resumed Talcott, when they had fallen into a slower pace, "what does the Doctor mean by warnin' us so often about trustin' ourselves on an ice-boat? Why, I didn't know there was such a thing to be found the whole length of the river."

"You didn't!" exclaimed Warding. "Why, I should say we had about eight or ten of 'em right here in Axbry. Jist

you wait a few days, and you'll see the prettiest sight you ever laid eyes on, in the cove above the steamboat dock."

"Pshaw! Everybody knows the Hudson's the place for ice boating. We've got a boat up at our place, called the *Snow Drift*, that I'd match against anything in the county. My can't she scoot!" and Talcott closed his eyes for an instant, as if he felt the wind rushing past him in his imaginary course.



NOT EVEN A PENNY.—TWO



PAINTING BY M. ROLAND

"Say, Gus," proposed Ben, suddenly, in a lowered tone of voice, "if you'll join me, I'll get a boat some night, and we'll have a splendid sail. I know well enough how to manage one, and I suppose you do too. What do you think about it?" "I'm in with you. When shall we go? But I forgot; there's a bit of ice yet." And then, as some of their school-mates joined them, the subject was dropped for the time being.

Gus Talcott was a tall red-faced youth from New York, nearly sixteen, said to have a very wealthy father, and with a general air of "I'm a little better than you are" about him.

Ben Warding formed quite a contrast to his "chum," being a short, light-haired lad of fourteen, with pale blue eyes, and a white, blank-looking face. He was the only son of a farmer living in the neighborhood, and had been placed among the boarding pupils of Axbry Academy on account of the hoped-for polish it might give him, for it must be confessed that Ben was not naturally a bright boy. He had been drawn to Gus by the latter's showiness and abundant spending-money, and Talcott, who had somehow failed to make the proper impression on the other members of the school, was not averse to associating with one who never let slip a chance to flatter his self-importance.

A few days after the conversation just recorded the river was completely bridged over by the frost, and the skating carnival opened brilliantly. On the second day of the sport Gus and Ben went off together after supper, as usual, and on arriving at the most retired end of the campus Ben proceeded to unfold the details of the projected "lark."

"I saw Captain Pete this afternoon," he began. "You know him, Gus, that old fellow with the eye that looks like half a one. Well, he said he'd let me have his boat, the *Skimmer*, for two dollars and a half; so I closed the bargain with him."

"But how about— That is, will he keep it dark, you know?" asked Talcott, anxiously, for he was rather afraid of Dr. Barnes.

"Dark!" returned Ben, as loudly as he dared. "Why, old Pete's as close as an oyster. The price is no objection, is it?"

"Oh no; it's quite reasonable: one and a quarter apiece," and Gus rattled the loose change in his pockets with the air of a young millionaire.

"But there's one trouble about Captain Pete," continued Warding.

"Well, what is it?" asked the other, as Ben hesitated.

"Why, he wants to go along; in fact, declares if he don't, we sha'n't have the *Skimmer*."

"How stupid! There'll be no fun if we can't go alone, and sail ourselves," grumbled Talcott. "We might as well start off in broad daylight, and in full view of the Doctor, if we've got to have that old sea-salt take us around like a couple of babies."



"Can't help it; I'm not to blame; only told you what he said;" and Ben spoke as if he cared very little whether the plan were carried out or not.

"I wonder if he'd let us go by ourselves for four dollars?" resumed Gus, in a milder tone. "That 'd be seventy-five cents extra for each of us," for in spite of his vast possessions, Talcott was always very particular about the halves.

"Perhaps he would. Let's try it, anyhow. But how and when shall we slip off?"

"Why, didn't you arrange all that with your Captain Pete?"

"Not to the minute, because I didn't know myself. I just told him if we came we'd be down by his dock before half past eleven, so he's to wait up for us till then. As far as I can see, Gus, there's nothing on earth to hinder us from going to bed at the regular hour, and staying there till eleven, by which time the house ought to be pretty quiet. Then we can walk down-stairs in our stockings, put on our shoes when we get out on the piazza, leave the front door unlocked behind us, and come back the same way."

"But what time does the Doctor go to bed? It would be rather unpleasant to have him bounce out on us as we pass the study door; or, worse than all, we might meet him on the stairs."

"Well, we'll just have to wait till we hear him go up to his room, even if that's after midnight, and then if Captain Pete has given us up and gone to sleep, we'll take the *Skimmer* anyhow, and pay him for it afterward. I'll answer for his not making a fuss about it."

Then the two fell to discussing where they should go, and what wraps they ought to take, until the bell rang for study hour.

As the school was by no means a large one, many of the boys had rooms to themselves, Talcott's and Warding's being in the wing, directly opposite to one another, and divided only by a narrow passageway. They frequently talked to one another, across the latter, far into the night, but on this occasion they were exceedingly quiet—a fact which of itself might have awakened suspicion, if there had been anybody eager to suspect.

Because the boys were silent, however, it did not follow that they were asleep. Each of them, only half-undressed, was lying on his bed with ears strained to catch the first sounds that should betoken the Doctor's retiring. He had made the rounds at the usual hour (nine o'clock) to see that all lights were out, and had then gone back to his study at the foot of the stairs to read and write, according to custom, for as he employed no under-teachers, his time during the day was pretty well taken up.

One and then another hour went by, and still no signs of the coast being clear. Then Gus, who had himself dozed off a dozen times, crept softly across the hall to see if Ben had fallen asleep, which in truth proved to be the case. Giving him no gentle shake, Talcott asked, in the hoarsest possible whisper, whether he thought the Doctor could have come upstairs without their having heard him.

"It's just barely likely," replied Ben, "considering we've both been asleep for the last hour or so."

"I haven't," began Gus; but finding it rather difficult to carry on a dispute in an under-tone, he wisely gave up the attempt, and inquired what they had better do.

"If I was perfectly sure of the way, I'd go down the back stairs, and ask no odds of anybody; but I don't know much about that part of the house, and don't care about landing in a pantry among a lot of china. What time is it now, Gus? We might as well be getting ready anyway;" and Warding proceeded to jump into his outside garments with that swiftness to which late-risers train themselves.

Talcott stole back to his room and did the same, albeit a little more slowly. Then consulting his watch by the

light of the moon, he discovered that it wanted a quarter to twelve.

On hearing this, Warding declared that they ought to start right off, announcing at the same time that he had hit upon a splendid plan for passing the study door, in case the Doctor should still happen to be there.

"You see," he explained, in a whisper, "I'll go down first, as softly as I can, creep quietly along to the parlor, and so out by one of the lower windows. This is all provided the Doctor don't appear; but if he does, and pounces out on me just as I'm going by his door, why, I'll just shut my eyes and pretend to be walking in my sleep. Then he'll bring me back here, and we'll have to give up our sail, that's all."

"But what am I to do?" asked Gus, rather awed for the moment by the fertile brain of his friend.

"Well, you'll have to take off your coat and vest again and go back to bed, where you're to lie still for a reasonable time, when, if I don't come back, you may know I've got through all right. Then *you* must start out, but, mind, be very careful, and ready at a minute's notice to turn sleep-walker and be led back."

"But there I'll be, all dressed and bundled up, and carrying my shoes in my hand. And so will you," objected Talcott.

"That's so; I forgot about that. But never mind; people don't know what they do when they're asleep. So when we wake up, as the Doctor grabs us, we've got to seem awfully scared, and as if we didn't remember anything about it. However, I guess he won't catch us."

Thereupon Ben proceeded to envelop himself in a quantity of wraps, took his shoes in his hand with a very tight grip, and after a farewell look at his friend, who had returned to bed according to orders, stole softly out of the wing, and into the upper hall of the main building, past the spare room, and down the heavily carpeted stairs. His heart beat rather violently when he reached the study, but all was still, and silently he felt his way along until he gained the far window in the tower.

This he slowly and cautiously raised, and with equal care opened one of the shutters. Then he sat down in the moonlight to wait for Gus.

Ten long minutes passed, and Ben had almost made up his mind to shut the window and go back to bed, when Talcott came stealing in on tiptoe with extremely long strides, and a scared look on his face.

"If we should be caught!" was his suppressed exclamation, as he sat down on an ottoman to put on his shoes.

"Oh, we're all right now," returned Warding, swinging himself lightly from the window-sill to the ground. "I only hope no burglars 'll come around while we're away," he added, as he drew the sash down to within a few inches of the floor, and closed the shutters.

Then the two boys crept around in the shadow of the house toward the woods next door, for the Academy was situated on the outskirts of the village.

Ben felt himself in his element now—conducting a runaway expedition from a boarding-school.

Talcott, on the other hand, was inclined to be rather nervous and fearful lest they should be found out, for he was one of those boys that like to eat their cake and have it too; that is, he wanted to enjoy himself by breaking the rules, yet still remain in the good graces of his teachers.

Having gained the shelter of the trees, the lads were soon out upon the shore, running briskly over the sand in the direction of Captain Pete's house, which was situated on the upper side of the steamboat landing. It was terribly cold, as they soon discovered, while they stood shivering by the side of the *Skimmer* debating what they had better do; for Pete's little cabin was dark and tightly closed, and neither of the boys dared knock with more than two knuckles for fear of rousing the neighbors.



"Let's do as I said," at length suggested Ben: "take the boat, and pay him for it to-morrow."

"All right," returned Gus. "You've agreed to be responsible for the consequences, you know."

The other nodded, and then they both pushed against the *Skimmer* until she was well off the shore, jumped aboard, hoisted sail, and were soon flying swiftly up the river, for there was a stiff breeze blowing from the north.

"Isn't this fine sport?" cried Ben, handling the tiller with great skill, as it seemed; for Talcott, when it came to the point, was rather uncertain as to exactly how much he *did* know about ice-boat navigation, and therefore very willingly left the guidance of their craft to his friend, who, to tell the truth, was himself not by any means an expert in the science, although he would not have confessed as much for a good deal.

"Glorious!" exclaimed Gus, as the *Skimmer* shot faster and faster ahead on its course up the stream, past the ice-locked docks and the darkened, silent houses on the banks. "But I say, Ben, how much farther are we going in this direction? It won't do for us to be out in daylight."

"Oh no; of course not. Guess I'll turn around now, and run the other way awhile. Why, if we weren't honest enough to tell and pay him, old Pete would never know we'd been out."

But old Pete *was* to know they'd been out, and, what was more, that the *Skimmer* hadn't come in again, for, as he spoke, Ben bore hard on the tiller, and, with his eyes fixed on the sail, failed to notice an opening in the ice just ahead, probably cut by some ardent fisherman, and over which that evening's frost had as yet formed but a tender crust.

The next instant one of the forward runners plunged through the thin sheet, and into the water below.

The sudden stoppage of the boat sent both boys down upon their knees, while the sail, freed from all controlling hands, flapped from side to side.

Ben was the first to recover himself, and finding that nobody was hurt, although Gus was terribly scared, he next proceeded to see what damage the *Skimmer* had sustained.

This proved to be serious enough, for the shock had wrenched the runner from its place, and by this time it had probably floated off under the ice. The front part of the boat now rested on the solid cake beyond the cut, whither its force had driven it; otherwise the boys might have been treated to a ducking in cold water.

"What in the name of goodness are we to do now?" inquired Talcott, with chattering teeth. "I wish we hadn't come."

"So do I," returned Warding; "but that don't find the lost runner, nor put it in its place again. You see, we can't sail on three legs, so to speak, and we daren't ask anybody for help, let alone there being nobody out of bed to ask at such an unearthly hour. It must be all of three miles from here back to the Academy; but I don't see how we're to get there unless we walk."

"But Axby's on the other side of the river," put in Gus, who was so excited by the accident, and fears of its consequences, that his ideas were in rather a befogged condition.

"Well, can't we walk on the ice as well as sail on it? What a goose you are sometimes, Gus!"

So saying, Ben got out of the boat, first, however, having tied the sail up as snugly as he could.

"I s'pose Captain Pete 'll make us pay a pretty penny for fixing the thing, let alone the hire," he added, as they left the wreck. "We've got to go around there the first thing in the morning and explain, or he'll have the whole village out looking for the *Skimmer*."

And indeed the prospect was not a pleasant one for the two boys to think about, as they wearily trudged that

three miles over the ice, which it had required so short a time for them to cover but a little while before. First, there was the getting back; then the slipping into the house and up to their rooms unobserved; next, the rising at daybreak, after their quarter of a night's rest; and finally the imparting of the news to Captain Pete concerning the breaking down of his boat, "which will no doubt break the old man's heart," as Ben put it, with a dismal attempt at a joke.

"And our purses," added Gus, clutching wildly at the empty air to save himself from falling on the slippery path.

At last they reached the shore on the Axby side, and here they broke into a run, which brought them to the Academy at about two o'clock. It was not so easy to climb up to the window in the tower as it had been to jump down from it, but they finally succeeded in getting in and up to their rooms, where they hastily threw off their clothes and sought their beds, trusting that they would wake up in good season on the morrow.

But, alas! their tired bodies demanded rest, and the boys did not only not get up at daybreak, but slept until breakfast-time. In fact, neither of them knew anything until they heard the Doctor's voice in the hall calling them.

After that, as may be imagined, they did not linger over their toilet, although they had already resigned themselves to their fate, as it was now after seven, and Ben affirmed that Captain Pete was a very early riser. But they were hardly prepared for what Dr. Barnes had to say to them when he called them both into his study as soon as they had finished breakfast.

"Captain Pete Rudway," began — on which Gus and Ben exchanged glances that spoke whole volumes of surprise and terror—"has been here this morning, inquiring as to who had stolen his ice-boat. At first I was inclined to be a little indignant at the charge, but he soon set me right. And now, young gentlemen" (he always called the students by that title when they had got into mischief), "I would like to know what have you to say for yourselves?"

Ben thought a minute—Gus was so frightened that he really could not say anything—and then spoke up:

"We're willing to pay for all damages. I s'pose he'd like to know where the *Skimmer* is, wouldn't he, sir?"

"You may go to him and settle about that matter as soon as I have done with you here. You say you are ready to repay him for any injuries his boat has sustained, but how are you going to make good the damage you have done me and yourselves?" And the Doctor looked so serious, in spite of the somewhat playful turn he had given his sentence, that the lads hung their heads, and even Warding's ready speech deserted him.

For fifteen minutes the two remained in the study with their teacher, while he set their escapade before them in the really childish light in which it appeared on being talked over calmly. He ended by placing them both "on bounds" until Easter.

This was bad enough, but the wrathful owner of the *Skimmer* was still harder on "the young thieves," as he called the boys. Not only did he compel them to pay a very large sum for the hire of the boat, but in addition exacted from them money enough to repair the damages twice over.

Ben's funds speedily gave out, but Gus, whose parents kept him well supplied, made up the amount, and, for a wonder, without grumbling. Both boys were heartily ashamed of the affair, although neither of them could imagine why the Doctor had never asked them how they had got out so quietly that night.

"I should think he'd be very curious about it," said Gus.

"Perhaps he knows," suggested Ben.

But they never could tell whether he did or not.

## HOW TO MAKE A SET OF CHESS-MEN OUT OF SPOOLS.

BY A. W. ROBERTS.

THOSE of our readers who have been interested in Mr. Eggleston's articles on chess, just published in *YOUNG PEOPLE*, would perhaps like to know how they can make a set of chess-men, with very little difficulty, out of material that may be procured in any household without the least trouble or expense.

A very good set of chess-men can be made out of empty spools by any boy who is handy with his penknife. It will be better, however, to also use a file. First sharpen both blades of your knife. Then from among your stock select sixteen spools of equal sizes. These are for the pawns, which are the easiest to make, as they are smaller, and require less ornamentation than any of the other pieces. With your knife and file shape your pawn as in Fig. 1. The ornamental piece on the top is to be carved out of any soft white

wood, such as pine or dog-wood, after which it is glued on to the pawn.

The next easiest pieces are the bishops, of which I have illustrated two styles, Figs. 2 and 2A. In both of these examples the round or rat-tail file is used to ornament the pedestals on which rest the bishop's book and cap. The original outlines of the spools are so nearly preserved in the figures that no further description will be needed.

The castles, or rooks, as they are sometimes called, are also easy to make, and in the game are next in value to the queens. There are four of these, and for them you will need four spools that have a thick body between the flanges. This thickness is taken advantage of when shaping out the castle, as shown in Fig. 3. The battlements on top of the castle are made out of the flanges of other spools, each one being cut out separately, and glued on to the top of the castle. The mason-work and embrasures can be carved, or drawn with ink.

We now come to the last three pieces—the knight, the king, and the queen—which will require all your skill and dexterity. For the four knights which are required in your set cut two spools in half, so as to make of them four bases on which to fasten the heads. Carve the heads out of soft wood in imitation of a horse's head.

Should the mane of the horse be beyond your ability, it can be drawn in with black ink. The eyes and nostrils can also be drawn in, but the general shape or outline of the piece must be that of a horse's head. The ears are carved out separate-

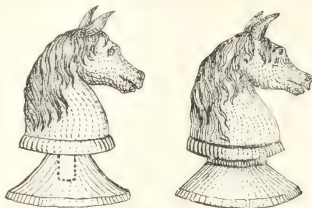


FIG. 4.

ly, and are glued on to the heads after they are shaped out.

To complete the set you need now two kings and two queens, and having had practice in making the others, you should have these look the best of all. In these pieces a great deal of skill can be displayed. Take Figs. 5 (a king) and 6 (a queen). The crowns are of separate pieces carved out of any wood that has a rich grain. The jewelry of the crowns can be painted in with brilliant colors, but in no other instance is it in good taste to use other colors than red and white, these being the authorized colors for chess-men.

Often, when painting in the jewels of the king's crown, I have used no other color than purple, and for the queen's crown blue. This variation of colors often helps young players to distinguish easily the king piece from the queen, and as all young people are fond of bright colors, I can see no very important rule in chess that is transgressed by making use of them.

After the parts are neatly and securely fastened together with glue, each piece should be thoroughly rubbed with very fine emery-paper. In case you have selected spools the wood of which shows a rich grain, or the tops of your pieces are of a rich-grained wood, it may be well to stain the red pieces with a rich and brilliant coloring matter, which, when thoroughly dry, should be gone over with a hard and transparent varnish. For the white pieces the natural color of the wood is retained, the grain being brought out by the varnish.

Should you desire to have your pieces approach in color those of ivory chess-men, you can not do better than to grind up some English vermilion in bleached shellac varnish, into which the pieces are *dipped*, and allowed to drain off. For the white pieces grind up Chinese white, and dip them; then suspend them, to allow all the superfluous varnish to drip off.

The number of pieces required in a set of chess-men is thirty-two, as follows: two kings, two queens, four castles, four bishops, four knights, and sixteen pawns, one half of each kind being red and the other half white.

I have seen cheap sets of chess-men painted red and black, but this is a bad arrangement, as the latter do not show well on the black squares of the board.



FIG. 5.



FIG. 6.

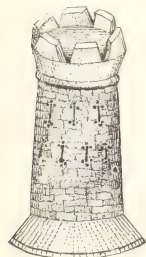


FIG. 3.



FIG. 2.



FIG. 2A.

## AN ELEPHANT THAT CAN READ.

**MR. GEORGE CONKLIN**, who has won a name as a very successful trainer of animals, and particularly of elephants, not long ago came to the conclusion that it would be possible to teach an elephant to read the commands given him by a keeper, instead of merely understanding a spoken direction.

He chose from out of the large herd belonging to Cole's Circus a fifteen-year-old elephant—*Rajah*. He then procured a blackboard, a couple of feet long and only a few inches wide, on which to write his orders to his pupil.

Of course Mr. Conklin did not in the beginning attempt to teach *Rajah* the alphabet. His theory was that the elephant would recognize the general look of a whole short word when written.

He brought *Rajah* into the ring once each day, and taking the word "March" with which *Rajah* was entirely familiar when it was called out, Mr. Conklin slowly printed it before his eyes, allowing the animal to watch him and the writing.

As soon as it was finished he laid down his chalk and shouted out, "March!" This was repeated.

Very soon *Rajah* of his own accord would start off around the ring as soon as the word "March" had grown into shape beneath Mr. Conklin's fingers. He had learned the look of that word perfectly. The keeper then passed on to "Stop," and the big brain of the beast quickly grappled with the crooked "S" and what came after it.

*Rajah* now reads about a dozen different words, and understands their meaning; nor is he ever confused upon any of them. Mr. Conklin expects to exhibit this extraordinary pupil next year, with one or two others equally learned. He is now educating them in the alphabet.

It has been said that elephants are the most intelligent animals after man. Some time ago we had an article in

**YOUNG PEOPLE** showing how they are employed in piling timber in *Burnah*.

On one occasion, soon after the close of a *matinée* performance given at Brockton, Massachusetts, by Mr. Forepaugh's circus troupe, a one-story frame building near the tents caught fire, and in a few moments the entire building was enveloped in flames.

While all were excited, and making futile attempts to pull down the buildings with their hands, Mr. Adam Forepaugh came running up, and taking in the situation at a glance, hastened to the elephant quarters, soon after appearing with *Bolivar* and *Basil*.

The two great beasts were hurried over to the fire, and began pulling down the horse sheds in obedience to directions given by Mr. Forepaugh.

In a very short space of time the sheds were demolished, the grand stand was saved, and the circus tents loomed up as proudly as ever. It was then and there proposed to make Messrs. *Bolivar* and *Basil* honorary members of the Brockton Fire Department.

**Little** Miss Blue Eyes, whose name was May

Sat on the doorstep singing away—

Singing a song for fun.

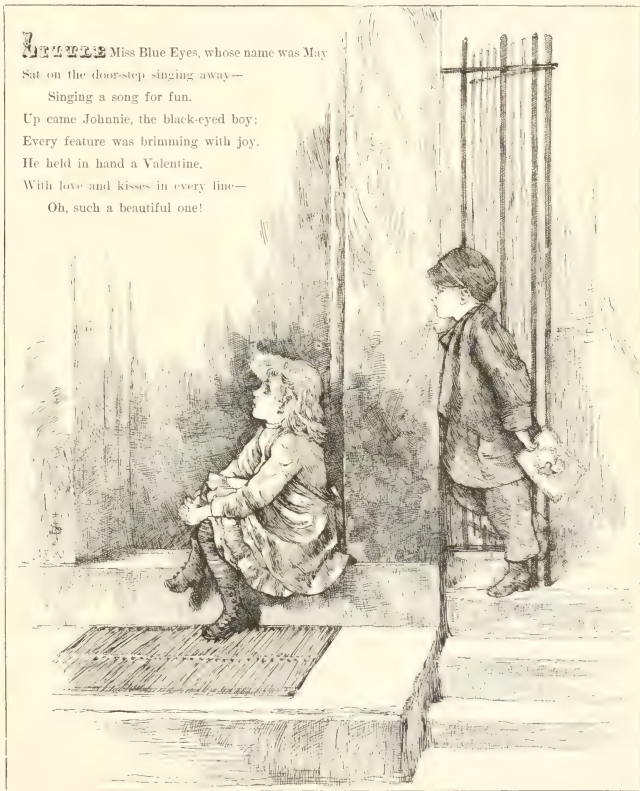
Up came Johnnie, the black-eyed boy;

Every feature was brimming with joy.

He held in hand a Valentine,

With love and kisses in every line—

Oh, such a beautiful one!





CUPID COMES

Little Cupid, fair and fine,  
Have you brought my Valentine?

Have you something sweet for Amy  
And for Susan, Jack, and Jamie?  
Won't this old fellow laugh and shout  
When they hear the merry rout?

As you blow your trumpet airy,  
Baring Saint of February?

Little Cupid with the doves,  
All these children send you loves,  
Crying one and all, "Be mine,  
Or you coming Valentine!"

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

THOUGH February is here with its cheery reminder that it is time for old Winter to pack up and go, we are still ready to give a last backward look at Christmas. The little school at Woodside is an object of much interest to the readers of the Post-office Box, because they have helped its kind conductor to carry it on. By their contributions, too, she was assisted in building and furnishing the pretty little Episcopal church where the Sunday-school is held, and where the scene which she describes took place.

For the information of recent subscribers to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, I will state that Mrs. Dr. Richardson is a Southern lady who was moved to undertake this good work by seeing the poverty and ignorance of the colored people at her doors. She began with Uncle Pete and his family, her former slaves, who had loyally clung to their mistress through all changes, and, as her kind heart would not suffer her to turn any one away, the number of her pupils grew very rapidly. Children's books, pictures, cards, and writing materials are always of use to Mrs. Richardson in her work.

WOODSIDE, NINE LIVINGSTON, NORTH CAROLINA.  
MY DEAR YOUNG PEOPLE: Christmas, with all its pleasures and work, has gone once more. The next one is too far off to think of yet, so we will talk a little now about the one just past, which was a very happy one here at Woodside and in the neighborhood.

The day before Christmas the scholars came to help dress the church. They brought loads of evergreens in their hands and on their backs. Cedar and pine, holly gay with its scarlet berries, and mistletoe, prettier still, filled with clusters of pure white pearl-like berries. The wreaths were soon made, the tree brought in and made secure—a glorious day's work.

It rained in the morning on Christmas day, but that cleared off noon, and we were able to have the tree at 3 p. m. We were surprised to see so many there, for though we had had all the seats or pews taken out to make plenty of room, there was not standing room for all who came.

The tree was the prettiest and most valuable we have ever had. You, dear helping friends, set better and better every year. We had clothes for all the meagre and old-fashioned books, dolls, and toys for the others. They were all happy, from old Uncle Alfred, a gray-headed old dandy, to little William, who has a large blue bow tie, and a red and white striped shirt, and a high-top boot. Ver bal trade to the babies with their rattles.

The white school was very happy too. You have seen how happy when I have been there. I have seen that many of them had no presents or any pleasure at Christmas—except the Sunday-school tree. We had this year a *plum tree* in the *canopy*; after the lace stockings were hung up, and after the presents had been filled, there was a basketful left. This was given to the best boy in the white school to distribute by a handful to each one, and there was still a little left.

"Now go and give it to the lonely ones," those who have no candy at home," said Miss Ida, and off he went, so happy and pleased. Our school will be larger this year than ever before, we think. We can't go on with the old scholars as we would like, teaching them year after year. Many of them are vagrants, and change their homes every few years, often getting too far away to come to Sunday-school at all.

Now, friends, let us think of their places, so we are always beginning with A, B, C. All need teaching, so we ought not to care, but one can't help hating to give up a bright, pleasant scholar. I can not take up room in this year's Post-office Box to write my thanks to you, but I will do that in letters to you individually.

Hope that this year will be a happy one for you all, and that your interest in our little school may continue, and your help be given as we need it, I am truly and gratefully your friend,

ST. JOCK, ILLINOIS.

The following persons contributed to the tree: Mrs. Connor and friends, Mrs. Slack and daughter, Mrs. Crocker, Mrs. Oliver and children, Mrs. Shepard and children, Mrs. Campbell and children, Mrs. and Miss Taber, Miss Young, Miss Nellie Douglass, Mrs. Beeler, Miss May O'Neil, Mr. and Miss Franklin, Nat. B. Blunt, Mrs. W. H. Hiley, Mrs. Moffat and friends, and Mrs. Henderson's.

In No. 218 we published a letter from a young lady resident upon a lonely little island in the Gulf of Mexico. We are pleased to hear from her again, and shall keep a niche for her when she feels like telling us about "the strange lady."

SANTA FE, N. MEX.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—If you could have seen the eager group around our ruddy evening fire when HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE came and settled in, you would have been pleased. I am sure, to have given so much pleasure to our little family. Again and again I read the letter and tried it to make sure of it. Then I began to my wondering eyes to take up so little room, and I had actually thought I had written so much, and father had down his pipe, and I had finished the letter was really there and I did not dream it. I want to say so much, and you have so generously asked me to write, where shall I begin? My dear old father smiles, and shakes his head, and I believe he thinks me "dull." We came here seven years ago, from Scotland. I well remember our home there, and hope, some day, to return to it. We are of a sturdy stock, and father says, and lived in castle Tabard, Ross-shire—a rough, grand old place, half tumbled down—but we loved it, Sandy and I. My uncle lives there, and that is why he is so stout and fat. He does not like to talk about it, and said he had wandered so far away that he should not regret it until he got his right again. I was out on the hill here; it is a rough place too, but built in good shape by my father's own hands, and Sandy helped all he could; even I could do something. It is just stout patrimonial stuff, and the place is a moderate-sized tree sits very well within.

Is this too much, dear lady? May I write again? I feel as if I had come into possession of a treasure. Dear Mrs. G., who was so kind to us, has invited me some day to visit her. It would seem like a vision of paradise to see New York and all the great and beautiful places she has told us of. I will tell you of our strange lady again.

EMILY M.

EAST MEDFORD, NEW YORK.

Most of the people on this part of Long Island are farmers. My grandfather had a large farm, but papa has only a small cottage and about an acre of land, as we do not live here all the time, and do not want any more. From our windows we have a fine view of the Great South Bay, the Atlantic Ocean. I am eleven years old, and have a little brother two years old; his name is Edwin Grey. I have a large Newfoundland dog, a white cat, and five tame chickens for pets. I used to have two canary-birds, but they died about a year ago. Papa gave me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for a Christmas present last year, and it is very much. I have a great many books, and am trying to get enough for a library. I am very fond of poetry, and papa gave me three beautiful volumes of *Good Poems*, *Best Poems*, and *Best Poems*, for my Christmas gift. I go to school every day in pleasant weather. I would like to know what I study, but it would make my letter too long.

It is a very good idea to gradually collect enough really good books to form a library of your own. Libraries are something like plants and children, in the fact that the best ones are not to be made in a day. They grow by degrees, and sometimes very slowly, but how precious they are, for every good book is a dear silent friend, always ready to give you its company, no matter whether the sun shines or the rain falls. I wish all the boys and girls would begin forming libraries of their own.

ST. JOCK, ILLINOIS.

I am a little girl nine years old. I have two brothers; their names are Charlie and Robbie. Charlie is twelve and Robbie is three; and there is one little sister five years old, named Gracie. We live away in the northern part of Michigan, and it's pretty cold here. Our papa came from Erie, Pennsylvania, last summer, where we have left grandpa, grandma, uncles, aunts, cousins, and many friends. This is a new, wild country, and our papa is a big man, and he is superintendent of Allenville, a little village ten miles from here that belongs to a furnace company. There are eleven coal kilns there, a boarding-house, a school, a blacksmith shop, a barn and stables, and a new depot, besides a good many log houses. Papa goes to this little town every morning on the cars, and comes home every night. We live at St. Jock, near the large furnace of Davenport, Fairbairn, & Co., which is the company my papa works for. We have a nice Sunday-school here, and I go to school, and my Brother Charlie and I go to school, and if you will publish this letter I will tell you about our school in my next letter. I wrote this letter myself, and would like to see it in the Post-office Box of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. BESSIE B. C.

Bessie has written a bright little letter, and I hope she will become very fond of her new home.

CHATEAU NEUVILLE, TENNESSEE.

I am a little boy eight and a half years old. I have a funny little sister five years old. When she spells kids in her Primer, she says, "I have six pets, a dog named Jimmy, a cat named Waddy, a hot named Fluffy, a goat named Billy, and two geese. I like Jimmy Brown's books, and you can write me the copies of YOUNG PEOPLE containing the first four chapters of "Raising the Pearl"? If so, at what price? I hope you will publish this. Your little reader,

Messrs. Harper & Brothers will send you the numbers on mention on receipt of 30 cents. Your little sister is a cunning little puss.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little girl six years old. I don't but write yet myself, but I have had to copy many a day to finish me, and I hope I can soon write to you myself. I have two brothers, one named Jerry and one by the name of Emily, and one Billy. Billy is the largest, and I'd rather play with them than with anything else. My dad Papa is very sick, and he is in the hospital. I have two pets, one a Fitz Maltese cat named Tom, and the other a mastiff puppy named Prince Bowser; he is a funny little thing.

ROCKFORD, NEW YORK.

My brother takes this paper, and though he is supposed by some to be one for children, yet I assure you that the older ones enjoy it. As it seems to be the custom to write some of our experiences to you, I shall describe a row I took







"SHE HAD SO MANY CHILDREN  
SHE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO."

### DOING DOUBLE DUTY.

A GENTLEMAN friend had a handsome brown retriever, which, like most of its kind, was very fond of carrying its master's stick, umbrella, or any article with which he thought fit to intrust it. One day the dog accompanied his master, who was going to pay a call, and, as usual, begged for and was permitted to carry his umbrella.

In going toward the house they were met by a smaller dog, which advanced toward the gentleman in an angry fashion, growling and snapping, as if bidding him keep his distance. For a moment the retriever hesitated. He had charge of the umbrella, and was unwilling to quit it. But anxiety for his owner triumphed. Laying down the article at his master's side, with a look which might have been a request that he would take care of it for a moment, he seized the smaller dog by the back of the neck and gave him a tremendous shaking, after which he allowed him to run yelping away. Then, with an

upward glance of triumph which seemed to say, "I have settled that gentleman for you; he will think twice before he again meddles with any one under my charge," he resumed his hold of the umbrella and trotted joyfully after his master toward the door of the house, evidently delighted that his double duty had been properly fulfilled.

### ST. VALENTINE.

BY L. A. FRANCE.

HE.

ST. Valentine, St. Valentine,  
You must be old,  
You must be gray;  
But do not tarry  
On your way.  
For St. Valentine's Day is bonny,  
St. Valentine's Day is fair,  
And I've written a loving missive  
To a maid with golden hair.  
St. Valentine, St. Valentine,  
Smile on this little maid of mine.

SHE.

St. Valentine, St. Valentine,  
You must be old,  
You must be gray;  
But do not tarry  
On your way.  
My laddie comes from yonder town.  
He rides his white horse up and down.  
No other one from far or near  
Is half so gay as he that's here.  
So sweet he is, so fair and fine,  
I'll take him for my Valentine.

### HOW TO COUNT TEN WITH THREE COINS.

SHOW that you have only three coins in your hand. Put them down in a row, one by one, on a table, counting "one, two, three," as you do so. Then touch each coin in succession, counting "four, five, six." As you count six take into your hand the coin you are touching. Count the next coin "seven," and take that up. Touch the coin remaining on the table, and count "eight." Then put down one of the coins in your hand, and say "nine." Lastly, put down the third coin, and say "ten."

This appears very simple on reading the description; but, after rehearsing it, show it to an audience, and ask them to do it. Scarcely any one will succeed.



A FREE LUNCH.

# HARPER'S

# YOUNG PEOPLE

## AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 25.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Tuesday, February 19, 1884.

Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$1.50 per Year, in Advance.

## THE ICE QUEEN.\*

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### SNOWED UNDER IN THE "IGLOO."

THERE was a roguish twinkle in the Captain's eye, as though oil was not so precious but that they might have burned a few more drops of it; but an order was an order, and everybody was quite ready for darkness when it came, except Tug.

Then how pitchy it was, and how the wind sung and whizzed over their rough-edged shield of ice, now and then catching the border of their ill-stayed tent and giving it a furious flap, as though about to throw it over! But weariness and warmth for snowy nights are often not so cold as clear ones—closed ears as well as eyes, and when they awoke it was gray light in the tent, and half past seven o'clock.

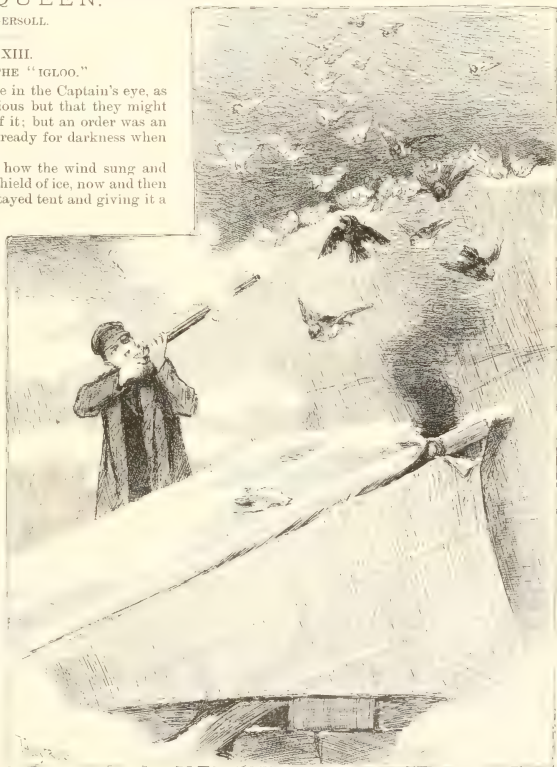
Katy was the first one to peep over the gunwale of the boat, though Aleck was already awake.

"Is the place full of snow?" he asked.

"No, but the canvas sags a good deal."

"Well, you keep under your blankets till Tug and I—get out of this, mate!—have cleared up the floor a little, and built a fire. I'm afraid we won't get away from here to-day."

After breakfast the two larger lads crawled over the wall, sinking up to their waists in the snow as they stepped off. Struggling out, they climbed up a little way upon the crest of the hummock, where it had been swept clear of snow by the wind, which had now fallen. But nothing could be seen



"A SHARP REPORT WAS HEARD."

\* Begun in No. 217, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

through the veil of thick-flying flakes except the dirty gray of their canvas roof and the thin wisps of smoke that curled upward from beneath it. All else was pure white, sinking on every side into a circle of foggy storm. Around the outer side of the boat and the end of the house drifts had been heaped up even on to the edge of the canvas, and their house was a cave between the ice and the snow-bank.

"It's snug enough," said Tug.

"Yes, but I should hate to starve to death or freeze there, all the same," replied Aleck.

"But it ain't very cold—and and say! we've lots of food, ain't we?"

"Enough for about ten days if we put ourselves on precious short rations; but most of it—the flour and bacon and so on—must be cooked, and this takes fire, and fire takes fuel, which is just what we haven't got. If we should use every bit of wood there is except the boat and sledge, there wouldn't be enough to cook our food for ten days. Besides, though it isn't cold now, it's likely to turn mighty cold after this snow-storm, and then we must have a fire or freeze."

"But we could get ashore back at the Point in a day's travel. Or, for that matter, the south shore can't be far off, though we can't see it through this fearful storm."

"If we had clear ice it would be all right, but how can we travel in this snow? It can't be less than two feet deep everywhere for miles and miles. You and I might go a little way, but Katy and the Youngster couldn't budge twenty steps. It's really a serious scrape we have brought ourselves into; and we ought to have thought about this before we started. Talk about Dr. Kane! He never was worse off in the Arctic regions than we're likely to be right here in a day or two, unless something happens."

Aleck certainly was very down-hearted, and his companion did not seem much disposed to "brace him up," as he would have expressed it. He only replied, in an equally discouraged voice,

"I don't see what can happen out here—for good."

"Nor I. Let's go in; it's no use standing here in the snow. But, mind you, no word of all this to the others yet."

All day long the snow sifted down in fine dense flakes that piled up higher and higher around their house, though there was enough wind to keep it from collecting on the roof, which was very fortunate. They sat in the boat, half nestling in the straw; told stories; made Tug tell them everything he could think of about animals and shooting; invented puzzles, Aleck setting some hard sums; mended clothes—this, of course, was Katy's amusement; and guessed at conundrums. Here Jim outshone all the rest. He was sharper with his answers than any of them, and finally proposed the following:

"Ebenezer Mary Jane, spell it with two letters?"

They knit their brows over it, pronounced it impossible to solve, and gave it up.

"I-t, it," says Jim, and carried off the honors.

Tired of this, they listened while Katy read from the precious book of Norwegian stories, and then chapter after chapter out of the little red Testament.

When lunch-time came, both the big boys vowed they were not a bit hungry, and refused to eat; Katy took only a cracker, but Jim ate three crackers, and the last bit of the cold ham, picking the bone so clean that, big as it was, Rex, who was frightfully hungry, could get little comfort out of it, though he gnawed at it nearly all the afternoon. Then Tug smashed it for him, and gave him another try, which he appreciated highly.

The afternoon and evening were very dull, and if they did not go to sleep at once after they had gone to bed, certainly there was little fun-making among the weather-bound prisoners.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### SAVED FROM STARVATION.

WHEN they arose next morning the air was much lighter, for it was no longer snowing. Breaking their way out after breakfast, Aleck and Tug climbed to the crest of the hummock above the house, where pretty soon they were joined by Katy and Jim, anxious to get a look abroad. There was not much satisfaction in this, though. On all sides stretched an unbroken area of white—a spotless expanse of new snow such as you never can see on land, for there was nothing to break the colorless monotony, except where the hummock stretched away right and left, half-buried, and as white as the rest, except at a few points where crests of upturned ice-blocks stood above the drifts.

"There is a higher point a little way over there," said Aleck to Tug; "let's go across, and see if it will show us anything new."

"Mayn't we come?" asked Jim.

"No, Youngster, stay with Katy. It would be a useless journey for you, and we'll soon be back."

And off they went, floundering up to their waists much of the time.

"Jim," says Katy, "I see just beyond the hut"—pointing in the direction opposite from that in which the lads had gone—"a space under the edge of the hummock where the ice seems pretty clear. Understand? And look! don't you see that long dark line there? I wonder what it can be? Let us go and find out. We can get along easily enough after a few steps."

Jim strode ahead, and stamped down a path for Katy through the snow that lay between their house and the clear space of ice that had been swept by the eddy under the hummock, until, a moment later, they were both running along upon a clean floor toward the object they had seen. Now they could make it out clearly; and at the first discovery Jim tossed his cap high in the air and gave a hurrah, in which the girl joined, wishing she too had a cap to throw up. What do you suppose it was that had so excited and gladdened them? Can't you guess?

*A log of wood frozen into the ice!*

"Now we can have all the fire we want."

"And I can keep the coffee hot for the second cup."

Then they looked at one another, and laughed and clapped their hands again. Were two children ever before made so happy by the simple finding of a log?

Just then they heard Aleck's voice:

"Hallo-o-o! Where are you?"

Jim jumped up, and was about to shout back, but his sister threw her hand over his mouth.

"Stop, Jimkin. Let them look for us, and have the fun of being surprised by our great discovery."

So both kept quiet, and let the boys shout. By-and-by they saw their heads bobbing over the drift, and presently Tug came running toward them, with Aleck close behind.

"Why didn't you answer? Didn't you hear us? Hello! Whoop—la! Wood, or I'm a Dutchman!" and all echoed his wild shout, and tried to imitate his dance, until the joy was bumped out of them by a sudden fall on the slippery ice.

It was a tree trunk of oak, that had been floating about, frozen into the ice, above the surface of which fully half of it was to be seen. The stubs of the roots were toward them, while the upper end of the tree, which had been a large one, was lost in a drift more than forty feet distant.

"There is enough good wood here," said Aleck, "to keep us warm for two months if we don't waste it; and we ought to be very thankful."

"Then let's have a fire right away!" Jim exclaimed.

"All right, Youngster," was the Captain's response.

"Fetch the axe, and we'll soon light up."

When Jim had disappeared, Katy asked her brother what he had seen.



"Nothing," was the reply. "And it would just be impossible to move half a mile a day in this snow. It's one of the deepest falls I ever saw. We've got to stay here, for all I see, till it melts, or crusts over, or blows away, or something else happens."

"Well, we have plenty of fuel now."

"Yes, but we can't live on oak-though we might on acorns. But here comes Jimkin. Let's say no more about it now, Katy."

As the chips flew under Tug's blows, Katy gathered an armful, and hastened back to kindle a fire, while Jim and Aleck busied themselves in clearing a good path, and in hauling the hand sled from under the boat, where it had been jammed into the drift out of the way. By the time it was ready, Tug had chopped a sled-load of wood, and they hauled it to the house. It had been very awkward climbing over their wall of boxes, but they had been afraid to move any part of it, for fear of throwing down the snow which had banked it up and made the place so tight and warm. However, there was one box which must shortly be moved in order to get at more provisions; so it was carefully removed, and the wood piled in its place, leaving a low archway underneath, through which they could crawl on their hands and knees.

"That's just like an *igloo*," said Katy.

"What's an *igloo*?"

"An Esquimaux house made of frozen snow in the shape of a dome, and entered by a low door, just like this one. By the way, are you getting hungry?"

"Yes; bring us something to eat."

They went back to their chopping. Pretty soon Katy came running out, bringing some crackers, a little hard cheese, and the last small jar of jelly—"just for a taste," she explained. Then she broke out with her story:

"Oh, boys, there's a whole lot of little birds—white and brown—around the house. They seem to like to get near the smoke. I'm going to throw out some crumbs."

"Yes, do," said Tug, eagerly, "and I'll get my gun."

"What? to shoot them! Oh no."

"But they will make good eating."

"Ye-e-s, I suppose so," agreed the kind-hearted girl; "but I hate to have them shot."

"It's hard, I know," Aleck said, sympathizing more with his sister than with the birds, I fear; "but we need everything we can get. It may be a great piece of good fortune that they have come, and— Hold up, Tug; aren't you afraid if you shoot them they will be scared away for good?"

"No fear of that!" was the answer; "and we have no other way. Come along, Katy, and keep Rex quiet."

Luncheon was stuffed in their pockets, and all hastened toward the house.

There they still were—several flocks of birds resembling sparrows, but larger than any common sparrow, and white; so white, in fact, that they could only be seen at all against the snow by glimpses of a few brown and black feathers on their backs. In each flock, however, there were one or two of a different sort, easily distinguishable by their darker plumage and rusty brown heads. They were very restless, constantly rising and settling, but showed no disposition to go away, and took little alarm at the four figures that stealthily approached.

"What are they?" whispered Aleck to Tug.

"White snow-clouds, or snow-buntings," he whispered back. "Mighty good eating."

Creeping quietly into the house, Tug took his shot-gun out of the boat and hastily loaded it, but with great care to see that there was priming well up in the nipple and a good cap on. Then he slung his shot pouch and powder-horn—a short black well-polished horn of buffalo, of which he was very proud, for it had been a curiosity in Monroe—and begged them all to stay in the house and let him alone, unless he called to them, and, above all, to

keep the dog inside. Then he crawled forward, holding his gun well in front of him, and they sat down to wait for the result.

Scarcely a minute had passed before a sharp report was heard, and a little thud upon the canvas roof. At this sound Rex leaped up, and was greatly excited. His ears were raised, his eyes flashed, and he gave several short quick barks. But Aleck had twisted his fingers in the dog's mane and forced him to drop down and keep quiet.

A short moment later there rang out a second report, and after time enough to reload, a third. Then the sportsman's voice was heard calling, and they all ran out.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## YOUNG WASHINGTON IN THE WOODS.

THE STORY OF A PERILOUS JOURNEY.

BY GEORGE CARY EGLESTON.

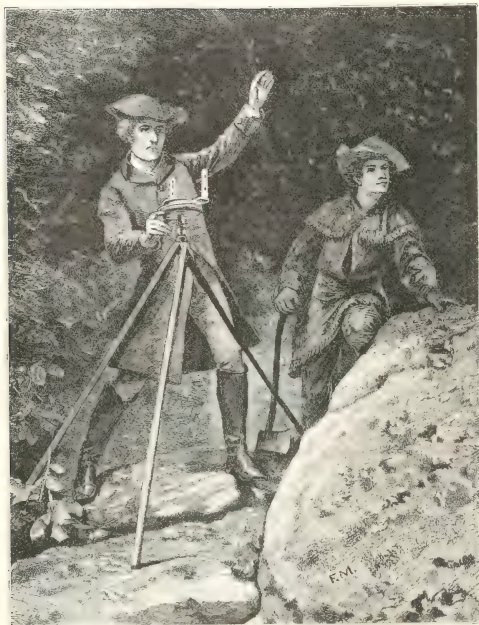
NO man ever lived whose name is more honored than that of George Washington, and no man ever deserved his fame more. All the success that ever came to him was won by hard work. He succeeded because he was the kind of man that he was, and not in the least because he had "a good chance" to distinguish himself. He never owed anything to "good luck," nor even to a special education in the business of a soldier. Some men are called great because they have succeeded in doing great things; but he succeeded in doing great things because he was great in himself.

Everybody who knew him, even as a boy, seems to have respected as well as liked him. There was something in his character which made men think well of him. When he was only sixteen years of age Lord Fairfax admired him to such a degree that he appointed him to a post which not many men would have been trusted to fill. He put the boy at the head of a surveying party, and sent him across the mountains to survey the valley of Virginia—a vast region which was then unsettled. So well did Washington perform this difficult and dangerous task that a few years later, when he was only twenty-one years old, the Governor of Virginia picked him out for a more delicate and dangerous piece of work.

The English colonies lay along the Atlantic coast, while the French held Canada. The country west of the Alleghany Mountains, which we now know as Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, etc., was claimed by both the French and the English, though only the Indians lived there. The French made friends of the savages, and began building forts at different points in that region, and putting soldiers there to keep the English away. The Governor of Virginia wanted to put a stop to this, and so he resolved to send a messenger into "the Great Woods," as the Western country was called, to warn the French off, and to win the friendship of the Indians if possible.

For such a service he needed a man with a cool head, good sense, great courage, and, above all, what boys call "grit"; for whoever should go would have to make his way for many hundreds of miles through a trackless wilderness, over mountains and rivers, and among hostile Indians. Young Washington had already shown what stuff he was made of, and, young as he was, he was regarded as a remarkable man. The Governor therefore picked him out as the very best person for the work that was to be done.

It was November when he set out, and the weather was very cold and wet. He took four white men and two Indians with him, the white men being hunters who knew how to live in the woods. As the country they had to pass through was a wilderness, they had to carry all their supplies with them on pack-horses. They rode all day through the woods, and when night came slept in little tents by some spring or water-course. Day after day they



WASHINGTON AS A SURVEYOR

marched forward, until at last they reached an Indian village, near the spot where Pittsburgh now stands, and there they halted to make friends with the Indians.

This was not very easy, as the French had already had a good deal to do with the tribes in that region; but Washington persuaded the chief, whose name was Tanacharison, to go with him to visit the French commander, who was stationed in a fort hundreds of miles away, near Lake Erie.

This march, like the other, was slow and full of hardships; but at last the fort was reached, and Washington delivered his message to the French officer. A day or two later the Frenchman gave him his answer, which was that the Western country belonged to the French, and that they had no notion of giving it up.

All the trouble Washington had met in going north was nothing compared with what was before him in going back to Virginia again. The winter was now at its worst, and the weather was terrible. The rivers and creeks were full of floating ice, and the woods were banked high with snow. But Washington was not to be daunted by any kind of difficulty. He set out on his return march, and with the aid of canoes, in which his baggage was carried down a small stream that ran in that direction, he took his party as far as Venango, in the northwestern part of Pennsylvania.

There he found that he could go no further on horseback. The ground was frozen on top, but soft beneath,

and the poor horses broke through the hard crust at every step. There was a French fort at Venango, and Washington might have waited there very comfortably for better weather; but it was his duty to get back to Virginia as soon as possible with the French commander's answer, and so he made up his mind to go on, even at the risk of his life.

Leaving the rest of the party to come when they could with the horses, Washington and a single companion named Gist set out on foot for the long winter march. As they had no pack-horses to carry tents and cooking vessels and food, they had to leave everything behind except what they could carry on their backs; and as they were obliged to take their rifles, powder-horns, and bullet pouches, their hunting-knives and hatchets, and a blanket apiece, they were pretty heavily loaded, and could not afford to burden themselves with much else.

Day by day the two brave fellows trudged on through the snow-drifts, sleeping at night as best they could, exposed to the biting cold of the winter, without shelter, except such as the woods afforded. There were other dangers besides cold and hunger. At one time a treacherous Indian, who had offered to act as guide, tried to lead the two white men into a trap. As they suspected his purpose, they refused to do as he wished, and a little later he suddenly turned about and shot at Washington, who was only a few paces distant. Missing his aim, he was quickly overpowered, and Gist wanted to kill him, not merely because he deserved to be put to death for his treachery, but also because, if allowed to go free, he was pretty sure to bring other hostile Indians to attack the lonely travellers during the night.

But Washington would not have him killed. He made him build a camp fire, and then told him to leave them at once. The Indian did so, and as soon as it was certain that he was out of sight and hearing the two young men set out to make their escape. They knew the Indian would soon come back with others, and that their only chance for life was to push on as fast as they could. The Indians could track them in the snow, but by setting out at once they hoped to get so far ahead that they could not be easily overtaken.

It was already night, and the travellers were weary from their day's march, but they could not afford to stop or rest. All through the night they toiled on. Morning came, and they must have felt it nearly impossible to drag their weary feet further, but still they made no halt. On and on they went, and it was not till night came again that they thought it safe at last to stop for the rest and sleep they needed so badly. The strain they had undergone must have been fearful. They were already weary and way-worn when they first met the treacherous Indian, and after that they had toiled through the snow for two days and a night without stopping to rest or daring to refresh themselves with sleep.

Just before reaching their journey's end they arrived at the brink of a river which they expected to find frozen over, but found it full of floating ice instead. Without

boat or bridge, there seemed no chance of getting across; but after a while they managed to make a rude raft, and upon this they undertook to push themselves across with long poles.

The current was very strong, the raft was hard to manage, and the great fields of ice forced it out of its course. In trying to push it in the right direction, Washington missed his footing and fell into the icy river. His situation was very dangerous, but by a hard struggle he got upon the floating logs again. Still the current swept them along, and they could not reach either shore of the stream.

At last they managed to leap from the logs, not to the bank, but to a small island in the river. There they were very little better off than on the raft. They were on land, it is true, but there was still no way of getting to shore; and as there was nothing on the island to make a fire with, Washington was forced, drenched as he was with ice-water, to pass the long winter night in the open air, without so much as a tiny blaze or a handful of coals by which to warm himself.

Unfortunately the night proved to be a very cold one, and poor Gist's feet and hands were frozen before morning. Washington got no frost-bites, but his sufferings must have been great.

During the night that part of the stream which lay between the island and the shore that Washington wished to reach froze over, and the travellers were able to renew their journey. Once across that, the worst of their troubles were over.

Is it any wonder that a young man who did his duty in this way rapidly rose to distinction? He was always in earnest in his work, and always did it with all his might. He never shammed or shirked. He never let his own comfort or his own interest stand in the way when there was a duty to be done. He was a great man before he became a celebrated one, and the wisest men in the country found out the fact.

When the Revolution came there were other soldiers older and better known than Washington, but there were men in Congress who had watched his career carefully. They made him, therefore, commander-in-chief of the American armies, knowing that nobody else was so sure to do the very best that could be done for the country. They did not make him a great man by appointing him to the chief command; they appointed him because they knew he was a great man already.

## FINDING BROTHER BILL.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

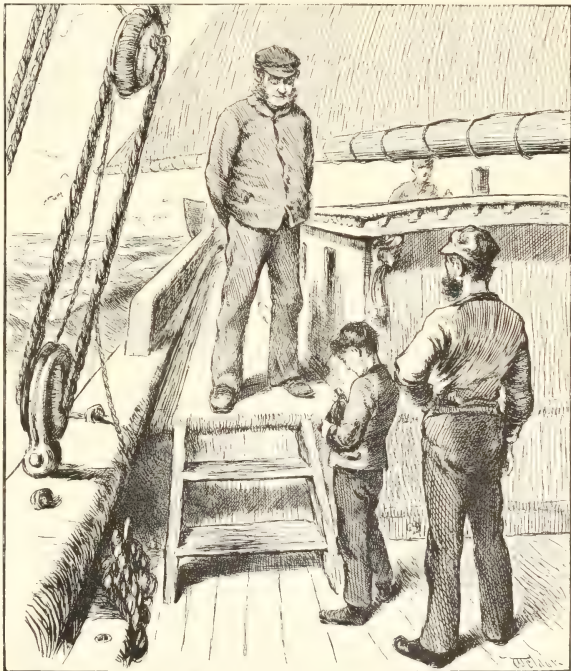
I WAS only fifteen, but tall and strong for my age, an ordinary seaman on board the old ship *Winchester*, of Bath, Maine. We went to Cardiff, Wales, and loaded coal for San Francisco. There being no crew on board while in port, there was not enough work to keep me busy, so Captain Bowline installed me as night-watchman, thus giving me all day for sleep or amusement as I pleased. Supper was over, and I stood idly by the rail, watching the home-going dock laborers.

Some one who had stepped quietly aboard while I was so busy with my thoughts touched my arm. Turning suddenly, I saw that the new-comer was a young fellow of my own age. His face was pale and wan, and I noticed that he was very poorly dressed. But he had the most honest gray eyes I ever looked into, and somehow I took a fancy to him at that very moment.

"D'ye think the Cap'n might be wanting a—boy?" he inquired, in a low tone.

"I'm afraid not; but you can ask him if you like," I replied.

The young fellow (I will tell you now that his name was Edward Penfield, though he was always called Ned or English Ned) hesitated a moment, and then, cap in



"STOW-AWAY, SIR."

hand, approached Captain Bowline, who, if he was a bit short and sharp of speech, had the kindest of hearts.

I did not hear the talk between them, but saw by the look of Ned's face as he came forward that it was as I thought.

"He says that the crew's all engaged; and if they wasn't he'd take no boys, by reason of their being more plague than profit," explained Ned, sorrowfully, as we walked slowly forward together.

"Well," I said, as kindly as I could, "you haven't lost much, for I can tell you that getting round the Horn in winter is the hardest kind of a voyage."

"I wouldn't mind the hardness of it, so I could only get to 'Frisco,'" he replied, with a determined kind of look.

"What do you want to get *there* for?" I inquired, a bit curiously.

"Why, it's this way," Ned answered, slowly: "the folks died when I was a lad. We were poor, and there was nothing left for me and Bill. He's a good bit older than I, and he as good as brought me up his own self till I was old enough to work along of him in the mills. Then he gets the Californy fever, and ships in the *Sunderland* for 'Frisco, where they say money's to be had almost for the asking, allowing he'd send for me directly he earned money enough. That was five years ago," said Ned, wistfully, "and only for a line to say the ship got there all right I've never a word since, so now I'm minded to go to 'Frisco my own self and hunt him up."

"Well, I wish you *were* going," I answered him, "but it's six o'clock, and now I must go on duty. I'm the night-watchman, you know," I explained.

Ned nodded without speaking. He seemed to be in a sort of brown study, yet all the while his eyes were roving round from place to place. Finally they rested on the long-boat lashed on top of the fore'd house, and I noticed a curious look of determination appear on his thin face.

"I'll try it!" he exclaimed, half aloud; and without explaining what he meant, Ned bade me good-night rather suddenly, and hurried off.

All at once a sort of half suspicion popped into my head. Perhaps I was wrong to have kept it to myself, yet I knew that I might be mistaken, after all, and besides, if what I suspected *should* prove true, there would be no great harm done, anyway.

I am not sure that I was as careful in respect to being on the main-deck that night as usual. In fact, I paced the quarter-deck till toward morning. Everything was all right on the main-deck, and about four o'clock I called the cook, and soon was drinking my mug of hot coffee. By daylight the pilot and crew were on board, and the tow-boat alongside; and four hours later the *Winchester* was standing down Bristol Channel with a fair wind, and all drawing sail set. The pilot left us that night, and by the next morning the old ship was fairly out at sea.

In the forenoon I was at the wheel. The rest of the watch were coiling down the hawser on the fore'd house. I noticed a little stir among the men, and as I heard the mate's sharp voice saying, "Well, come on here!" I felt pretty sure of who and what *was* coming.

Mr. Benner came aft, urging a very pale and sick-looking young fellow, whom I need hardly say was Ned, before him.

"Stow-away, sir; crawled out from under the long-boat," he briefly explained as Captain Bowline, with a very stern face, stepped to the break of the quarter, where Ned, twisting his old cap between his fingers, stood hanging down his head.

"Well, sir, what have you got to say for yourself?" asked Captain Bowline, sharply.

"I—I hid away because I *must* get to San Francisco, sir," was Ned's rather tremulous reply. Then he repeated the story that I had heard from him that first day.

The Captain scolded him soundly, but ended with, "Well, go to the galley and tell the cook to give you something to eat." Turning away, he gave a sharp look, as though he suspected me of having a hand in the hiding of the stow-away—a look which I returned by one of conscious innocence.

In most ships Ned would not have got off so easily. Stow-aways are apt to meet with rough language and hard treatment from the officers, though the crew encourage their presence, by reason of the extra pair of hands for ship's duty. But Captain Bowline was one who carried his Christianity to sea with him. Sailors were never roughly treated on board the *Winchester*. Yet I never saw better discipline on shipboard, or work more cheerfully and faithfully performed.

Well, Ned proved to be one of those rare sea-birds—a born sailor. Before we had fairly crossed the oily smoothness of the equatorial belt he had learned to steer, and in the terrible tropical squalls, with lightning that blinds and thunders which deafen, he was the first aloft in stowing or reefing sails.

A voyage round Cape Horn has been described so many times by abler pens than mine that I will not dwell upon it. Yet no description that I have ever read does justice to the reality itself. The prevailing winds are always ahead, and the mildest wind is a gale which brings cutting storms of hail and sleet. There are dense fogs, icebergs, and the heaviest seas that sweep the navigable globe. There are snow-squalls and drenching rain-storms, thunder-tempests and water-spouts. A ship may be days and weeks buffeting against the fierce winds that centre round the cape of storms, to be continually beaten back. Four hours of unbroken sleep is never to be looked for—dry clothing is a thing of the past. No words can rightly picture the hardship, exposure, and suffering consequent upon rounding Cape Horn in winter.

But through it all Ned bore himself like a young hero. He seldom or never complained, and indeed was the life of the crew, who themselves were a more decent and orderly set of men than are usually found in a ship's fore-castle.

"I'll forget all about it when we get to 'Frisco, and have hunted brother Bill up," he would say to me as, drenched and shivering, we endured the weary night-watches with as good grace as possible.

Well, after three long weeks of this hard experience we weathered the Cape, and began to work into warmer latitudes. But one evening some one smelled coal gas coming up through the partly opened ventilators in the water-ways, and before long everybody on board knew that our cargo of coal was on fire, and that the deck we were treading was like the crust of a smouldering volcano.

Once started, it is almost impossible to check the headway of this form of hidden fire. We poured water continually through holes cut in the deck, but the planks grew hotter and hotter, and the gas more dense and stifling.

After a week of terrible anxiety the smoke began forcing itself up through the seams, and we knew it was full time to leave the ship. The boats had been provisioned days before, and swung at the davits ready for use. It did not take long to lower them and push off. We were hardly a cable's length from the *Winchester* when her decks blew up, and she was soon a mass of flames.

We watched the burning ship in gloomy silence. We were some two hundred miles from the Chilean coast, and our two boats, though in pretty good repair, were both old, and not strong enough to stand anything like heavy weather.

We pulled all that night, and all the next day, over a sea like glass. The heat of the sun seemed to scorch one's very brains. The luke-warm, brackish water we had with us increased our thirst. Even Ned's courage for the first time gave way.



"I sha'n't ever find brother Bill," he said to me, mournfully, as we sat in the boat's bows in the tropical twilight.

I was about to answer, when Captain Bowline exclaimed, "Hark!" lifting up his hand at the same time.

Every one listened intently. There was a sound of the rush and gurgle of water about a ship's bows, the creaking of yards, and a hoarse voice giving orders, while through the soft darkness shone the red and the green light of a great ship bearing directly down upon us.

Oh, what a shout we gave! And in less time than I am taking to tell it the ship was laying with her topsails aback, and we, the *Winchester's* crew, were scrambling up her black sides.

It was the ship *Shakspeare*, from San Francisco to London, and as soon as our boats were hoisted on board she was again put on her course. We were made welcome at once, and by the following day were regularly enrolled in the different watches, and working with the *Shakspeare's* crew until such time as part of us could be put on board some passing ship.

I was doing something in the mizzen-rigging when Ned relieved the wheel for the first time. Captain Bowline and the *Shakspeare's* Captain, who was a remarkably young-looking man to command so large a ship, stood together, talking, near the brass binnacle.

As Ned grasped the spokes of the wheel, Captain Bowline, with whom he was a great favorite, turned toward him.

"Well, Ned," he said, in his kind way, "unless we are lucky enough to speak a ship bound for 'Frisco, I'm afraid you won't find your brother Bill *this* year."

"I'm afraid not, sir," I heard Ned reply, in a very sober voice; and as he spoke, I thought the *Shakspeare's* Captain started a very little.

"What's your name, young chap?" he asked, suddenly, and in a queer voice.

"Penfield, sir," was the respectful answer.

"I thought so," said the young ship-master, in a matter-of-fact way; "and I think, Ned," he continued, laying his hand on the astonished boy's shoulder—"I think you won't have to go as far as 'Frisco to find your brother Bill."

Ned gave a great gasp, and then his whole face lit up with joy. He didn't rush into Captain Penfield's arms and exclaim, "My own, my long-lost brother!" In fact, he didn't let go the wheel, for the breeze was strong and the ship carrying stun'sails on both sides, so that it took pretty careful steering to keep her on her course.

But as Captain Bowline uttered an exclamation of astonishment, Captain Penfield called me down to relieve the wheel, and took Ned, who looked as if he was in a dream, into the cabin, and closed the companionway doors. Then I rather think they had a good brotherly hug.

Ned told me all about it afterward. His brother liked the sea so well that at the end of his first voyage he staid by the ship, instead of going to work ashore. The *Sunderland* was bound on a three years' voyage, and after writing Ned to stay where he was at present, inclosing a draft for what money he could spare, young Penfield sailed away. Ned never got the letter.

When the *Sunderland* returned to port Ned's brother had been promoted to mate, the ship's first officer having been lost overboard. He wrote again, but Ned had changed his lodging-place. They sailed for Calcutta, and at the end of the voyage Mr. Penfield was offered command of the *Shakspeare*, the present voyage being his first as master.

"And direct'ly brother Bill got to London he was coming down to Cardiff to hunt me up, d'ye see," said Ned, whose eyes were sparkling with joy as he spoke.

We arrived in London after a fine run of ninety-one days. Captain Bowline went home by steamer. I shipped in the *Norris*, after a hearty good-bye from Ned and his brother, and have never seen them since! But I was always very glad that Ned found his brother Bill.

## THE DISCONTENTED TREE.

ADAPTED FROM THE GERMAN OF RUCKERT.

BY E. M. TRAGUAIK.

**WITHIN** the forest glad and free,  
Though suns were hot and winds were keen,  
A little pine grew straight and fine,  
But clad, for leaves, with needles green.  
This did not please the little tree,  
Which gayer, brighter, longed to be.

"How prettily my mates are dressed  
In gay green foliage, one and all!  
But not a child will look at me,  
Although I'm growing straight and tall.  
Oh, if the wish were not too bold,  
I would have leaves of shining gold!"

'Twas night, and all the forest slept,  
And with it slept our little tree;  
At morn it woke with golden leaves,  
And was not that a sight to see?  
'There's not in all the wood so fine  
A tree," it said, "with leaves like mine."

But long before the day was done  
A money-lender came that way;  
He had a sack upon his back,  
And when he saw the glittering prey  
He gathered all the leaves of gold,  
And left the branches bare and cold.

The sapling hid its head in grief,  
And mourned its glittering leaves of gold.  
"My mates," it said, "are nicely clad,  
While I stand naked here and cold.  
I dare not wish again, alas!  
Or else I'd wish for leaves of glass."

'Twas night again, and all things slept;  
And with them slept our little tree;  
It woke with leaves of crystal clear—  
It was a brilliant sight to see.  
"No tree," it said, "like me can shine,  
Or has such pretty leaves as mine."

But soon a mighty wind arose  
That turned and tossed the branches all;  
As on it swept across the wood  
It made the crystal leaflets fall,  
And morning found them there, alas!  
Scattered and broken on the grass.

The sapling gave a heavy moan,  
It looked so naked, poor, and mean,  
While all the other trees stood there  
Still glorious in their dress of green.  
"I'm sure," it said, "this wish were best,  
That I had green leaves like the rest."

When all things slept at eventide,  
And woke again at morning gray  
Adorned with young and juicy leaves,  
The little tree was glad and gay.  
"They've leaves," it said, "and I've the same—  
I need not hang my head for shame."

A goat came down the mountain-side  
In search of fields and pastures fair;  
Its young ones wanted grass and herbs,  
But all the hills about were bare.  
It spied our sapling's foliage green,  
And set to work and ate it clean.

Our little tree again was bare,  
And sadly to itself it said,  
"No more I'll wish for leaves again,  
Or green or yellow, white or red.  
I'm sure I never should complain  
Had I my needles back again!

It sadly slept at eventide,  
And sad at morning woke the tree;  
But when the sun shone out it looked,  
And nearly laughed aloud for glee.  
The reason of its joy was plain—  
Its needles all were there again.



A NARROW ESCAPE.

## BRIDGET'S VALENTINE.

BY M. E. SANGSTER.

"NELLY! Nelly!" called the girls; "we are going for a slide. The brook is frozen as hard as can be."

Nelly was always ready for a slide on the ice, and Louise, Edith, and Belle, who were waiting at the gate, were her dearest friends. But poor dear Bridget, her cheeks flushed and her eyes beaming, had cleared the kitchen up beautifully, and hurried through her work, so that the valentine she wanted to send "home to the old country" might be written that very day.

"Sure Miss Nelly had promised to write it for her, the darling, and—the saints bless the child!—she wasn't one to forget her word."

All day long Bridget's thoughts had been flying over the great wide sea to a little cabin quite unlike the grand house where she lived now. There were her mother, and the father and brothers, and the little bare-footed sister who stood and waved kisses to her the day she went off to "Ameriky." And the little sister did something else, too, that day that Bridget did not know of, though a bird told me about it.

On the soft mud outside the cabindoor there was the print of Bridget's foot when she went away, and Nora brought a stone and put it in the very spot, and ever so many times she went there and kissed the place, which seemed to her to be dearer than the fields around, because there Bridget had stood for her last look at the old home.

Well, the girls called Nelly, and Nelly, with her hat swinging and her curls shining, was for one moment irresolute. But she decided that she could more easily give up her own pleasure than disappoint Bridget; so she let her friends go, and sat down to write the valentine. It was to have a picture of Bridget in it, in her best black dress, with a red bow and a locket.

"Won't they open their eyes when they see that, Miss Nelly!" said the simple-hearted Bridget. "Please put in that pretty verse

that you said this morning, to cheer up the poor ould mother."

So Nelly wrote,

"The rose is red, the violet's blue;  
Sugar is sweet, and so are you."

And then was there ever such a funny valentine! Bridget told her to ask after the gray filly, and if the red cow was as purty as ever, and is Pat O'Brien married yet to Molly O'Neill, and did my uncle Barney get the great doctor at Cork to see about his rheumatism with the pound I sent him for that same purpose at Christmas?

Nelly had to put it into her own words; and when it was all done, in went another pound—just half of Bridget's



BRIDGET'S VALENTINE

month's wages. That was to buy tea and pay the rent. Then away went that valentine into a mail-bag, and that mail-bag went way, way down into the hold of a great ship, and that great ship went sailing over the sea.

Oh, the joy in the little peat-roofed cabin when one

day Mike brought the letter home! They all agreed that it was an "illigant" valentine indeed.

"And father and mother danced a jig,  
And Mike and Nora went almost wild;  
Bessie ran out and told the pig,  
And the pig looked up with a grunt and smiled."



## THE BURGLAR ON THE MOUNTAIN.

BY ESSENCE.

"WHAT do you think of this for a snow-storm, Percy Hastings? Didn't I tell yer, when them fust flakes come lyin' down, we were goin' to have a rouser? Boston folks don't know the fust thing 'bout mountain storms up in New Hampshire—do they, Betty?" said Ezra Phelps, turning to his sister.

"I wish Grandpa and Grandma would come," said Lulu.

"Why, Lulu," said Betty, "they can't get a step up this mountain to-night. P'raps they'll manage to go as far as Squire Green's, but it 'll be a tough pull for old Jack from Ossipee to there, this goin'."

"'Tis faid to stay 'way on this mountain all lone," moaned little Benny.

"Alone!" exclaimed his brother Percy, taking him up into his lap. "Here's sister Lulu, and Ezra and Betty Phelps, and your brother Percy too. I think the storm is jolly. Now Ezra and Betty will have to spend the night, and we'll have a gay old time."

"Won't bur-ger-lars come?" said Benny.

"We don't have none o' them kind o' visitors up here," said Ezra.

"Do you feel afraid, Betty?" said Lulu.

"Not the least bit in the world," said Betty, decidedly. "We never think of locking our doors."

"Let's light up," said Percy; "and see here, Lulu, can't you get us up a supper? We haven't got to go without one because Grandma isn't here, have we?"

"No, indeed!" said Lulu, beginning to assume a matronly air. "We will have a lovely supper, won't we, Bet? I know where the raspberry jam is, and—"

Just then came a most tremendous crash. The girls screamed, while Benny cried, wildly, "He's come! he's come! the bur-ger-lar's come!" The boys rushed to the door suddenly, feeling the care of the household upon their shoulders. As they opened it, a furious gust of wind blew out the candle. Percy fumbled round for a match, while Ezra took down the lantern from its nail. Then they started again, the girls, with Benny, cautiously creeping along behind. As they ascended the stairs they encountered a huge snow-drift, which the giant Storm had unceremoniously hurled into their home through the door which led from the upper entry out of the house. For this house was so built on the side of the mountain that from the upper story, as well as the lower, one could step directly out upon the slope of the hill.

"Somebody must have left this door unlatched," exclaimed Percy.

"See the snow-balls lyin' round here," laughed Ezra. "You and me'll have to pay back, Percy, and see which 'll beat, we or Mr. Storm and Mr. Wind."

At that the boys, gayly shouting and cheering, began to roll the snow into balls and toss it out; but after the first fun was over they went down for shovels and brooms, and soon had routed the enemy, and securely defended themselves against all future invasions.

Meantime the girls had loaded the table with baked beans, pumpkin pie, mince turn-overs, and numerous other good things which they had found in grandma's well-stored pantry.

They were very merry over their supper, until suddenly thump, thump, thump sounded overhead, and they exclaimed, in one breath, "What's that?" while Lulu said, excitedly, "Percy, did you fasten that door?"

"Yes, *natural*," said Percy; "I certainly bolted it top and bottom; and I guess it is the first time it has ever been done, by the hard work I had."

"That noise is nothin' but the winders a-rattlin'," said Ezra. "You needn't be scart at it." Thus assured, they soon forgot their fears, and began to plan what they should do in the evening.

"Let's make some molasses candy," said Percy.

"Just the thing! What are the directions?"

"Take a cup and a half of molasses," began Lulu, "half a cup of sugar, a piece of butter the size of an English walnut—"

"Dear me," interrupted Percy, "I'm afraid that rule won't work. I don't believe there's an English walnut in the house, and who is going to remember the exact size of one?"

"Percy Hastings, hold your tongue; you'll make me forget. There's a table-spoonful of vinegar besides. Then you boil them all together for twenty minutes, and after it is done, put in a pinch of saleratus."

"Definite again," said Percy, looking at his sister with a merry twinkle in his eyes. "A pinch! Let's see: how much is that? Put it in when it's done! Here's a conundrum for you. When is a thing done, if it isn't done when it's done?"

"We will go to work, Betty, and not mind his nonsense," said Lulu; and soon they had the molasses simmering over the fire.

Thump, thump, thump sounded again, louder than before.

"Somebody surely is walking overhead," exclaimed Lulu, dropping the spoon with which she was stirring the candy. "He must have come in when that door was open. He's coming down-stairs. Percy, lock that door, quick!"

As Ezra and Percy started, again they heard the thump, thump, thump, and the girls, screaming, pulled them back, saying, "That is not the rattling of a window. There's some one in the house. You sha'n't go up there one step."

"Oh, dear!" cried Benny, white and trembling; "he's come now, hasn't he?"

"How you goin' to get upstairs to bed?" said Ezra.

"We are not going to stir out of this room to-night," said Lulu, bursting into tears.

"Somethin's burnin'," said Ezra.

"Oh, it's our candy! it's all spoiled," said Lulu, snatching the smoking kettle from the fire. As she placed it in the sink, the iron snapped with a loud noise, and the kettle lay there in two pieces, black and sizzling.

"What will Grandma say?" sobbed Lulu.

But the noise overhead soon took their attention away from everything else. The boys still wished to go up and explore, but at last their sisters persuaded them to stay where they were, all night, and as the thumps sounded more and more like some one walking about, in their inmost hearts they were not unwilling to give up the search.

As they sat excitedly talking before the fire, Benny said, "I's seepy; I wants to do to bed."

"Well, deary," said Lulu, "we'll fix up a nice little bed on this settle."

"Shall I say my prayers now?" said Benny.

"Yes; kneel right down by Lulu," said his sister.

After repeating his usual prayer, he added, "Please, God, take care of us, and tell that bur-ger-lar up there not to come down here." Then he lay down on his novel bed, and in a moment he was sound asleep.

"Now you girls," said Percy, "can both get into that big arm-chair and have a good night's sleep."

"Sleep!" exclaimed Lulu; "not a wink! I am as nervous as I can be. I can seem to see some one opening that door every minute."

"Nobody could get in, with all them things piled up there," said Ezra, assuringly.

Before long, Lulu and Betty, and even the boys, brave and watchful as they had intended to be, were lost in slumber, and they did not wake until the morning sun peeped into the room over the snow drift which came nearly to the top of the eastern windows.

"I wonder how 'tis outside?" said Betty, and jumping up on tables and chairs, they looked, over the drift, upon



such a glorious sight as Percy and Lulu had never seen before. As far as eye could see was pure, trackless, glistening whiteness. The sun had already lifted the mantle of mist which had thrown itself shelteringly during the night over the mountain peaks beyond, and now Passaconaway and Whiteface, Chocorua and Kearsarge, seemed to gayly lift their heads as if proud of their new fleecy caps, while still further in the distance loomed Mount Washington.

"Come," said Percy, "we don't want to strain our necks trying to peek out in this uncomfortable way any longer. Do let us go and shovel this drift away, Ezra."

"First we'll take them things from the door. This room don't look much like Marm Hastings's kitchen. You see, girls, them noises warn't nothin'," said Ezra.

Hastily pulling the furniture into place, he opened the door, when thump, thump, seemed to sound on the stairs.

"Oh!" screamed Lulu, "shut that door, quick!" And the boys needed no urging to secure the door even more firmly than before.

"When will they come home?" gasped Lulu. "They can get here to-day, can't they?"

"Your Grandma wouldn't stay another night if she had to come home on her head," said Ezra. "I 'spect she'll have all the ox-sleds in Tamworth turned out for her."

The day passed slowly enough to the timid, anxious watchers, for it was not until nearly night-fall that the three and a half miles of road from the village was broken through, and the grandparents were able to reach their mountain home.

After a happy greeting, Grandpa said: "What's all this 'ere barricade? What game yer been playin' at naow?"

Then the five, all together, in a most thrilling, excited manner, related all their trials and adventures.

"Wa'al, wa'al," said Grandpa; "these 'ere young folks has had a putty hard time, no mistake, hain't they, Mother? Naow I must go an' 'tend to that 'ere burglar."

"Don't let him hurt oo, Grandpa," said Benny, pulling him back by his coat.

"I guess I can manage him; you needn't be afeard." And in a minute the door was opened, and he, with Percy and Ezra, went up the stairs. No sooner had they reached the top than shouts of laughter were heard by the trembling, listening group below.

"The burglar's caught! we're bringing him down!" shouted both boys; and in they walked, holding up a trap from which a young rat was hanging, even now not quite dead. He was so small for the trap that instead of being choked to death, he had only been imprisoned, and in his struggles to escape had moved the trap with him about the room.

"There, children," said Grandpa; "them's the only kind o' burglars we have up on Little Mountain."

"How silly we were!" said Lulu. "But I couldn't help being afraid."

"I don't blame yer one mite," said Grandma, heartily. "An' yer needn't worry a bit about that kittle; I've got plenty more a sight better'n that old thing. To-night we'll have some molasses candy, an' Benny shall sleep on his little down bed; an' don't yer never be afeard of burglars up here again."

## LIGHTNING.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

MR. FRANKLIN was one of the greatest men that ever lived. He could carry a loaf of bread in each hand and eat another, all at the same time, and he could invent anything that anybody wanted, without hurting himself or cutting his fingers. His greatest invention was lightning, and he invented it with a kite. He made a kite with sticks made out of telegraph wire, and sent it up in a thunder-storm till it reached where the lightning is. The light-

ning ran down the string, and Franklin collected it in a bottle, and sold it for ever so much money. So he got very rich after a while, and could buy the most beautiful and expensive kites that any fellow ever had.

I read about Mr. Franklin in a book that father gave me. He said I was reading too many stories, and just you take this book and read it through carefully and I hope it will do you some good anyway it will keep you out of mischief.

I thought that it would please father if I should get some lightning just as Franklin did. I told Tom McGinnis about it, and he said he would help if I would give him half of all I made by selling the lightning. I wouldn't do this, of course, but finally Tom said he'd help me anyhow, and trust me to pay him a fair price; so we went to work.

We made a tremendously big kite, and the first time there came a thunder-storm we put it up; but the paper got wet, and it came down before it got up to the lightning. So we made another, and covered it with white cloth that used to be one of Mrs. McGinnis's sheets, only Tom said he knew she didn't want it any more.

We sent up this kite the next time there was a thunder-storm, and tied the string to the second-story window where the blinds hook on, and let the end of the string hang down into a bottle. It only thundered once or twice, but the lightning ran down the string pretty fast, and filled the bottle half full.

It looked like water, only it was a little green, and when it stopped running into the bottle we took the lightning down-stairs to try it. I gave a little of it to the cat to drink, but it didn't hurt her a bit, and she just purred. At last Tom said he didn't believe it would hurt anything; so he tasted some of it, but it didn't hurt him at all.

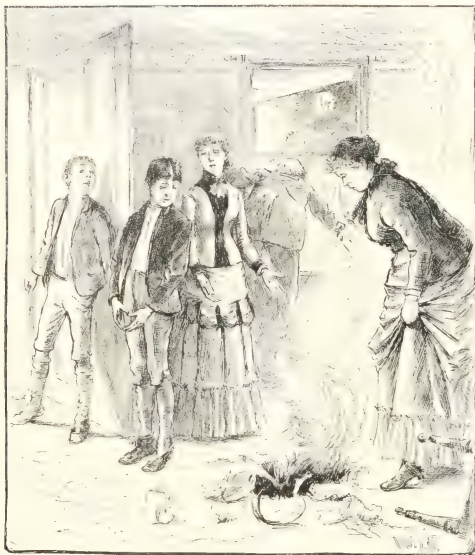
The trouble was that the lightning was too weak to do any harm. The thunder-shower had been such a little one that it didn't have any strong lightning in it; so we threw away what was in the bottle, and agreed to try to get some good strong lightning whenever we could get a chance.

It didn't rain for a long time after that, and I nearly forgot all about Franklin and lightning, until one day I heard Mr. Travers read in the newspaper about a man who was found lying dead on the road with a bottle of Jersey lightning, and that, of course, explains what was the matter with him my dear Susan. I understood more about it than Susan did, for she does not know anything about Franklin being a girl, though I will admit it isn't her fault. You see, the cork must have come out of the man's bottle, and the lightning had leaked out and burned him to death.

The very next day we had a tremendous thunder-shower, and I told Tom that now was the time to get some lightning that would be stronger than anything they could make in New Jersey. So we got the kite up, and got ourselves soaked through with water. We tied it to the window-ledge just as we did the first time, and put the end of the string in a tin pail, so that we could collect more lightning than one bottle would hold. It was so cold standing by the window in our wet clothes that we thought we'd go to my room and change them.

All at once there was the most awful flash of lightning and the most tremendous clap of thunder that was ever heard. Father and mother and Sue were down-stairs, and they rushed upstairs crying the darling boy is killed. That meant me. But I wasn't killed, neither was Tom, and we hurried into the room where we were collecting lightning to see what was the matter. There we found the tin pail knocked into splinters and the lightning spilled all over the floor. It had set fire to the carpet, and burned a hole right through the floor into the kitchen, and pretty much broke up the whole kitchen stove.

Father cut the kite string and let the kite go, and told me that it was as much as my life was worth to send up a kite



"WE HURRIED INTO THE ROOM."

in a thunder-storm. You see, so much lightning will come down the string that it will kill anybody that stands near it. I know this is true, because father says so, but I'd like to know how Franklin managed. I forgot to say that father wasn't a bit pleased.

### THE STAR GAME OF CHRONOLOGY.

BY FRANK BELLEW

CUT two little cones out of wood like the figures in the lower corners of our chart. In these stick two black pins or bits of wire; parts of a hair-pin answer the purpose very well. Then paint or draw on these cones anything you please to distinguish them, and these will form the manikins with which you play. If you have no stick or knife handy, you can cut two little ships out of card-board, as also represented in the chart; but if you have neither card nor sticks, two ordinary tin tacks, or buttons with matches stuck in them, will do, though not so well.

Now, then, you each take your manikin and throw it toward the head of Washington, in the centre of the chart, and whoever gets nearest to it plays first.

Now you each throw your manikin a second time on the head of Washington, and to whichever point of the star the point of the manikin or bow of the ship points will be the point from which you start. If both manikins point to the same part of the star, the second player throws again till he gets a different starting-point.

Now you both take your places. We will say one is on *Taylor* and the other on *Jackson*. It is *Jackson's* first play. We will call this one Jack. He is entitled to take as many steps as are represented by the figure opposite *Taylor*; this is 2, so that he will place his manikin on *Harrison*. Now

the second player, who is on *Taylor*, whom we will call Jill, takes as many steps as are represented by the figure opposite the spot where his opponent, Jack, stands. This is 1, so he places his manikin on *Fillmore*. The figure 3 being opposite *Fillmore* entitles Jack to take three steps, so he moves his piece up to *Taylor*. This entitles Jill to move his piece two steps to *Madison*. Here is the figure 4, which entitles Jack to take four steps, which places his man on *Buchanan*. So you go working on, following the lines of the star till you get back to the point from which you first started; then you have won the first round. Then throw the manikin again, and start as at first.

Now we must stop a minute to explain one or two things. When we speak of following the lines of the star we mean that you follow the lines which are indicated by crosses, or dots, or loops, or points, or S's, and you go in the direction the arrows point. Then if you alight on a circle with a double ring, which indicates a President who has served two terms, or is, as we call him, a *Tandem-Termer*, you can take double the number of steps last given you. For instance, Jack is on *Buchanan*, which entitles Jill, who is on *Madison*, to take two steps; this moves him to *Lincoln*, who is a *Tandem-Termer*, and he is entitled to move two more steps to *Monroe*. This privilege in this particular case happens also to save him from a positive loss which he would otherwise have incurred by another rule of the game, which is this: When in the course of the game one player comes on the same circle as that occupied by his opponent, he either makes his opponent take two steps back or takes two back himself, according as the two last figures in the date make combined an odd or an even number. If they make an odd number, the person displaced takes two steps back; if they make an even number, the displacer takes two steps back. Thus Jill moves to *Lincoln*; now if *Lincoln* were not a *Tandem-Termer* Jill would remain there, and Jack would move one step from *Buchanan*, which would take him also to *Lincoln*. You will observe that the date of *Lincoln's* inauguration is 1861, the last two figures of which are 6 and 1, making 7, which is an odd number, so that Jill would have to move two steps back to *Madison*, and Jack would take four steps forward to *Grant*.

But here be it noted that a player can not have the benefit of more than one *Tandem-Term* at a time. Thus if Jill is at *Fillmore* and moves to *Madison*, and then takes his double term to *Lincoln*, his turn ends. The tandem privilege you can make use of or not as you like. Sometimes it is not desirable.

Here is another rule, and a very important one. If the player alights on either *Washington*, *Lincoln*, or *Garfield* when the space is occupied by the other player, the last player goes in the case of *Washington* to *Arnold*, *Lincoln* to *Booth*, or *Garfield* to *Guiteau*, where he remains until his adversary has made three moves, which he does counting the numbers on which he alights. Thus suppose Jill is on *Garfield* and Jack comes there, then Jack places his piece on *Guiteau*, and Jill first moves his piece two steps to *Pierce*, then one step to *Arthur*, then one step to *J. Adams*, when Jack moves back to *Garfield* and takes one step to *Tyler*, 1 being the number opposite *J. Adams*, where Jill stopped.

When you first throw your piece, if it points toward



Washington you start from there, and have the privilege of taking one, two, or three steps, whichever you choose, either to J. Adams, Jefferson, or Madison.

In moving your piece take care that the wire projecting from your manikin, or the bow if you use a little ship, always points in the direction in which you are travelling. This prevents mistakes when you cross lines.

Now we have explained how you play a round.

When you have finished a round, or, in other words, reached the spot from which you first started, you place your piece on Washington, in the great circle which surrounds the chart, and your opponent goes on taking steps by himself. Thus, suppose when Jill has made his round, Jack is at Hayes. He first makes a step of two to Tyler, then a step of four to Jefferson, then two, then two more, then one, till he reaches home. At each step he makes you take one on the large circle from Washington to Adams, to

Jefferson, and so on. If any of the numbers at which he stops in his steps corresponds with the last number in the date (or one of the dates) at which you stop, then you take two steps.

When he has got home you write down the name of the space where you stand, say, Jefferson, and you start on a new round as before. If you win the second round, you start again on the grand circle from the place where you left off.

When you have completed a grand round, you have won the game, and you place a marker on Franklin. Still you can go on playing for the rub or grand game of three. In this case your opponent continues to count from the place he held in the grand circle when you won the game; but if you make another grand circle before he has finished one, you place a marker on Irving, and your adversary is said to be kalsomined.











### WHO WAS HE?

BY L. A. FRANCE.

HE was born at Cummington, Massachusetts, four years after the death of Benjamin Franklin and of Israel Putnam, and five years before the death of Washington and of Patrick Henry. In the same year in which he was born Washington Irving was eleven years old, Webster five, and Cooper twelve years old.

He was the next to the oldest in a family of seven children. His father was a physician. He was named after a medical professor at Edinburgh.

He was very fond of out-door life, and spent a great part of his time in the woods and fields.

He began writing poetry when he was about ten years old. A poem which he read before his school was printed in the *Hampshire Gazette* in 1807. A few months later he published a small pamphlet of about twelve pages, containing a fiery protest against the embargo which the President had laid on the vessels and ports in the country.

When he was between thirteen and fourteen he began studying Latin and Greek. He advanced so rapidly in the latter language that after two or three months' study he had read the entire Greek Testament.

He entered Williams College in 1810. He was a good student, but did not particularly distinguish himself there. Two years later he left college, and began studying law with Judge Howe at Worthington. In 1815, at the age of twenty-one, he was admitted to the bar. He began practice in Plainfield, a small town near Cummington, but soon removed to Great Barrington. In the same year—1817—the poem by which he is best known was published in the *North American Review*.

He was married in 1821 to Fanny Fairchild. In the same year he delivered a poem called "The Ages" before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard, and published his first volume of poems.

In 1825 he became assistant editor of the *New York Review*. On the failure of the magazine, a year later, he became connected with a daily paper, the *Evening Post*.

He made a visit to Europe in 1834, returned home in two years, and in 1845 again visited Europe.

A letter from him while in London, suggesting the propriety of securing grounds where the people of New York city could resort for fresh air and recreation, led to the establishing of Central Park.

He visited Europe for the third time in 1849, and was absent over a year.

While abroad he sent back letters containing interesting accounts of his

travels, which first appeared in his paper, and afterward in book form.

In 1864 the Century Club celebrated his seventieth birthday.

In 1867 he made his last trip to Europe.

He avoided all public positions and offices. He engaged in active literary and editorial labor until his death.

On the 29th of May, 1878, he delivered an address in Central Park, on the occasion of the unveiling of a bust of the Italian statesman Mazzini. The same day he received a fall, from the effects of which he never fully recovered. He died on the twelfth day of June, 1878.

### TWO OPINIONS.

HIS "I WOULD not be a girl," said Jack,  
"Because they have no fun.  
They can not go a-fishing, nor  
A-shooting with a gun."

HERS. "I would not be a boy," said May,  
"For boys are horrid things,  
With pockets filled with hooks and knives  
And nails and tops and strings."

### MONKEY POCKETS.

I SUPPOSE you did not know that monkeys had any pockets, I save those in the little green coats organ-men sometimes compel them to wear. But that is a mistake; their real pockets are in their cheeks. The other evening, coming back from the sea by train, I travelled in the next compartment to a little be-coated monkey and his master.

The little creature's day's work was over, and perched up on the sill of the carriage window, he produced his snapper from those stow-away pockets of his, and commenced to munch it with great enjoyment. Several times the platform had to be cleared of the girls and boys who had come to see the little friend, who had been amusing them all day, off on his journey. At length a porter, whose heart evidently was warm toward little folks, allowed them to slip in and remain.

All the officials felt the attraction of that window; and the stoker, with smiles upon his grimy face, openly addressed the little monkey as "mate." Even the station-master as he passed, I noticed, cast a sly glance toward the monkey, although he could not, of course, be seen to join the crowd of admirers. A cheer was raised when the train was set in motion, and the monkey glided slowly away from big and little spectators.

I heard the other day of a pet monkey called Hag, a creature no larger than a guinea-pig, whose master once found in his cheek pockets a steel thimble, his own gold ring, a pair of sleeve-links, a farthing, a button, a shilling, and a bit of candy. Monkeys, I am sorry to say, are given to stealing, and they use these pockets to hide the articles which they have stolen.



A FRIENDLY TURN

# HARPER'S

# YOUNG PEOPLE

## AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 226.

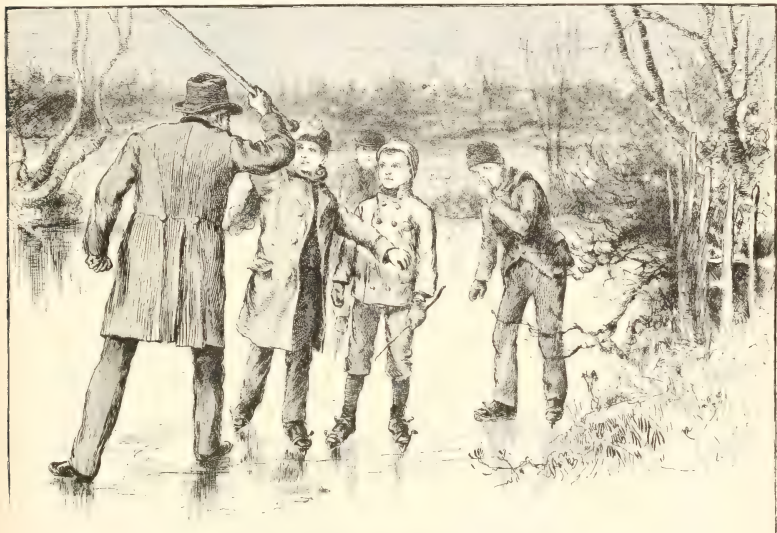
PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Tuesday, February 25, 1884.

Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$1.50 per Year, in Advance.



"WE WILL SEE ABOUT THAT," CRIED MR. CARVER.

### LONG ACRE POND.

BY JULIA K. HILDRETH.

"SAM PEER! Sam Peer! Long Acre Pond is as hard and smooth as glass. Go get your skates, and come on!" cried Morris Grey, running across the road to meet a boy who at that moment appeared at the door of his house.

"Have you tried it?" asked Sam.

"Yes," answered Morris; "I was up there before six this morning."

"Any one else going?" inquired Sam.

"Ed Locke and Sidney Jarvis," answered Morris.

"Wait a moment until I find my skates," said Sam, as he ran back into the house.

In about five minutes he returned, swinging his skates by their straps, and the two hastened down the road in the direction of the pond.

Long Acre Pond, as it was called, was situated a short distance from the village, and had been from time out of mind the favorite resort of the boys of that place. It was a wonderful pond, never drying up in summer, and always the first to freeze in winter. Here the children sailed their toy boats, and fished for "killies" in warm weather, and slid and skated in the short cold winter days. If you had asked any one of the boys whom this pond belonged

to, he would probably have answered, "No one." But in reality it was part of a large estate which had recently changed owners.

"Hello! there are Ed and Sidney. What are they coming back for?" said Morris, as two boys appeared from behind a cluster of large trees.

"What is the matter?" shouted Sam. "Ice broken?"

"Come and see for yourself," answered one of the boys.

Sam and Morris quickened their steps, and in a few moments the four companions found themselves on the edge of the pond.

"What do you think of that?" cried Edward Locke, pointing to a board nailed to a tree, on which was painted in large black letters:

NOTICE.

No Skating permitted on this Pond.

"Who could have put that thing up there?" said Morris Grey in astonishment.

"Why," said Sam, laughing, and beginning to buckle on his skates, "don't you see it is a joke?"

"So it must be," cried Sidney, following Sam's example.

In a few moments the four boys were flying over the pond, shouting and laughing with the excitement of the sport.

But their pleasure did not last long, for in less than ten minutes a man strode hastily down the hill, and when he reached the pond he shouted in a loud, harsh voice:

"What are you doing there, boys? Are you blind, or can't any one of you read?"

The boys stood still and looked at one another.

"Who is he?" whispered Sam Peer.

"I think he is the man who bought the house on the hill a few weeks ago," answered Morris in the same voice.

"Well," cried the new-come, thumping his cane upon the hard ground, "do you hear?"

"Suppose we go and ask him what he means?" said Sidney.

At this suggestion the boys moved across the pond, and stood balancing themselves on their skates before the stranger.

"Did you call us?" asked Sidney.

"None of your impudence," replied the man, "but take yourself off."

"Off where?" asked Ed Locke, looking puzzled.

"Off my pond," cried the man, angrily.

"Your pond?" repeated Sidney. "How does it come to be *your* pond?"

"How dare you speak to me in that way?" said the stranger, growing red in the face, and turning quickly on Sidney.

"I did not mean any harm," replied Sidney. "I only asked because I wanted to know."

"It is mine," replied the man, in a less angry tone, "for the simple reason that I bought it along with the rest of the land that extends from that house on the hill to the other side of the field over which you've been tramping."

"But we have always skated on this pond ever since I can remember," said Sam Peer, who had been silent until now, "and father says he did when he was a boy."

"And so did mine," "And so did mine," cried the other boys.

"That will do," said the man, frowning. "I don't want to hear anything more. You can make up your minds to this: you shall never skate on this pond as long as I own it, or my name is not Thomas Carver."

"Not skate on Long Acre Pond!" cried Morris Grey, in a tone of great surprise. "Why, there is not another place fit to skate on within ten miles."

"That is nothing to me," replied Mr. Carver.

"What harm do we do?" asked Sam Peer. "You can not hear us up at the house, and after this we will use the road if you do not want us to go over the field."

"I have no more to say," replied Mr. Carver. "If I should let you four boys stay here, before I knew it the whole village would be scampering over my grounds, destroying my fences and trees. Go, now; I have wasted too much time already," and he pointed to a lane leading out to the road.

The boys looked at one another, and wondered if it could be possible? Were they to be turned away from their own pond, the place that they and their fathers before them had always considered public property?

"I don't believe you have any right to send us off," said Morris Grey, angrily, "and I for one don't mean to stir."

"We will see about that," cried Mr. Carver, raising his cane hastily.

"You must not strike him," cried Sam, springing between Mr. Carver and Morris.

The cane fell heavily upon his extended arm. Sam clinched his fist, and his eyes flashed as he said:

"You would not have dared to do that if I were a man. I will make you sorry for this some day."

"Pooh! pooh! nonsense!" said Mr. Carver, impatiently.

"I will cane you all soundly if you give me any more trouble. In five minutes, if you are not out of my grounds, I will send two or three men to drive you off. And, remember, I never want to see you here again."

After this he turned away, and walked toward his own home on the hill.

The boys looked after Mr. Carver until he disappeared from sight; then one after another they sat down, and unfasted their skates.

"I suppose we will have to go," said Ed Locke, sorrowfully.

"I am going to ask father if he really has a right to take the pond away from us," said Sidney, indignantly.

Morris Grey had tears in his eyes as he looked toward Sam Peer, who still stood gazing fixedly toward the house.

"Come, Sam," said Morris; "there is no use. We will be driven away if we stay."

Sam turned a white face toward his friend. "I—I can't stand it," he said, in a choked voice.

"Did he hurt you so much?" whispered Morris, throwing his arm across his friend's shoulder. "I wish you had not stepped between us."

"It is not the hurt," answered Sam, in a low voice, "but the meanness of a great man like that, armed with a cane, too, to strike a person so much smaller than himself, who had done him no harm. I will never forgive him."

"Come, Sam," said Morris, coaxingly; "he will be back in a little while." And Morris put his arm through Sam's, and drew him off the pond.

"I am not going to give up in this way," said Sidney Jarvis, as they left the lane. "I will have my skate, if I have to wait until that selfish old thing is asleep."

"It is moonlight to-night," said Morris, glancing behind him.

"Say, boys," cried Edward Locke, "suppose we wait until eight o'clock, and then go and have a grand—"

"Hush!" whispered Sidney, warningly. "I heard some one move behind those bushes."

When the boys had left the lane and Mr. Carver's grounds far behind them, they stopped and held an indignation-meeting, at which Mr. Carver was voted "selfish, mean, and unfeeling," and it was decided to be perfectly proper to outwit him if possible. And then a plan was formed to return to Long Acre Pond that very evening, accompanied by as many boys as they could find to join them. After this the friends separated for the day.

"You have not spoken," said Morris to his friend Sam, when they were left alone. "You will go, will you not?"

"I do not know," replied Sam. "I will first find out



if the place belongs to him; if it does, I would rather never skate again in all my life than set one foot on it."

"How strangely you speak, Sam!" said Morris, looking into his friend's face. "And you look dreadfully white, too. What is the matter?"

"I do not know," answered Sam, turning his face away. "I never was so angry in all my life. How I wish I was a man!"

"I would not feel like that," said Morris; "you will forget it soon."

"Never," replied Sam, decidedly, as he walked away.

"Are you going with us?" asked Morris, as he met Sam Peer that evening in the road.

"No," replied Sam. "Father says the place really does belong to him. He bought it about two weeks ago."

"I don't care," said Morris; "I am going to have one more good skate anyhow. Come, Sam, if you will not go any farther, walk as far as the lane with me."

So the two boys walked slowly along the moon-lit road.

They had nearly reached the lane when they saw before them a large party of boys with skates over their shoulders. They were all talking in loud and angry voices.

"What is the matter?" said Morris, running to meet them. "Did he catch you?"

"Worse than that," shouted one boy. "He has had the ice chopped away all around the pond, and unless you have wings you won't get any skating to-night."

"And he has spoiled the whole pond, too," cried another, "for he has heaped up the broken ice all over it."

At that moment the boys, who were crowded together in the centre of the road, heard a light wagon approaching rapidly. They separated, and sprang to each side, as the driver of the wagon cried, in a loud, commanding voice, "Out of the way, boys! out of the way!"

The man accompanied these words with a flourish of his whip. The horse he was driving apparently took fright at his master's voice and sudden movement, for he started, reared upon his hind-legs, and then sprang forward, and turned swiftly into the lane leading to the pond.

"That's the man who spoiled our pond," said Sidney Jarvis, as the horse and wagon disappeared from sight.

After this the disappointed boys went on their way, and Morris, bidding Sam good-night, accompanied them.

Sam stood by the wall that skirted the road, thinking. The arm that Mr. Carver had struck that morning ached badly, and in his heart there was a very angry feeling toward the man who had given the blow.

"I would like to punish him in some way," said Sam, clenching his fist.

As he muttered these words a sound startled him. It seemed to come from the direction of the pond. Sam lifted his head and listened. It came again, and this time he was certain that it was a cry for help.

"Some one who did not know the ice was broken has fallen into the pond," thought Sam, as he sprang over the wall and ran swiftly across the field.

When he reached the pond the first thing that caught his eye was a horse standing close by the brink dripping wet and shivering. An overturned wagon lay on the ground close behind him. It was the horse and wagon that had passed Sam in the road a few moments ago, but the driver was nowhere in sight.

As Sam looked toward the pond, there appeared slowly rising among the fragments of broken ice a ghastly white face. The moonlight streamed brightly down upon it, and Sam gave a cry, for he saw it was the face of Mr. Carver.

"Help!" cried Mr. Carver, in a gurgling voice, as he made one feeble effort to catch the ice that surrounded him, but he sunk almost instantly, and the dark water closed over his head.

"Why, I don't believe he can swim, and the pond is ten feet deep," thought Sam, in horror. He at once forgot the events of the morning, and slipped off his jacket and

shoes. As he ran toward the pond he heard hurried steps approaching. But there was no time to waste, so without glancing back he leaped into the freezing water. As he did so, Morris appeared. He had also heard the cry for help, though some distance from the pond, and hurried back just in time to recognize Sam as he sprang after the drowning man.

Morris stood with his eyes fixed on the spot where his friend had gone down, trembling with fright, and unable to move. But he gave a cry of joy when the water parted close by him, and Sam's voice said:

"Is that you, Morris? I have got him by the hair. I can tread water, and keep his face out a moment or two. But he is heavy; so give me a lift, quick!"

"I am coming," cried Morris, as he threw off his jacket.

"No, no; don't do that!" exclaimed Sam. "Unbuckle the reins of the horse and fasten them together, and throw one end to me."

Morris turned to the shivering, frightened animal, and obeyed.

Sam caught the end of the rein thrown to him, passed it under Mr. Carver's broad shoulders, and fastened it securely beneath his arms.

"Now what shall I do?" cried Morris from the shore. "Who is it? Can't he help himself?"

"It's Mr. Carver," answered Sam, "and he's in a faint."

"Then we shall never pull him out, he is so big—and you will be drowned."

"Morris," said Sam, speaking slowly, and panting between each word, "have you got your end of the rein safe?"

"Yes," replied Morris.

"Then fasten it tight to the horse's collar and start him off, while I keep Mr. Carver's mouth out of water."

"Now I understand," answered Morris. "You want the horse to help drag him out." Without wasting another moment he passed the strap through the horse's collar, and knotted it fast. Then taking the horse by the bit, he urged him gently forward.

"That will do," cried Sam, after a few steps.

Morris looked back; the plan had succeeded. Mr. Carver now lay on the ground entirely out of water. He unfasted the reins from the horse's collar, and hastened to help shivering, dripping Sam from the water.

"Shall I go up to the house and tell his folks?" asked Morris. "We can never carry him home."

Sam nodded; he was too much exhausted to speak. But before Morris reached the house he met two men belonging to the village, to whom he told the story of Mr. Carver's accident and rescue. The men hastened back with Morris, and the boys waited only long enough to see him lifted into the wagon; then they hurried home. But before he went, Sam heard one of the men say, as he bent over Mr. Carver, "He breathes; he is coming to."

That was the last Sam saw of Mr. Carver for more than a week. But one sparkling Saturday morning he received a mysterious note requesting him to come to Long Acre Pond that evening, and bring with him every boy in the village old enough to skate. This note was signed by Thomas Carver.

So that night Sam Peer, leading a procession of about thirty boys, arrived at the pond, which, to their surprise, they found brilliantly lighted with colored lanterns.

Mr. Carver met them, and, smiling, led them across the pond, which was now as smooth as crystal, to a newly erected wooden building. Then placing a paper in Sam's hand he said, "Read that so that all may hear."

Sam took the paper, and while the boys gathered around in eager silence, read it aloud.

This is what the paper contained, omitting the formal titles:

"In consideration of the fact that I owe my life to the

two boys, Samuel Peer and Morris Grey, who bravely rescued me from drowning in Long Acre Pond, I give the said pond, with one acre of land around it, and the building attached, to the boys of the village forever. I furthermore set aside the sum of one thousand dollars, the interest of which shall be devoted to keeping the pond and building in repair; and Samuel Peer and Morris Grey are to be considered my trustees for these gifts during their lives."

After the wild shouts and cheers that followed the reading had subsided, Mr. Carver took Sam and Morris aside, and thanked them warmly and kindly for their gallant action.

After this night Mr. Carver became a great favorite with all the boys. He often came to the pond, both in summer and winter, always making it a point to ask permission of Sam and Morris, whose management of Long Acre Pond is highly popular among the boys of the village.

## BARNACLES.

BY SARAH COOPER.

THOSE boys and girls who have been to rocky sea-coasts may have noticed a dull white coating upon the rocks after the tide has gone down. If they have given the subject much thought, they have probably discovered that on

the cliffs this coating forms a strip reaching only to high-water mark.

At first we may think the rocks quite disfigured, but so great is the charm which living beings have for us, that we shall

become interested at once upon learning that this rusty covering consists of acorn barnacles.

Any rocks that stand between high and low water mark may be chosen as the resting-place of these curious creatures. When the rock is left high and dry above the water there is nothing attractive about them. Their shells are tightly closed (as seen in Fig. 1), and they appear perfectly lifeless; but watch them when the tide comes in, and there will be signs of returning activity.

With the first welcome wave that reaches their resting-place you will see the valves within the acorn open, and a delicate feathery cluster of arms will be thrown out of each barnacle, as in Fig. 2, and then suddenly disappear. This movement is repeated every few seconds with great regularity, and makes quite a current in the water, carrying toward the mouth small floating things, on which the barnacle feeds.

The shell consists of two parts, one within another: the outer one is composed of several plates, open at the top; within it is a conical movable lid, the plates of which are opened and closed every time the arms are thrown out. In this way barnacles fish vigorously, as if they understood that two tides mean but two meals during the day, and consequently they must make the best use of their time.

This fishing is a graceful operation, and if you should find a large rock covered with barnacles, and bathed with clear sea-water, you will soon be fascinated with watching their motion. As the valves at the top of each cone open, twelve pairs of light feathery arms are thrown out and drawn in again every time.

The shells of acorn barnacles are sometimes found four or five inches high. When these are in clusters they make artistic flower vases or match-holders. They have even been used for inkstands.

The goose barnacle (Fig. 3) differs from the acorn barnacle in hanging from a long muscular stalk. The shell opens at the side, but the arrangement of the animal is the same as in the acorn barnacle. It also has twelve pairs of jointed and ciliated limbs, which it throws out at regular intervals.

Young barnacles, when they are first hatched, are active, restless creatures, swimming about like young crabs, but as they grow older they attach themselves to rocks, shells, drift-wood, sea-weed, sponges, turtles, or even to jelly-fish. The head is firmly glued to these objects by a cement which the animal secretes. The rest of the body is free and can be extended beyond the shell. Fig. 4 shows the body of the goose barnacle as it looks within the shell.

While young, and frolicking about in the water, barnacles have two well-developed eyes, but these dwindle away when the animal settles for life, and they finally disappear altogether. The shelly covering now grows, and henceforth barnacles are quiet, orderly individuals, never moving from the spot which they have chosen, unless this resting-place happens to be upon a living animal or some floating object. So you see barnacles are really more highly developed in youth than they are later in life. Before growing into perfect barnacles they have parted with their sight, and with the power of moving from one place to another.

Barnacles abound in all seas. They sometimes settle so thickly on the huge Greenland whale as to hide the color of its skin. Goose barnacles are often found clinging in large masses to the hulls of vessels, where they prevent an easy gliding motion through the water. They grow rapidly, and ships which start upon their voyages freshly painted have sometimes been obliged to put into port in order to have the barnacles scraped from the hull.

I fear you can scarcely believe the statement that in former times these same goose barnacles were thought to change into birds. There is a certain goose frequenting the western coasts of the British Isles, called the barnacle goose, which was thought, even by learned men, to have sprung from the barnacle. Gerard, in 1597, gives this amusing description of the transformation: "When the shell gapeth open" we see "the legs of the bird hanging out," then the bird, increasing in size, "hangeth only by the bill," and "in short space after it cometh to full maturity, and falleth into the sea, where it gathereth feathers, and groweth to a fowl bigger than a mallard, and lesser than a goose," etc. People believed that this change was actually going on before them, and there was some difficulty in proving it to be only a fable.

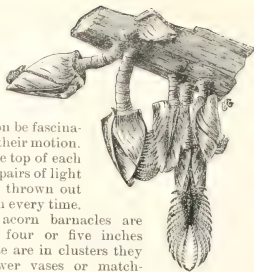


FIG. 3.

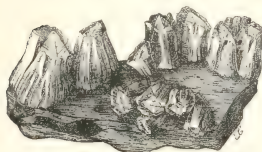


FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.

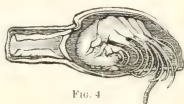


FIG. 4.

## THE ICE QUEEN.\*

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL

## CHAPTER XV.

## THE ARCTIC VISITORS.

"**H**ELP me catch these wounded ones!" cried Tug, dancing round in chase of several wing-tipped and lame birds that were floundering in the snow.

The others rushed after them too, and it was exciting sport, for the chase often led them into deep drifts and down the scraggy sides of the hummock, so that it became the scene of many comical tumbles and failures, for several of the birds, having been shot as they crowded together in a bunch, were only slightly wounded, and able to make a vigorous attempt to escape. Rex took part also, but his work consisted chiefly in barking himself hoarse, for all he accomplished was the finding of one dead bird; and this, as he was not a retriever, he devoured on the spot.

When, panting, red-faced, and tired out, they gathered again at the door, they counted up seventeen fat buntings and one long-spur as the result of the three shots. Three of these were badly mangled, and were given to Rex; the others they began at once to make into a stew for supper, which they always ate about sundown. This meal also took the place of a dinner, as they ate only "a bite" at noon.

While they were plucking the birds—and their bodies seemed woefully small when the thick coat of feathers had been removed—they asked Tug many questions about the buntings. He could not answer all of them, but the substance of what he told them was this:

The snow-buntings—white snow-birds, or snow-flakes—belong to the far Northern regions, where they go in summer to make their nests, often within the arctic circle. As soon as their young are able to fly they must begin their southward migration, for the excessive cold and the deep snow cut off all the grass-seeds, mosses, and insects, upon which they feed in summer. So they begin to spread southward, not into British America alone, but also into Lapland and Russia, and the lower parts of Siberia. The bird seems to be a lover of cold, and used to scant fare and the roughest climate. It is not always, therefore, that they are to be seen in the United States south of the Great Lakes.

Around these lakes, however, they are likely to come in great flocks after a cold snap or a deep fall of snow. The wild rice tracts and frozen marshes afford them an abundance of seeds and dried berries, upon which they grow fat. Though seeming less in danger than most other birds, since our hawks are gone southward, these buntings are exceedingly restless and timid, which makes

them scurry away at the least alarm. Yet their timidity is not enough to insure their safety, for though they are constantly rising up and settling again, their flights are so short and uncertain that, as we have seen, a good marksman has no difficulty in shooting them. They are so small, however, that in this country of large game-birds they are never shot for food unless a necessity like the present one compels it. With the first bit of warm weather the snow-buntings and their companions, the long-spurs, whirl away to the bleak northward, crowding close upon the heels of Winter as he retreats to his polar stronghold.

In the cool mountainous parts of the far West there are several species of birds closely akin to the snow-flake, whose summer homes are among the peaks. They belong to the same genus (*Plectrophanes*), but none of them are so white as the Eastern bunting; in fact, like the ptarmigan, he is pure white only in midwinter, changing in summer to a dress much mottled with warm brown and black, traces of which remain in his winter hood and collar.

"What do you suppose brought the snow-flakes away out hither on the ice?" Tug was asked.

"Oh, we're not so far from land—though we might as well be a hundred miles away for all the good it will do us!—and I suppose they were flying across to the marshes



KATY TRAPPING THE SNOW-BUNTINGS.

and islands on the north shore. Probably our smoke attracted them."

Having got done with their birds, the boys returned to their chopping. Two or three large pieces were hacked out as back logs to build their fire upon, instead of making it right on the ice; and since this last load was not needed in the wall, which had been banked up anew, it was spread around on the floor of the house to keep their canvas carpet above the chilly and often wet floor, for the weather was not cold enough now to keep it frozen always hard and dry under the tent.

Evening came, and with it a feeling of home-like comfort queer to think about, yet not quite impossible under the circumstances, forlorn and dangerous as they were.

\* Begun in No. 217, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

The boys perched themselves on the gunnel of the boat, and watched Katy making snow-bird stew and "drawing" the fragrant tea.

Then how good it tasted! What a royal change from steady bacon and crackers, or tough dried beef and water!

"I wonder if they'll come again?" said Aleck, examining his friend's gun. "Costs a heap o' powder, though, and the noise scares them. Say, Tug, don't you know how to build traps?"

"I could make a figure four," piped Jim, "if I had the box."

"Guess we could manage that. Ugh! what a frightful smoke!"

"I should say so," added Katy, rubbing her smarting eyes. "I think if you should punch a hole under the wall, there would be a better draught. That hole in the corner of the roof don't make a very fine chimney."

Tug took his ramrod and worked the snow away from a crevice at the foot of the wall near the floor. The cooler air outside sucked in to take the place of the heated air within, which ascended to the hole at the edge of the roof, and a draught was set in motion that took enough of the smoke out to make the place endurable while they ate their supper.

How good that bird soup was! And what fun they had eating it in their tin cups with wooden spoons! There was only one more cup and a bowl for tea, which had to be passed around. They forgot their difficulties for a little while, and were as merry as they could be. All at once Katy stopped short in a laugh, with an exclamation of astonishment.

"I do believe we've never one of us thought what day it is! This is Christmas-eve!"

The evening was given to chatting as they sat in the half darkness, illumined by the red embers of their fire, for they wanted to save their lantern oil, and would not allow themselves to burn it uselessly; and it was not late when they went to sleep.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### CHRISTMAS BIRD-CATCHING.

"MERRY Christmas!"

It was the Captain's voice, who felt it a part of his duty to be the first "on deck" in the morning, but had a rival in his sister, who was quite as active as he.

"Merry Christmas!—this what you call merry?" inquired Jim, fretfully, as with his finger he traced figures in the frost on the under side of the canvas.

"Well, let's try to make it as merry as we can," Katy cried, cheerfully, from the starboard corner of the stern-sheets.

"I know what I'm going to do," said Tug—"make bird traps. I lay awake a long time in the night planning them."

"While you fellows talkee-talkee I'll build a fire," and Aleck's tall form was soon bent over the heap of wood, where a blaze was quickly crackling. Tug and Jim followed, and all went off, as was their custom, leaving Katy the whole igloo to herself for a little while.

Immediately after breakfast Tug began on his traps.

He had brought along with him as a part of his baggage what he sometimes called his gunsmith shop. It consisted of a square tin box that would hold about two quarts of chestnuts—if he had had any chestnuts to put in it, which he hadn't. Besides a bag of No. 6 shot, this box contained one of the strangest and most worthless collections of odds and ends of boyish hardware that could be imagined. A catalogue of it would be useless. Among other articles were a knife-blade that long ago had parted from its handle, a brad-awl in the same condition, and a broken bullet-mould bound together by a long winding of fine wire.

These three things the lad picked out and laid aside. Then he turned over the rest of the contents of the box until he had secured several tacks and brads of varied sizes, and a round piece of tin with holes in it. Then he discovered something which made him shout with a joy almost equal to his delight at finding the tree trunk. This best of all the finds, this forgotten treasure in the tin box, was a small coil of horse-hairs. They were the relics of a preparation he had made for a short camping trip into the woods three months before, while the October haze and bright cool air were playing among the rustling autumn leaves. How the scene came back to him! Now these hairs would serve him for a better use than mere amusement. He was carefully unwinding them when Jim rushed in to say that the snow-birds were around again.

"Good!" cried Tug. "Take some crumbs out of the cracker box, and quietly throw them down where the snow-birds can get them. Put 'em on the top of the hummock first, then we'll gradually toll 'em down below. I'll be out in a minute."

Jim got his crackers and vanished. Aleck was chopping wood, and Katy was with him. It was a cold day, but sunny, and there were no signs of the snow melting. Tug, alone in the house, looked fondly at his tools, and having nobody else to speak to, talked to himself.

"We're like the boy and the ground-hog. 'We 'ain't got no meat for the supper, and the preacher's comin'.' So I guess I'd better leave the twitch-ups and make some common box traps that Kate and the kid can watch. Come here—you!"

This last was addressed to a wooden box about twelve inches square, in which Katy had been wont to pack the small articles of table use. Tug turned them all out, and pulled off the leather hinges that held the cover. Then, taking an oak splinter from the fire-wood, he cut it to the size of a lead-pencil, and notched it in the middle. In this notch he tied the end of the ball of twine, which formed a part of the boat's stores, and cut off a length of about fifteen feet. Next he drew the locker out of the bearings upon which it rested, emptied it of its contents, and made a stick and length of twine to fit it in the same way. Lastly he tore two pieces a foot or so square from their one strong sheet of white paper. He had been at work scarcely ten minutes, but had ready two simple traps. Then he went outside and called to Katy, who came quickly.

"Katy," he said, "I have something for you to do. Please get a blanket and come out on top of the hummock, where you'll find me."

While the girl went inside for the blanket Tug climbed up to the icy hill-top, where a small flock of snow-birds were pecking away at the crumbs Jim had thrown out. The lad crept stealthily toward them, and though the birds moved away, they were not greatly frightened, and did not go far. As quietly and rapidly as possible he spread down his pieces of paper on the highest part of the hummock, at a little distance apart, and not far from the edge of the ice table. Then setting his boxes bottom upward, he perched each one slantwise upon one of his sticks, and stretched the strings away to the hummock's edge. On the paper underneath the boxes, and somewhat on the snow about them, he spread his bait of crumbs. Then showing Katy, who had now come out, where she could hide herself behind the edge of the upheaved ice cakes, he told her to wrap herself up well in the blanket, and to keep perfectly still till the birds came back. They would peck at the crumbs until by-and-by one or two of them would be sure to step under the boxes.

"Then," said he, "you jerk your string, the box falls, and Mr. Snow-flake is a prisoner."

So Katy took her position, and Tug, asking Jim to help him, went off to make some other traps.

"Youngster," he directed, "I want you to cut me eight



square pieces of ice, each one about as big as a brick, and after that two slabs about eighteen inches square and two or three inches thick. You can take the axe and cut 'em out in big chunks from the hummock, and then saw 'em into shape—here's the saw—and mind you keep away from where Katy is."

"What do you want them for?"

"For traps—never you mind how: you'll see presently," was the lofty reply.

Jim thought it a little unfair, but he good-naturedly took the axe and saw and went to work.

In half an hour he came to say he was done, and was quickly followed by his sister, whose face was beaming.

"I've caught three!" she cried.

"Three? Good!"

"Yes, they came, a big flock—about forty, I should think—and chattered and twittered about over the house."

"I heard 'em," Tug exclaimed.

"Yes. Well, they seemed to enjoy warming their wings in the smoke, for they flew through it lots of times. Then pretty soon one spied a crumb, and I suppose he called his fellows, for in a minute they came all hopping about on the snow, and getting nearer and nearer the boxes. I got so nervous I could hardly hold the strings still, but I kept as quiet as a mouse—"

"Or as a cat after a mouse!" interrupted Aleck, who had come in with an armful of wood.

"—and pretty soon one little bird went right under the locker. There was another close behind him, but I was too anxious to wait, and I pulled the string, catching one and knocking the other over. It made so little noise that the rest of the flock were not alarmed, and I suppose they didn't miss the lost one, for pretty soon they began to go around the locker, and one flew right on top of it. I was afraid he would tumble it down, but he didn't, and in a minute another had gone under. But there was a third hopping right toward the paper, and so I just waited till he had run under, when—piff!—I had them both!"

"Good for you, Katy!" cried the delighted boys. "You'll make a sportsman yet!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## SHROVE-TUESDAY CUSTOMS.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

**T**O-DAY is Shrove-Tuesday. I wonder how many of the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE can tell what that means? The name comes from the custom in the Church of Rome of confessing sins on this day, and being *shrived* or *shrove*, that is, pardoned and made ready to begin the keeping of Lent.

But in olden times, whatever else people did on Shrove-Tuesday, they were sure to eat pancakes; and many persons do this now, as regularly as the day comes round, without in the least knowing why. There were also very many queer merry-makings, and all sorts of good things to eat were expected by troops of boys, who went about the streets the day before, singing:

"Shrove-tide is nigh at hand,  
And I be come a-shroving;  
Play, staves, something,  
An apple or a rumpus."

which is not good poetry, but it brought what was wanted.

The bells began to ring at dawn, and as soon as the merry sound was heard every one was as busy making and eating pancakes as though there were nothing else in the world worth doing. The first pancake turned out of the frying-pan was always presented to the lie-a-bed of the family; but as no one was willing to take it on such terms, the dog generally got it in the end. Every

one was good-natured and merry on Shrove-Tuesday, and cared for little else but having a good time.

At one of the famous old schools of England, Westminster School, a queer Shrove-Tuesday custom is kept up even now: "At eleven o'clock a verger of the Abbey, in his gown, bearing a silver baton, comes from the college kitchen, followed by the cook of the school in his white apron, jacket, and cap, and carrying a pancake. On arriving at the school-room door he announces himself, 'The cook,' and having entered the school-room, he advances to the bar which separates the upper school from the lower one, twirls the pancake in the pan, and then tosses it over the bar into the upper school, among a crowd of boys, who scramble for it. He who gets it unbroken, and carries it to the deanery, demands a guinea (sometimes two guineas) from the Abbey funds; the cook also receives two guineas for his performance."

Playing foot-ball seemed as much a part of Shrove-Tuesday as eating pancakes, and people had to take care of their doors and windows, which must have looked oddly enough with their screens of hurdles and bushes. Glass was glass in those days, but even now householders do not enjoy the breaking of their window-panes.

All sorts of queer things were done at this merry-making season, and in one part of England (Cumberland) the scholars of the free school had a custom, which was looked upon as a right, of *barring out the master*, and keeping him out for three days. The doors were strongly fastened and barred, and the boys within defended their besieged city with guns made from the hollow twigs of the elder- or bore-tree. The master meanwhile tried hard to get in by force or strategy, and if he succeeded, the boys were punished with heavy tasks, and school went on as usual. But it generally happened that the fort was held, and after a three days' siege the master would propose terms, to which the rebels agreed. Full permission to join in all the Shrove-tide sports was always insisted upon and granted.

In some counties of England there is a very strange custom called *Lent crocking*. A party of boys will go around from house to house, with a leader at their head, and this first boy goes and knocks at a door, while the others keep some distance behind him, with plenty of *crock* in their hands, which means broken jugs, dishes, and plates, which they have collected for this purpose. The boy who knocks looks very meek when the door is opened, hangs his head down, and smilingly says or sings these queer lines:

"A-shrovin', a-shrovin',  
I be come a-shrovin';  
A piece of bread, a piece of cheese,  
A bit of your fat bacon,  
Or a dish of doughnuts,  
All of your own makin'.

"A-shrovin', a-shrovin',  
I be come a-shrovin';  
Nee meat in a pie!  
My mouth is very dry!  
I wish a waz for wel-as-wot,  
I'd zing the louder for a nut."

The other boys come in strong on the chorus:

"A-shrovin', a-shrovin',  
We be come a-shrovin'!"

In spite of his numerous wants, if the leader gets a piece of bread and cheese, he will go off quietly; but if he is ordered away, he calls his companions, who fling all the missiles in their hands against the closed door. Such customs make Shrove-Tuesday much more enjoyable for some people than for others.

Close upon these Shrove-Tuesday frolics follows the solemn fast of Lent, which begins with Ash-Wednesday; but it is a cloud with a silver lining, for it is tinged with the glorious brightness of the coming Easter.

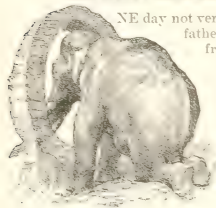


"LITTLE YERENA" FROM A PAINTING BY FRANK DRESDEN

## BILLY BARTON AT CENTRAL PARK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"BOB CYLER," "MR. SQUIBBS'S BROTHER," ETC.



ONE day not very long ago Billy Barton's father, who lived far away from that great city, was obliged to go to New York to visit his brother, with whom he had some important business. Papa and Mamma both decided that Billy must not be left at home alone, but that he too must go with them, and make the acquaintance of his city cousins, Alice and Charley. The journey was a wonderful one to Billy, for he had never been away from home before, and very many were the strange things he saw; but, among all, nothing left such an impression on his mind as his visit to Central Park, where he saw the collection of animals.

Now Billy was in some ways a queer boy. It was always a fancy of his that animals could think and talk, just like people. Another queer thing about him was that he really felt ashamed of living in the country, when he

should have been proud of the free, healthful life which was his.

Billy tried to imitate Charley, and act in every way just like a city boy, and the first hint he received that any one could suspect he came from the country was when he began the round of cages, and looked in at the solemn blinking owls that glared down at the spectators as wise as judges.

Of course there was nothing about owls in general to make Billy think the secret he so carefully guarded was known; but in the big-eyed crowd were three that looked in different ways at the boy, until he was certain they had met him at home, and knew he was sometimes obliged to drive the cows to pasture, herd the sheep, and perform such labor as country boys often feel injured at being asked to do.

One of this party of three stared full at him, as if he knew he had met this particular boy before, and was trying to remember where. The second solemn owl looked around at him sideways; Billy thought he pulled down his beak in a peculiar manner, much as if he was saying that he was a fine-looking city boy, while the third, which was smaller and younger than the others, actually winked, as if to say that while he knew the secret this boy was trying to keep, he would be careful not to say a word about it.

Billy looked upon that wink as a promise, but yet he was far from feeling comfortable about it, and he persuaded his two cousins who were with him to go to some other cage as quickly as possible.

Alice was deeply interested in the polar bears, which were trying to keep cool on the huge cakes of ice that had been put into the cage for their especial comfort. Billy had no very clear idea of the polar regions, and Charley was giving him a sort of lecture on the subject, when the boy from the country, still smarting under the thought that his secret had been discovered by the owls, concluded he would astonish his cousins and the spectators generally by his easy familiarity with bears.

While the attendants were busy elsewhere, Billy crowded as near to the iron bars as possible, intending by one well-directed kick to push the ice from under the largest and most sedate one, in order to see how astonished he would be when he suddenly tumbled over. It was all right while he was trying to get near the cage, and he enjoyed the sensation he was causing by being so bold. But the entire scene was changed the moment he raised his foot to kick, for the bear floundered down with a growl and a snarl, while Master Barton was not only completely spattered with water, but was so frightened and so anxious to get out of the way quickly that he tumbled over backward, covering himself as thickly with confusion as he did with dust.

For some time after that Billy behaved quite as well as any boy, whether from the city or the country, ought to behave, and he walked meekly along by the side of his cousins, not at all anxious to prove by his boldness that he was well acquainted with the ways of the city.

In this demure and proper manner he got along very



THE ANIMALS AT CENTRAL PARK.

well until they stood in front of the lions' den, where the old male lion was enjoying his after-dinner nap. Billy had always wanted to see a lion, and it was particularly discouraging to him to have this one asleep just at the time when he wanted to look at him.

"Let's wake him up, Charley, and see what he looks like," he suggested to his cousin; but Charley refused to make any attempt in that direction, explaining that it was against the rules.

Billy always did have a contempt for rules, and, forgetting his experience with the bears, concluded to break this one, which he looked upon as useless and foolish.

After some argument he persuaded Alice to lend him her sun-umbrella, and armed with that he was about to disturb Mr. Lion's repose, when one of the attendants pounced upon him, giving him a severe scolding, both for running into danger, and breaking rules which every boy ought to know thoroughly well.

Then Billy was quite as anxious to leave the lion house as he had been to enter it, and Charley, pitying his cousin because he had been so foolish, led him to the monkey house, where he forgot his troubles in the amusement caused by the antics of the long-tailed prisoners. Of course Billy was quite as near to the cage as he could get, and he still held the sun-umbrella he had borrowed from Alice.

In an upper compartment of the cage, as if put into solitary confinement because of some misdeed, was a large black-faced monkey, that appeared to be full of mischief. He paid particular attention to Billy, and Billy was quite as interested in him, until the old fellow reached out quickly, seizing the umbrella, and pulling it up out of Billy's hand almost before he knew he had lost it.

There was a shriek from Alice as she saw her property in the monkey's paw, and a groan from Billy as he realized the mischief he and the monkey had wrought. Then, just as Charley sprang to recover the stolen property, two of the monkeys in the cage below caught hold of the prize, determined to become quite as bad as the thief by being the receivers. During two or three minutes there was a severe struggle as to which should have the umbrella, and then the article broke in two pieces, leaving the handle in the big monkey's grasp, and the covering in possession of the two in the cage below.

Billy was in the greatest distress at having thus sacrificed his cousin's property, and it did him no small amount of good, for after that he gave up trying to conceal the fact that he was a country boy, and acted as himself, regardless of the possible chance of being called "green."

But even though he was really on his good behavior, Billy's unpleasant adventures were not ended by the loss of Alice's umbrella, although they left the menagerie immediately afterward.

They had brought a nice little lunch with them, and inside an arbor that jutted out over one of the ponds they sat down to eat it, Billy trying to banish the unpleasant thoughts of their visit to the menagerie by telling his cousins how the different kinds of fish should be angled for, since if he was unacquainted with life in the city, he was thoroughly well versed in the art of fishing.

While he was looking over the railing of the little arbor, pointing out the fish in the water, he saw quite a large-sized mud-turtle come crawling up on to the bank, evidently on a foraging expedition, and he started out at once intending to capture him.

Of course he knew all about mud-turtles, for he had seen hundreds and caught dozens, and again he tried to display his knowledge by picking up the slowly moving and awkward looking creature.

Alas for Billy! he was altogether too eager to appear active, and almost as soon as he caught the turtle, the turtle caught him by the finger, causing him to shriek with pain as he danced around trying to shake his angry prize from his hand.

It was some time before poor Billy was relieved from his uncomfortable situation, and then he was thankful to go home, his finger smarting very badly, and he himself thoroughly ashamed of his bad behavior.

Whether it was the smarting of that finger, or the very rich cake his auntie had given him at supper, Billy had hardly fallen asleep that night before he was back at the menagerie again, and Alice and Charley were with him.

But this time things were very much changed. Something very important seemed to be going on. The place was decorated with wreaths and flags, as if for a great entertainment. Everybody seemed to be talking at once, and even the animals were conversing together in a language that Billy could understand.

The refreshment room in which they had been during the day had undergone a wonderful change. As Billy looked round he felt it would be impossible to describe it. It was a glitter of all the colors of the rainbow mixed up with gold and silver.

The keepers, in scarlet jackets and white aprons, were flying about everywhere. Indeed, Billy had not thought there were so many of them. This opinion he expressed to the Elephant.

"Everybody is pressed into the service to-night, as so many waiters are wanted," replied the Elephant. "Keeper," he added, "where are the places that are reserved for these young people?"

"Not any reserved, sir; company not expected, sir. More animals to-night than usual. Very sorry, but don't think it possible to find a place, sir."

"Oh, never mind," said Billy; "we shall like it much better if you will let us have a little corner somewhere where we can see it all."

So Billy and Charley and Alice were stationed a little in the background, where they could observe all that was going on. And the first thing they noticed was a table, a little apart from the principal one, at which were seated a number of the animals and birds.

"Why are they sitting there?" asked Billy of the keeper whom the Elephant had appointed to wait upon Alice and himself.

"They are going to sing a song that has been composed for the occasion," replied the keeper.

"Hush!" said Alice; "the Lion is going to say something."

The Lion had taken the head of the great table, some distance from where the children were, and the Elephant was at his right.

He rose, and the whole of the animals rose also, and for a moment the children thought they must all be going mad, for there was a combination of roars, yells, screams, howls, cries, stamping of paws, and lashing of tails that made them draw close together.

"No cause for alarm," said the keeper; "they're cheering the President. The Lion is the President, you know; he is always recognized as quite the head of the menagerie."

"Oh," replied Billy.

After the cheering had subsided, the Lion, in a capital little speech, welcomed the guests. "He was," he said, "glad to see such a noble assembly, and to feel that animal rights were making their way in the world;" and then he made many other remarks suited to the occasion.

At this moment a keeper touched the Elephant on the shoulder, and gave him a folded paper.

The Lion looked inquiringly, and the Elephant uttered a cry of delight.

"It's a cable message from the White Elephant," said he.

Then the cheering rose again louder than ever, and when it had subsided the Elephant read as follows:

"From the White Elephant to his brother elephants at Central Park, New York.—Thinking of you to-night. Send greetings to all friends. Am in capital health and



spirits, and making quite a royal progress. Wonder my head is not turned; but it isn't, and my heart is steady as ever. Best love to everybody. Hope to reach America soon, and expect a pleasant time while there."

"I am so glad he thought of them!" said Billy to Alice.

"Elephants never forget," said Alice, more loudly than she intended, so that the Elephant heard, and turned and made a bow to her.

Then supper began.

Billy thought that all the confectioners' shops in New York must have been emptied. Such pies, such piles of tarts and cheese-cakes, such cakes, with sugar devices of every imaginable kind! And such bunches of grapes and all kinds of fruit! The Elephant sent plate after plate to the children.

Billy could only say, "How wonderful!" and feel that the sight was worth coming hundreds and thousands of miles to see.

At length the dishes were removed, and preparations made for proceeding with the toasts.

Then the Lion, with a majestic air, proposed the health of President Arthur and General Grant and others, and especially of Mr. Bergh, the friend of animals, the recognizer of the rights of dumb creatures. Up arose the tumult of voices, and the health was drunk enthusiastically.

The next toast was to the new-comer. "Fill up your

glasses to the brim, and drink: 'The White Elephant, Long life to him!'" This toast was duly honored, amidst much fun and excitement.

"Only one more toast," said the keeper to Billy—"the grand toast of the evening. It is kept till the last, and will be drunk with musical honors."

"What does that mean?" asked Alice.

"The Amateur Choir—the birds and animals—will sing a song composed for the occasion. See! they are getting ready."

At that moment the Lion stood up again.

"Our gala night," said he, "is coming to an end; but before we part let us join in wishing each other health and happiness until we meet again upon a similar festive occasion. I will give the last toast—'Health and happiness to all the Animals assembled at Central Park.' Touch glasses."

Ah, what a clinking of glass, what a roar of applause, what cheering! Alice was afraid they would be too hoarse to sing.

The Elephant had now drawn near, and taken his place at the table with the others, evidently intending to add to the effect of the song with his trombone-like voice.

At length the cheers died away, and the Pelican, holding a sheet of music, rose, and commenced to sing, the rest of the company joining in the chorus:

### THE ANIMALS' SONG.

Music by CHARLES BYSSSETT

1. We are a goodly col-ony; we like our quarters here—The El-ephant and Cam-el, the Kan-garoo and Deer; The Li-on, Wolf, and Ti-ger, be-hind the i-ron rails; The mis-chief-ling Monkeys all swing-ing by their tails.

*Chorus:* Monkeys all swing-ing by their tails. Ah! lit-tle dream the peo-ple, when the sea-son's at its height, That birds and beasts of fash-ion here their rev-els hold at night. Then up and fill your glass-es or all with wa-ter from the spring.

And through the flower-wreathed rafters now loud let our voices ring: "A health to all that love us, to trust-y friends and dear, And three cheers for the An-i-mals that are as-sem-bled here."

\* Notes with tails denoted for succeeding voices.

We are a goodly colony—we like our quarters here—The Elephant and Camel, the Kangaroo and Deer; The Lion, Wolf, and Tiger behind the iron rails; The mischief-loving Monkeys all swinging by their tails. Ah! little dream the people, when the season's at its height, That birds and beasts of fashion here their revels hold by night.

*Chorus.*

Then up and fill your glasses all with water from the spring, And through the flower-wreathed rafters now loud let your voices ring.

"A health to all that love us, to trusty friends and dear, And three cheers for the Animals who are assembled here."

From many a foreign land we come for folk at us to look, Young people say, 'Tis better than learning from a book," And grave professors gaze on us with rapturous amaze. And write long learned papers upon our wondrous ways, But of the strange proceedings upon our gala night, The wise professors hitherto have given the world no light.

*Chorus*—Then up and fill your glasses, etc.

We little thought, when tossed about upon the stormy seas, That we should ever light upon such happy days as these.

The Eagle now can rest at ease; the Camel's toil is o'er; The bold Sea-Lion, docile, his keeper fights no more; The Wolf no more need hunt now, nor the Pelican to fish, For every one is well supplied with all that he can wish.

*Chorus*—Then up and fill your glasses, etc.

The Elephant and Lion are quite civilized in thought; The Ostrich really thinks that now he's living as he ought: In fact, we're so well fed and lodged in this our nice new home

That it would grieve us deeply from dear New York to roam, We love the little children, and our patrons great and small, But, truth to tell, we love ourselves far better than them all.

*Chorus*—Then up and fill your glasses, etc.

These three last cheers were so loud that Billy gave a tremendous start. Where was he? Why, in bed, with Charley alongside of him, Alice far away, and not an animal to be seen anywhere.

When he told his story in the morning everybody laughed but Auntie, who said that after this there should be no more plum-cake for supper.



A LAPP ON SNOW-SHOES.

## SNOW-SKATING.

BY SHERWOOD RYSE

THE inhabitants of all the Scandinavian countries—Lapland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark—and the Baltic provinces of Russia, have a winter sport which must be quite as enjoyable as Canadian tobogganing or our own coasting. In one important respect it enjoys a great advantage over both these sports, as one can travel up-hill in the same manner as, though of course with less ease than, one goes down-hill.

The Norwegian name of the sport is *skilobning*, which means travelling on snow-skates, and the skate itself is called *skie*. It will rightly be guessed that a *skie* is not unlike the snow-shoe of the North American Indian, and while it is like the latter, it is also very different. The form of the snow-shoe is well known to most persons, both young and old, in this country. The snow-slate is, as its name implies, more nearly like a skate.

It is made entirely of wood, varying in length from six

to eight feet. The breadth is about three inches, and the thickness about one inch, except that it is a little thicker in the middle than at the ends. The best form is to have the skate taper toward the heel and toe, if one may use those terms in speaking of a thing six or eight feet long, and slightly turned up in front, so as to avoid running the point into inequalities in the snow. The skate is usually fastened to the foot by straps, the heel strap only needing to be secured after the foot is on the skate, as the two toe straps—one of which goes over the toe, while the other comes nearly to the instep—are securely nailed to the skate in their proper position. The foremost strap should be a cap, like the toe-cap of a shoe rather than a strap, and should be made of leather that is strong, but not too hard or stiff.

Shod with a pair of these snow-skates, and with a nice long level hill of frozen crust of snow before you, you may well imagine yourself equipped with the "seven-league boots" of fairy-land. At first you try a short and gentle decline if you are wise, for like everything else that is worth doing, snow-skating is not to be learned without some effort, and it is well to be cautious until you feel at home on your clumsy feet. After some practice you will learn to maintain your balance, which is the principal thing to consider; and this you will easily do if you keep your knees well bent, and your body slightly inclined backward. It is a good thing to bear in mind, by-the-way, the security of bent knees in other cases where one is liable to be thrown off one's balance; for instance, in a horse-car or railroad train, when the car is slowing up or starting. When the knees are bent the body sways from the knees, and not from the feet, so the lower part of the leg at least is firm.

When once you feel the delight of sliding down-hill on your own feet you will wish that the little hill were a never-ending mountain-slope, and if you don't shout with delight it will probably be because the swiftness of your flight has taken your breath away. But when you arrive at the bottom of the hill, is it all over? A brief minute or two of headlong flight, and then the long pull up-hill! Courage! this is where you have the advantage over those boys who are merely coasting. They have to pull their sleds up-hill again; you travel up on your skates. Now this, doubtless, reads very pleasantly; but how to do it? A sail-boat runs freely before the wind, with the boom away out, and "everything lovely." Sailing against the wind, however, is a different thing and a long business. Nevertheless, it is sailing, after all.

To skate up-hill you must imitate the boat. The hill is like the wind; you can not skate directly against it, but may skate sideways up it. Your course will be zigzag, like that of a boat tacking. You will make some headway in one direction, and then you will turn in the other, but always up-hill. A wagon team, you may have noticed, does the same thing; even horses are wise enough to know that, where the road is wide enough, easier progress is made up-hill by a zigzag course than by a straight one.

And here it should be remembered that, in order to prevent the skates slipping sideways on the frozen crust when going up-hill, the lower surface of the runners

should have a groove cut in it about two-thirds of its width, leaving the full thickness for about half an inch on each side of the groove. Thus the skate takes hold of the snow in a sideways direction, and gives "purchase" or grip to the feet, while in going down-hill the groove helps you to keep a straight course. Another great assistance is an iron-pointed staff, about five feet long, which may be used to moderate the speed and to make quick turns going down-hill, as well as to help your upward progress, especially when you "go about," as yachtsmen say. The staff will be very useful and very much relied upon for safety by a beginner, but practice will render it unnecessary, except where it is the part of wisdom to use it. Among the Lapps a skater who relies too much on its aid is called a "staff-rider," and the name is considered a term of reproach.

Besides flying down hill and tacking up, an expert can make very good time on level ground, and the snow-skate is often used by hunters of big game in winter in the northern countries of Europe, just as our Canadian neighbors and our own Maine woodsmen hunt the moose on snow-shoes. The heavy animal, with its hard, sharp hoofs, breaks through the crust of the snow, and every step is labor; but the Canadian or Scandinavian hunter, with his peculiar foot-gear, skims merrily along over the frozen surface, and moose or bear is easily overtaken.

The distance that a good snow-skater can travel in a

day is very great; indeed, fifty or sixty miles is no unusual feat, and this, considering that travel is almost impossible by other means, is the best proof of the practical value of snow-skates. In olden times there were regiments of snow-skaters in the Norwegian and Swedish armies; for, previous to the union of the two countries, though neighbors, they were by no means neighborly, and in a winter campaign a corps of light *skielöbere* could harass the enemy on the march, while themselves safe from pursuit. It is hardly twenty-five years since the last corps of military snow-skaters was given up.

Some of the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE who live in the North, where snow remains on the ground for a long time and freezes into a crust on the surface, have an excellent opportunity to try and rival the young Norsemen in their favorite winter sport, and doubtless the local carpenter can be shown how to make the skates. A strong, light wood—the lighter the better, pine, for instance—is required, and the making of them should not be beyond the skill of most amateur carpenters. To begin with, at any rate, five feet is a sufficient length for a boy's skates, but for one who has grown up to a man's inches, and who has become fairly skillful in their use, the next pair should be six feet. With that he may surmount the hill-tops, descend with the speed of an avalanche, and skim over the level plain with an ease that will be a never-failing source of pleasure.



LILI'S BATH.—By MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

**B**OTH hands in the basin to dabble and play,  
For the bath is to Lili the fun of the day;  
She laughs at the sponge, it's so warm and so soft,  
And scatters the nice soapy water aloft.  
Don't hurry, dear nurse; you may do as you please  
With the fat dimpled arms and the white cushioned knees,  
And stop when you like the sweet darling to kiss;  
For a bath, you must know, is just nothing but bliss,  
When the bath begins in the morning.

Such squirming and kicking, such squeals and such cries!  
Poor nurse, if you only could shut both your eyes  
And close up your ears, for Miss Lili expects  
You will pull her ears off, and of course she objects;  
And she hates to be wiped, and she thinks you are slow,  
And her time is important, she'd have you to know.  
Oh, nurse, of a fracas like this do you dream,  
A fuss and a struggle, a fight and a scream,  
When the bath begins in the morning?



"Pretty little shepherdess, who may you be?"

"Do I keep, with a sheep, as any one may see."

"Gallant little soldier man, who owns your pony?"

"He and I both belong to little Master Tony."

"House and trees and little tows, and maiden at the door,  
Where have I seen you, pray? On the nursery door."

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

**P**LEASE send word, little folk, about the first spring flowers, and the first birds you see and hear. Some of you are already making your little gardens. I want to be told what you plant, and all about the fun and the hard work.

I am a little girl eight years old, living on a spur of the Blue Ridge Mountains. We are eighteen hundred feet above sea level, but, though so high, there are other peaks around us still more elevated, from the tops of which we have lovely views. I have taken the paper a year, and have just had my subscription renewed for another. I like it better than any other paper published. I have seen letters from Nannie T. B. and Lelia S. M. in the Post-office Box; they are my cousins. I am your little friend, Lizzie B. T.

MADISON, N. C.

**DEAR POST-MISTRESS.** I am a little girl five years old. My name is Bessie. I have a pet bird named Baby; my grandfather carried him over the Brooklyn Bridge the day after it was opened. I have two sisters older than myself, and a baby brother named John. He is very cunning indeed; he is petted a great deal, and sits in a chair while my mother sews. My father is a doctor, and has a pet cat named Thomas Jefferson. I hope you will be glad to receive this letter. We have heard HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE a long time, and I hope you will publish this. Your loving friend,

I was very much pleased to receive your letter, Bessie, and also the little note accompanying it from your dear mamma. What a fortunate little fellow your brother is, with three sisters to pet him!

GREENBUSH, N. Y.

This is the first letter I have ever written to you. I have begun one a great many times, but have never finished it. I go to a boarding-school in St. John, which I like very well. I have been in Greenland for a little while, and I like it very much there. I have no pets except two nice cats, which I am very fond of. My sister had a very nice St. Bernard dog, but some one coaxed him away, and we have not seen him since.

LENA W.

FOUR FARMERS, MASS.

I have had the reading of *YOUNG PEOPLE* for quite a while, and I like it so much, particularly the letters from boys and girls which I am always sure to find in the Post-office Box, that I thought I would write you a letter too, and tell you about my trip to Florida with my father.

Just a year ago last January we went on board the steamship *El Estero Colorado*, and after a pleasant voyage, reached the beautiful city of St. John, Fla., when I read of the terrible disaster to the *El Estero Colorado*, that we went last year instead of this. I had such a pleasant voyage, and the Captain and all on board were so kind, that you may be sure I felt very sad to hear of the loss of that good steamship. But now I must tell you all about my visit.

During the first part of my stay in the "land of flowers," I resided with my sister and her husband in the small city of Sanford. It is a very small city, but if we were to call it a town or village it would be just as good. There would be no doubt that Sanford is beautifully situated on Lake Monroe, which is the head of steamboat navigation on the Florida coast. The city is very beautiful, and the people whom the city was named, live in some of the orange groves a few miles out of town. He and his wife have a great deal for the benefit of the place. One thing was to start a public library

and reading-room, which Mrs. Sanford had at her own expense.

The sidewalk there are made of shells, and when they are worn down they are hard and nice to walk upon. I had many pleasant meetings with my sister while in Sanford, but one in particular I wish to speak about. It was a bright sunny afternoon, with just enough breeze to make one feel comfortable, so we walked about half a mile out of the city, when we came to some carp shops, back of which there were so it seemed to us like banks and banks of fragrant yellow jasmine. It was so pretty, and it seemed home-like to see a little brook with a bank, for there is not much high land in Florida; it is so level, and the pine-trees and palm-trees are so tall, and there is so much water around, that we could see a number of miles through the woods.

After a time we moved from Sanford to a new town, which is about twenty-five miles down the St. John's River, and eight miles back from it. As the place is new, the houses are "few and far between," and I enjoyed my stay there very much, because I romped out-of-doors almost all the time.

The soil everywhere in Florida is very sandy, and there are no rocks. There are different kinds of land—the high pine-barrens and the hummock-land. The latter is very rich, and has live-oak, cypress, and other kinds of trees, the woods are so tall, and there is so much water around, that we could see a number of miles through the woods. The hummock-lands are better for raising vegetables than the pine lands, though the latter are more healthful. The grass is not like ours in New England; some of it is tall and rather wiry, not so good for cattle as ours. Nearly all kinds of vegetables can be raised there, and oranges, lemons, limes, bananas, grape-fruits, grapes, straw-berries, mulberries, wild plums, and other kinds of fruits and berries.

The people use Florida syrup (which is made of sugar-cane), instead of molasses, and many use cotton-seed oil for cooking purposes. They turn their swine out, and let them run wild, and when they want some pork they go out in the woods and shoot a pig. One course people like to brand the pigs before they turn them out, so that they will know their own.

Bees do well there, because there are so many flowers. The orange-trees are so full of the shining dark green leaves and waxen blossoms; and I saw blossoms, green fruit, and ripe fruit on one tree, all at the same time. I forgot to tell you how beautiful the Florida orange-blossoms are, and how they are covered with long gray moss that sweeps to the ground.

I have written you a long letter, and yet I have not told you of half the fun we had. I have not told what a nice time we had camping out. I could write you another letter about the beautiful sunsets, the pretty flowers, and sweet wild birds, but I must close this letter now.

BERTHA F. P.

Write another when you wish.

Now we are all going to read a story from a gifted young contributor:

## MAY'S FAIRIES

Little May Forester was trudging disconsolately through the field, one clump and tightly clasping some yellow dandelions, and when trying to brush away the big tears which came so thick and fast that everything around was seen only through a veil of mist. Her sun-bonnet had been pulled down over her face, and she made a very pitiful little figure on that bright May day. She was thinking of the dandelions and flowers, smile and the birds' song had no charm for the little maiden, who still continued to weep as though her heart would break.

A plump, round, pink-skinned girl, and of the field, and thither our little girl directed her steps. A gigantic elm, standing on the bank of the tiny brook which rippled merrily through the place, looked so cool and tempting to her that she lay down under its shadow, and, worn out with crying, began repeating her sorrows to a robin singing in the branches above.

"Robin" robin," she began, in a reproachful tone, "what makes you sing, when May *kiss*? Don't you know that papa painted a lovely little blue sash, and the naughty man wouldn't give him any money for it? so I can't have any beautiful doll, with teal hair, and eyes that open and shut, and a gold chain on its neck; or a lovely blue sash, or a pretty new dress with

lace 'round it? Papa says, 'Don't *kiss*! but, oh dear! I do want a doll with teal hair and a gold chain!' and here the tears began to flow so fast that she could hardly see her feet, and she sobbed until her griefs were lost in slumber.

On this same bright day a merry party of girls and boys started from Judge's Greenville's beautiful residence on the hill, for Shadrach, as mentioned in our story. The company consisted of Mildred Greenville, the Judge's daughter, and a number of friends from the country.

On reaching their destination, Mildred was unanimously chosen as Queen, and soon the boys were sent off in search of flowers, while the girls busily began to prepare the dinner, and then to deck their sovereign. At last the work was completed, and Mildred stood before them, looking to their admiring eyes, like the beautiful goddess of flowers. Besides the crown, tucked over her head, wreaths and chains had been dexterously trained over her dress, and in her right hand she held a dainty sceptre.

The Queen chose her *Majds of Honor*, who, having decorated themselves in a manner becoming their position, gathered around her, while the others came to pay homage; then, forming a circle, they danced gaily about her, singing a tune with song. Now the fun began, and game followed game, until the grove resounded with merriment and the boys were back for the baskets, and then a race ensued to see which should reach the spot first.

Time passed swiftly by, and the dinner hour arrived. Leaving some one in charge of the lunch baskets, the girls and boys went to the grove to look for a pleasant place to spread the table. Reaching the outskirts of the grove, Mildred immediately espied a large elm, under which, she thought, was the very best place for the table. Two or three of the boys went back for the baskets, and then a race ensued to see which should reach the spot first.

Flushed with the active exercise, and bubbling over with laughter, the whole party reached the tree, where, to their great astonishment, lay a little white cottage under the tree, the sun supporting her head, the other holding some faded blossoms. Their merriment ceased, and the questions of "Who is she?" Where did she come from?" What was she doing there?"

Mildred pushed through the crowd, and kneeling down by her side, exclaimed, "Oh! this must be little May Forester, the daughter of the artist who has just moved here. They live in that white cottage yonder."

"She seems to have been crying," remarked one of the girls. "What a little darling she is! I wish I could have her for my doll."

At this moment the child, awaking, was much bewildered at the sight before her. She sprang to her feet, gazed at the wide-open eyes at the beautiful Queen and her *Majds of Honor*, and innocently asked, "Is you fairies?"

"No, not exactly fairies," was the laughing reply.

May looked inquiringly at the Queen, who, taking her hand, said, "I am Mildred Greenville, and these boys and girls are my friends. You are May Forester, are you not?"

The child nodded, and then, seeming to lose all fear, asked, "May I play with you?"

Assured of a hearty welcome, she sat quietly down, and the Queen, taking the table, said, "Many hands make light work." The repast was soon ready, and all seated themselves, and made away with the good things in a marvelous manner. May sat in state by the Queen, supremely happy, one hand clasping a doughnut, the other an orange. But at last the table was cleared of its contents, and the next question was, "Where can we get some good cake to eat?"

May, now completely at ease with all the party, volunteered to take them to her home, where when they had reached the table, she said, "I have all they wanted." "And," she continued, "I'll ask papa if we can go into the room where all the pitchers are." Then, taking Mildred's hand, she led her to a small room, where a white cottage standing back among the trees. As they reached the house May darted in, and immediately returned with a tall handsome man, whom she introduced as her father. The crowd, dressed in a whisper that papa said they could "see the pitchers."

So, after a visit to the well, they followed May's dancing feet into the next little house, through the hall, to a room standing a little apart from the others. When the door was thrown open they came to a room, where a tall handsome man, dressed in a whisper that papa said they could "see the pitchers."

"Oh, how lovely!" they exclaimed.

"Yes," said May, with great satisfaction—"the room is just what I wanted."

Mildred, who had a decided love for the beautiful, would have liked to linger a while; but the others, having made a tour of the room, were eager to return to the grove. So, bidding good-







FREDDIE'S DREAM AFTER A DAY'S SKATING IN THE PARK

## BUFF.

**B**UFF is a member of the New York Fire Department, and belongs to Engine Company No. 39. Buff has four legs, and in the warm days of summer wears a muzzle, but that does not interfere with his being a most important and active member of the company.

At the click of the little hammer which loosens the fire gong Buff is on his feet, and with the first stroke makes a rush toward the horses. Then as they start to the engine he places himself at the door, and as it opens he rushes out, clearing away all loungers. He tears away to the fire, keeping ahead of the machine, barking with vigor, and especially seeing to it that no other dogs occupy the street along which the engine passes. He is not yet entirely cured of the habit of leaping up beside the horses—a dangerous practice, which has led to the killing of many dogs beneath the heavy engine wheels.

Buff is very regular in his habits. Every day at noon he takes down a small basket from a high peg, and carries it across the street to the kitchen of a hospital near the engine-house, where a generous supply of bones is given him. He takes them home, and in the back yard enjoys a royal feast.

The sounding of the gong will, however, at any moment bring the meal to a sudden finish, as Buff makes it a rule to allow nothing to interfere with his department duties. Once while in the hospital kitchen his quick ear detected the ringing of the gong a block away. He began pawing at the door; and the cooks, thinking it a sudden case of hydrophobia, gladly let Buff out. He took a flying leap over the five-foot iron picket fence, and sped away to his place in front of the engine. At another time the gong sounded as he was crossing the street with

his well-filled basket. He dropped it at once, and immediately took his place in front of the engine.

On fine days Buff takes strolls about the neighborhood, and is a special favorite with children, from whom he will beg bonbons in the most persistent fashion, sitting on his haunches and putting up his fore-paws. Once in his absence the engine started out to a far-away fire, and on his return he set off at a terrific speed to where the firemen were at work, a mile away.

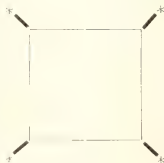
When at the scene of a fire he keeps company with the horses, and no matter how long the engine may remain on duty, he stays by them.

On one occasion a strange team was sent up, and Buff refused to run before it, but took his place in front of the horse having the tender.

Buff makes a capital letter-carrier, and the postman passing up the avenue has but to sound his whistle to bring Buff bounding up, ready to take the engine-house mail for safe delivery. Buff had his indignation deeply stirred one summer day when, on returning from a long run, he found a stray cur curled up on his favorite flag-stone in front of the engine-house. He pounced upon the intruder, and chased him many blocks away.

During the dog-days there is no fear of any dog-catchers getting hold of Buff on his way to a fire, and for the homeward jaunt his muzzle, which is strapped to the engine, is given him, and with it in his mouth he jogs back to the house beside the horses.

## THE SQUARE FIELD.



**T**HERE was once a square field with a tree at each corner, as shown in the diagram. The man who owned the field wanted to make it as large again; but he wished it still to be square, and the trees to be on the outside. At last he contrived to add the quantity of land required, and still preserved its square shape, and his trees on the outside, without moving them. How did he do it?



## THE DANCING LESSON.

**B**OW to your partner,  
Each small man;  
Sweet little lady,  
Twirl your fan.

Take her hand with a  
Gallant air;  
Step out merrily,  
Brave and fair

Pirouette, tiptoe,  
Keep in place;  
Glide to the measure;  
Move with grace.

Light as a feather—  
One, two, three,  
List to the music;  
Dance with glee.

# HARPER'S

# YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 227.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Tuesday, March 4, 1884.

Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$1.50 per Year, in Advance.

## "A CAT MAY LOOK AT A KING."

HOW THE SAYING ORIGINATED

BY EDWARD L. STEVENSON.

MANY thousand years ago, when men and beasts and birds all dwelt together in good-fellowship and spoke the same tongue, it came about that the King of the great country of Nessun Luogo took it into his royal head to invite the Bear, the Stag, the Ape, and the Cat, with many other creatures, to come and live at court with him. The Bear he created Minister of War; the Stag he made Chief Postman; the Ape became Lord Chancellor, and the Cat mere-

ly a Confidential Chamberlain. Nor did several of the other animals lack good positions.

But not long had they all enjoyed these honors before the Ape, as usual, began scheming how to get into better credit with the King and the court than the other beasts, and especially how to cause the Bear, the Stag,



"I WILL NOW SING MY MOST WONDERFUL SONG."



and the Cat to lose the royal favor. This occupied him day and night.

After long reflection he settled upon a plan. One fine day he slyly remarked to the King, "May it please your Majesty, do you not think it would be amusing to hold a grand trial of skill in the palace this evening, at which each of our creatures, beginning with my Lord Bear, Lord Stag, Chamberlain Cat, and your devoted servant, shall each perform some trick for the common pleasure?"

"Excellent!" answered the King, smiling: "for I am told that many of you are wonderfully brilliant."

"And," continued the wily Ape, "in order to prevent any practicing beforehand, let that feat which each is to attempt be jotted down upon a piece of paper, and let that paper be tightly folded up, and not handed to the proper animal until the moment his turn arrives."

"Very good," responded his Majesty. "But, you see, I know not what each one of you can most cleverly do. I know, therefore, my Lord Ape, devise a feat for each, and write it within the papers."

Now this was precisely what the Ape had most desired. Nevertheless, he craftily exclaimed, "Oh, my Lord King, I fear that I too will make great blunders if I do this. Yet if your Majesty will solemnly promise not to tell any one that I and not you inscribed the commands within the papers, why, I will prepare them." So the King innocently promised. Away glided the Ape to plan the deeds for the evening.

Now the clever and quiet Cat, sitting motionless beneath the royal chair, had overheard all this conversation. "Aha!" thought he to himself: "so that is your trick, my Lord Ape! But I will get the better of it and you, or it shall go hard with me."

Locked in his chamber, the evil Ape wrote down for each beast, except his mean self, something quite impossible for that particular animal to perform. But for himself he merely wrote that he should make to the King and all the court a low and graceful bow! The Cat listened eagerly at the key-hole, and by hearing him spell each word aloud slowly (for the Ape was not a good speller) he easily gathered what each creature was expected to do. He resolved to tell nobody, however; he had a better scheme behind his whiskers.

When the evening was come and supper was over, the King, the Court, and all the animals assembled in the great hall. The King's only daughter, the beautiful Princess Squisita, occupied a stool of honor next the throne as a gracious spectator.

Great was the surprise of all, save the Ape and the Cat, when the King announced how the evening would be passed, and pulled from behind the throne a gold crown filled with many tightly folded papers.

But before his Majesty could open the very first, the Cat stepped modestly forward and said, pleasantly: "May it please your Majesty and the court, I have heard this plan for to-night's sport. Whatsoever shall fall to my lot to attempt, gladly will I undertake. But do you not think it ought to be also commanded that whosoever shall succeed in his task shall be given a prize; while, should any of us fail in the contest, he shall be driven out from the palace in disgrace, and never be permitted to look upon your royal face again?"

"Well suggested," exclaimed the King: "and, moreover, if any other beast present accomplishes it instead, why, he shall receive the reward. This is just."

To these rules all the courtiers agreed. The Ape had listened, laughing wickedly. The King arose and unfolded the first paper. Inside it the Ape had written, "To my Lord Stag. Let him leap boldly to the floor, head first, from the golden balcony above the throne."

The poor Stag, in utter fear, advanced timidly. He looked first up, then down. For the golden balcony was more than fourscore feet above the hall pavement, and one jump

thence would undoubtedly smash to bits his beautiful horns, and break every one of his four thin and long legs—to say nothing of his neck.

"Alas, my Lord King," he was fain to falter out, "I can not attempt this thing."

"Can you, my Lord Bear? or you, Lord Ape? or you, my noble Chamberlain Cat?" inquired the King. Both the other two creatures could not but decline. But the Cat, exclaiming merrily, "With pleasure, your Royal Majesty," darted down the hall and up into the balcony, and had leaped down and landed upon all four feet unhurt (after the fashion of all cats from the beginning of the world), before the King and court could realize what had occurred. The hall rang with applause. The Ape angrily muttered to himself.

Presto! The King unfolded another paper: "To my Lord Bear, 'Leap!' Run around swiftly enough to reach your own tail."

A stifled laugh arose. Of course the poor Bear, in addition to all his clumsiness, had no tail worth speaking about to pursue. He blushed and begged to be excused, reflecting sorrowfully on his exile. But if he was so unfortunate, neither did the Stag nor the Ape possess a tail long enough to catch. The Ape frowned angrily, indeed, as the Cat, upon the royal nod, bounded before the throne, and began so merry a race, ending in the capture of the flying tail, that all the court laughed till their sides ached. The Princess Squisita's coiffure shook down, a total wreck, from her vigorous clapping, and the King, enchanted, was obliged to gasp out, "Chamberlain, Chamberlain, pray cease, or I shall expire with laughing!" The Ape secretly shook his withered fist at the Cat as the latter received the rich gift the luckless Lord Bear had lost.

"To the Chamberlain Cat," read his Majesty, from the third paper. "Let him sing a beautiful and sweet song."

Now up to those days the cat tribe had been able to merely mew, and that very gently, save when conversing in the language of the court. Never a loud note had they been known to utter. Conceive, then, the fury of the jealous Ape, and the delighted surprise of all the audience, when the Cat modestly replied, "With pleasure, your Royal Majesty: for I have hitherto concealed from all the world a great gift. I will now sing my most wonderful song." And with that did the Cat open his mouth and sing loudly one of those splendid serenades to which evening after evening have our back yards and roofs resounded.

The Princess Squisita blushed deeply as, with bowed head, she kept her tearful eyes fixed upon the singer, for his song contained more than one flattering allusion to the graces and charms of her Royal Highness, and the tender effect they produced on any one who beheld them. She toyed with the lute in pleasing confusion. As for the delighted King and his courtiers, they listened until the strains affected them quite too much, whereupon his Majesty begged the minstrel to stop. So again was the Cat a bashful victor, and he stepped aside.

The King unfolded the fourth paper: "To my Lord Ape," it began. "Let him advance before the throne, and make his lowest and most graceful bow."

The Ape forgot his wrath, and came forth pompously. He bent so low that his hands rested upon the floor, as do the hands of his kind to-day. But, lo! when he would have raised himself upright, he found that two pieces of strong wax had been placed just where he had pressed his palms. Vainly did he strive to rise. The King and all the spectators burst into loud and long laughter at the sight of his desperate writhings. The King grew indignant, and finally enraged, supposing that the Ape was acting some piece of buffoonery as an insult to him.

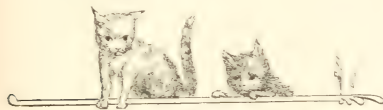
"Take the odious creature away, some of you," he thundered out. "I will have no more of so graceless, so unmannerly, a knave." The miserable Ape was pulled from



the floor, howling. Easy is it to imagine how the Cat quickly sprang out, after the Bear and the Stag had alike declined to redeem their lost credit; and that he, keeping warily clear of that dreadful wax, made so elegant a series of bows, and, sitting in a dignified position upon his tail, waved to all present such graceful salutes with his paws, that the court were in raptures.

"Enough," said the King, starting up and tearing up all the crownful of paper. "You are all stupid, awkward, ill-bred animals, the Cat alone excepted. I will witness no more of your wretched efforts. Away, one and all of you, and never let me catch one of you in my presence or raising his eyes to me again! Upon you alone, most accomplished and delightful Lord Chamberlain Cat, shall my royal favor be lavished for evermore; and since you have sometimes hinted that it would please you to change your bachelor condition, why, the hand of my beautiful daughter, the Princess Squisita, shall go along with it. Henceforth only Cats shall have a right to dwell in the houses of men, and only a Cat may look at a King."

And thus and thus only was it that the famous proverb arose, and hence is it that only a Cat to-day is entitled to stare royalty out of countenance. As for the defeated Ape, his struggles to rise from that fatal bow before the throne permanently injured his backbone, for ever since no ape has been able to stand perfectly upright.



## THE ICE QUEEN.\*

BY ETHEL INGERSOLL.

### CHAPTER XVII.

#### SPOON-HOOKS AND TWITCH-UPS.

"IT'S cold work, though," Katy replied, "sitting so still out on that ice. I am just stiff."

"I'll fix that all right," Tug said, showing some small forked and notched sticks he had cut out of oak chips. "Come out with me, and I'll show you how to set a trap that will drop itself, or, rather, where the bird shuts his own prison door."

Gathering up Jim's blocks and slabs of ice, the whole party climbed to the top of the hummock, which, as I have said, was almost the only spot in the wide plain free from deep snow, and Tug went to work.

Making a little hole in the ice, he wedged into it a short flat-topped peg, and packed a handful of snow about its roots.

Then with the brick-like blocks of ice he arranged a hollow square around the peg. On top of the peg he laid the flattened side of the stem of a forked stick, like a letter X laid flat, and on top of that, as though it were a continuation of the peg, he set a post about ten inches high. Asking Aleck to hold these twigs in position for him, he took one of the slabs, lodged an end of it on the rim of the little wall made by his "bricks," and gently rested the other end upon the top of the post, which was held in its upright position under the pressure, at the same time keeping the Y in place. This arranged, he spread crumbs about the trap and thickly inside. Then he announced it ready.

"Oh, I see how it works," Katy cried. "The bird, in leaping down, is almost sure to perch on the forked twig,

or at least to strike it. That throws it out of place, and tumbles the whole cover down, shutting him in."

"Correct!" said Tug, admiringly, as he went to work on a second trap of the same kind.

This set, all left the hummock (except Jim, who agreed to take his turn, wrapped in a blanket, at watching the strings) and joined labor in making two or three more ice traps, for now that the birds were plenty, they wanted to capture as many as possible.

"If only I had some sort of a spring," Tug announced. "I could make twitch-ups. I have all the rest of the parts, 'cause I found some horse-hairs in my 'shop' this morning; but I don't see how I am to get a springy twig or a strip of whalebone. I had some old umbrella-ribs, but I didn't bring 'em along. Wish I had."

Aleck thought over all his stores, but could remember nothing that would answer the purpose. "How about your ramrod?" he asked.

"Too stiff," Tug replied.

So they gave up guessing, and attended to their work. Suddenly Aleck went to the log, split off a strip of oak, and whittled it into a thin rod. "How is that?" he said, as he handed it to his comrade.

Tug beat his hands and blew on his aching fingers awhile before answering. Then he bent the rod gently, but before it was curved half as far as he needed, it broke.

"No good. Nothing but hickory will stand the strain."

"I'll tell you what you might do, perhaps," Katy suggested, having come out just in time to witness this little trial. "The handle of the boat-hook is hickory. If you could make an oak handle for that, you could split the hickory up into springles, couldn't you?"

That was exactly what happened. Tug, the Captain ran off for the boat-hook. The shaft of this was straight-grained, well-seasoned, and tough, but an oaken staff would serve its purpose quite as well.

"I should think that would answer first-rate," said Tug; "but you had better whittle out your oak stick first. It would be rough to be caught suddenly without any handle to our boat-hook."

"That's so," Aleck assented, and took his axe to split a suitable piece from the log.

The making and shaping of a new handle, even in the rough, cost him much labor with his few tools. It was nearly an hour, therefore, before he was ready to pull the irons off the old handle and fasten the new one into its place; and fully another hour had passed by the time this difficult job had been done.

Then with great care, and by the help of little wedges, a clean straight splinter about as thick as your finger was split from the tough hickory staff. It was tried by the trap-maker, very gently at first, and bent well, so that it was pronounced serviceable, though not as good as a green twig or sapling, such as one would cut in the woods, for the same purpose. It would answer to try with, however, and after a bit of luncheon they watched Tug make his twitch-ups—or at least all did except the one on duty at the strings. As Tug himself had to take a turn, he didn't get his traps done in time to set them that day.

Next morning, however, all were out bright and early to set the twitch-ups. The snow-flakes had been there before, however, and one unfortunate had stepped on a treacherous fork, and was caught.

Having arranged two more ice-boxes and letter-Y traps, for which the pieces had been cut yesterday, they all gathered around Tug to watch him set his twitch-up.

With one of the tent spikes he dug a slanting hole in the ice, into which he inserted one end of his hickory splint, which was about four feet long, fastening it firmly by ramming ice and snow down into the hole beside it, which would quickly freeze solid. A short distance from the foot of the splint he then laid down a short board, which was braced at the foot (or end farthest from the



SETTING THE NEW TRAPS.

splint) against the side of a trough cut in the ice. The remaining three sides of the board were then fenced in by small blocks of ice.

Next, taking from his pocket a cord made by twisting two horse-hairs together, he slipped one end through a loop in the other, thus making a noose, and tied it to the top of the hickory splint. This done, he bent down the splint until he hooked its tip under the nearest end, or head, of the board, which was raised a couple of inches from the ground. Spreading the noose carefully out upon the board, he sprinkled within a particularly nice lot of crumbs, and then laid a little train away from the foot of the board as a leader, and the snare was ready. The weight of the bird treading upon the board to get the bait would press it down enough to let the lightly caught whip end of the splint spring up; this would pull the noose with a sudden movement, and the bird would find itself dangling in the air by the legs or a wing, or possibly by the neck.

Removing their captive, and resetting the square trap, the whole party went out of sight to await further results. Yesterday they had captured thirteen birds in all, and had eaten only nine. With three more traps, they ought to do better to-day, and so accumulate a little stock ahead.

"At any rate," Katy observed, "we've plenty of refrigerator room to keep them in."

They had, indeed—a refrigerator about a hundred miles square.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE BREAKING UP OF THE ICE.

BREAKFAST was late the next morning, for Katy proposed to vary their fare by frying some snow-birds with bacon, and Jim was called upon to help pick and prepare

them—work which did not please that young gentleman very much.

"I suppose now we shall have nothing but snow-birds, snow-birds," he growled.

"Do try and be a little more cheerful, Jim," said Katy. "You are always grumbling about something."

"What else do you want?" asked Tug. "You have got beef, though it's dried, and bacon and poultry."

"Flesh, fowl, and good red herring," quoted Aleck, from an old proverb.

"All but the herring," grunted The Youngster, crossly. "Now if only we had some fish—"

"Fish?" Tug shouted, leaping to his feet. "Never thought of it, as I'm a Dutchman! Why shouldn't we? We have only got to cut a hole in the ice, and 'drop 'em a line,' as the man told his wife to do when he went off to Californy."

"Strange we never thought of that," said Katy.

"Strange? I'm the biggest dolt in three counties. Why, I'll catch you some beautiful muskallonge for dinner. Come on, Captain. Let's cut a hole while the boy is cleaning those twopenny tomits."

"Hold on!" cried the disgusted Jim; "I'm coming too."

"No, no, my dear child" (Tug's voice was that of a pitying mother). "Remember Captain's order. You're to be a nice boy, and help in the kitchen. Maybe we'll let you cut the heads off our fishes, if you do well with the birds. Ca-a-refs!" and the tormentor dodged a club hurled by the angry boy, who wished (and said so) that he was only a little bigger.

Jim and Katy both felt it was hard indeed that he should be deprived of this particular fun, in which he took so much interest, and it seemed as though the big fellows might have waited. The cook would willingly have let her scullion depart, but an order was an order, and he had to stay, plucking savagely at the pretty feathers of the innocent buntings, and declining to come back to good-humor, until the lads returned with the report that they had cut two holes in the thin ice that formed over the lead, which, the reader will remember, was crossed just a few rods back, and now were ready to set their lines.

Here was a chance of revenge. Jim's own line was the most important one in their small stock. He was tempted to refuse to let them use it; but he was not a bad fellow, and a better heart prevailed.

"You'll find my line and pickerel spoon in that little box of things in our chest," he said.

Tug walked up to him and offered his hand.

"Jeems, I'll accept your apology for throwing sticks of wood at your uncle, and call it square. Agreed?"

"Yes!" said Jim, with a laugh, and peace was restored.

Doubtless you expect an entertaining chapter out of the fishing, but it can't be given if we are to stick to the facts of this cruise. No: the big muskallonge they hoped to catch was somewhere under the ice, but whether it was because he didn't see their bait, or was not tempted, or knew better than to bite, certain is it that none of these giants of winter fishing were caught. With the toothsome pickerel they had better luck, and several were taken on this first and on following days, so that Jim did not lose all the fun by his unlucky engagement in the kitchen. The greatest adventures of the trip were not so much in fishing and hunting as in being fished and hunted *after*; and these were to begin without much delay.

The day the log was found and the first snow-birds were captured it had turned cold again, and it remained so for a whole week; but our heroes were kept busy in watching the traps, which caught them more snow-birds than they could eat, in attending to the fishing, and in getting wood. The snow did not melt at all, for the weather was very cold indeed, and sometimes the wind blew frightfully, but always in such a way that the hummock sheltered the tent-house pretty well, so that, with the help of a big fire, they could keep warm enough. For amusement they marked out a checker-board, and played checkers and other games. They tried their hands—or rather their heads—at spinning yarns also; they examined each other in geography or grammar, and held spelling competitions, choosing words out of Dr. Dasent's book, which they came to learn almost by heart. At all these studious entertainments Katy was likely to be ahead. But when the subject was turned to arithmetic, Aleck became teacher, for that was his favorite study.

Thus the week had passed, and its close completed the fifteenth day since they had left home, which seemed very far away now. They had no anxiety so long as the weather held cold, or if any one felt worried, he did not talk about it.

At the end of this week, however, the wind changed in the night to the southward, and when they arose on the morning of the eighth day they found an air almost as balmy as spring, with a gentle breeze from the south. The sun was shining, also, and no birds came near the house all day. This was compensated for, however, by their taking the largest pickerel yet. Toward noon it clouded up, and began to rain, melting the snow with such rapidity that the whole region was covered with slush. The shapeless tent roof let streams of water pour in at the sides, and altogether affairs were very disagreeable.

They were not disposed to grumble, however, since when the snow had been washed away, or cold weather came again to freeze solid the slush and surface-water, they could go ahead on their journey—something all were extremely anxious to do.

The wind continued to blow from the south all night, and when Aleck went out next morning he hurried back with an alarmed face to report that distant open water could be seen in that direction.

"The snow has almost gone. I must take a scout after breakfast, and see what the prospect is."

As soon as the coffee and pickerel had been disposed of, therefore, Aleck set out, taking Jim with him.

When two hours had passed, and the scouts did not return, Tug and Katy became alarmed, and went to the crest of the ridge. It had grown so foggy, however, that nothing could be seen.

"Hadh't we better make a big smoke," Katy suggested, "as a signal? The fog might lift for a minute, and give them a chance to catch sight of it. They must be lost."

"It's a good idea, as are most of your notions, Katy. I'll get some of that wet root-wood, and make a fire on top of the hummock."

It was done, and another hour passed. Chilly with the fog and the raw wind, they had gone down into the hut to get warm, and were just attending to the "kitchen" fire, when their ears were startled by a loud, sharp noise like the report of a distant cannon, only much sharper; then another still louder; then a third somewhat nearer; and after a minute's interval a fourth tremendous crash, close by the house, which trembled under their feet and over their heads as though an earthquake had shaken it.

"The ice is cracking!" Tug cried, seizing Katy's hand, and dragging her to the boat, into which they both jumped in terror.

An instant later Tug recovered himself. "This is no use," he said. "Our ice is firm just here, and I don't hear her busting any more. Let's go outside."

"Don't you think we'd better put some of the food boxes and things into the boat, so that they won't be lost if the ice here should break to pieces suddenly?"

"Yes, we might do that. Let's hurry."

Five minutes was enough for this work, and then both went out and climbed upon the hummock. They found the whole appearance of things changed toward the south and east. Where yesterday had lain one broad white field of solid ice as far as the eye could reach, now were spread before them (for the fog had lifted a little, so that they could see better) the long, slow waves of a lake of blue water, filled with cakes and wide sheets of floating ice.

"Oh! oh!" Katy cried, wringing her little hands at the thought, "Aleck and Jim are drowned."

"No, I guess not," said Tug, encouragingly. "They are probably safe on some of those big pieces of ice."

"But how will they ever get back?"

"I don't know," her companion answered, slowly. "If only this terrible fog would go away, so that we could see something, perhaps we might help them. I don't know what we can do now but to keep up our smoke."

"I wonder if we are afloat?" Katy asked, trying to steady her voice, for she saw how useless it was to weep when so much might be required of her any minute. "Ah, Rex, good dog, what shall we do now? Can't you find your master?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## MRS. TOM THUMB AT HOME.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

THERE are no really young people now who can remember Barnum's old Museum, that place of dear delight to the girls and boys "in the sixties"—the large building on Ann Street and Broadway, whose walls, with



MRS. TOM THUMB.

their mystic coverings, their many-colored illustrations, banners, and signs, seemed to us to inclose the enchantments of the *Arabian Nights*, and to embody all that our lives could hold of fairy-land and fascination.

There never was, never could be, a museum like it, and even the elders who smiled with calm superiority over some of the wonders, and some of the plays enacted in the lecture-room, or theatre, had to admit that it was a place well worth visiting, well worth spending a holiday in. How friendly were those days! How closely our childish hands clasped the larger ones that held them as we gazed at the wax figures, the living skeleton, the lady with the beard, and the gentleman of uncertain lineage "found on the banks of the Senegambia by a party in search of the gorilla!"

This sentence served us in all our childish games for many a long day, since there always *was* a party on the banks of the Senegambia—so it seemed to us—looking for that gorilla, and coming home with something else. A touch, half awe, half fear, ran through our whole frames as we gazed upon these wonders. But in the great building, among all the strange forms and faces and sights and sounds, were some genuine friends—four little people about whom something has already been told you, but recollections of whom in those merry early days have been warmly stirred by a visit I have just been making.

We had *always* heard of General Tom Thumb. His fame was world wide, when—in 1862 it was, I think—there began to be a great deal of excitement over the discovery of the tiniest little lady ever heard of, and away went Mr. Barnum to the old town of Middleborough, in Massachusetts, and called at a house I can see as I write; and then everybody began to talk about it.

The little lady and her still smaller sister were escorted down to New York, and it was rumored that they would soon appear at the Museum; but what entertained us greatly, I remember, was the fact that fashionable dress-makers and milliners were at work preparing their miniature wardrobes. Then a great day came, and with a whole party of boy and girl cousins, we went off to the Museum, and there made the acquaintance of the famous little Warren sisters: Lavinia, afterward Mrs. Tom Thumb, and Minnie.

Never shall I forget the sensation they created in those days. There never had been anything like it at Barnum's, for besides being so very, very tiny, they were extremely pretty, well educated, and they were dressed in the most gorgeous fashion—sweeping brocaded silks, big fans, diamond ear-rings, bracelets, and rings. Surely, we used to think, as we looked up at the graceful little figures on the platform, they *must* have some connection with our dearly beloved, strongly believed in, fairy friends!

But these young ladies were very sensible. When people who gazed at them would say, eagerly, as they spoke, "What are they saying? what's that?" I remember how Lavinia Warren would smile and seem so much amused, and I am sure the big people who stared at her must often have seemed very silly to her.

Then came the time of her famous wedding with Tom Thumb; and then away went the quartette, "the General" and his wife, Minnie Warren and Commodore Nutt, to Europe, where they were seen by "all the crowned heads," danced and sang, and chatted with royalty, sailed on to Australia, even to Africa, to India, and to China, and back again to America, where, as you know, quite recently the poor little General died. I suppose no man had ever lived more before the public or been better known than Tom Thumb, and so in visiting his widow, the brilliant little wonder of our childish days, there was a special interest. I could not but recall how we had as children speculated about her home, her way of living, and her own surroundings.

The road leading to Middleborough was so pretty and shady that as we drove along we lingered, and imagined

Lavinia here in her baby and childhood's time, when she went to the school we saw on the brow of the hill, and was not thought of as a public character. To the left was a moderate-sized substantial-looking brown house, with a garden and a pretty barn and stable. This was the home of the General and his wife, but across the road, in a very pretty rambling white frame house, with a porch full of flowers, we found the little lady living. For some time she has made her home with her mother, Mrs. Warren Bump. We were politely ushered into a parlor on whose walls hung portraits of the little quartette, and where the only indications of the small occupant were two of the chairs, and a tiny widow's bonnet and veil laid down upon the table.

Mrs. Stratton (Lavinia Warren) had just been driving, and in a few moments she appeared, bright-faced, quick in her movements, graceful as ever, but a pathetic little figure in her heavy widow's weeds—a dress of bombazine and crape, with just a little soft white at her throat. What a contrast to the brilliant little fairy of other days, whose splendor of silks and satins and jewels had so dazzled us!

She was very cordial and chatty. We talked of old times, and then of recent ones, and she told us in the most thrilling way about the dreadful Milwaukee fire, where she and the General so narrowly escaped death. She said she never should forget her feelings as she tried to get out of her window to the balcony, where a poor lady had fallen, and whom she tried in vain to help. Then came a fireman, who carried her down the ladder, the General following by himself. But she said never, never could she forget the sights and sounds of that dreadful night.

Her face brightened when we talked of England, and she said she thoroughly enjoyed travelling there, the hotels were so comfortable. And she remarked, quaintly, "Ladies are treated so courteously!"

She told us of her visits to the Queen and the Princess of Wales, and spoke of the Duke of Edinburgh as being their "special friend." Then, naturally enough, came a few words about her husband. She spoke of his desire to live, and of the sadness and loneliness she felt. But she said she could not bear a quiet country life. Very soon she would be "up and away" again. She said it was hard for her now to stay in Middleborough since the two deaths—for Minnie Warren (Mrs. Newell), the gay little sister of Museum times, has been dead a year or more, and of the bright, merry quartette only the poor little widow sitting in her tiny chair before us remains.

She occupies herself chiefly with books and flowers and driving, takes a decided interest in public affairs, and seems to have lost none of her old "vim."

The first mention of her flowers brought a pleased sparkle to her eyes, and she said how she loved to tend them, and how it "hurt" her when she failed in any way to make them grow and flourish. Then there came bounding into the room her *little* nephew, a boy twice her size, and it seemed odd enough to see her touch him coaxingly, and hear her speak of "boys" in the patronizing tone of an elder. She said she thought the world was very hard on boys as a rule (I wondered if she had ever read about Jimmy Brown); that for her part she believed in bringing out the "fun" in them—a little spoiling was no harm.

So we chatted away, almost forgetting that our little dark-eyed hostess was the same "bewilderment" of twenty years ago, so distinctly the lady of the house, receiving guests, and doing the honors gracefully, did she seem.

The close of our visit was very pleasant and cheery. The last thing our little friend did was to run out and tuck in a bit of the carriage robe, and bid us mind our way carefully; for it was evening, and although all the sky was full of starlight, the long country road was in shadow.

We drove away, and in the silence and darkness we



looked back to see lights twinkling in the long white house, the door still open, and the small figure in its sombre dress standing within it. Where was that past gone to, we wondered, with its gayety of holidays, its big Museum, the music, glitter, fun, and frolic of the hours spent with Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thumb?

## PERIL AND PRIVATION.

BY JAMES PAYN.

### ARCTIC TRAVEL.

THE narratives of Dr. Kane and still more recent explorers have made "the land of snow and ice" familiar to all readers. The conditions of life there are indeed so different from what they are elsewhere that the subject has a constant attraction. But in telling my stories of "Peril and Privation" I have purposely chosen such experiences as are not so universally known.

In 1706 a very terrible adventure happened to certain sailors "surrounded by islands of ice" off Newfoundland. Their ship struck on an ice-field, and although they "hung cables, coils of ropes, hoops, and such things over the ship to defend her," she struck so hard that eventually she bilged, and could "scarcely be kept afloat until daylight by two pumps going, and bailing at three hatchways." Some thought that taking to the boats was preferable to such a position; but it was the Captain's opinion "that though God could work wonders, it was impossible that so small a boat could preserve us, and that it would be but living a few days longer in misery." So he resolved to take his chance and die with his men.

Nevertheless, "being importuned," he ordered the boat out with the narrator and six men; and that the others might not suspect their design, and swamp it by numbers, "it was given out that the boat should go ahead to tow the ship." How likely such a thing was the reader may judge, there being but one oar, "all the others haying been broken in defending the ship against the ice." Failing in this attempt, the boat fell astern, and the Captain (thinking better of the matter), with others, attempted to get out of the cabin windows to join her. But this being discovered by the men, "they took small-arms, and kept off the boat," resolving, as she could not preserve all, that the whole party should perish together.

"We were now eight in number, and, willing to save our Captain, lay hovering about the ship till night, and having gone among the shattered ice, made fast our boat to a small lump, and drove with it; and, as we came up with great ice, removed and made fast to another piece, and so continued during the night." In the morning they found themselves three leagues from the ship, and after consultation the boat's crew decided to make no more attempts at rescue, if rescue it could be called. "But I, considering how little it would tend to my honor to save my life and let my Captain perish, . . . desired them to row up to that part of the ice next the ship, whence I should walk to her, and die with my commander. . . . But when we reached it I was loath to go." The Captain, however, perceiving how matters stood, ran out to them, followed by such a multitude "as was like to have spoiled all," and in the end they got off with him, "with twenty-one people in the boat and hanging to the sides," thus taking a miserable farewell of their distressed brethren, though "the heart of every one was so overlaid with his own misery as to have little room to pity another."

Their only provision was a small barrel of flour and a six-gallon runlet of brandy; but they had an old chest, which they split up and nailed to certain handspikes in lieu of oars, while a piece of tarpaulin served for their mainsail. By these means they got into the open sea, but only again to be surrounded by many great ice islands,

"which drove so fast together that we were forced to haul up our boat on them or we should have perished." Then they lay eleven days without once seeing the sea. Seals were fortunately caught in great abundance. "Our fire hearth was made of their skins, and the fat melted so easily that we could boil the lean with it."

The intense cold, however, soon began to affect their feet, and when they touched one another, as they were often compelled to do, "hideous cries arose" from the pain. They were released and re-inclosed by the ice islands no less than five times, "the last being worse than any before, being so thick that we could not force the boat through, yet not solid enough to bear the weight of a man." Moreover, though they saw seals, they could no longer take them.

Nevertheless, with good management, and drinking the ice mixed with brandy, their provisions held out, though indeed in sombre fashion, "it pleasing God to save some of us by taking others to Himself." They died two or three a day until their number was reduced to nine. The feet of the dead were so frost-bitten that, on stripping them to give their clothes to the survivors, their toes came away with their stockings. Their compass was broken, but, guided by the sun by day and the stars by night, they reached in twenty-eight days the coast of Newfoundland.

The extreme cold which destroys men's lives in the ice-fields of the North preserves the bodies, of which the following is an awful example:

In August, 1775, Captain Warren, the master of a Greenland whale ship, found himself becalmed amid icebergs. As far as the eye could reach, the ocean was blocked up with them in one quarter, and they were of a height that showed it had been so for a long period. Presently a gale arose, in which Captain Warren had the utmost difficulty in saving his ship; but when the storm subsided one side of her was free from ice. On the other, where the icebergs had lain so high, some had been separated by the wind, and "in one place a canal of open sea wound its course among them as far as the eye could reach." The sun was shining brightly, a light breeze blew from the north, and down this open water came—marvellous to see—a sailing ship!

Whence it came, or after what length of imprisonment, the narrator could not guess, but on it came, with dismantled sails and broken rigging, and apparently without a rudder, for presently it went aground upon the ice and stopped. Captain Warren's curiosity induced him to order out a boat and row to her, though she was still more than a mile away. Not a soul was on her deck, which was thick with snow; no answering shout replied to theirs. They boarded her, and, removing the closed hatchway, descended into the cabin.

A man sat there reclining back in a chair with writing materials before him. He was dead, and "a green damp mould covered his cheeks and forehead, and veiled his eye-balls." He had a pen in his hand, and in the log-book before him were these words, the last he had ever written:

"November 11, 1762.—We have now been inclosed in ice seventeen days. The fire went out yesterday, and our master has been trying ever since to kindle it without success. His wife died this morning. There is no relief."

In the next cabin was a woman lying in an attitude of deep interest and attention; she was watching—or seemed to do so—a young man on the floor who was holding a piece of steel in one hand and a flint in the other. In the fore-castle were several dead sailors, and a boy crouched at the bottom of the gangway stairs. So terrified were the visitors by this terrible spectacle that they hurried into their boat, carrying only the log-book with them. On returning to England Captain Warren made inquiries, and found that the deserted ship had in truth been missing for thirteen years—frozen in its prison of ice.



THEY TOLD US SPRING WAS COMING."

"GET OFF, OR I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU."

#### A WOLF STORY.

THE following story comes from the distant forests of Germany:

There was once a poor woman who, with her little girl four years old, lived alone in a cottage near a dense wood. All that she possessed was three cows, but by selling the cheese and butter she made from the milk they gave her, she was able to support herself and her child.

One day she led her cows out, as usual, to pasture in the field, and as her little girl was too small to be left at home by herself, she found her a cozy seat in the grass, gave her a porringer with bread and milk for her breakfast, and a good-sized wooden spoon to eat it with.

One of the cows, in the mean time, had escaped into the forest. The mother ran after her to bring her back, leaving her little girl safe, as she imagined, eating her bread and milk. The cow, however, had strayed further than she at first imagined. By the time she had caught and brought her back to the field a full half-hour had passed. She ran at once to the spot where she had left her little one. Nothing but the porringer, with the bread

and milk, was to be seen. The child was gone.

The mother ran about wildly seeking her little girl. Not a trace of her was to be seen, and at last she flew to the village, as fast as her trembling feet would carry her, to seek help from the neighboring peasants.

Just at the same time, as it happened, a traveller was going through the forest on his way to the next town, and had lost his way. While trying to regain the path, he suddenly heard a clear childish voice near him saying, "Get off, or I'll give it to you."

Curious to learn how a child came to be in this wild solitude, he followed the sound, parted the branches gently, and there, in front of a low cave, he saw a pretty little girl sitting on the ground, with five young wolf-cubs around her. The wild creatures bared their fierce white teeth every now and then, and snapped at the chubby little hands. The child, however, had a wooden spoon in her right hand, and rapped the young wolves with it lustily on the nose every time they attempted to bite her, saying, at the same time, "Get off, or I'll give it to you! Get off, or I'll give it to you! Get off!"

The traveller saw at once how it was: she must have been carried off by an old she-wolf, and brought hither as food for the

young ones, while the mother went off again in search of other prey. So he quickly broke off a strong branch from a tree, sprang out of his concealment, and laid on vigorously among the young wolves. These ran off, yelping and howling dismally. Then he caught up the child in his arms, and ran with it as quickly as he could, for fear the old wolf might return sooner than would be quite agreeable to an unarmed man. By good fortune he was not long in finding the right path again. Thanking God heartily, he hurried on quickly, knowing that he was not safe so long as he was in the forest.

At its entrance he met the anxious mother with all the peasants rushing to seek the lost child. Fancy her joy and gratitude to the worthy and brave man who had rescued her little one!

The child had fallen asleep in his arms, but she still kept firm possession of her wooden spoon. On her mother snatching her into her arms, and awaking her with fond kisses, she looked up with innocent wonder at all the people about. Then turning smilingly to her mother, she said:

"Mammy, Dolly want her bed and mik. Nasty bid dog toot me away befo' Dolly was finis'ed."



A MARCH WIND.



## THE TYRANT'S FATE.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

A BREWER of Ghent, who had much "gelt,"  
 And whose name was Jacob van Arteveldt,  
 Was the very prince of commanders,  
 For nobody ruled with such might as he,  
 And none could doubt his authority  
 Throughout the country of Flanders.

Whenever Jacob van Arteveldt went  
 From his dwelling into the city of Ghent,  
 Right nobly was he attended,  
 By men on foot—at least fourscore—  
 Who marched behind and who marched before,  
 That he might be well defended.

Now France and England were long at strife,  
 And many a good man lost his life,  
 And thrones were quite badly shaken,  
 But of all the blows the Frenchmen dealt,  
 None troubled Jacob van Arteveldt,  
 Since Flanders was not taken.

To favor the English King, he went  
 To Bruges and Ypres, then back to Ghent,  
 Which act the people offended;  
 And he found to his great surprise one day  
 That his powerful rule, his despotic sway,  
 In Flanders, alas! was ended.

The very creatures who'd served him best  
 Refused to listen to his request,  
 Or to do his will or pleasure,  
 "Too long already the yoke we've borne,"  
 They said; "you have robbed us of rents and corn,  
 And sent to England our treasure."

He spoke them softly; they would not hear.  
 He clasped his hands—ay, he shed a tear—  
 Who for others had no pity.  
 The tables were turned, and although he knelt  
 And begged for his life, Van Arteveldt  
 Was obliged to flee the city.

The spirit of evil he had sown  
 To dragons' teeth and to swords had grown,  
 Ready and sharp for slaughter;  
 And though he hastened with might and main,  
 The master of Flanders was quickly slain  
 By those to whom blood was as water.

And thus did the ancient brewer of Ghent  
 Meet with a righteous punishment;  
 And the most despotic commanders  
 May learn from Jacob van Arteveldt's fate  
 That fear may easily turn to hate,  
 And the slave be the lord of Flanders!

## A BRAVE DEED.

A STORY OF THE INDIAN TROUBLES IN MINNESOTA.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

"SOMEbody ought to let the settlers at Armstrong's know about the danger they're in; but I don't see how we're going to do it."

The speaker was a man dressed as a farmer; he was speaking to his neighbors, and they were all gathered in a large barn, built of logs, in one of the newly settled portions of Minnesota. It was in the time of the Indian outbreak, and they had sought safety here, men, women, and children, inspired by a feeling of terror only understood by those who have lived on the frontier, and know from actual experience the danger of such a life in places where the Indians are unfriendly and murderous.

Stories had come to them of horrible massacres at New Ulm and other settlements not far away, and they were expecting an attack at any time. Every hour passed slowly in fear and suspense.

The remark with which I have begun this story was called out by the tidings which a scout had just brought in. He had learned that the Indians intended to attack a settlement some ten miles down the river. "Armstrong's," it was called, because the name of the leading man there was Armstrong. It was a lonely place, quite

by itself, and as it had been but recently settled, the only communication it had with the outside world was by way of the river, and a rough trail along the bluffs.

"It's just like this," said the man. "The Indians are scattered along the river, on either side of it, for four or five miles below here, clear back to the swamps, thus cutting off all chance of escape for the folks at Armstrong's, if they knew of the danger, for there are Indians on the other side of them. The only chance for them to save themselves is in getting together as we've done, and holding out against the red-skins until help comes, and that will be soon, I'm sure. But they don't know anything about what's been done or what is going to be done; therefore they'll be taken by surprise, and they'll be butchered, every man, woman, and child of them, as the whites were at New Ulm. It's terrible, but I don't see how we can help it. It's sure death to attempt to get from here to Armstrong's. The woods are full of Indians, and they'd discover a fellow before he'd made two miles of the distance."

Robert Woods listened to what was being said with a sad heart. He was a poor boy, with but one relative in the world, as far as he knew. That relative was a sister living at Armstrong's.

"Must I stay here and let her be killed?" he said to himself—"let her be killed, without making an attempt to save her? No; I'll try to get to Armstrong's in some way, if I die for it."

"See here," he said, going up to the man who seemed to be the one in charge of affairs, "I have a sister at Armstrong's. I can't stay here and do nothing while she's in such danger. I'll undertake to get there and give them warning."

"Why, boy, you'd be shot before you'd got out of hearing almost," was the reply. "I know it seems cruel for us to stay here while they're exposed to such danger; but we've got our families to protect, and we know that there isn't one chance in a thousand of getting to them. It would be like running a gauntlet."

"I'll take that chance, then," said Robert. "I must go. Don't try to keep me back. I have a plan that may work. I'll try it, anyway."

"What is it?" they asked him. "How are you going?"

"By river," answered Robert.

"They're camped all along the bank a few miles below here, and no boat or canoe could possibly get past them unseen," they told him.

"But I am not going in a boat or canoe," he said. "I'm going to float down in a tree-top."

Just at dusk that night a tree-top drifted out slowly into the river from the little bend below the settlement. Hidden away among the branches was the boy who had determined to risk his life for the sake of other lives.

The current bore the tree-top along past the shores where, for all the young voyager knew, an Indian might be lurking, hoping for a victim. Sometimes it almost touched the bank as the river made a curve, and the current ran close by the edge of the stream; then it would drift out into the middle of the river again.

The moon rose by-and-by, and made the scene almost as light as day. Robert was sorry about that, for it made his voyage seem more perilous, if it really was not so. A very dark night would have suited him best.

It seemed to him that he had been adrift for three or four hours before he saw or heard any indications of life. Suddenly a figure rose up on the bank, and stood there watching the river. It was an Indian. He was not twenty feet away from Robert, and the boy hardly dared breathe for fear of being heard. It seemed to him as if the Indian's sharp eyes must see through the branches and discover him.

But the Indian probably never thought of such a thing



as a person's being hidden in the tree-top, and soon Robert had left him behind. But there were others skulking up and down the river, and he saw several of them before he had gone much further. But they, like the first one, did not seem to think there was anything unusual or suspicious in the floating of a tree-top down the river, and Robert passed them safely.

Presently he heard the sound of a paddle, and peering through the branches, he saw a canoe coming toward him. There were three Indians in it.

The canoe was being steered straight for the tree-top. He believed that his presence there had been discovered. It was barely possible that it had not, however; but if the Indians ran into the tree-top, as it looked as if they intended to, it certainly would be, if he remained crouching on the tree. He lowered himself noiselessly into the water until only his head remained above the surface.

The Indians ran the front of the canoe upon the trunk of the floating top, and one of them got out and stood upon it, steadying himself by holding to the branches, while his comrades made some changes in the blankets and other articles in the bottom of the canoe. The Indian's feet were not a foot from Robert's head. The extra weight caused the tree-top to sink lower in the water, and once or twice, while the Indian stood there, Robert came near strangling, for the water rose to his mouth. But he managed to lift himself a little higher, and keep above the threatened danger. It was with such intense relief as only he can imagine who have been in a similar position that he saw the Indian get back into the canoe.

After that Robert saw no more of the Indians, though he heard several whoops and their answers a little distance back from the banks.

By-and-by he knew from the trees and some of the bluffs along the stream that he was nearing the settlement where his sister lived.

Half an hour later he paddled his leafy boat ashore, and climbed the bluff bank. Before him, peaceful and unsuspecting of danger, lay the little settlement of "Armstrong's."

He hurried to the house where his sister lived, and roused the owner of it. To him he told his story in a few brief words. The place was in danger. The settlers must be got together, and that at once. The Indians might come at any time.

The man started in one direction, and Robert in another. It did not take long to visit all the houses, and rouse their inmates. Armstrong's house was the largest one in the settlement, and the most substantially built, and here the settlers gathered, bringing guns, pitchforks, scythes, and whatever seemed likely to be of any possible use as a weapon. The house had a large cellar under it, and in it the women and children were placed.

In less than half an hour from the time of Robert's arrival they were ready for the Indians. And by-and-by the Indians came. They had expected to find their victims asleep; but they found them very wide awake. There were three or four guns of the repeating kind in the little party, and as soon as the Indians were seen coming across the clearing, fire was opened on them. The shots were fired with such rapidity that the besiegers evidently thought the besieged to be much stronger in number than they were. The surprise of the sudden and altogether unexpected attack threw them into confusion, and they retreated after firing a few harmless shots.

The next day assistance came to the little towns along the river. But if Robert had not done what he did, it is quite likely every soul at "Armstrong's" would have been butchered that night. He was a hero among the thankful settlers on account of his brave deed, and he deserved to be, for by it he had saved a good many lives. Such deeds are grand and truly great ones, and the doers of them are our truest heroes.

## HOW TO MAKE PLASTER CASTS.

BY VICTOR SMEDLEY.

"O H, Fred! what shall I do?"

"Stop crying," answered Fred, rather gruffly.

"But, Fred," protested Edith, as she wiped away the tears with her apron, "I knocked one of Aunt Ida's ostrich eggs off the mantel-piece, and it broke all to pieces, and I know she will feel awful bad, and so do I to-oo-oo."

Here Edith, to Fred's great disgust, shed more big tears, and looked longingly at him as for comfort. Fred, like some other boys whom we all know, though he might occasionally shed tears himself, had always a good excuse for doing so, and greatly disliked girls' tears, which he looked upon as entirely out of place and unnecessary.

"Well, I wouldn't cry about it, if I were you," said he. "That will not help it any."

"Can't you mend it?—you are so smart, and you mended Dolly's head so nicely for me."

Edith struggled hard not to cry any more, and showed so much faith in Fred's ability that he was quite won

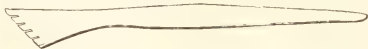


FIG. 1.

over from his crossness, and went with his little sister to look at the wreck she had made in Aunt Ida's room.

"Well!" he exclaimed, in dismay, when he saw twenty or more small pieces of white shell scattered about the floor, "I can't mend that. What did you break it up so small for? What did you knock it off for, anyhow?"

"I didn't mean to," said Edith, humbly. "I was dusting. I thought maybe you could do something even if you couldn't mend it."

"If that isn't like a girl!" grunted Fred, with an appearance of crossness, but secretly pleased at his sister's faith in him. "You think a fellow can do anything."

"Well, you know you can do a lot," answered Edith, who was not going to lose Fred's help for want of a few pleasant words, and who had great faith in her brother.

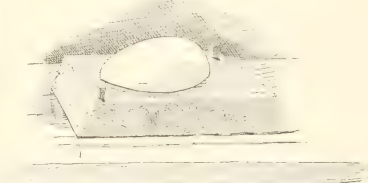


FIG. 2.

Fred was certainly a boy of ideas and energy, and the two qualities combined made him overcome many difficulties which another might have retreated from. He accomplished many marvellous feats simply because he was not afraid to try to do so. To mend this egg, however, was simply out of the question, and so, according to his custom, he cast about in his mind for the next best thing to do. He looked at the egg which had not been broken. It was simple in form, and showed that if the other one had not been so badly broken it might perhaps have been mended. As for buying a new one, it was out of the question, for he had not the money. What should he do? Suddenly a bright idea struck him, and turning to Edith, who had been anxiously waiting for him to speak, he said:



FRED MAKING A CAST OF EDITH'S HAND.

"I can't mend it, Edie, and I can't get another just like it, but I can make a plaster cast of the same shape, and I don't believe anybody can tell the difference. It won't be so nice, of course, but it is the best I can do, and Aunt Ida will not mind so much if she knows how the accident happened, and sees that you have tried to make it right."

The plan worked just as Fred said it would. He made an exact copy of the egg in plaster of Paris. Edith, weeping, explained the circumstances, and Aunt Ida was satisfied, which, as far as Edith was concerned, was all that was necessary.

But Edith is not the only one concerned. We would all, I fancy, like to know how Fred made his plaster cast. I, at any rate, wanted to know, and I asked him, and you shall know just what he told, in his own words, for Fred is a live boy, and can speak for himself.

"You see," he said, "I know how to make casts, because a friend of papa's, who is a sculptor, told me how. I never tried it till Edie broke that egg, but since then I've made casts of all sorts of things. That hand there holding a bucket for burned matches is a cast of Edie's hand. There's her foot. I would have made her head, but mamma wanted to know how Edie could breathe while I was letting the mould set. I could have put a pipe in her mouth, but mamma

said no. There is an apple. Oh! I've lots of things I've made; the best are down in the parlor.

"The first thing you do is to get a piece of board about a foot square; that is to work on, so as not to soil the table. Then you want a lump of clay about as big as a foot-ball, five or six pounds of plaster of Paris—it only costs three cents a pound—and a half-dozen wooden pegs. I use matches broken in two. You want a cup of warm melted lard, or Castile soap dissolved in hot water, to rub over what you are going to copy, so as to prevent the plaster sticking to it. You'd better have a small flat piece of wood five or six inches long, and pointed at one end, to use in shaping the clay [Fig. 1].

"Now, suppose it is an egg you want to copy. You rub it all over with your melted lard, and lay it down on the piece of board. Pack clay around it as high up as the middle of the egg, and as far out as half an inch from the

widest part. You must be particular about not putting clay higher than the middle, because, if you get the clay too high—don't you see?—you couldn't get the egg out without breaking the mould.

"When you have the clay around the lower half of the model, smooth and level it, and push two pegs in opposite corners—cat-a-cornered, I'd call it [Fig. 2]. Now around the whole thing make a box or case of clay, with sides rising half an inch higher than the model [Fig. 3]. Mix plaster of Paris and water together till you have it like molasses on a warm day; pour that into the clay box, so that the model is covered, and the mixture even with the top of the box.



FIG. 3.

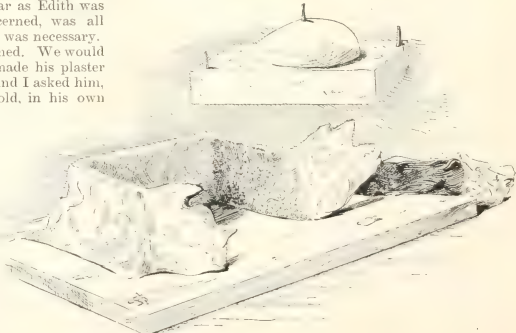


FIG. 4.

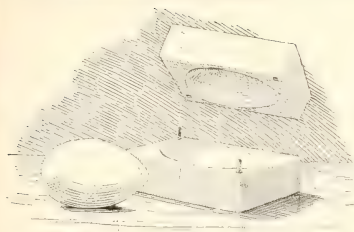


FIG. 5.

"The plaster will set, or become hard, in a little while, and you then tear the box away, and take out the model and plaster together, leaving the first clay mould. Next put the plaster mould and model in a clay box just as you did before, and pour plaster over it, first greasing the model and upper surface of the mould. Be-

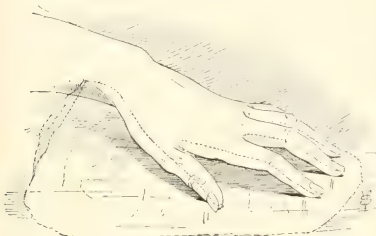


FIG. 7.

fore pouring on the plaster, roll a small piece of clay in your fingers, and put it on the model [Fig. 4], so that when you pour plaster over it, a hole will be left in it through which you may pour plaster for the final cast.

"For the second time tear away the clay box, and gently separate the two parts of plaster of

Paris; take the model out, and you will have two blocks of plaster, which, when brought together, will contain an exact mould of the model [Fig. 5], and one block will have an opening in it through which you can pour plaster. Before pouring in the plaster, however, be sure to grease the insides of the mould. Then put the parts together, using the pegs and holes as guides to a proper fitting, and tie firmly with a piece of twine. Now pour the plaster in, and then shake the mould gently in order to make the mixture settle in all the smaller crevices.

"Of course when you separate the parts of the mould now you will have a perfect cast of your model. It will have a thin ridge running around it where the mould was joined, but that is easily rubbed off with sand-paper.

"In a mould made from a hand you proceed in about

the same way. The great thing is to find the dividing line in the model; that is, the place where the parts of the mould ought to join. See here! in this ball it is easy enough, for you can divide it into two equal parts [Fig. 6]; but you take a hand, and you have to make the line around each finger just where it is broadest [Fig. 7], and build the clay up to that line. The wrist-hole in a hand mould makes a good hole to pour the plaster in [Fig. 8], and, after all, a hand is easy to make.

"You can make good impressions of leaves, too, and show every little vein. You put the leaf on a layer of smooth clay, and then build a clay box around it, and pour in the plaster. When you take the clay away, there is the impression of the leaf on the plaster. I make stands for my casts by making a square mould in a clay box [Fig. 9]. I pour the plaster in, and take the clay away before it is hard. Then I scrape the edges with a piece of wood cut any shape I wish [Fig. 10], and that



FIG. 9.

gives my stand a moulding all around. To fasten the cast on, I put a piece of stiff wire into the stand before it hardens, and then bore a hole in the cast to receive the wire" (Fig. 9).

I have followed Fred's directions, and know that making plaster casts is just as easy as he said it was.



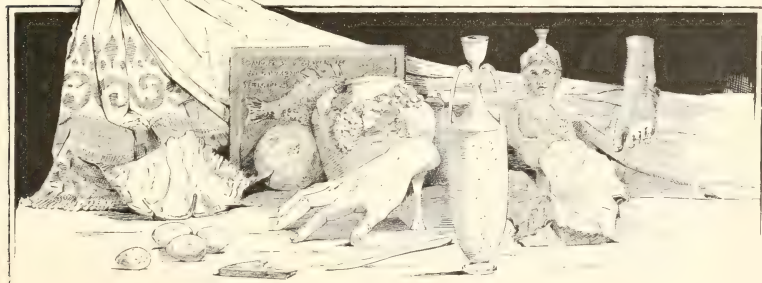
FIG. 6.



FIG. 8.



FIG. 10.





SPRING IS COMING.

**HURRAH! Hurry on! Spring is coming soon;**  
Buds, and leaves, and little birds to sing a merry tune.

**Hurrah! Hurry on! Clear the track to-day.**  
Joe and Jim and nimble Frisk all are on the way.

**Hurrah! Hurry on! When the March winds blow,**  
Then good-by to skates and sleds, to ice and frost and snow.

**Hurrah! Clear the track! Spring is coming soon;**  
Buds, and leaves, and little birds to sing a merry tune.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

SANDS, MICHIGAN.

I have never written to you before, because your Post-Office Box was so full I was afraid mine would bother you. I am the oldest child in our family: I am twelve years old, and last summer I broke a colt to the saddle all myself; nobody ever got on her back but myself. Papa got me a saddle with leaping horns to it, and a silver bridle with a silver bit. In summer I live on a large farm, and in the winter I live in the city.

HATTIE P.

I think you deserve credit for having successfully trained your colt. I am sure you were gentle, patient, and kind with him, and did not lose your temper, nor suffer him to be frightened. I am glad you have such a nice saddle and bridle. Can you saddle your pet yourself?

## A FEW WORDS ABOUT HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE'S COT.

NEW YORK CITY.

It seems a long time, dear children, since we have heard through our Post-office Box from Young People's Cot, and I have been hoping to send you a letter from Sister Catherine, who sends us such nice ones once in a while, but in this have been disappointed. I feel almost surprised to find myself taking her place in a small way, after bidding you all good-by, but she has so few spare moments that we must not expect too much of her.

When I was at St. Mary's Hospital a few days ago I saw the occupant of our Cot, little Oscar Wilde, who, they say, is doing very nicely. When I saw him he was very busy taking his tea, which was on the plate sent by some little children in Maine, who presented it to the Cot, and I would here like to tell them how much pleasure it has given to the sick child in the bed.

Would you like to know what these little sick children at St. Mary's have for their tea, and how it is served? As I feel sure you would, I will give you a little picture of them as I saw them the other evening. They have their tea about five o'clock, and those who are up go to a dining-room off the ward, where, when seated round the low table in the small chairs to match, they look like so many dolls, they are so little; and I think it would delight Mrs. Tom Thumb could take a peep at them. Those in bed, among whom is Oscar, have little wooden tables which just fit on the crib, as you saw in the picture of the Cot, and on this is set a little tray with their tea, a mug of milk, steamed cranberries, and you can see little slices of bread and butter. I think it would tempt any one to eat, though I saw one or two sad little faces that seemed to have no wish to eat. In the winter no part of the cot, they will soon improve on this at St. Mary's.

Before closing, I want to tell you what some children in New York City have been doing for the "Lionel Ward." I take it for granted you all know about Hospital Sunday, when money is collected for the hospitals. The children I want to tell you about belong to the Episcopal Chapel of the "Lionel Ward," in the city, and they collected and handed in eight dollars

from their Sunday-school on Hospital Sunday. Their superintendent thought, instead of putting their money in the general fund, like a drop in the ocean, he would send it as a gift to St. Mary's. When Sister Catherine was consulted, she said she would like very much to have a bright plate and mug for every child in the ward, making twenty-two in all, which were accordingly sent to her—very nice little round mugs, some with verses and some with flowers on them, just the right size for hands that are not very strong, but not very large, while the plates are very out-of-the-way with their different-colored pictures of children at play.

I only wish the Sunday-school which gave these heartless could have seen, as I did, the children at their tea. I think they would have felt well repaid for their work in giving the money. You all know, I am sure, in your own homes, when you are sick and don't care to eat, how much interest you suddenly feel in your tea or dinner when you find the cup or plate new and tasty-looking. I think these little children are just the same as you are, only with this exception, they don't all have pleasant homes when they are sick.

AUNT EDNA.

Thank you, dear Aunt Edna, for this kind letter. We wish you would write often to St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children, under the care of the Episcopal Sisters of St. Mary, is at 307 and 309 West Thirty-fourth Street, New York city. Any gifts for Young People's child, or for the hospital, may be sent there.

The three little letters which appear next in order in the Post-office Box this week are from three little girls, each of whom is nine years of age. One is a New Jersey girl, one lives in Kansas, and one is visiting in Virginia. The Postmistress thinks she would like to see King's family of dolls, and pop in some fine morning and peep over Rebecca's shoulder as she writes in her copy-book, and to tell May that she too bought a cake of Ivory soap and dropped it into the bath-tub, with the children at home looking on to see whether or not it would "float."

There are ever so many bright letters in this week's Post-office Box, dearies. Don't you think so too?

Please remember that I want to be told when kite time comes, and top time, and skipping-rope time, and marble time. If I forget the precise period of these diversions, you will be to blame.

LOUISA, NEW JERSEY.

I am a little girl nine years old. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since the first number, and I like it very much. I have seen Ivory soap advertised so much that I asked papa to get a cake; so he did, and it was very nice. I have a little sister Edith, three years younger than I am. We have six pets, four kittens, one cat, and a bird. I hope my letter is not too long. Good-by, dear Postmistress.

MAY W. E.

ROSEBUD, KANSAS.

I would like to join the Little Housekeepers, if I may.

I have seven dolls; their names are Helen, Hattie, Fannie, My, Myra, and Lulu, and the nurse's name is Annie. Mamma gave me a tub, wash board, wringer, scrubbing-brush, and pail; I washed my dolls' clothes in it, and it was very nice. Sister Lulu brought me a doll's chair from the East, and I have a bed for my dolls which holds five. I hemmed two wash-rags and two towels for them. Three little girls and I were very much joined with me, and we gave our dolls a Christmas-tree. We wanted to have them receive New-Year's calls, but it was so cold that we couldn't. I made my doll an autograph album.

I don't believe you know where Rockledge is. I will tell you: we live on a farm of eighty acres just outside of Lawrence, Kansas. I am the oldest Rockledge. I am a little girl just nine years old. My papa takes the MONTHLY, the WEEKLY, and

the BAZAR, besides the YOUNG PEOPLE; all Harper's publications, you see, come to our house. He also takes the *Century*, the *North American Review*, and the *World's Companion*; but I like *Young People* the best of all.

You are already a Little Housekeeper, if you can wash, iron, clear-starch, flate, and mend the clothing of all those dolls.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

I am a little girl nine years of age. I am staying now with my grandma near the city, but my home is in Kansas, where my mamma, a little sister, and two brothers live. I have been three times to Kansas City and back again to Richmond; I think I have been quite a little traveler. I go to school—have only been one session before this—and like geography and arithmetic better than other studies. I write me No. 2 copy-book, and expect to begin grammar next week. My grandma gave me *YOUNG PEOPLE* for my birthday gift. I look forward to its coming every week with much pleasure. The Christmas numbers were very beautiful.

REBECCA S. T.

This is from one of my eight-year-old boys:

ST. JOHN.

I am a little boy eight years old. I go to school. *YOUNG PEOPLE* was one of my Christmas gifts, but my papa bought last year's for me; I like the stories very much. I have three little sisters—Mary, Maggie, and Louise. We were all up at grandma's to spend Christmas, and they had a tree; I received a drum, and a box of ninepins, and a pair of skates, and lots of nice things, and the others got lots of nice things too. It was grandpa gave me *YOUNG PEOPLE*.

What a kind, sensible grandpa, to give you a present which will last a whole year!

This is from a little lady who was ten on her last birthday:

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

I am a little girl ten years old. I have taken the paper since one year ago last December; I read the Post-office Box regularly, and I enjoy it very much. If any of the numerous little girls who read this letter would write to me, I would gladly begin a correspondence, which we would enjoy, and perhaps, when we are grown, we may visit one another. My older sister has correspondents with whom she first became acquainted in this way.

NELLIE KIMBALL, care of Tribune.

SALINE, MASSACHUSETTS.

I have the YOUNG PEOPLE given to me every Christmas by a kind friend. I think it is a lovely book, and I fancy I shall never grow tired of it with me. How nice it is to think that one may read letters from all over the world! I have taken painting lessons for over a year, and now I do not need a teacher. I have a doll, and I should like to correspond with some other little girl who paints. I have no pets, except a cross old mother cat and a still crosser baby kitten. Nobody knows that I am writing this, so, dear Postmistress, please print it, if you can. Good-by.

M. K. S.

I would advise you to take lessons still in your charming accomplishment, if you wish to be an artist. What is the matter with the cross Madam Puss and the crosser Miss Kitty? Does anybody cease or plague them? If so, you must interfere, and save them from being annoyed.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl seven years old. I have two brothers and one sister. I have several pets—a little kitten, a mouse, and a big named Chas. I have two rabbits, a black and a white one; we don't know what to name them. What do you think would be pretty? I hope you will print this, for I never had one printed before.

BERTHA M. R.

Call the white rabbit *Blanche*, and the black rabbit *Sable*.

MOOREHEAD, MINNESOTA.

Our school begins at nine o'clock. The first recess we have a half-hour, and the second recess we have five minutes. We have lots of fun at recess time. School is dismissed at half past two. I do not need a teacher. My big named Charles is that it is too cold, and the other is because we are going South. I hope to write you another letter when we are gone.

CECIL E. W.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have the whooping-cough. I can't go to school. Isn't it too bad? Mamma has to teach me.

ROWLEY.

The whooping-cough is not very good fun; but think how glad you will be next winter that you have had it and are done with it!

CORRY, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little girl eleven years old. I take *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and I think it is the nicest paper in the world. I think "The Queen" is a very



nice story, and I think that all of the stories are splendid. I go to school, and I stood the highest of any one in our room. I take music lessons now. I have a very nice teacher, her name is Miss L. S. We all like her very much. I had bad luck with kittens, the same as the little boy in the Post-office Box did; that is, he wrote and said that his kittens died. I had had six or seven, but they died or ran away. F. E. H.

PLANTVILLE, CONNECTICUT.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I am writing this letter in school. My teacher wants each one in our class to write to someone, so I am going to write to you. I am a little girl eleven years old, and think that HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE are one of the best papers published. I will tell you how I spend my recesses. School begins at nine o'clock in the morning, and at twenty minutes of eleven we have a recess, which lasts until eleven o'clock. Then, at twelve o'clock, we are excused again for a recess of an hour and a quarter to go home and eat our dinners. In the afternoon we have another recess at twenty minutes of three, which lasts until three o'clock, and school is dismissed at four o'clock. Sometimes I spend my recess in the basement, but usually I stay in the school-room. When I go into the basement, one of my favorite games is house. Your little friend,

LEDA G. P.

I feel very much complimented that you chose me as your correspondent when you had permission to write to any one you pleased. I hope you may receive good marks for all your letters and compositions, Leda.

MARSHALL, MICHIGAN.

I am a little girl twelve years old. My pets are a dog named Beppo, a fawn, and a canary-bird. The last two have no names; can some one suggest pretty names for them? I like to go out in the weather this winter until last night. I was over at my grandmother's, whose yard joins ours, and it began to blow and snow so that the paths were drifted, and one had to jump over the fence we could get home. And I could not go to school this morning, because the snow-plough did not get around in time to make the paths before school. I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE ever since it commenced, and now have four very pretty volumes bound. It commenced on my eighth birthday, the 4th of November, 1879.

N. AMELIA GORHAM F.

FAIRVIEW, MASSACHUSETTS.

I have never written to you before, so mamma asked me why I didn't, and I thought I would. I have not taken YOUNG PEOPLE very long, but I like it very much; two of my brothers (one who is older and one who is younger) and I take it all together. I have a little brother three years old, who enjoys very much to look at the pictures. I have no sisters, but I want one just awfully. I am eleven years old. I go to school, and study geography, arithmetic, spelling, reading, grammar, music, and drawing. We have two sessions, one in the morning from nine o'clock until twelve, and another from half-past one until four o'clock in the afternoon. Sometimes we have one session, if it rains or snows, that is from nine o'clock until two o'clock. I am afraid my letter is getting almost too long, so I will stop now. I remain ever your friend,

CARIE G. V. B.

GARMANSON, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have not seen any letters in the Post-office Box from Germantown, so I thought I would write one. I am nine years old, and go to school, and attend excellent schools, which begin at nine o'clock in the morning and close at twelve, reopen in the afternoon at two and close at four. I have thirty minutes' recess in the morning and fifteen minutes in the afternoon. I live so far from the school that I can not go home to dinner during the winter; so after I take my letter, I go to the rooming of the Young People's Christian Association, and read until time for school. I am a member of the Boys' Branch, and think it very nice, and wish every little boy could join. I enjoy YOUNG PEOPLE very much, and can scarcely wait until it comes.

GEORGE E. P.

BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN.

I am a little boy about four years old, and I will be five next birthday. I like YOUNG PEOPLE and have very nice times riding down-hill on my sled. I have a nice little snow-shovel that my papa made me, and sometimes I shovel paths for my mamma. I wonder how many children have written to you. My sister Nettie reads the stories to me that are in her YOUNG PEOPLE, and the letters in the Post-office Box too. Nettie and I each have a sled, but her tips are made of ice, so not nice. Nettie is going to write to you some day.

Of course such a little boy can not write. But I made this letter, and mamma wrote it for me. I send you my love.

FREDDIE J. M.

LEASVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA.

I am fourteen years old. I made the money to pay for my YOUNG PEOPLE by sewing for the

black people. I get a lot of sewing from them. I have to sew very cheaply, because they are so poor, and sometimes I have to wait a long time for my money, but I don't care, for I feel very good for them. My little brother Jim learned the "Three Little Bears" by heart. He says it is so sweet and funny you would laugh to hear him. He is six years old. I like the Post-office Box more than all the rest of the paper. Mamma made a Grandma cake. It was very nice.

ADDIE LEONA R.

NEW YORK CITY.

I am twelve years old, and I have made the "Nautilus" for my daddy, and she looks so cunning in it! All the children write about what pets they have, but I have not got any except my little brother seven years old, and he is almost too big to be called a pet. I go to school, and so does my brother. I love my studies and like my teacher. I study Latin, but I do not like it very much, for it is pretty hard, but I am very fond of spelling and arithmetic. I am in Long Division. As I am sick in bed, my auntie is writing for me. Will you please print this letter, for my mamma is sick, and I would like her to see it in print. Good-by.

LULU N. S.

Latin will grow easy after a while, and you will be very glad you have studied it. Brothers are never too big to be petted, dear. Pet yours all you can. I hope mamma will soon be well.

CHESTER HILL, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am a little girl ten years old. I wrote you a letter last year, and as you were kind enough to print it, I thought I would write to you again. I do not go to school this winter, but my mamma teaches me at home. The snow is falling here now, and we have such fun coasting. My brother, who is twelve years old, is making a long double runner; do you not think he is very smart for his age? I am very fond of sewing, and I made mine of my Christmas presents.

E. BESSIE D.

ALBERT LEE, MINNESOTA.

I am a little girl nine years old. My sister and I take YOUNG PEOPLE, and we like it very much. We have no pets, except a little brother only three years old. I go to school, and study spelling, reading, writing, drawing, geography, arithmetic, and physiology. I like physiology the best of all my studies. I am in the fifth grade. My mother says I may join the Little Housekeepers to you later, but I do not want to leave my little girl that has written from Albert Lee.

MAY E. W.

CLINTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

As I have seen and read your letters in the Post-office Box, I thought that you might find a little corner to put in one of mine. I know that you like descriptions of places, so I will describe my home. Clinton, I expect, some day will become a great city. It seems now like a city. We have very beautiful buildings here, most of which have been built in the latest style. There are a great many beautiful shade trees, which make the streets very nice in summer.

My home is quite a distance from the stores, but I do not mind the walk, as it does me a great deal of good. Our house is surrounded by a nice lawn on all sides, and at the back is the barn and hen-coop. My father's land leads down to the Nashua River, which is beautiful both in summer and winter. It is frozen up now, so there is some nice skating. As I do not skate, I can not so much enjoy the ice, but make up for it in summer, when I go on boat rides. I am sure that I have a great deal of fun wading. I know that all who could see my home would like it, and I wish every one to see it.

My pets are not numerous, but precious, so I will mention them. There are a cat named Tiger and a bird named Topsy. I am very fond of all kinds of animals, especially cats and dogs. I am making a silk quilt by the crazy pattern. If any of the girls would like to exchange pieces of silk, satin, or velvet with me, I should be very happy to do so.

LENA E. SCHMIDT, P. O. Box 745.

CHILMARK, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl nine years old, and take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I am very much interested in "The Ice Queen," "The Snow-Queen," and "Little Vig's Adventure." I have a very nice wax doll that will cry, but she don't shed tears as we do. I have a dear little sister; she is three years old. Her name is Maud. Maud has seven dolls.

GRACE S.

Thanks for pleasant letters to Sallie C., Bessie S. M., Albert B. O., Eddie G. M. W., Edwin C. M., M. C. K., Laura C. W., Gertrude E. T., Mattie A. N., Rebecca C., Mary K., Amy A. B., Paul M., George W., Mamie W., Lizzie T., Laura F. B., Edward P. W., May W., Mattie H., Artie C., Josephine C., Douglas H., Thomas L. S., Tom S. J., Richard Baron F., Gertrude F., Mertie N., Lena Y., Rebecca I.

F. M. S. L., Hallie A. B., Cora L. C. T., Lillie S. S., Bell W. B., Clara W., and A. H. B. B. Robert F.: Thank you very much for your letter and the pretty picture of the binder, which will be a great convenience to many.—S. G.: Your arrangement is satisfactory.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

CRABBE.

My first is heard in tones of strife,  
But you never saw it in all your life.  
My second happened to Johnny Green,  
The vainest boy that ever was seen.  
And Widow Black, who found my whole,  
Is now a very happy soul. JACK D.

No. 2.

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

— n — s — a — l — w — o — s — o — m — k — a — u — m — t —  
ELSIE.

No. 3.

WORDS LEFT OUT.

A poor old — went forth — day  
To try and find a —  
She wore a — of —  
And tried to walk in jauntily;  
Though daily she grew  
— I could find no sense plump  
"I'd be," she thought, "a jolly —  
No — she found, but hanging —  
Was Daisy's little —  
Who sang as if to pierce the —  
Poor hungry — did — and  
"I'll have you in a —"  
From out that cage oh! — so —  
A dainty thing you'd be —."

She made a — she could not —  
The — singing louder —  
And pouring forth as if in —  
To pass it sounded like a —  
A prouder —  
"Dear, dear!" she cried with —  
"I wish I had you dainty —"  
Just then came Daisy, running fast,  
With — in —  
"Poor ass, you shall be — —;  
You have — of — shall —  
I see you're looking —  
But let the little — — me."  
— MOTHER BUNCH.

No. 4.

TWO GRAMS.

1.—My first is in Jefferson.  
My second is in Madison.  
My third in Washington.  
My fourth in Jackson.  
My fifth in Monroe.  
My sixth in Fillmore.  
My seventh in Lincoln.  
My eighth in Polk.  
My ninth is in Polk.  
My tenth is in Adams.  
My whole was one of the Presidents of the United States. BUDDY.

2.—First is, last is in capital.  
Second in run and in fun.  
Third in blast, not in fast.  
Fourth in lance, not in dance.  
My whole is the name of an English town.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 231.

No. 1 — T L N  
C A N D Y  
L I N C O L N  
S C O L D  
O L D

No. 2 Flower, Valentine.

The answer to the Washington's Birthday Riddle in page 286 of No. 231 is "to persevere in one's duty, and to be silent, is the best answer to calumny." — Washington.

The answer to "Who was he?" is William Cullen Bryant.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from H. E. Carver, Mamie Allen, Emma P., Florence Randall, Rebecca S. I., Amy Jones, Tommy Carrickson, William S. Timpson, Nettie J. Martin, A. J. Scott, Joseph S. Gazzetta, Walter Watters, W. A. Connelly, Maggie Coppens, Marguerite D., Ellis McEwen, Anson West, Robert Parr, Anthony Rowell, R. R. K., and Emma Price Fries.

[For Enigmas, see 24 and 25 pages of cover.]



HOW MANY FOXES HAVE WE HERE?

## A BATTLE OF SNAKES.

ON a bare spot in a great field far in the West a large rattlesnake lay coiled and basking in the sun. Little did he dream that a mortal enemy was on his trail. But any one standing near might have seen the king of coilers, in his bright black garb, slowly approaching. The assailant was small, not thicker than a thumb nor longer than a yard-stick. He glided along, now raising his glittering head and darting fire from his eyes. Stealthily he moved on toward the great rattlesnake. Between them was a small log, a part of an old fallen tree; just beyond it lay the rattler.

When the little warrior came to this log he raised nearly half his body from the ground, standing on his tail, as a fiery horse rears before he strikes a powerful blow with his fore-hoofs. Beholding his spotted enemy he uttered a terrific hiss, and like a flash of lightning sped to the side of the rattlesnake. Now came a contest between science and skill on one side, and strength and deadly venom on the other. The little snake, with a skill and knowledge of its foe, did not strike home at first. The startled rattler coiled and sounded the alarm. The assailant spun round and round, with its little eyes darting baleful fire into the eyes of its opponent, and as it completed each circle sought a chance for a sure and deadly blow.

But the other made the inner and shorter whirl with its head and neck to evade the same, and in order to strike a crushing blow itself; its great fangs glittered, and all the while the terrific rattles played deadly music. Finally the rattler raised and struck, but his fangs were dodged by the expert assailant, and they bit the earth, while the little reptile quickly closed, and struck his teeth into the back of the rattler's neck. And now the scene became terrific beyond description.

The great snake turned and twisted, with widely opened mouth, uttering a horrid noise as the rattling and death-struggle increased. For a time the rattler kept its coils as closely together as possible to prevent the next crushing move of its enemy, and tried in vain to twist and shake him off with short sudden blows. But with a skill beyond human understanding, the assailant held its little body clear of the poisonous fangs, and kept its hold firmly.

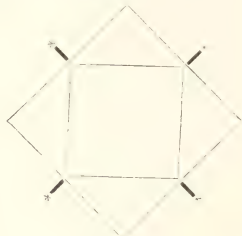
In despair, the rattler raised his head, as if summoning all his strength for a final effort. But in the twinkling of an eye, as a whip-lash twines around the tree, his enemy had coiled himself around the rattler, and tightening

his grasp with a startling power, crushed the monster in a second. When the breathless head of the rattler had fallen to the earth, the little victor slowly uncoiled himself, unloosened his hold, and having snuffed the air of victory, darted off to other fields of conquest.

## THE SQUARE FIELD.

[ANSWER TO PUZZLE IN NO. 226.]

THE farmer enlarged his field in this way: He added to the square as shown in the outer lines, so that the square form was still preserved, and the trees still remained on the outside.



## ENIGMA.

BOB and Dan went up a tree  
To look for nests of birds.  
Young Bob's foot tripped,  
And he'd have slipped  
But for three little words.

These wordies meant to "take fast hold."

Poor Bobby shouted loudly.

His mate turned round,

And with one bound

He hauled him back quite proudly.

These wordies three, now backward read;

Surprised you will be, rather.

It seems absurd—

There's but ONE word

Laid on them by their father.

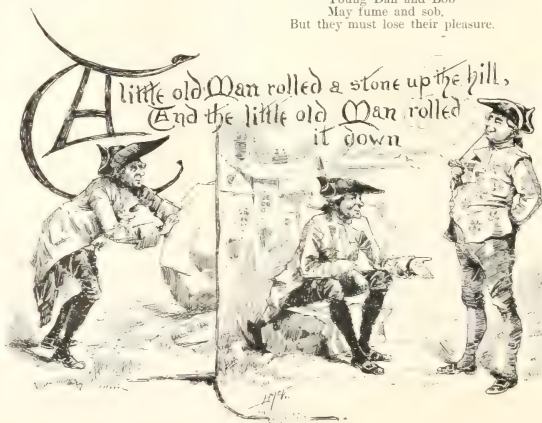
That word prevents their climbing trees

And searching high for treasure.

Young Dan and Bob

May fume and sob,

But they must lose their pleasure.



HARPER'S

# YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 28.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Tuesday, March 11, 1884.

ESTABLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$1.50 per Year, in Advance.



THE FAIR FOR SICK DOLLS.—SEE STORY ON PAGE 290.

## THE FAIR FOR SICK DOLLS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," ETC.

I.

"JUST think of it, girls! If we could have a fair all by ourselves, a regular fair, with all kinds of things to sell, how nice it would be! And we'd be doing lots of good, you know, for that's what all fairs do;" and Amy Morrell looked around at her companions as she spoke, much as if she expected to hear an outburst of delight.

"Fairs are nice for grown people, of course, for they know just what to have them for, and what to do with the money," said Ria Morse, doubtfully. "I'd like to have a fair, if we only knew what to have it for."

"Of course we know what we want it for;" and Guida Dalton, with a broken and ragged doll under her arm, pushed her way into the very centre of the group of girls in the school-house yard. "We want it to get money for sick and destitute dolls; and my Johanna Abigail looks as if she needed a good many things."

"Now that would be nice!" exclaimed Ria, all look of doubt vanishing from her face. "Of course our dolls are not destitute, but some of them look as if they were, and if all you girls will bring your bad-looking dolls over to my house, we'll see how many of them need a fair."

Fairs had been quite the fashion in Bangor during the two months before the girls of Deacon Littlefield's school thought of holding one. There had been fairs to aid the church fund, fairs for the Old Ladies' Home, and fairs for almost every charitable object, until it surely seemed as if a fair in aid of sick and destitute dolls, as Guida had suggested, was the very thing that was needed. The girls of Bangor had never thought of holding one before, but they had read of the sums of money other children had earned for this or that worthy object by having fairs, and had longed to have one of their own, until, after so many had been held by the grown people, they could resist no longer.

This one in aid of the dolls was really decided upon as soon as Guida had suggested the object of it, and even though it had not been put to vote as to whether the fair should be held, only the details remained to be settled.

As soon as the girls could get home and gather their families together they started for Ria Morse's house, each one's head as full of plans for this newly discovered charity as her arms were full of afflicted-looking dolls.

Amy Morrell brought Jennie and Constantina Lovely, the former having lost a foot, an arm, and a portion of her head, while the latter had been deprived of nearly everything save a kid body and a pink tarlatan skirt.

Ria Morse had Josephine Fitzpatrick and Dinah Jones, the maid. Josephine surely needed aid from some quarter, for nearly half of her flaxen hair was gone, one waxen cheek had been crushed, and the sawdust had run out of her body until she was very limp and discouraged-looking. Dinah had seen quite as hard usage as her mistress had, for she no longer had a foot to stand on, if she had wanted to stand, and both arms had been cut off at the elbow.

Guida Dalton's Miss Rebecca Mary Helen Thompson and John James Jeremiah were very evenly mated in affliction, the first being without a head, but still retaining a blue silk dress, while Johnnie's face was completely crushed in, and his coat, as Guida said, "was a sight to behold." Johanna Abigail also accompanied Guida, looking decidedly the worse for wear.

The other girls brought all kinds of dolls in all stages of decay. There were porcelain dolls without heads, kid dolls without arms, and muslin dolls without feet; there were dolls that looked sick because of the dirt on their faces, and those that looked even more sick because their faces had been washed too often; but in whatever condition they were, they all looked as if a fair would certainly do them no harm, even if it did them no good.

After the dolls had been gathered together, and it was seen that there were sick and disabled ones enough to warrant the holding of the fair, the question arose as to what each member of the association would contribute in the way of articles to be sold. One promised a toilet set, which she was sure she could make in a week, providing no unusually difficult lessons were given out in school during that time; another agreed to knit a tidy; a third had a piece of worsted-work nearly done; and, in fact, there were so many promises made that, if they were all kept, it would be rather a difficult matter to find a place large enough in which to hold the fair.

Guida proposed that, among other things, they should have a table for refreshments, over which she would preside, and that each one should bring something eatable, in addition to their other contributions, so that the supply would be large enough for all who might want to purchase.

Of course all these promises were made to depend upon their parents' consent to the plan; but it was thought that would not be withheld when the charitable purpose of the fair was explained.

"We've got dolls enough that need assistance," said Amy, after the unimportant details had been discussed, "and we've got things enough promised to have plenty to sell; but where are we going to have the fair?"

Singularly enough no one had thought before of this very important detail of the charitable entertainment, and no one made any reply for some moments, when Ria said:

"I think mother would let us have it right here in the dining-room, and, if you'll wait, I'll go and ask her."

In a few moments after Ria left the room she returned with her mother, Mrs. Morse looking sadly perplexed by the unexpected request, and yet not quite prepared to refuse decidedly.

"We can have it right here in the dining-room, mother, and it will be only for one afternoon and evening," Ria was saying as she entered the room, and the other girls knew by her words that the request had not been granted as readily as Ria had seemed to think it would be.

"But you would need all day in which to get ready for the entertainment, and where could we have our meals?"

"Why—why couldn't we get along just for one day without anything, mother? I'm sure, when you were getting ready for the old ladies' fair, you said any one ought to be willing to put up with a good many inconveniences for the sake of such an object."

"I hardly think your dolls need assistance as much as the Old Ladies' Home did," said Mrs. Morse, with a smile. And then, as she seemed to be trying to make up her mind as to how she could further the object, while all the girls stood around in anxious expectancy, Ria asked, entreatingly.

"Can't we have our meals in the sitting-room?"

"That would hardly be wise; but if you will be very good children, and keep everything as clean as possible, I will let you have the sitting-room; but the fair must close in the evening as early as ten o'clock."

Of course every one was perfectly willing to agree to such a reasonable demand, and for some moments the excitement was very great. All seemed to be talking at the same time, and as a matter of course no one could understand what the other was trying to say.

But Mrs. Morse brought order out of the confusion very speedily by reminding the girls that nothing could be really decided upon until after each one had gotten her mother's permission to have the fair, and that it would then be time enough to discuss the details.

This suggestion had the effect of sending Ria's friends home at once; but before supper-time nearly every one



came back, just for a moment, to say that her mother was willing she should take part in the fair.

Then the labor of preparing for the entertainment was begun, and no one had had any idea before of how much work it was necessary to do before even a small fair could be held. There were toilet sets to make, tidies to knit, neck-ties to be made for both boys and girls, dolls that were to be on sale to be dressed, and above all the sick and destitute dolls, who were to attend in a body, were to be dressed exactly alike, what there was left of them to dress, in order that those who came to the fair might see upon whom they were bestowing their charity.

Mrs. Morse had promised that they should have tables on which to display their wares, and that Guida should have a large one for the refreshment counter, which it was expected would be the most successful feature of the fair. Each girl was to have something to sell, and contributions were solicited from parents in order that they might supply the great number it was believed would attend.

The important matter was the subject of so much conversation that Deacon Littlefield was obliged to issue orders against his pupils speaking of it during study hours, and this very command but served to advertise it the more.

Of course, united by a common object as they were, the girls walked home from school together each day. About a week before the Saturday on which the fair was to be held they were surprised by seeing half a dozen boys approaching just as they were leaving the school-house yard.

Guida's brother was among them, and as the girls reached the street he said, while the other boys gathered around him, as if to show that they had chosen him as spokesman,

"If you girls are goin' to have a fair, we want to know if you will let us in with you."

"Why, of course you can come," said Guida, quickly. "And we're going to have lots of things that you'll want to buy."

"We don't mean to come in that way," said Charley; "we want to be partners with you, an' help you run it."

"But that wouldn't do at all," and Ria looked really distressed because of the utter impossibility of acceding to Charley's request. "You see, we are going to have it for the relief of poor dolls, and you boys don't know anything about dolls."

"Perhaps we don't," said Harry Morse; "but we know a good deal more about fairs than you do, an' you'll be sorry if you don't let us run it with you. We can mix up the lemonade, an' cook the oysters; an' we could get up a regular minstrel show if you wanted it."

"But we're not going to have lemonade or oysters, and I'm sure we don't want any minstrel show," said Ria, her face flushing a little as she thought of the slight put upon their fair by even the suggestion of such a thing.

"Well, if you don't want anything like that done, we can help you through with it in a lot of ways," persisted Charley. "You girls never can do anything of that kind unless you get us boys to help you."

"But we want you to come and buy the things," said Amy; "and if every one should help get up the fair, we shouldn't have any customers."

"All right," said Charley, as he walked away, motioning the other boys to follow him. "You won't let us in when we're willin' to put the thing through right for you, an' now we'll jest wait an' see what a mess you'll make of it. There's one thing I can tell you, an' that is that you'll be awful sorry next Saturday 'cause you didn't take us in; an' you jest look out for what we're goin' to do."

Then the boys walked on, while the girls trembled as they thought with fear of the threat implied in Charley Dalton's words.

## TOM FAIRWEATHER AT MADAGASCAR.

BY LIEUTENANT E. W. STURDY, U. S. N.

WHILE running down the Indian Ocean and approaching the Mozambique Channel, the *Neptune* did not encounter the favorable winds and currents that Captain Fairweather had expected. He therefore announced his intention of giving up his proposed visit to the Comoro Islands.

"I wish to look into Bembatooka Bay, on the northwest coast of Madagascar," said he, "where is the port of Majunga, and we haven't much time before we are due at Cape Town."

Tom was a little disappointed by this, for he was never tired of visiting new places; but as he had been told that there was not much to attract or interest one at the island of Johanna, he was able to play the philosopher pretty well.

"Tell me something about Madagascar," he said to his father; "that is, if I am not in your way, and may walk up and down the deck with you."

"Well, Tom, I am glad to have you walk with me, but I don't know that I can tell you much that will interest you about this island of Madagascar. The port of Majunga, whither we are bound, is in size next to the capital, Antananarivo. Let me hear you pronounce that name."

"Andy and révo," said Tom.

"No, that isn't right; put the accent on *nan*, the third syllable, and you will always remember it—Antananarivo."

"Oh yes, that is easy—Antananarivo; and it's a pretty name too."

"Yes, the language of the Malagassy people is a musical one; it abounds in vowels, and although there are some dialects in use in different parts of the island, the same language prevails nearly everywhere, and all tribes understand each other."

"There are a number of these tribes, who have their own chiefs, and I suppose they have fought one against another from the beginning of time. The *Sakalavas*, on the western side, used to be the strongest, but about the beginning of this century the *Hovas*, one of the central tribes, had a chief called Radama, who was very shrewd and powerful. He conquered all the tribes with which he came in conflict, and claimed to be the ruler of the whole island. He called himself King Radama I., and procured from the Governor of Mauritius arms by which he maintained his rule. The religion of the people had before that been a sort of idol worship, but Radama allowed missionaries to come, who taught the Christian religion, formed schools, and reduced the language to a written form."

"Everything went on very prosperously until Radama died, at the age of thirty-six. One of his wives, the Princess Rānavālona, seized the royal authority, and the aspect of affairs changed very seriously. She did not believe in the Christian religion, and so declared it unlawful. She made the missionaries leave the island, and for nearly thirty years persecuted those natives who would not disavow publicly their Christian belief. She drove some over precipices, burned others at the stake, and all that were left who were not in fetters hid themselves in the mountains."

Rānavālona died in 1861, and was succeeded by her son, Radama II. He encouraged the missionaries to return, and re-opened the island to foreign trade. He was a good king, but fell a victim to his rivals, who murdered him in his palace just after he had signed a treaty with the French Company. His wife, Rasoberina, succeeded him, but ruled only five years. When she died, in 1868, Rānavālona II. came into power. This Queen not only publicly recognized Christianity, but was baptized herself. Moreover, she caused the royal idols to be burned. She died, how



HOUSE OF A GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL AT MADAGASCAR.

ever, in August, 1883, and has been succeeded by Rânavalona III. Madagascar is now becoming rapidly civilized and educated."

A day or two after this conversation the *Neptune* came to anchor off Majunga. This town, situated close down to the water, is inhabited by Sakalavas, Arabs, and negroes, while the Hova garrison lives in a fort on a hill-top near by. Among the smaller houses and huts a few two-storied stone buildings stood out conspicuously. The country around was well wooded, the most prominent tree being the mango.

The *Neptune* had been anchored hardly half an hour when a boat was seen approaching from the shore. It contained a deputation of two Hova officers, sent to express the Governor's pleasure at the ship's arrival. One of these officers, called Rakotovo, was a son of the Governor, and was known in the language of the country as a six-honor man (sixteenth, however, being the highest). Both were in white European dress, with very neat straw hats—a head-gear that the Hovas always wear except on very great occasions. Tom thought to himself that they would have been much more interesting and picturesque in their native costume. This, however, has been pretty well discarded throughout the island. The young men were light in complexion, and appeared intelligent; they did not look like negroes.

Tom afterward learned that the Hova race differs from all others in Madagascar—that they resemble in a striking manner the Polynesians or the Malays. The first question they asked, through an interpreter, was, "How is the American President?" and this with an air of anxiety, as though they had fears that he might be ill. So Captain Fairweather inquired, with equal concern, after the health of Madagascar's Queen. Rakotovo took out a pencil and paper and wrote down the name of the ship and her captain, the number of guns, men, etc., following the same routine that is adopted in American and European ports. It was like playing at civilization, and was very amusing.

Captain Fairweather informed them that later in the day he should visit the Governor, and when in the afternoon he was on his way with Tom and a party of officers, he was met by the same persons, who told him that the

Governor was quite ready to receive him. The visiting party was turned over to the care of an interpreter, who conducted them to one of the large stone houses, up a ladder, and into a room. The room was not very clean; the floor was covered with matting, and several tables were piled up with glass and crockery ware, all very dusty.

The *Neptune's* officers were given to understand that they were to wait for the formation of a procession which would take them to the Governor in high state. Presently drums and wheezy old instruments were heard under the window, playing a mixture of tunes, foreign and native. Then, mingled with the noise of the band, were heard the clanking of arms and a confusion of orders. When they were notified that the palanquins were ready, they went down to the street, and found a guard of a dozen men drawn up.

The visitors got into the palanquins, and the guard marched off in single file, headed by an officer in a very fluffy black hat, who also carried a huge cimier, which he waved with great solemnity. Then came the band and the palanquins, the whole procession being surrounded by natives. Shortly they halted, and the escort uncovered their heads to render homage to the flag of Queen Rânavalona, which was waved over them.

Then on again up the hill to the fort—a very rude affair surrounded by a deep ditch. At each side of the gate was a gun, and behind it a guard of five or six men, also commanded by a man with a fluffy hat. This guard saluted, and the procession passed on through several gates into a large square, where the palanquins were set down. On the opposite side from the entrance was a group of persons in all varieties of European costumes. In the centre was the Governor; he wore a black frock-coat, white corduroy trousers, a crimson velvet cap with a gold band, and a white shirt. Tom's attention was attracted by his remarkably tall and stiff black stock. In his hand he held a cimier more crooked and unwieldy than any of the others.

As Captain Fairweather and his party approached the Governor they saw how difficult it was for him to move his head in his huge stock. He managed to turn stiffly to his interpreter, however, and to say something, which, translated, was, "Salute Queen Madagascar." Then he swung his sword, and shouted some order, following it with a "Shall'er ar!" (Shoulder arms).

Immediately the troops made a varied movement with their muskets.

"Face!" shouted the Governor, and all the soldiers turned their backs to the Governor, and faced the gate.

"Resent—ar!" and the troops made a good imitation of presenting arms. The band played, and every one took off his hat.

The next salute was for the American President, which was accomplished in the same way, except that every one turned in the opposite direction.

After this the Governor unbent a little, and taking Captain Fairweather by the hand, led him into a large room, whither the officers followed. On a table covered with a white cloth were a bottle of liqueur, a carafe of water, and several glasses. The Governor signified that the bottle should be opened, and a small quantity of the liqueur was poured into each glass. The health of the Queen of Madagascar was drunk, then that of the President of the United States, and afterward the Governor's and Captain Fairweather's.

The Governor said: "How is the President? How is everybody in America? What is the news?"



TOM'S LEMUR

Captain Fairweather replied: "The President is very well. Everybody in America is pretty well. There is no news, except that everybody is pleased to know that the Queen of Madagascar is doing so well."

The Governor's next remark was: "Very glad to see American Captain; see plenty French Captain; not many American."

"Yes," answered his visitor, "I see a good many dhows with the French flag lying at anchor."

"Want to see native dance?" asked the Governor.

Yes, Captain Fairweather would be delighted to see a native dance; so they were all taken out again to the square, where were many women dressed in long white sheets.

The band struck up a native air, and the women formed in line. As they began to move to the music in a body they appeared like a huge white centipede. Their heads made a black backbone, their hands black claws. The claws began to wave, the centipede turned its head to the spectators, and advanced with a slow, writhing motion. The music grew faster, the claws swung more rapidly, and the centipede crawled steadily on. It was a wild and fantastic exhibition.

Suddenly the music stopped; the centipede broke up and fell to pieces in the sand. The entertainment was over. With mutual good wishes and compliments the interview ended. The troops fell into line; the men in fluffy hats took charge, and with pomp and ceremony the visitors were escorted back to the town, from whence they took their way to the ship.

Said Tom to his father: "I wish the Governor would come on board to visit you. I'd like to see some more of those funny people."

"Well, he may. I invited him, but told him I must sail to-morrow afternoon."

The next morning Tom was on deck, gazing eagerly shoreward for some signs of a move on the part of the Governor. He had almost given up expecting anything, when he saw a commotion on the beach, and a boat being manned. He ran to the quartermaster and borrowed his glass. "The Governor is coming!" he cried, and down he went to tell his ward-room friends.

Sure enough, the Governor and his staff came, and in costumes of which they were very proud. The Governor was dressed like an ambassador; the second in command wore a scarlet frock-coat and epaulets; another had on the cast-off coat of an English marine. Altogether they were very magnificent. One asked for a Bible, another for a missionary (meaning, of course, that a missionary should be sent to Majunga). But what delighted Tom the most was the present to him personally of a ring-tailed lemur, a curious little animal, something like a cat, and which is found only in Madagascar and perhaps in the Comoro Islands, an affectionate, loyal little creature. Tom's lemur soon became very fond of him, and was never so happy as when perched upon his shoulder. At times it uttered little plaintive cries like a baby, but ceased always when Tom appeared. These animals are fierce little fellows when first caught, but are tractable and easily tamed.

Tom deserted the Governor, not even knowing when he left the ship. He was aroused from his interest in his new pet by the call of "All hands up anchor!"



HOVA OFFICERS IN THEIR NATIVE DRESS.

## THE HOMELY PROPHET.

BY JOEL BENTON.

AN Eastern sage of curious name,

With ugly face and crooked eyes,

Acquired of old unmeasured fame

By simply being learned and wise.

He often went to foreign parts;

And knew and told such wondrous things,

He won the common people's hearts,

And caught the ear of courts and kings.

Once when an Emperor asked his aid

Before the court whereto he went,

The lords and ladies, much arrayed,

Were struck with endless merriment

To see a visage so uncouth,

So destitute of form and grace;

And gibes of age and sneers of youth

Fell heartlessly before his face.

The Emperor's daughter, full of mirth,

As witty comments ran and spread,

Asked him how wisdom could have birth

In such a shapeless, ugly head.

With temper cool and words as meek

As if no insult had been thought,

He asked the Princess then to seek

Her father's wine, and some was brought.

"What!" said the sage. "Do you bestow

In carthen jars this wine I see?"

The common people, you should know,

Do this; of gold *your* jars should be."

Whereat the Princess bade her slave

Transfer the wine as she was told;

But when she found the taste it gave

By being put in jars of gold,

She asked the sage to tell her why

The value of the wine had fled,

So, while the crowd was standing by,

The sage with fervent unctious said:

"Tis not the vessel that we scan;

All value in its contents lies.

When Beauty scorns the homeliest man,

We see that Beauty is not wise."



## MR. THOMPSON AND THE WASP.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

"BUZZ, Z-Z, buzz, z-z, buzz, z-z," said the wasp, flying unpleasantly close to Mr. Thompson's ear. "Buzz, buzz. I believe that you are the same man that knocked down my nest a day or two ago. Buzz, buzz-z-z," and the wasp made a vicious dash at Mr. Thompson's nose. Poor Mr. Thompson did not understand him, so he was unable to deny the charge.

Presently the wasp seemed tired of annoying him, and flew away. Mr. Thompson had finished reading his newspaper, and was musing in a half-drowsy fashion when it returned. This time it seated itself upon the arm of Mr. Thompson's chair.

"Well, what are you after now?" Mr. Thompson murmured, as he watched the insect swaying its slender body up and down as if getting its stinger ready for action.

"Are you the man that knocked my house down?"

"I?" repeated Mr. Thompson, in surprise. "No; why, I—I didn't know you had a house."

"I had one almost finished, and some one knocked it down, and now it is so dry that it is almost impossible to get mud to build another," replied the wasp.

"That is too bad," said Mr. Thompson. "Where is it?"

"Over in the shed. Come and see it," answered the wasp.

Mr. Thompson says that he don't know how it was done, but he suddenly found himself sitting on the other arm of the chair, looking first at himself, then at his new friend, and trying to make out which was Mr. Thompson and which was the wasp.

"Wait for a moment until you get used to it," said the wasp, good naturedly.

"I will," replied Mr. Thompson. "In the mean time may I inquire your name?"

"Well, it's hard to say. Some say that I belong to the family of Eumenidae, but the great Linneus says that both I and my cousin Hornet belong to the family Vespidae. However, I notice that you men usually refer to me as 'that horrid wasp,' so I have taken that name, and call myself Mr. H. Wasp, at your service."

"Where did you come from?" pursued Mr. Thompson.

"I don't know. I guess we've always been here. The Indians have a legend that when the world was created the good spirit and the evil spirit divided control of the animals. They got along well until they came to the bumble-bees. Both wanted them. Finally they agreed to divide, and the good spirit took his share, and made honey-bees of them, while the evil spirit took his, and changed them into wasps; a few who were away from their nests remained bumble-bees."

"I don't believe that story," said Mr. Thompson, who detested anything that he thought wasn't true.

"Neither do I," answered Mr. Wasp. "But come on, and I'll show you how we build our houses."

They rose lightly from the chair, and flew side by side toward the shed where Mr. Wasp said his house was situated. On their way they paused for a moment at the pump, where Mr. Thompson saw a number of wasps industriously at work gathering mud out of which to build their houses. Each wasp was engaged in selecting the softest and most clayey portions of the mud, carefully avoiding the bits of gravel, which now appeared to Mr. Thompson to be the size of cobble-stones. After watching them for a few moments they continued their journey to the shed, where, under the roof, Mr. Thompson saw a number of patches of mud, which looked as if the children might have thrown them there. Mr. Wasp alighted near one, and Mr. Thompson followed his example.

"Here," said Mr. Wasp, "is my house. You see it is hardly completed. Three cells are done; there are two more to finish yet. My wife is at work upon them now. She has just gone off to get a spider or a fly to put in this cell before laying an egg and walling it up."

"A spider or a fly?" queried Mr. Thompson.

"Yes," answered Mr. Wasp. "We make these houses not for ourselves, but for our children. There are from two to six cells in each house, about half an inch long, and as large around as a lead-pencil. In one end of each we put two or three spiders or flies, which we sting so as not to kill, but only to stupefy them; then the egg is laid, and the cell is walled up. After a time the egg hatches, and a white grub or larva makes its appearance. The grub lives upon the flies and bugs which we have stored up for its food until its wings begin to sprout, when it eats its way out of the house as a perfect wasp."

Just at this moment Mrs. Wasp made her appearance, with an immense blue-bottle in her arms, almost as large as herself. This she rolled into a ball, and placed carefully in the further end of the unfinished tube.



"Do you all live in this way?" asked Mr. Thompson.  
 "Oh no," replied Mr. Wasp. "Some of us live in holes in the ground, and some build houses for our young out of the same material that hornets use in making their nests."

"What is that?" inquired Mr. Thompson.

"Paper, sir, paper—and made from wood pulp, too," replied Mr. Wasp. "You men thought that you had made a great discovery when you invented a method of manufacturing paper from wood pulp. The hornets have been doing the same thing since the beginning. But I must get to work, for my house is not nearly finished. I'm sure you will excuse me."

"Certainly," replied Mr. Thompson, politely, preparing to return to his seat on the piazza.

As he flew round the house, under the porch, he brushed close to two of the boarders who were sitting there.

"Here's that horrid wasp," said one, making a vigorous slap at him with his hat.

"Shoo!" screamed the other.

Mr. Thompson sank in his chair exhausted. At the same moment he heard a voice behind him exclaim,

"Why, Mr. Thompson, where have you been?" It was Miss Angelina.

"Out in the shed, looking at the wasps' nests," replied Mr. Thompson, with a start.

"If you mean where has he been for the past two hours, I can certify that he has not stirred from that chair," said the young man who had just struck at him with his hat.

"As if I didn't know where I have been!" sniffed Mr. Thompson, as he tramped into the house in high dudgeon.

## FACING A GIANT.

A STORY OF OLD GERMANY.

BY DAVID KER.

### I.

"FRAU SCHMIDT, will you please watch mother for a little? I'm going to try if I can find father."

Christian Klein's mother was very ill—ill of a complaint called hunger, of which many people died in those cruel old times, nearly four hundred years ago. His father had been away since daybreak, in the hope of getting food for her, and now it was evening, and he had not returned. So Frau Schmidt came in, and Christian Klein went out.

Very picturesque looked the old town of Riesenburg (Giant's Tower) in the red light of sunset. Its gray old church towers, and steep, narrow streets, and queer little loop-hole-shaped windows, and tall wooden house fronts striped with white and black, all looked fairy-like in the crimson glow. High over all rose the shadowy pines that covered the rocky hill, on the brow of which stood out dark and stern the battlements of the Grand-duke Ludwig's castle.

But the towns-people were in no mood to enjoy the view, splendid though it was. To them that grand old fortress overhead was like a wolf's den or a vulture's nest. Oppressed, ground down, forced to pay such heavy taxes that they had barely enough left to live upon, and in daily terror of being murdered besides (for a prince of the fifteenth century carried all his subjects' lives in his hand), the poor wretches had no hope except that the Grand-duke might die or be killed, and that his successor might be a little less cruel and hard-hearted.

Suddenly there came a merry burst of hunting horns from the wood above, and up the narrow path leading to the castle rode a long train of green-coated horsemen, headed by a figure at sight of which every one trembled. Could a huge black bear have mounted on horseback, it would have made a very fair likeness of the terrible Grand-duke, whose chief pleasure was to go out and kill something; whether man or beast mattered not a whit.

The blast of the horns disturbed for a moment a group that had gathered around a pale, scared-looking man in the dress of a peasant, who seemed to be telling them something very startling indeed.

"I saw him with my own eyes," he was saying, "tied hand and foot upon a horse. They said he had killed one of the Grand-duke's deer, and that he's to be hunted to death for it by the stag-hounds to-morrow morning. Poor neighbor Klein!"

A faint cry broke forth behind the speaker, and he turned hastily round, but only saw a little boy disappearing behind the nearest corner.

### II.

The Grand-duke's deer park lay on the side of the hill upon which his castle stood, surrounded by a palisade so high and strong that it was no easy matter to get into it. Nor, indeed, would any one have been likely to try, for whal with the savage dogs that kept watch there all night, and what with the Grand-duke's fierce soldiers, who had orders to kill anybody that was found trespassing, whoever got in had little chance of ever getting out again.

Just as the moon rose that night a man who was pacing to and fro like a soldier on duty in an open space at the upper end of the deer park heard a slight rustling among the boughs overhead, and a small dark figure, no larger than a child, dropped almost at his feet.

The man started back; but the child, so far from being frightened, came up to him, and said, eagerly:

"Oh, please, can you tell me where the Grand-duke is? I want to see him."

The soldier stared blankly at him for a moment, and then burst into a loud, hoarse laugh:

"A brisk lad, in truth! And pray what dost *thou* want with the Grand-duke, my young prince?"

"I'm not a prince," answered the boy, simply; "I'm Christian Klein, of the Lederstrasse (Leather Street), and my father's to die to-morrow for killing one of the Grand-duke's deer. But I'm sure if the Grand-duke knew *why* he did it, he'd never be so cruel as to kill him."

"And why did he do it, then?" asked the soldier.

"Mother's dying for want of food, and father went out to try and get her some, and she's been watching for him all day, and if he don't come back she'll die—I know she will."

The man was silent for a moment, and then asked, gruffly:

"How came a slip of a boy like *thee* here at this hour of the night? Know'st thou not that the Grand-duke's blood-hounds are loose, and that we guards have orders to kill any one who enters here without leave?"

"I know that; but I don't care, if I can save father."

"A brave boy, truly," muttered the sentinel. "I doubt if any soul living would do as much for *me*. Well, lad, if thou fear'st not dogs and spearmen, art thou not afraid of the Grand-duke?"

"No," said the little hero, firmly. "I know they tell fearful stories about him, but I can't believe he's so bad as they say; and then I always think how sad and lonesome it must be for him to have everybody hating him so, and no little children to love him as I love father."

The soldier was silent for a moment, and then said, in an altered voice,

"Child, thou hast thy wish. I am the Grand-duke. Behold him now!"

He threw back his cap as he spoke, and the savage face which haunted the dreams of every man in Riesenburg stood out in all its terrors under the brightening moonlight. But, to Ludwig's unbounded amazement, the child, instead of screaming or shrinking back, sprang forward and cried, joyfully:

"Oh, I'm so glad! I thought I'd never find you, or that the soldiers wouldn't let me speak to you. You'll let father come back to us?"



"I AM THE GRAND-DUKE."

"What, after killing one of my deer?" growled Ludwig, in his harshest voice. "No! he has broken my laws, and he shall die."

The boy's face fell, and he stood for a moment as if thunder-struck, while the Grand-duke watched him keenly.

"Kill me, then, and let father go," said Christian at length. "I'm too little to work for mother, and she can do without me; but if any harm were to come to father, she would die."

As he stood there in the moonlight, with the black shadows of the wood behind him, looking fearlessly up at the grim giant, Ludwig fancied that he saw in his face a strange likeness to his own little boy who had died long ago—one of the few living things which that iron-hearted man had ever loved.

"Come with me, and show me where thy mother lives," said the Grand-duke at last. "If thou hast spoken truly, well and good; if not—"

The flash of those terrible eyes, which had never known fear or mercy, sufficiently filled up the blank, as the Prince and the peasant boy went forth together into the darkness.

III

"Good news, mother!" cried little Christian, rushing into the dark and dismal room where his sick mother was

lying all alone, for good Dame Schmidt had at length been forced to leave her.

"Who talks of good news?" answered Frau Klein, in a dreamy voice, for her mind was so weakened by hunger and distress that she hardly knew what was passing around her. "There is no good news for us, unless it please God that the Grand-duke should die."

A quick-drawn breath as of some one in pain answered her from without, and Prince Ludwig's mighty figure stalked into the room, which he surveyed wonderingly by the light of the lantern that he carried.

"The boy spake truth in very deed," muttered he. "What a place! 'Tis worse than one of my castle dungeons."

It was, indeed. The plank walls shook and groaned at every gust of wind, the mud floor was worn into countless hollows by the rain that had trickled through the cracks in the roof. The very air was chill and damp as a burial vault, and the white pinched face of the poor creature who lay helplessly on her rotting straw might well have passed for that of one already dead.

Roused by the stranger's entrance (though she did not recognize him), she rose half erect, with a look of terror in her sunken eyes.

"What has happened?" gasped she. "My husband—"

"Fear not. Thy husband shall be here within two hours," said Ludwig, turning hastily away, as if ashamed of himself. But at the door he turned again, and holding out his hands to Christian, said,

"Little one, wilt thou kiss me before I go?"

The child put his thin arms around the great thick neck, and as his wan little cheek touched the old tyrant's grim, bearded face, Ludwig's savage eyes grew dim with unwonted tears.

Two hours later Hans Klein was in his sick wife's arms, and little Christian was looking wonderingly at a packet containing the heavy gold chain that he had seen on the Prince's neck, with a slip of parchment inscribed, "From Grand-duke Ludwig to the little boy who did not hate him."

Thirty years later two men, the one in the dark robes of a monk, the other wearing the rich dress that showed him to be the Mayor of Riesenburg, stood together in the old Church of St. Adalbert, beside the marble tomb in which Grand-duke Ludwig had just been laid.

"God bless him!" said the Mayor. "If he began by doing evil, he ended by doing much good."

"Thanks to thee, Master Klein," answered the monk. "And they may well write upon thy tomb (though I trust it will be long ere thou needest one) what they have written on thy monument in the market-place yonder: 'God hath sent His angel, and shut the lion's mouth.'"



THE TALE OF A FOX.—"ONE OF MY FRIENDS HAS BEEN VERY INDISCREET."



## HINTS TO YOUNG COLLECTORS.

BY EDWARD DWIGHT.

**D**O not think that you must wait until you live where curiosities abound in order to gather a choice collection. There is no spot on this wonderful earth of ours where you can not find curious and beautiful things.

Northern Scotland is a very bare and rocky country; but a certain boy who lived there, with a great fondness for collecting, made some remarkable discoveries. One day he came across a strange impression on a stone. He kept on the lookout for more, and found many other queer things in the rocks—fish-scales, spines, tails, and sometimes entire fishes—petrified. The collection which he gathered contained many puzzling fossils. No one that he met could explain them.

While he was still a young boy he was apprenticed to a baker, and was kept hard at work learning his trade. But the desire to gather and study these fossils led him to spend every spare hour climbing the hills, and trying with hammer and chisel to unravel the record of past ages which is written in the rocks. Some of the people said he was crazy. After a time he got a book which helped him to understand and name his specimens. Gradually he became known all about as a student of geology. The baker boy grew to a baker man (Robert Dick by name), who was so thoroughly familiar with the rocks of all that region that Sir Roderick Murchison, the greatest scientist in England at that time, having heard of the baker-geologist, went to see him.

He found Mr. Dick busy making bread. Mr. Dick sprinkled the dough-board with flour, and drew with his finger in the flour a complete diagram of the rocks around him, describing their position, thickness, fossils, etc., to the astonishment of Sir Roderick. And from this collector, among very tame surroundings—a poor baker the world learned the marvellous geological history of Northern Scotland.

Many of nature's treasures are before your eyes every day—plants, insects, stones, etc.—and many more may be found near your homes by searching. A wide-awake collector will discover rich prizes in any place.

The best plan to follow when you begin collecting is to save every curious or pretty thing that you find, and that you think worth preserving—newspapers, cards, stones, soils, shells, postmarks, etc.—whatever seems particularly attractive to you. In this way you will soon have a large number of interesting things. But they will be a hodge-podge, an assortment of odds and ends, unlike each other.

Before long you will find that you care more for some of these than for others. Newspapers and postmarks will drop out of your museum; perhaps picture-cards will soon follow them; then soils and pretty pebbles will go; and so on. Your collection will consist of fewer kinds of curiosities, and of more specimens of those kinds.

Now an important point. Fix upon two or three specialties, and give all your attention to them.

The principal groups of things which you might collect are minerals, plants, fossils, sea animals, land animals, relics, moneys, and stamps. Each of these groups contains several branches, any one of which is large enough for a lifetime of studious collecting. Among minerals, ores and crystals are important subjects; among plants, there are seeds, leaves, woods, and flowers; among fossils, those of a particular state, those of a particular epoch, and those of a particular kind of life. Animals are easily divided into their classes, and relics into historical and prehistorical. Look these over carefully, and select the two or three which you prefer above all others. If you are specially interested in *one* subject, so much the better. Make that your choice. A great advantage is gained by centring your passion for collecting upon a single specialty. Only the world is large enough to hold all the remarkable

things you might find. But in one good-sized cabinet you can place all the choice specimens that you can collect of a small department of nature.

The smaller the specialty which you decide upon, the finer your collection will be. Insects are a better subject for study than animals, but beetles or flies are better yet. Though you may be somewhat interested in things outside of that one subject, give your mind specially to that.

If you obtain specimens of other kinds, exchange them for those of your kind. In this way you will soon have an admirable collection. The collector who chooses a narrow specialty, and does his best with it, will surely make his mark. He will become thoroughly posted on one topic, and the study of it will become a source of constant enjoyment to him. In that field he will be entirely at home, and an authority. He will discover facts for himself, and add to the world's treasures of knowledge. This is the course which all the great naturalists and scientists have followed.

I know a musician who has as fine a collection of butterflies and moths as can be found anywhere. In his early boyhood he gathered all sorts of curious things. Then he collected only insects, and then only this special order of insects (Lepidoptera). He made the study of them his chief recreation. In his business travels he always kept his hobby in view. He has thousands of these insects, from every part of the world. Of some species he has the only known specimens, for which the British Museum has offered large prices. He knows the full history of each one of his pets—its home, its habits, and its mode of growth. When his musical work gives him a spare day, he takes basket, net, etc., in hand, and goes off hunting for caterpillars and butterflies. When he has a leisure evening, he is out for moths. He can entertain people for hours at a time by exhibiting his cabinets, and telling about the beautiful creatures in them. He is often consulted by naturalists, as he probably knows more about these insects than any other man in America. Such a person is an ideal collector. Every young collector should try to make a similar career for himself.

A lady acquaintance of mine has a large show-case full of different kinds of snail shells, which she has picked up in the various parts of Europe and the United States where she has been. She collects nothing else. When Agassiz began his studies as a naturalist he chose fishes as his specialty, and while he was yet a student in Germany he had a collection of fish skeletons which was greatly admired by Humboldt.

Of course you must not collect specimens merely to have them, but to know what they are and what they represent. I have seen things labelled as "Petrified Deer-horns," which were corals, "Fossil Rattlesnakes," which were plants, "Hickory-Nuts turned to Stone," which were shells, "Gold Ore," which was iron, "Silver Ore," which was lead, and "Mastodon Teeth," which came from horses. Such blunders would never be made by a collector who studied his curiosities. Always make a practice of finding out as much as you can about every specimen before putting it away in your case. The boy who has a large cabinet of curiosities, of which he knows very little, is not nearly as successful a collector as the one who has a few specimens, and can tell people a good deal about them. Try to excel not simply by getting rare things, but by learning all you can about what you do get.

Be very careful in regard to relics, particularly those whose interest depends entirely upon some one's word—such as wood from famous houses, stones from historic places, etc. There is much deception about these things. Unless they are obtained on the spot by yourself, or by some reliable person, they are not worth keeping. If all the twigs reputed to have come from the willow-tree which Shakespeare planted were got together, they would



make a very large forest. The best relics are those which show for themselves what they are—as weapons, pottery, etc. But even these sometimes originate in very modern places, and one who collects them must be a good judge if he would not be imposed upon. Nature's curiosities are the most satisfactory of all.

If possible, keep your specimens covered from the dust, either in a glass case of shelves, or in drawers.

Finally, never let your enthusiasm for collecting weaken your love of nature as a whole. If you collect minerals, have your eyes open to see also the glorious beauties of animals, trees, and sky, just as a violinist hearing a symphony played by the orchestra should not listen to the violins alone, but, during part of the concert at least, should take in the whole effect of the music as made by all the instruments.

## THE ICE QUEEN.\*

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

### CHAPTER XIX.

#### THE CAPTAIN'S NARROW ESCAPE.

REX flagged his tail mournfully, and looked at the strange scene, whining as if he understood it all, but was at his wits' end how to act.

"Afloat?" Tug repeated, after a minute. "There are cracks on each side of us, and a narrow one part way behind, between us and that high hummock over there to the southward, which in my opinion hides the low flat land, for I think it is only four or five miles to the shore. But it might as well have been four or five hundred in that deep snow. Let's watch, and see if the crack gets wider."

"Do you feel quite sure, Tug, that Aleck and Jim are on one of those big cakes of ice?" The tone of Katy's voice was very anxious.

"Yes, I do, Katy. They certainly have not jumped off and drowned themselves on purpose."

This made Katy smile in spite of her anxiety.

"They are certainly not very far off; but the most alarming part of the business is how they are to get to us if that big crack increases to the size of a river. Can you make up your mind whether it is really growing wider?"

In the course of half an hour it became very plain that the crack was getting wider rapidly, and their icy foundation, which they had thought so fixed, had now become a big raft slowly drifting down the lake under the pushing of the steady west wind—moving a little faster than its companion cakes in the wide waste, because its high hummock served as a sort of sail. All the cakes our watchers could see were much smaller than this one. Occasionally these pieces would crash together, and crumble, or one would slide under the other. Sometimes their own "floe," as Dr. Kane would have called so large a piece, collided with others, but always came off victorious. They came to the conclusion that its having the thick hummock, like a great solid backbone, rendered it far stronger than the rest, as well as a better sailer.

Beside them another floe, also bearing a hummock (a section of their own), was pressing its way on, to the ruin of smaller ones. It was separated from their floe by an open canal, perhaps five hundred yards in width. It floated along about even with them, sometimes swinging nearer, sometimes receding. This great cake, an acre or more in extent, lay in the direction whither the absent ones had gone, and it was hoped that they were upon it. This would be the next best thing to having them safely back, but the chance was a small one at best.

Talking over these loop-holes of escape, Katy and Tug tried to forget their discomforts and dangers, and to show each other cheerful and reliant faces. But it was dreary work.

The weary day wore on—the day they thought would perhaps be their last—and night, with its starless gloom, was surrounding the desolate picture of grinding ice and of black, rolling waves dimly seen. Chilled to the bone, for they could not bear to stay within the hut, they had grown silent and almost despairing, when Rex suddenly started to his feet, and, pricking up his ears, looked intently toward the great floe beside them, which had now approached much nearer. Then after listening a moment he uttered a loud bark, and bounded off. The two castaways followed to the edge of the ice, and there, having silenced Rex, could presently hear a faint halloo.

"Halloo! halloo-o!" they shrieked back.

"Let us get the boat, and go after them!" cried Katy, nearly wild with joy and excitement.

"Can't do it," said Tug, in a discouraged tone. "All four of us couldn't budge that boat and sledge before morning. It is frozen in, and has got to be chopped out and pried up. Must do something besides get the boat."

"That floe is nearer than it has been before, Tug. Maybe it'll come quite close."

"Yes, maybe it will. I guess that's our only hope. We can do nothing, Katy, but watch, and—and pray, Katy. Let us go back to the fire. It is so cold here, and we can do no good. Once in a while I'll come down and scream across to cheer 'em up."

Reluctantly, therefore, they returned to the igloo, warmed their feet, and picked up something to eat, but did not go to bed. Tug and Rex would frequently run out and shout across to Aleck, reporting at each return that the water space (as well as could be guessed in the darkness) seemed to be surely narrowing. Toward morning Katy was persuaded to lie down, consenting to do so only when promised that she should be roused as soon as daylight appeared. Tug himself fell asleep, but both awoke with the first light of dawn, and hastened together to the edge of the floe, where the water lay calm and smooth, gray as iron and cold as death, between the divided friends.

"Oh, I can see them!" cried the girl, and sent a cheery call across the lead, which had now narrowed to a few rods. "Poor little Jim! See how he has to lean against Aleck."

"We're safe," came back the shout, "but almost worn out. Can you move the boat?"

"No."

"Then unroll the ball of twine, and tie one end of it to the clothes-line, and to the other end of the clothes-line knot all the drag-ropes put together. Then fasten the loose end of the twine to Rex's collar, and make the dog bring it to me. Understand?"

"Yes."

But Tug didn't quite understand. He was off too soon, in his haste to get the twine and clothes-line and ropes. Aleck hadn't finished his directions.

"Tell Tug," he shouted again to Katy, "to bring the sled, and fasten that to the drag-ropes. When I have hauled the ropes across and got hold of the sled, I'll send Rex back, and you can pull in the twine, and catch the ropes, and tow us across. Hurry up if you want us alive! This ice may drift apart again."

In five minutes Tug came running back, with all his preparations made. Now everything depended upon Rex. The twine was slipped through his collar, and securely knotted, Katy kneeling the while with her arms about his shaggy head, whispering to him what he was to do. Then in a stern voice Tug commanded:

"Go, Rex—go to Aleck!" at the same time pushing him into the water, while the Captain coaxed from the

\* Begun in No. 217, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.



"REX STRUCK OUT AND SWAM ACROSS."

other side, and even Jim roused himself at this joyful hope of deliverance.

At first the dog, brave as he was, turned back, whining pitifully at the freezing water. But they fought him away, and finally poor Rex struck out and swam across to where Aleck was anxiously waiting to lift him out. Taking hold of the twine the dog had brought, the Captain reeled it in as rapidly as his stiffened fingers would let him, until the clothes-line began to come, and after it the heavier drag-ropes.

But both clothes-line and drag-ropes together proved too short to reach quite across, and the flogs seemed to have stopped their approach to each other, so that waiting would be useless if not dangerous.

"There is about ten feet to spare," Aleck shouted. "You must find some more rope."

"Can't do it unless I cut it off the mainsail."

"Cut it off, then, and make haste."

Tug went off on a run, and another five minutes passed by before he got back. Already the canal had begun to widen, so that fifteen feet instead of ten would be required.

Tossing the rope into the sled-box, Tug screamed, "All right!" and the Captain began drawing the sled to his side as quickly as possible, so that the two parties were again disconnected, and wholly reliant upon the nervous and frightened dog, which Jim was holding firmly, and coaxing into quiet. Swiftly splicing the rope with the new piece, the dog was let go. This time he leaped eagerly into the water for his return trip, apparently feeling perfectly the responsibility laid upon him, though perhaps he was only frightened and eager to get back to what seemed home.

Positions were now reversed. Aleck and Jim had the sled—Tug and Katy the twine. Drawing this in, all waited with feverish anxiety to see if there would be length of rope enough. There was; but so rapidly had the flogs drifted apart that Tug held the very end of the taut line in his outstretched hand, and had not a bit to spare. One minute more and the lines would not have reached across.

Then they saw Aleck snatch off his overcoat, his under-coat, and his boots, and put them into the box of the sled, which was floating unsteadily at the margin of the ice. They saw him half lift the exhausted Jim, and help him to get into the box, and then heard him call out in quick words:

"Don't try to pull at all hard until you can catch the big rope. I am going to swim and push a little ways, but I expect I shall be too chilled to do more than a little. When I stop pushing, and you get hold of the drag-ropes, haul us both ashore as fast as you can. Here goes!"

With these words he slid into the water, swimming with his right hand, while with his left he pushed along the box and sled, which was half sunken, and in which Jimmy sat shivering with cold, but afraid to stir.

"Keep it up a little longer!" Tug sung out, as he knelt on the edge of the ice and carefully gathered in the clothes-line until he could almost clutch the end of the stronger rope.

"I've almost got it! About two strokes more! All right! Now hold on with both arms, and we'll soon have you." Whereupon Katy seized the rope with him, and both together pulled as hard and fast as they knew how.

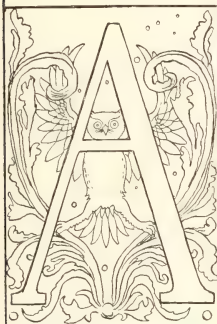
The strange little ferry-boat and its passengers seemed to approach very slowly, but finally it came so near that Tug stopped hauling on the line, and knelt down in order to lean out and grasp the box after Katy should have pulled it a few inches closer. Jim, seeing this motion, forgot how delicate was the balance, and rose up, when in an instant the unsteady craft tipped, and the boy went backward into and under the blue lake. At any rate so it seemed to the spectators; but the little fellow, making a despairing clutch as he went over, had gripped a runner of the sled, and a second later his face appeared close by the ice, where the fond sister, pale as he, seized his arm and helped him scramble out.

Meanwhile Aleck, startled by the upset of the sled and Jim's disappearance, had let go of his support. Now, seeing Jim safe, he was trying to regain it, when suddenly Tug saw him throw up his hand and sink out of sight.

Tug knew what that meant, and that there was not an instant to spare. Tearing off his coat—he had thrown aside his overcoat in the heat of the work before—he watched till he saw Aleck rising through the clear water, then dashed in, followed by the noble dog, and grasped his hair. Aleck hung in his hold a dead-weight, as though life had gone; but Tug knew that the fatal end had not come yet, and that this was only the fainting of utter exhaustion and the cramping paralysis of cold. Cold! Tug had felt the dreadful chill striking through and through him the instant he had touched the water. Already it was clogging his motions and overcoming his strength with a fearful numbness that was fast rendering him powerless. And Aleck had been in that stiffening, paralyzing flood several minutes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A VERSE WITH A MORAL BUT NO NAME:



wise man once, of Haarlem town,  
Went wandering up, and wandering down,  
And ever the question asked:

"If all the world was paper,  
And if all the sea was ink,  
And if the trees were bread and cheese,  
What would we do for drink?"

Then all the folk, both great and small,  
Began to beat their brains,  
But they could not answer him at all,  
In spite of all their pains.

But still he wandered here and there,  
That man of great renown,  
And still he questioned everywhere,  
The folk of Haarlem town:

"If all the world was paper,  
And if all the sea was ink,  
And if the trees were bread and cheese,  
What would we do for drink?"

Full thin he grew, as day by day,  
He toiled with mental strain,  
Until the wind blew him away,  
And he ne'er was seen again.

And now methinks I hear you say,  
"Was ere a man so foolish, pray,  
Since first the world began?"  
Oh, hush! I'll tell you secretly,  
Down East there dwells a man, and he  
Is asking questions constantly,  
That none can answer, that I see;  
Yet he's a wise-wise man!







to attend to them in the morning. It is always the best and safest way to do everything about a lamp—cleaning, trimming, filling, and whatever may be necessary—soon after breakfast. Then there is little danger of accidents in their use. I am glad you are good to baby Robert.

DAVENPORT, IOWA.

I always turn to the Post-office Box the first thing, and I think it exceedingly interesting. We have no pets except a dog and a cat. The dog is mine, and see if you don't think he has a nice name, *Dead-end*. *Dead-end* (Clifford) is a black and white cat. Alfonso Moses Hamlet Hasselman Franc P. If you can think of anything else pretty to add, just tell me. He is quite a smart dog, and my friends say they don't see how he can carry such a name, but he does. We call him Franc. The cat is Maltese and white, and came from Boston, as did the dog's mother. His name is *Argus*. My birthday is on Christmas is on Christmas. I always get a double supply of presents. I am in the second year of the High School, of which there are four years. I have one brother and one sister. My friends like me to read at all, but as soon as *Young People* comes he gets it and reads "The Ice Queen." We take *HARPER'S BAZAR*, *MONTHLY*, *WEEKLY*, *YOUNG PEOPLE*, *THE YOUTH'S COMPANION*, *Century*, and a great many other magazines. MAMIE P.

So you were a Christmas gift yourself, dear—a real Santa Claus child. How happy you ought to make everybody all the year round.

You might call your dog Llewellyn Stanley Montgomery Mowbray De Leon Tuleo Peterson, in addition to the names he already has, but I'm afraid he would answer only to short, sensible Franc.

PARKVIEW, IDAHO-LEAND.

I am a boy ten years old. I have never been to school, but study at home. My father is a retired lawyer, and my mother is a pianist. My father and mother give me lessons on the piano, and father on the guitar and violin. I have two sisters and one brother; he is four years old, and very cunning. We live seven miles from Providence. We go to Newport every summer in our yacht; she is a schooner, and quite fast. Her name is *Georgie*. CLINTON D. S. W.

Will Clinton thank his sister Blanche for her letter, for which there is no room this time? It will be her turn next time. I would like to hear her and know her and also that wonderful collection of beautiful cards.

LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am a boy ten years old. I have got two sisters, both older than I. My father is a lawyer, and his name is Thomas B. Macaulay; we gave him that name because he is so wise; but we call him Beauty because he is so handsome. The best Christmas present I had was a cat—her's name is *Beauty*. It measures two feet in width and five in length, and is two feet high; it has a board across the back with holes in it to keep my small tools in, and a strap drawn to keep the board in place. I use it in front, and on top a catch-nail. I like to use my tools much better now. I like the *Young People* very much. JAMES M. A.

Your little friend, I suppose you will be very careful to keep your tools in their places, now that you have so nice and convenient a bench.

Here is another boy who has had tools and a work bench presented to him.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little boy nine years old. Among my Christmas presents was *Young People*, which I like very much, especially the stories "The Ice Queen," "Little Vieg's Adventure," and "Adrift in the Bay." I go to school every day, and study arithmetic, spelling, history, grammar, geography, and reading; of these I like history and geography best. We have one recess, at half past eleven o'clock. Papa got me a work bench, and had it put up in the fourth story, and he bought me some tools; but I can't make many things yet. EDGAR M. C.

FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA.

I am a little girl ten years old. I do not go to school, but mamma and a music teacher come to home. I study reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, geography, and grammar. As I live in the country, and have no little girls to play with me, I sometimes make music for my friends. I love to be useful, and help mamma all I can. With love to the Postmistress, I am Your little reader, LIZZIE B.

TARBURTON, HIGHTS, NEW YORK.

This is our first year in New York, for we can play out doors all day when it is pleasant, and we can keep pets. We have chickens and a kitten, and mamma has a beautiful Irish setter named Fan-

chon. My dearest pet is a canary called Bencie. I keep him in my room, and every morning when my little sister Christine and I say our prayers he sings. Mamma says that is the way he prays. He is not a bit afraid, for he will let Christine and me stand close up to him. My brother takes some *Peeps*, and always reads them letters first. I have a scrap-book that I want to fill with receipts from your paper; I have tried two or three of the receipts, and they were very good. My aunt calls me the little housekeeper. I am ten years old. JULIA K.

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.

I am a little girl eleven years old. I live on the banks of the Merrimack River. I go to the grammar school, and study arithmetic, geography, and history, and I like writing and drawing. I like all my studies very much. I have a dog named Dash, a cat which we call Fuzzy, because when she was a little kitten her fur was fuzzy and stood out all over her body, and a bird named Buttercup. S. ALICE S.

BARTON, NOVA SCOTIA.

My uncle Will sends me *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*. I am a deaf and dumb girl fourteen years old. I have a sister and a brother deaf and dumb. I went to school at the Deaf and Dumb Institute at Halifax for five years. My teacher is Miss Agnes. My sister Agnes is there now. She is nine years old. My brother John went to school when he is seven years old. My little sister Frank is very cunning, and can talk and sign, and is only two and a half years old. I have one other sister and three brothers, who can hear. This makes a large family of eight; eight children, and we have a grandmother too; she was seventy-eight in January. BESSIE BELL B.

If you see *HARPER'S MAGAZINE* for March, you must read an interesting article called "The Poetry of the Deaf."

NEW BEDFORD, OHIO.

We have lately subscribed for *Young People*, and like it very much. I go to school now, and study reading, writing, geography, and grammar. I have been very much interested in the Post-office Box, especially in the letter of Emily M. of Santa Fe, Lime Key, Gulf of Mexico. I have three brothers, one older and two younger than myself, but no sisters. We all would like to know how the strange lady got on in the island. I wish she may be a wild cat or a bear. I wish Emily would let us know all about her.

I see that the rest of the letter-writers have something to say about their pets. We have two cats, one large one and one little black fellow. We have two horses, one a Texas pony that was brought here only about six months ago, and my name is Melville, and my cat's name is Melville rides her eight miles every day to school.

RALPH A. B.

Sidney and I are brothers. We are eight and nine years old. I have been taking *Young People* over a year, and have it bound for last year; it is a pretty book, and I like all the stories. I would like to go to Florida some day to see the Everglades, and take music lessons every day, and go to school twice a week. Our cousins in the fish branches we have every forenoon, and mother has begun to offer prizes to the one who has perfect lessons. Do you think I could write a story for your paper? GEORGE.

You may try.

MILWAUKEE, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little boy eleven years old. I have no pets, but have a little sister who every once in a while picks up a stray cat out of the street, and loses it in about a week. I go to a public school, and study reading, writing, arithmetic, language, spelling, and music. My sister has been taking *Young People* about three years, but the first story that I ever read was "The Lost City," and afterward I read "Raising the Pearl." I am reading all the stories straight ahead, and like them very much. ARTHUR M.

RAVENHURST, MASSACHUSETTS.

Seeing letters from other little boys and girls, I thought I would write a short one. I have taken your paper for over a year, and like it very much. I have several pets, a dog, two doves, and some bantams. One of my chickens disappeared the other day, and I don't know what has become of it. I have been at school every day, and am ten in deportment. My dog's name is Nelson, and I like him the best of any of my pets. This is quite a long letter, I hope you will like to hear of it, as it is the first one I ever sent to any paper. HERBIE S.

CHANDLER, MASSACHUSETTS.

I go to school, and have six studies. We have fifteen minutes recess in our school. I have taken *Young People* for the last three months, and like it. I live in the iron-mining country. I have three brothers and one sister. NELLIE E. B.

The following stanzas have quite a martial ring. They were written by a boy of fourteen:

## THE CHARGE OF THE CURASSIERS.

Onward they roll,  
The heart and the soul  
Of the great battle-field  
Bent on the extermination  
Of the enemy's leaders.  
For they see in their foes  
The victorious legions  
Of the great battle-field.  
And at them they valiantly go.

Then with the Chasseurs,  
With the "Vive le Empereur"  
These swordsmen victoriously,  
Grandly and gloriously,  
With sabre in teeth, and pistol in hand.

But between them and the horses  
The English—a grave.  
O'ah's! the sunken ponies yawning wide:  
In it they fall,  
Horses and all,  
While o'er them their comrades ride.

Some writers say  
That on that day  
Three thousand and men  
Were crushed to death,  
Without one breath,  
In this hole of Mont Saint-Jean.  
LOUIS EDWIN.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

## GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

A (1, river in Wisconsin) story. One day Mr. (2, city in Kansas), who is a (3, river in Dakota) man, started for a town eight miles distant to buy some provisions. His sole companion, his (4, city in Maine), was a (5, creek in Pennsylvania) man, whose name was (6, city in Virginia). They had not gone far when they saw a large (7, river in New York), (8, river in Wisconsin) feeding on the carcass of a (9, river in Maine). Mr. (10, city in Kansas) threw a (11, city in Kansas), (12, river in Wisconsin), hoping to scare him away and get the (13, river in Maine's) antlers. The (14, river in Oregon), however, was not to be so easily scared. Mr. (15, city in Kansas) and his (16, city in Maine) picked up clubs and advanced cautiously toward the (17, river in Wisconsin), who turned and sprang upon the (18, creek in Pennsylvania) man. Mr. (19, city in Kansas) immediately raised his club and struck the (20, river in Wisconsin) with all his might, and (21, river in Germany) upon the head, and killed him. Mr. (22, city in Kansas) afterward killed a (23, river in Maine), (24, river in Vermont), (25, river in Utah), (26, river in Idaho), (27, river in Wisconsin) entering Green Bay, and an eagle with a (28, eagle in Maine).

F. H. L. (aged 13).

No. 2.

## THREE SAYS DIAMONDS.

1.—A letter. 2.—The top of the scale. 3.—A mass of vapor. 4.—A vessel. 5.—A letter. 6.—A letter. 7.—An article. 8.—To walk. 9.—To walk. 10.—A letter. 11.—A letter. 12.—In use. 13.—An article. 14.—A support. 15.—A point of time. 16.—In ease.

FRANKLIN H. WALTON.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 225.

No. 1—T I R E C A R E  
D E R E A C T I D  
E A R L E D D Y  
No. 2—P O R A  
B R A N D R O L L  
T N A L E

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Eddie and Frankie Couch, Marion Burch, L. C. L., Fred Michael, Louise Graves, Harry Kenyon, Arthur R. and Fanny B., Prudence Emma Hequembourg, George H. Irving, Jun., Jennie Ewald, Lester Ketchum, Lucy W. Bradley, Frances H. Duffee, Henry R. Erickson, Rachel H. Cox, Nellie Early, Wallace V., and Charles E., Hallie Woods, Maud S., Nickerson, Edith R. Riley, Dwight Marfield, Katie Combes, Frank E. Morgan, Carey Rogers, John R. Benedict, Sue Noline, Arthur and Bessie, M. F. To Philz, Clara Pierce, Floy D., Charley G. Osgood, Emily Sara Jepperson, Rex Manning, Thomas J. Bannerman, Fuggie, and Laura, and Fanny B., Prudence Emma Hequembourg, George H. Irving, Jun., Jennie Ewald, Lester Ketchum, Lucy W. Bradley, Frances H. Duffee, Henry R. Erickson, Rachel H. Cox, Nellie Early, Wallace V., and Charles E., Hallie Woods, Maud S., Nickerson, Edith R. Riley, Dwight Marfield, Katie Combes, Frank E. Morgan, Carey Rogers, John R. Benedict, Sue Noline, Arthur and Bessie, M. F. To Philz, Clara Pierce, Floy D., Charley G. Osgood, Emily Sara Jepperson, Rex Manning, Thomas J. Bannerman, Fuggie, and Laura, and Fanny B., Prudence Emma Hequembourg, George H. Irving, Jun., Jennie Ewald, Lester Ketchum, Lucy W. Bradley, Frances H. Duffee, Henry R. Erickson, Rachel H. Cox, Nellie Early, Wallace V., and Charles E., Hallie Woods, Maud S., Nickerson, Edith R. Riley, Dwight Marfield, Katie Combes, Frank E. Morgan, Carey Rogers, John R. Benedict, Sue Noline, Arthur and Bessie, M. F. To Philz, Clara Pierce, Floy D., Charley G. Osgood, Emily Sara Jepperson, Rex Manning, Thomas J. Bannerman, Fuggie, and Laura, and Fanny B., Prudence Emma Hequembourg, George H. Irving, Jun., Jennie Ewald, Lester Ketchum, Lucy W. Bradley, Frances H. Duffee, Henry R. Erickson, Rachel H. Cox, Nellie Early, Wallace V., and Charles E., Hallie Woods, Maud S., Nickerson, Edith R. Riley, Dwight Marfield, Katie Combes, Frank E. Morgan, Carey Rogers, John R. Benedict, Sue Noline, Arthur and Bessie, M. F. To Philz, Clara Pierce, Floy D., Charley G. Osgood, Emily Sara Jepperson, Rex Manning, Thomas J. Bannerman, Fuggie, and Laura, and Fanny B., Prudence Emma Hequembourg, George H. Irving, Jun., Jennie Ewald, Lester Ketchum, Lucy W. Bradley, Frances H. Duffee, Henry R. Erickson, Rachel H. Cox, Nellie Early, Wallace V., and Charles E., Hallie Woods, Maud S., Nickerson, Edith R. Riley, Dwight Marfield, Katie Combes, Frank E. Morgan, Carey Rogers, John R. Benedict, Sue Noline, Arthur and Bessie, M. F. To Philz, Clara Pierce, Floy D., Charley G. Osgood, Emily Sara Jepperson, Rex Manning, Thomas J. Bannerman, Fuggie, and Laura, and Fanny B., Prudence Emma Hequembourg, George H. Irving, Jun., Jennie Ewald, Lester Ketchum, Lucy W. Bradley, Frances H. Duffee, Henry R. Erickson, Rachel H. Cox, Nellie Early, Wallace V., and Charles E., Hallie Woods, Maud S., Nickerson, Edith R. Riley, Dwight Marfield, Katie Combes, Frank E. Morgan, Carey Rogers, John R. Benedict, Sue Noline, Arthur and Bessie, M. F. To Philz, Clara Pierce, Floy D., Charley G. Osgood, Emily Sara Jepperson, Rex Manning, Thomas J. Bannerman, Fuggie, and Laura, and Fanny B., Prudence Emma Hequembourg, George H. Irving, Jun., Jennie Ewald, Lester Ketchum, Lucy W. Bradley, Frances H. Duffee, Henry R. Erickson, Rachel H. Cox, Nellie Early, Wallace V., and Charles E., Hallie Woods, Maud S., Nickerson, Edith R. Riley, Dwight Marfield, Katie Combes, Frank E. Morgan, Carey Rogers, John R. Benedict, Sue Noline, Arthur and Bessie, M. F. To Philz, Clara Pierce, Floy D., Charley G. Osgood, Emily Sara Jepperson, Rex Manning, Thomas J. Bannerman, Fuggie, and Laura, and Fanny B., Prudence Emma Hequembourg, George H. Irving, Jun., Jennie Ewald, Lester Ketchum, Lucy W. Bradley, Frances H. Duffee, Henry R. Erickson, Rachel H. Cox, Nellie Early, Wallace V., and Charles E., Hallie Woods, Maud S., Nickerson, Edith R. Riley, Dwight Marfield, Katie Combes, Frank E. Morgan, Carey Rogers, John R. Benedict, Sue Noline, Arthur and Bessie, M. F. To Philz, Clara Pierce, Floy D., Charley G. Osgood, Emily Sara Jepperson, Rex Manning, Thomas J. Bannerman, Fuggie, and Laura, and Fanny B., Prudence Emma Hequembourg, George H. Irving, Jun., Jennie Ewald, Lester Ketchum, Lucy W. Bradley, Frances H. Duffee, Henry R. Erickson, Rachel H. Cox, Nellie Early, Wallace V., and Charles E., Hallie Woods, Maud S., Nickerson, Edith R. Riley, Dwight Marfield, Katie Combes, Frank E. Morgan, Carey Rogers, John R. Benedict, Sue Noline, Arthur and Bessie, M. F. To Philz, Clara Pierce, Floy D., Charley G. Osgood, Emily Sara Jepperson, Rex Manning, Thomas J. Bannerman, Fuggie, and Laura, and Fanny B., Prudence Emma Hequembourg, George H. Irving, Jun., Jennie Ewald, Lester Ketchum, Lucy W. Bradley, Frances H. Duffee, Henry R. Erickson, Rachel H. Cox, Nellie Early, Wallace V., and Charles E., Hallie Woods, Maud S., Nickerson, Edith R. Riley, Dwight Marfield, Katie Combes, Frank E. Morgan, Carey Rogers, John R. Benedict, Sue Noline, Arthur and Bessie, M. F. To Philz, Clara Pierce, Floy D., Charley G. Osgood, Emily Sara Jepperson, Rex Manning, Thomas J. Bannerman, Fuggie, and Laura, and Fanny B., Prudence Emma Hequembourg, George H. Irving, Jun., Jennie Ewald, Lester Ketchum, Lucy W. Bradley, Frances H. Duffee, Henry R. Erickson, Rachel H. Cox, Nellie Early, Wallace V., and Charles E., Hallie Woods, Maud S., Nickerson, Edith R. Riley, Dwight Marfield, Katie Combes, Frank E. Morgan, Carey Rogers, John R. Benedict, Sue Noline, Arthur and Bessie, M. F. To Philz, Clara Pierce, Floy D., Charley G. Osgood, Emily Sara Jepperson, Rex Manning, Thomas J. Bannerman, Fuggie, and Laura, and Fanny B., Prudence Emma Hequembourg, George H. Irving, Jun., Jennie Ewald, Lester Ketchum, Lucy W. Bradley, Frances H. Duffee, Henry R. Erickson, Rachel H. Cox, Nellie Early, Wallace V., and Charles E., Hallie Woods, Maud S., Nickerson, Edith R. Riley, Dwight Marfield, Katie Combes, Frank E. Morgan, Carey Rogers, John R. Benedict, Sue Noline, Arthur and Bessie, M. F. To Philz, Clara Pierce, Floy D., Charley G. Osgood, Emily Sara Jepperson, Rex Manning, Thomas J. Bannerman, Fuggie, and Laura, and Fanny B., Prudence Emma Hequembourg, George H. Irving, Jun., Jennie Ewald, Lester Ketchum, Lucy W. Bradley, Frances H. Duffee, Henry R. Erickson, Rachel H. Cox, Nellie Early, Wallace V., and Charles E., Hallie Woods, Maud S., Nickerson, Edith R. Riley, Dwight Marfield, Katie Combes, Frank E. Morgan, Carey Rogers, John R. Benedict, Sue Noline, Arthur and Bessie, M. F. To Philz, Clara Pierce, Floy D., Charley G. Osgood, Emily Sara Jepperson, Rex Manning, Thomas J. Bannerman, Fuggie, and Laura, and Fanny B., Prudence Emma Hequembourg, George H. Irving, Jun., Jennie Ewald, Lester Ketchum, Lucy W. Bradley, Frances H. Duffee, Henry R. Erickson, Rachel H. Cox, Nellie Early, Wallace V., and Charles E., Hallie Woods, Maud S., Nickerson, Edith R. Riley, Dwight Marfield, Katie Combes, Frank E. Morgan, Carey Rogers, John R. Benedict, Sue Noline, Arthur and Bessie, M. F. To Philz, Clara Pierce, Floy D., Charley G. Osgood, Emily Sara Jepperson, Rex Manning, Thomas J. Bannerman, Fuggie, and Laura, and Fanny B., Prudence Emma Hequembourg, George H. Irving, Jun., Jennie Ewald, Lester Ketchum, Lucy W. Bradley, Frances H. Duffee, Henry R. Erickson, Rachel H. Cox, Nellie Early, Wallace V., and Charles E., Hallie Woods, Maud S., Nickerson, Edith R. Riley, Dwight Marfield, Katie Combes, Frank E. Morgan, Carey Rogers, John R. Benedict, Sue Noline, Arthur and Bessie, M. F. To Philz, Clara Pierce, Floy D., Charley G. Osgood, Emily Sara Jepperson, Rex Manning, Thomas J. Bannerman, Fuggie, and Laura, and Fanny B., Prudence Emma Hequembourg, George H. Irving, Jun., Jennie Ewald, Lester Ketchum, Lucy W. Bradley, Frances H. Duffee, Henry R. Erickson, Rachel H. Cox, Nellie Early, Wallace V., and Charles E., Hallie Woods, Maud S., Nickerson, Edith R. Riley, Dwight Marfield, Katie Combes, Frank E. Morgan, Carey Rogers, John R. Benedict, Sue Noline, Arthur and Bessie, M. F. To Philz, Clara Pierce, Floy D., Charley G. Osgood, Emily Sara Jepperson, Rex Manning, Thomas J. Bannerman, Fuggie, and Laura, and Fanny B., Prudence Emma Hequembourg, George H. Irving, Jun., Jennie Ewald, Lester Ketchum, Lucy W. Bradley, Frances H. Duffee, Henry R. Erickson, Rachel H. Cox, Nellie Early, Wallace V., and Charles E., Hallie Woods, Maud S., Nickerson, Edith R. Riley, Dwight Marfield, Katie Combes, Frank E. Morgan, Carey Rogers, John R. Benedict, Sue Noline, Arthur and Bessie, M. F. To Philz, Clara Pierce, Floy D., Charley G. Osgood, Emily Sara Jepperson, Rex Manning, Thomas J. Bannerman, Fuggie, and Laura, and Fanny B., Prudence Emma Hequembourg, George H. Irving, Jun., Jennie Ewald, Lester Ketchum, Lucy W. Bradley, Frances H. Duffee, Henry R. Erickson, Rachel H. Cox, Nellie Early, Wallace V., and Charles E., Hallie Woods, Maud S., Nickerson, Edith R. Riley, Dwight Marfield, Katie Combes, Frank E. Morgan, Carey Rogers, John R. Benedict, Sue Noline, Arthur and Bessie, M. F. To Philz, Clara Pierce, Floy D., Charley G. Osgood, Emily Sara Jepperson, Rex Manning, Thomas J. Bannerman, Fuggie, and Laura, and Fanny B., Prudence Emma Hequembourg, George H. Irving, Jun., Jennie Ewald, Lester Ketchum, Lucy W. Bradley, Frances H. Duffee, Henry R. Erickson, Rachel H. Cox, Nellie Early, Wallace V., and Charles E., Hallie Woods, Maud S., Nickerson, Edith R. Riley, Dwight Marfield, Katie Combes, Frank E. Morgan, Carey Rogers, John R. Benedict, Sue Noline, Arthur and Bessie, M. F. To Philz, Clara Pierce, Floy D., Charley G. Osgood, Emily Sara Jepperson, Rex Manning, Thomas J. Bannerman, Fuggie, and Laura, and Fanny B., Prudence Emma Hequembourg, George H. Irving, Jun., Jennie Ewald, Lester Ketchum, Lucy W. Bradley, Frances H. Duffee, Henry R. Erickson, Rachel H. Cox, Nellie Early, Wallace V., and Charles E., Hallie Woods, Maud S., Nickerson, Edith R. Riley, Dwight Marfield, Katie Combes, Frank E. Morgan, Carey Rogers, John R. Benedict, Sue Noline, Arthur and Bessie, M. F. To Philz, Clara Pierce, Floy D., Charley G. Osgood, Emily Sara Jepperson, Rex Manning, Thomas J. Bannerman, Fuggie, and Laura, and Fanny B., Prudence Emma Hequembourg, George H. Irving, Jun., Jennie Ewald, Lester Ketchum, Lucy W. Bradley, Frances H. Duffee, Henry R. Erickson, Rachel H. Cox, Nellie Early, Wallace V., and Charles E., Hallie Woods, Maud S., Nickerson, Edith R. Riley, Dwight Marfield, Katie Combes, Frank E. Morgan, Carey Rogers, John R. Benedict, Sue Noline, Arthur and Bessie, M. F. To Philz, Clara Pierce, Floy D., Charley G. Osgood, Emily Sara Jepperson, Rex Manning, Thomas J. Bannerman, Fuggie, and Laura, and Fanny B., Prudence Emma Hequembourg, George H. Irving, Jun., Jennie Ewald, Lester Ketchum, Lucy W. Bradley, Frances H. Duffee, Henry R. Erickson, Rachel H. Cox, Nellie Early, Wallace V., and Charles E., Hallie Woods, Maud S., Nickerson, Edith R. Riley, Dwight Marfield, Katie Combes, Frank E. Morgan, Carey Rogers, John R. Benedict, Sue Noline, Arthur and Bessie, M. F. To Philz, Clara Pierce, Floy D., Charley G. Osgood, Emily Sara Jepperson, Rex Manning, Thomas J. Bannerman, Fuggie, and Laura, and Fanny B., Prudence Emma Hequembourg, George H. Irving, Jun., Jennie Ewald, Lester Ketchum, Lucy W. Bradley, Frances H. Duffee, Henry R. Erickson, Rachel H. Cox, Nellie Early, Wallace V., and Charles E., Hallie Woods, Maud S., Nickerson, Edith R. Riley, Dwight Marfield, Katie Combes, Frank E. Morgan, Carey Rogers, John R. Benedict, Sue Noline, Arthur and Bessie, M. F. To Philz, Clara Pierce, Floy D., Charley G. Osgood, Emily Sara Jepperson, Rex Manning, Thomas J. Bannerman, Fuggie, and Laura, and Fanny B., Prudence Emma Hequembourg, George H. Irving, Jun., Jennie Ewald, Lester Ketchum, Lucy W. Bradley, Frances H. Duffee, Henry R. Erickson, Rachel H. Cox, Nellie Early, Wallace V., and Charles E., Hallie Woods, Maud S., Nickerson, Edith R. Riley, Dwight Marfield, Katie Combes, Frank E. Morgan, Carey Rogers, John R. Benedict, Sue Noline, Arthur and Bessie, M. F. To Philz, Clara Pierce, Floy D., Charley G. Osgood, Emily Sara Jepperson, Rex Manning, Thomas J. Bannerman, Fuggie, and Laura, and Fanny B., Prudence Emma Hequembourg, George H. Irving, Jun., Jennie Ewald, Lester Ketchum, Lucy W. Bradley, Frances H. Duffee, Henry R. Erickson, Rachel H. Cox, Nellie Early, Wallace V., and Charles E., Hallie Woods, Maud S., Nickerson, Edith R. Riley, Dwight Marfield, Katie Combes, Frank E. Morgan, Carey Rogers, John R. Benedict, Sue Noline, Arthur and Bessie, M. F. To Philz, Clara Pierce, Floy D., Charley G. Osgood, Emily Sara Jepperson, Rex Manning, Thomas J. Bannerman, Fuggie, and Laura, and Fanny B., Prudence Emma Hequembourg, George H. Irving, Jun., Jennie Ewald, Lester Ketchum, Lucy W. Bradley, Frances H. Duffee, Henry R. Erickson, Rachel H. Cox, Nellie Early, Wallace V., and Charles E., Hallie Woods, Maud S., Nickerson, Edith R. Riley, Dwight Marfield, Katie Combes, Frank E. Morgan, Carey Rogers, John R. Benedict, Sue Noline, Arthur and Bessie, M. F. To Philz, Clara Pierce, Floy D., Charley G. Osgood, Emily Sara Jepperson, Rex Manning, Thomas J. Bannerman, Fuggie, and Laura, and Fanny B., Prudence Emma Hequembourg, George H. Irving, Jun., Jennie Ewald, Lester Ketchum, Lucy W. Bradley, Frances H. Duffee, Henry R. Erickson, Rachel H. Cox, Nellie Early, Wallace V., and Charles E., Hallie Woods, Maud S., Nickerson, Edith R. Riley, Dwight Marfield, Katie Combes, Frank E. Morgan, Carey Rogers, John R. Benedict, Sue Noline, Arthur and Bessie, M. F. To Philz, Clara Pierce, Floy D., Charley G. Osgood, Emily Sara Jepperson, Rex Manning, Thomas J. Bannerman, Fuggie, and Laura, and Fanny B., Prudence Emma Hequembourg, George H. Irving, Jun., Jennie Ewald, Lester Ketchum, Lucy W. Bradley, Frances H. Duffee, Henry R. Erickson, Rachel H. Cox, Nellie Early, Wallace V., and Charles E., Hallie Woods, Maud S., Nickerson, Edith R. Riley, Dwight Marfield, Katie Combes, Frank E. Morgan, Carey Rogers, John R. Benedict, Sue Noline, Arthur and Bessie, M. F. To Philz, Clara Pierce, Floy D., Charley G. Osgood, Emily Sara Jepperson, Rex Manning, Thomas J. Bannerman, Fuggie, and Laura, and Fanny B., Prudence Emma Hequembourg, George H. Irving, Jun., Jennie Ewald, Lester Ketchum, Lucy W. Bradley, Frances H. Duffee, Henry R. Erickson, Rachel H. Cox, Nellie Early, Wallace V., and Charles E., Hallie Woods, Maud S., Nickerson, Edith R. Riley, Dwight Marfield, Katie Combes, Frank E. Morgan, Carey Rogers, John R. Benedict, Sue Noline, Arthur and Bessie, M. F. To Philz, Clara Pierce, Floy D., Charley G. Osgood, Emily Sara Jepperson, Rex Manning, Thomas J. Bannerman, Fuggie, and Laura, and Fanny B., Prudence Emma Hequembourg, George H. Irving, Jun., Jennie Ewald, Lester Ketchum, Lucy W. Bradley, Frances H. Duffee, Henry R. Erickson, Rachel H. Cox, Nellie Early, Wallace V., and Charles E., Hallie Woods, Maud S., Nickerson, Edith R. Riley, Dwight Marfield, Katie Combes, Frank E. Morgan, Carey Rogers, John R. Benedict, Sue Noline, Arthur and Bessie, M. F. To Philz, Clara Pierce, Floy D., Charley G. Osgood, Emily Sara Jepperson, Rex Manning, Thomas J. Bannerman, Fuggie, and Laura, and Fanny B., Prudence Emma Hequembourg, George H. Irving, Jun., Jennie Ewald, Lester Ketchum, Lucy W. Bradley, Frances H. Duffee, Henry R. Erickson, Rachel H. Cox, Nellie Early, Wallace V., and Charles E., Hallie Woods, Maud S., Nickerson, Edith R. Riley, Dwight Marfield, Katie Combes, Frank E. Morgan, Carey Rogers, John R. Benedict, Sue Noline, Arthur and Bessie, M. F. To Philz, Clara Pierce, Floy D., Charley G. Osgood, Emily Sara Jepperson, Rex Manning, Thomas J. Bannerman, Fuggie, and Laura, and Fanny B., Prudence Emma Hequembourg, George H. Irving, Jun., Jennie Ewald, Lester Ketchum, Lucy W. Bradley, Frances H. Duffee, Henry R. Erickson, Rachel H. Cox, Nellie Early, Wallace V., and Charles E., Hallie Woods, Maud S., Nickerson, Edith R. Riley, Dwight Marfield, Katie Combes, Frank E. Morgan, Carey Rogers, John R. Benedict, Sue Noline, Arthur and Bessie, M. F. To Philz, Clara Pierce, Floy D., Charley G. Osgood, Emily Sara Jepperson, Rex Manning, Thomas J. Bannerman, Fuggie, and Laura, and Fanny B., Prudence Emma Hequembourg, George H. Irving, Jun., Jennie Ewald, Lester Ketchum, Lucy W. Bradley, Frances H. Duffee, Henry R. Erickson, Rachel H. Cox, Nellie Early, Wallace V., and Charles E., Hallie Woods, Maud S., Nickerson, Edith R. Riley, Dwight Marfield, Katie Combes, Frank E. Morgan, Carey Rogers, John R. Benedict, Sue Noline, Arthur and Bessie, M. F. To Philz, Clara Pierce, Floy D., Charley G. Osgood, Emily Sara Jepperson, Rex Manning, Thomas J. Bannerman, Fuggie, and Laura, and Fanny B., Prudence Emma Hequembourg, George H. Irving, Jun., Jennie Ewald, Lester Ketchum, Lucy W. Bradley, Frances H. Duffee, Henry R. Erickson, Rachel H. Cox, Nellie Early, Wallace V., and Charles E., Hallie Woods, Maud S., Nickerson, Edith R. Riley, Dwight Marfield, Katie Combes, Frank E. Morgan, Carey Rogers, John R. Benedict, Sue Noline, Arthur and Bessie, M. F. To Philz, Clara Pierce, Floy D., Charley G. Osgood, Emily Sara Jepperson, Rex Manning, Thomas J. Bannerman, Fuggie, and Laura, and Fanny B., Prudence Emma Hequembourg, George H. Irving, Jun., Jennie Ewald, Lester Ketchum, Lucy W. Bradley, Frances H. Duffee, Henry R. Erickson, Rachel H. Cox, Nellie Early, Wallace V., and Charles E., Hallie Woods, Maud S., Nickerson, Edith R. Riley, Dwight Marfield, Katie Combes, Frank E. Morgan, Carey Rogers, John R. Benedict, Sue Noline, Arthur and Bessie, M. F. To Philz, Clara Pierce, Floy D., Charley G. Osgood, Emily Sara Jepperson, Rex Manning, Thomas J. Bannerman, Fuggie, and Laura, and Fanny B., Prudence Emma Hequembourg, George H. Irving, Jun., Jennie Ewald, Lester Ketchum, Lucy W. Bradley, Frances H. Duffee, Henry R. Erickson, Rachel H. Cox, Nellie Early, Wallace V., and Charles E., Hallie Woods, Maud S., Nickerson, Edith R. Riley, Dwight Marfield, Katie Combes, Frank E. Morgan, Carey Rogers, John R. Benedict, Sue Noline, Arthur and Bessie, M. F. To Philz, Clara Pierce, Floy D., Charley G. Osgood, Emily Sara Jepperson, Rex Manning, Thomas J. Bannerman, Fuggie, and Laura, and Fanny B., Prudence Emma Hequembourg, George H. Irving, Jun., Jennie Ewald, Lester Ketchum, Lucy W. Bradley, Frances H. Duffee, Henry R. Erickson, Rachel H. Cox, Nellie Early, Wallace V., and Charles E., Hallie Woods, Maud S., Nickerson, Edith R. Riley, Dwight Marfield, Katie Combes, Frank E. Morgan, Carey Rogers, John R. Benedict, Sue Noline, Arthur and Bessie, M. F. To Philz, Clara Pierce, Floy D., Charley G. Osgood, Emily Sara Jepperson, Rex Manning, Thomas J. Bannerman, Fuggie, and Laura, and Fanny B., Prudence Emma Hequembourg, George H. Irving, Jun., Jennie Ewald, Lester Ketchum, Lucy W. Bradley, Frances H. Duffee, Henry R. Erickson, Rachel H. Cox, Nellie Early, Wallace V., and Charles E., Hallie Woods, Maud S., Nickerson, Edith R. Riley, Dwight Marfield, Katie Combes, Frank E. Morgan, Carey Rogers, John R. Benedict, Sue Noline, Arthur and Bessie, M. F. To Philz, Clara Pierce, Floy D., Charley G. Osgood, Emily Sara Jepperson, Rex Manning, Thomas J. Bannerman, Fuggie, and Laura, and Fanny B., Prudence Emma Hequembourg, George H. Irving, Jun., Jennie Ewald, Lester Ketchum, Lucy W. Bradley, Frances H. Duffee, Henry R. Erickson, Rachel H. Cox, Nellie Early, Wallace V., and Charles E., Hallie Woods, Maud S., Nickerson, Edith R. Riley, Dwight Marfield, Katie Combes, Frank E. Morgan, Carey Rogers, John R. Benedict, Sue Noline, Arthur and Bessie, M. F. To Philz, Clara Pierce, Floy D., Charley G. Osgood, Emily Sara Jepperson, Rex Manning, Thomas J. Bannerman, Fuggie, and Laura, and Fanny B., Prudence Emma Hequembourg, George H. Irving, Jun., Jennie Ewald, Lester Ketchum, Lucy W. Bradley, Frances H. Duffee, Henry R. Erickson, Rachel H. Cox, Nellie Early, Wallace V., and Charles E., Hallie Woods, Maud S., Nickerson, Edith R. Riley, Dwight Marfield, Katie Combes, Frank E. Morgan, Carey Rogers, John R. Benedict, Sue Noline, Arthur and Bessie, M. F. To Philz, Clara Pierce, Floy D., Charley G. Osgood, Emily Sara Jepperson, Rex Manning, Thomas J. Bannerman, Fuggie, and Laura, and Fanny B., Prudence Emma Hequembourg, George H. Irving, Jun., Jennie Ewald, Lester Ketchum, Lucy W. Bradley, Frances H. Duffee, Henry R. Erickson, Rachel H. Cox, Nellie Early, Wallace V., and Charles E., Hallie Woods, Maud S., Nickerson, Edith R. Riley, Dwight Marfield, Katie Combes, Frank E. Morgan, Carey Rogers, John R. Benedict, Sue Noline, Arthur and Bessie, M. F. To Philz, Clara Pierce, Floy D., Charley G. Osgood, Emily Sara Jepperson, Rex Manning, Thomas J. Bannerman, Fuggie, and Laura, and Fanny B., Prudence Emma Hequembourg, George H. Irving, Jun., Jennie Ewald, Lester Ketchum, Lucy W. Bradley, Frances H. Duffee, Henry R. Erickson, Rachel H. Cox, Nellie Early, Wallace V., and Charles E., Hallie Woods, Maud S., Nickerson, Edith R. Riley, Dwight Marfield, Katie Combes, Frank E. Morgan, Carey Rogers, John R. Benedict, Sue Noline, Arthur and Bessie, M. F. To Philz, Clara Pierce, Floy D., Charley G. Osgood, Emily Sara Jepperson, Rex Manning, Thomas J. Bannerman, Fuggie, and Laura, and Fanny B., Prudence Emma Hequembourg, George H. Irving, Jun., Jennie Ewald, Lester Ketchum, Lucy W. Bradley, Frances H. Duffee, Henry R. Erickson, Rachel H. Cox, Nellie Early, Wallace V., and Charles E., Hallie Woods, Maud S., Nickerson, Edith R. Riley, Dwight Marfield, Katie Combes, Frank E. Morgan, Carey Rogers, John R. Benedict, Sue Noline, Arthur and Bessie, M. F. To Philz, Clara Pierce, Floy D., Charley G. Osgood, Emily Sara Jepperson, Rex Manning, Thomas J. Bannerman, Fuggie, and Laura, and Fanny B., Prudence Emma Hequembourg, George H. Irving, Jun., Jennie Ewald, Lester Ketchum, Lucy W. Bradley, Frances H. Duffee, Henry R. Erickson, Rachel H. Cox, Nellie Early, Wallace V., and Charles E., Hallie Woods, Maud S., Nickerson, Edith R. Riley, Dwight Marfield, Katie Combes, Frank E. Morgan, Carey Rogers, John R. Benedict, Sue Noline, Arthur and Bessie, M. F. To Philz, Clara Pierce, Floy D., Charley G. Osgood, Emily Sara Jepperson, Rex Manning, Thomas J. Bannerman, Fuggie, and Laura, and Fanny B., Prudence Emma Hequembourg, George H. Irving, Jun., Jennie Ewald, Lester Ketchum, Lucy W. Bradley, Frances H. Duffee, Henry R. Erickson, Rachel H. Cox, Nellie Early, Wallace V., and Charles E., Hallie Woods, Maud S., Nickerson, Edith R. Riley, Dwight Marfield, Katie Combes, Frank E. Morgan, Carey Rogers, John R. Benedict, Sue Noline, Arthur and Bessie, M. F. To Philz, Clara Pierce, Floy D., Charley G. Osgood, Emily Sara Jepperson, Rex Manning, Thomas J. Bannerman, Fuggie, and Laura, and Fanny B., Prudence Emma Hequembourg, George H. Irving, Jun., Jennie Ewald, Lester Ketchum, Lucy W. Bradley, Frances H. Duffee, Henry R. Erickson, Rachel H. Cox, Nellie Early, Wallace V., and Charles E., Hallie Woods, Maud S., Nickerson, Edith R. Riley, Dwight Marfield, Katie Combes, Frank E. Morgan, Carey Rogers, John R. Benedict, Sue Noline, Arthur and Bessie, M. F. To Philz, Clara Pierce, Floy D., Charley G. Osgood, Emily Sara Jepperson, Rex Manning, Thomas J. Bannerman, Fuggie, and Laura, and Fanny B., Prudence Emma Hequembourg, George H. Irving, Jun., Jennie Ewald, Lester Ketchum, Lucy W. Bradley, Frances H. Duffee, Henry R. Erickson, Rachel H. Cox, Nellie Early, Wallace V., and Charles E., Hallie Woods, Maud S., Nickerson, Edith R. Riley, Dwight Marfield, Katie Combes, Frank E. Morgan, Carey Rogers, John R.

## THE SCALE AND RING PUZZLE.

THIS puzzle will amuse our young readers in two ways, as it requires no little skill to manufacture it, as well as to solve it when it has been put together by a pair of ingenious hands.

The materials required are a piece of thin wood or thick cardboard, which will do as well, a number of beads or buttons, and some common cotton cord.

Take a piece of the wood or card-board, and drill eight holes in it as shown in the diagram.

Thread a piece of string from the front through A and B, one end through each, leaving a loop on this side of A B. Thread from behind, through C, the end which was passed through A, and similarly through D the end which was passed through B.

Put a plain metal or bone ring over the loop at A B, and leaving the ring flat on the board, pass the ends which were threaded through C D through the loop above the ring.

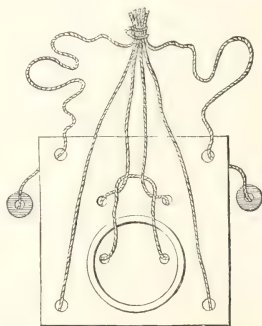
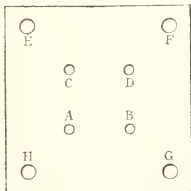
Next tie four pieces of string each to a separate bead or button. The beads or buttons must be of such size that they will not go through the corner holes in the board.

Thread each of these four pieces of string separately, from behind, through the holes E, F, G, H.

Hold the ends in a bunch, together with the two ends of the first piece of string, so that when the six ends are held up together they give the appearance of a scale.

Tie the six ends tightly together, as in the diagram, and the scale and ring puzzle is made.

In the diagram the strings are only partly drawn through E and F to show where the beads are fastened. When the six ends are held by the knot above, all the strings become taut, and the scale-like appearance is produced, especially if the corners of the wood or card are rounded.



Pass it now to your neighbor, and ask him to solve the puzzle, which is to get off the ring without untying or cutting the string.

This may seem quite a simple thing to do, but, unless he is unusually apt at such things, he will find that he has quite an evening's work before him in disentangling the puzzling loops and knots into which the strings will weave themselves.



A TUG OF WAR IN THE WOODS.

HARPER'S  
YOUNG PEOPLE  
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 220.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Tuesday, March 19, 1884

Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$1.50 per Year, in Advance.



A LITTLE HOLLANDER.—FROM A PAINTING BY C. VON BODENHAUSEN.



## WHEN AND HOW TO READ THE BIBLE.

BY THE REV. T. W. COCKENY, D.D.

PROBABLY there are only a few boys and girls in their teens who have thought about the different value of different books, as that value is shown by their popularity, the character of their contents, their being translated into few or many languages, the length of time that they have been read, and the number of copies sold. And, therefore, because they have not considered the subject, it will be a surprise to them to be told that the Bible stands at the head of the list in all these particulars, and a very long gap indeed must be left before you write down the name of the book that ought to come next.

Most people are agreed as to the importance of the Bible as giving us information about God and man and the world to come, and telling us how to live good lives here, with the promise of happiness and glory in the life beyond. But many "young people" do not read the Bible regularly every day, not only because they are so busy with their studies and games, and want to read newspapers and magazines in their spare time, but because they do not know how to set about it.

The interest which is felt in the Bible will depend almost wholly upon the religious education one has had. Those who are the children of parents who really *love* the Bible, and whose lives are truly fashioned upon its precepts, will hear their father's or mother's voice in many passages, and it will seem to them as dear and familiar as if it had been written by these loved ones; while those whose misfortune it is to have careless or irreligious parents will have no such help to quicken their interest in the Bible and make them feel it dear and precious. But the right reading of the Bible will give this interest sooner or later, so let all at once try to learn "how to read the Bible."

We will begin with the *time* which is best suited for it. If you get up early, and so are not obliged to hurry for fear of being late for breakfast, the best time is as soon as you are dressed. This is because you are freshest then, and can give the first use of your active minds to this duty. But there is one thing beforehand, namely, remembering that it is *God's* Book, to kneel down very reverently, and ask Him to teach you, to speak to you, through it, by His Holy Spirit.

But if you can not get this time for reading the Bible (and it is not possible, if children go to bed late, for them to get up early), then let it be the first thing after breakfast. Whenever it is, keep the time always sacred: let nothing interfere with it; go to it as regularly as you would to a recitation. Another good time, supposing you have an early dinner, is directly after tea or supper. This is because you are not then tired or sleepy.

Where shall we begin? What part shall we read? If the Bible were like most other books, it would be best to begin at the beginning and read straight through to the end; but it is not: it is made up of many books, written at different times and by different people. There are two great divisions, separated from each other by about five hundred years; and of these one has to do chiefly with Judaism, the other with Christianity. If Christianity had been entirely new we might discard the Old Testament altogether; but as it was prepared for by Judaism, and rose out of it, we must not do this.

Those who can read the Bible twice a day will find it a good plan to read in the Old Testament in the morning and in the New Testament in the evening; while those who only read once a day had better take each part for a week at a time.

The following is the order in which the various portions should be read: 1. The Holy Gospels; 2. The Psalms; 3. The History of Israel; 4. Patriarchal times; 5. The Acts;

6. The Epistles; 7. The poetic portions; 8. Ecclesiastes and Revelation.

The quantity to be read will vary. Sometimes one reads more slowly than at others; some parts are quite clear; others are difficult to understand; others, again, have to be studied and compared with portions elsewhere. One chapter is a good rule, or one incident, whether it is less or more than a chapter.

There is one part of the Bible which is quite exceptional, and it is not very far from the middle—the Book of the Psalms. It is the record of the inner, spiritual experience of the writers, and has always been a favorite portion of the Sacred Writings. The best use to be made of this is to turn it into prayer, to kneel down and say a psalm as a prayer. Many of them are written in the first person singular, and will need no change whatever; and it will be found to be a very pleasant thing to express as our own, and in the very words of which they made use, the spiritual desires which filled the souls of people who tried to serve God so long ago.

When reading portions of the books of Samuel, Kings, and Chronicles, it helps one's interest much to read the writings of the prophets who lived at the same time; and even those who have Bibles without any marginal notes will soon find out how to do this if they will only take a little pains. As an illustration, it will be noticed that Isaiah begins by saying that he received his visions in the reigns of Uzziah, Jotham, Ahaz, and Hezekiah, kings of Judah. Jeremiah has a similar preface.

A good map is most necessary, and every place mentioned in the text should be found at once, so that the reader may become as familiar with the scenes of the various narratives as if they had taken place in his own country. It is well to have at hand Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible*, so as to turn to it for information respecting names and places, and the late Dean Stanley's *Sinai, Palestine, and Lectures on the Jewish Church* (three series), will help to make many of the narratives very real and life-like. *Helps to the Study of the Bible*, appended to the Sunday-school teachers' edition, Oxford, can be had separately, and will assist the young student very much, while *The Bible Hand-Book*, by Angus, published by the Religious Tract Society, London, is an admirable work of reference.

The way to read the Bible which has been here suggested is chiefly for the purpose of becoming familiar with its contents; but when this purpose is achieved, the need of reading the Bible is not ended, and for this reason:

There are different events narrated in the Bible, each of which has a deep meaning, and when the events are compared with one another, this meaning is more clearly seen; and there are different ideas expressed in it, and the tracing of such ideas through from one end to the other brings out the fact of the progressive character of God's revelation.

## A TERRIBLE SIX HOURS.

## OUR FIRST OFFICER'S STORY.

BY DAVID KER

SHIPWRECKED, eh? Well, no, I've never been shipwrecked yet; but I was once a good deal nearer it than I ever want to be again; and if a man's hair can turn gray in a single night, as some folks say it can, that night's work ought to have turned mine as gray as a badger.

It was my fourth voyage, and we were homeward bound, from Bombay to Southampton, with a full number of passengers. I was only a youngster then, and, like all young hands, I'd a great longing for a taste of "the perils of the sea," and all that sort of thing. But when I *did* get a



taste of them, as you'll see presently, I didn't like 'em quite so well as I expected.

We were several days out from Bombay, and it might be about two hundred and fifty miles from the isle of Socotra, which lies in between Africa and Arabia, as I dare say you recollect. I was fourth officer that voyage, by-the-by. The weather had been splendid from the very first, and looked like staying so right through. All the people who had been sick were getting quite brisk again, and everybody was as jolly as could be.

About seven o'clock one fine evening we were all on deck, watching the sunset, and calculating how soon we should be in the Red Sea, when my attention was attracted by our third officer, Harry Lee, who was a special chum of mine. He was a slim young fellow, not much older than myself, but cool as a cucumber and brave as a lion. I was just going up to have a word with him, when I saw him lift his head and begin sniffing the air uneasily, like a startled deer. Then he slipped down the ladder leading from the hurricane deck into the waist, and went hither and thither for a moment or two in a hap-hazard kind of way, just as a dog does when he's looking out for a snug place to lie down.

I could see that his behavior puzzled the other officers quite as much as it did me. Before any of us could say a word, back he came again, and, going up to the Captain, said something in such a low voice that I could only catch one word of it. But even that one was quite enough to double me up for the moment as if I'd been hit by a cannon-ball. The word that I caught was "*Fire!*"

To try a man's nerve in real earnest, I don't think there's anything in the world like a fire at sea. A fire on land is bad enough, where you have a chance of running away from it; but at sea, where you're hemmed in between fire on one side and water on the other, it's like nothing I can think of except the feeling you sometimes have in a bad dream, when you see something terrible coming rushing down upon you, and then suddenly find yourself rooted to the ground, and not able to stir a limb to escape. Show me the man who can face a sudden alarm of fire on board ship without wincing, and I'll show you the bravest man on the face of the earth.

But it's one good of such a shock as that that when the first stun is over it braces you up at once. We all felt that our only chance was to keep cool and to do our best, and we drew ourselves together to do it.

"Mr. Lee," said the Captain, quite coolly, though his hard old mouth was set like a trap as he said it, "the passengers must know nothing of this, whatever happens. Just go aft and get them down into the saloon for some music, and then, as soon as you can get away without being noticed, come here and lend us a hand."

Away went Harry accordingly, and presently we heard his voice down on the after-deck as brisk and cheery as if there was nothing the matter. Down trooped the passengers in a body, for Lee was a great favorite with them, and was always getting up something for their amusement. In another minute or two we heard the piano going, and one of the young fellows singing a comic song, with all the rest joining in the chorus:

"My uncle went out to fish one day,  
When 'twas just a-getting dark,  
And something pulled so hard at his line  
That he thought he'd hooked a shark."

"Instead of a shark, 'twas the hull of a ship  
That had sunk there a year before;  
But just as he'd got it the line broke short,  
And down went the ship once more."

It *did* send a shudder through us all, I can tell you, to hear them so merry, and singing so carelessly about ships going down, and all that, with Death gaping for them

all the while. But there was no time to think of it just then.

Well, the Captain called up our men, and told them that there was fire in the fore-hold, and that the sooner they put it out the better. He said it so lightly and cheerily that you might have thought the whole business was a mere trifle, and that they had nothing to do but to go and quench the fire at once. But as he finished speaking I saw that he had bitten his lower lip until it bled.

To work we went, then, one and all. We knew better than to take off the hatches and let in the air upon the flames, so we cut holes in the planking, and trained the nozzle of the hose-pipes through them. Then we began pumping away with all our might.

But just as the work was in full swing, two of the passengers—young fellows, just married, who were going home on leave—came on deck suddenly, and saw at the first glance what was going on.

"Gentlemen," said the Captain, going up to them, "we didn't expect you here just now; but since you *are* here, you must please stay and help us. We can't let you go back now."

One of them agreed at once, but the other begged hard to be allowed to go and see his wife before he began. However, the Captain wouldn't hear of it, so at last he went and fell to work alongside of his comrade, and they both stuck to it like men right on to the end.

But, work as we might, the fire seemed to gain upon us, and between ten and eleven at night the hatches had to go. The moment they were off, up spouted a roaring jet of flame twelve feet and more above the deck, with such a fury that I began to lose heart, for there seemed to be no chance of mastering *that*. But we weren't at the worst of it yet, for all at once I saw our chief officer turn pale as death, and he gurgled out, as if the words choked him, "*The gunpowder!*"

When I heard him say that, it turned me quite sick and faint, for I knew well enough what he meant. In that very fore-hold, and close to the place where the fire was at its worst, there were eight ammunition cases, containing powder enough to blow the whole ship to bits.

For a moment we all stood like so many statues; but just then we heard old Captain Weatherby's voice, clear and cool as ever:

"I won't *order* any man on such a job as that; but we must get that powder up somehow. Who'll follow me?"

Down he went, and he was hardly down before there were six of us beside him.

We flew at the powder chests, and tugged them out of their places one by one, while the men on deck kept pouring down a perfect cataract of water, to fight off the flames from us. What with the smoke and steam, the stifling heat, the shouting of the men and the roar of the fire, the dancing and flashing of faces and arms out of the darkness and into it again, and the feeling that at any moment we might all be blown into the air together, it was just like being in the thick of a battle.

One, two, three chests were handed up on deck. We had hard work with the fourth and fifth, but we managed them at last, and then the sixth and the seventh. When it came to the last, I felt as if something *must* happen then; but up it went, and presently I found myself on deck again, hardly knowing how I got there, scorched and bruised and half choked, and black as a sweep from head to foot.

It was nine at night when we began to pump; it was three in the morning before the danger was fairly over. The passengers knew nothing of it until it was all done, and then we made as light of it as we could. But I can tell you that, although I'm not more of a coward than other men, I don't think anything on earth could tempt me to go through those six hours again.



THE LIFE-BOAT.

## THE CIRCLERS' GOAT.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JUN.



GEOFF ADAMS got up the society and gave it its name—the Circle of Secrets. He was President, and the most important member.

Of course, as the organization was a secret one, nobody was supposed to know what was done at the meetings, which were held every Saturday in Stanley Gunn's room; but as the four boys were usually overflowing with anecdotes of bears and stories of icebergs and the like for the remainder of the day, outsiders believed themselves safe in concluding that the club was nothing more nor less than a sort of reading exchange. The members, however, shook their heads gravely when asked if the guess was not correct, and placed their first fingers between their lips with a most mysterious air.

"I say, fellows," announced President Adams, one afternoon, "Ben Wattles wants to join."

"But I thought our society was to be a limited one," Stanley Gunn ventured to hint.

"And if Ben joins," put in Will, "and finds out that there isn't any great secret after all, he may get mad and make fun of the Circle all over the school."

"Let's get up a terrible secret, then," suggested Paul, who was fond of fairy tales and ghost stories.

Geoff happened to be glancing out of the window at the moment, and caught sight of something in the street that caused him to spring up and exclaim, "Just the thing! wait for me a minute!" Then he darted down-stairs like a shot.

"What can he be after, I wonder?" muttered Stanley, flattening his nose against the pane, and then raising the window to obtain a more extended view.

But nothing was to be seen except the usual number of orderly passers-by on the sidewalk, two cabs, and an express wagon in the street, and the spectacle of bare-headed Geoff tearing toward the corner.

"What do you say to secrets now?" exclaimed Will, after being rescued by his brothers from taking a dive into the area-way, three stories below. "That Geoff is the most provoking fellow."

"Oh, don't say that!" cried Paul. "I'm sure he's thought of something splendid, so just sit down and be quiet till I finish reading about this giant's supper, and then Geoff'll be back and tell us what it is."

But Paul had read far beyond the giant's supper, and it was nearly time for the Gunns' six-o'clock dinner before the panting Adams returned.

"Where have you been all this while without your hat?" exclaimed Stanley, as he let his friend in.

"Come up to the club-room with the boys, and I'll tell you all together," was the reply. "But how much money have we in the treasury, first?"

"Thirty cents," responded Treasurer Gunn, jingling a two-cent piece against a penny in his pocket.

"Then we'll have to make an extra assessment of twenty cents," went on Geoff, as he stretched himself out on his school-fellow's lounge, having first picked up his cap and placed it on his head, as if to make up for going off without it.

"Why, Geoff Adams, what have you been doing?" cried the younger Gunns, in a horrified tone of voice.

"Getting up a secret, as you proposed, Paul," answered the other, his eyes twinkling with fun, while his mouth curved into a broad smile, in spite of his efforts to begin his story with proper presidential gravity. "But didn't any of you fellows see what I saw out of the window here?"

"Not unless it was something you can find in the street any hour of the day," replied Stanley. "Will came near tumbling out head-first trying to look around the corner."

"Well, he *did* trot along pretty fast, and gave me all I wanted to do to catch him," continued Geoff.

"Why, was it a horse?" broke out Will.

"No, but the next thing to it—a goat. Didn't you ever hear of people having to ride the goat before they are admitted into secret societies? My cousin Jack's a Mason, and I remember when he joined how everybody kept asking him how the goat went. Well, when Paul said that about making a secret, I happened to catch a glimpse of a fellow driving by in a goat carriage. 'The very thing,' I thought, for, you know, nobody believes that they have real goats to ride in the big societies. They only make the members do something ridiculous, and so it will be better than having any regular secret to tell Ben that he must ride the goat. He'll think it's only another way of saying he's to stand on his head or have his face blacked or something like it; so won't he jump when he finds himself on the back of a true-for-a-fact nanny! Oh my!" and the Circle's President went off into peals of laughter.

The three Gunn boys preserved an amazed silence for a few seconds, and then, "But we haven't got any goat," said Paul, as a hint for the other to stop laughing and explain on a hint for length.

"And no place to put him, if we had one," added Will, regretfully.

"Why, hello!" exclaimed Geoff at this, sitting up and sobering down. "What do you boys take me for? Do you think I ran my legs off just to keep that goat in sight, so I wouldn't forget the idea it gave me? No, sir; I followed that particular animal, whose name is Bimber, to hire him from his owner for the occasion, and I have

promised the boy fifty cents for the loan of him next Saturday afternoon."

"But where is he going to deliver him?" asked Stanley. "Up at the Park?"

"At the Park!" cried Geoff, disdainfully. "Why, that's just the sort of place where Ben might expect to find a goat. No, indeed; the boy's to bring him to the corner of the avenue here, where we four are to meet him at two o'clock. Then we'll lead Bimber right along with us up to your room, Stan."

"To my room!" exclaimed Stanley, looking as amazed as if he expected to find the goat as big as Jumbo. "How can we ever get him up two flights of stairs in the first place, where can we hide him when he is here, and lastly, what will mother say?"

"Oh, she won't care; it'll only be for a little while," replied Geoff, lightly. "Besides, nobody must know anything about it but ourselves. I heard your sister say that your folks were going to a concert Saturday afternoon, so there'll be nobody home but the girls in the kitchen. You can open the front door with your key, Stan, and the boy says that his goat's as meek as a lamb. I'm sure nobody could ask a better place to hide him till the right minute than this big closet of yours. Why, it'll just be prime sport!"

If it had been any other boy but Geoff Adams who proposed the scheme, the Gunns might have taken a longer time to consider matters; but now, after the first shock of surprise at the novelty of the enterprise had passed away, they displayed the greatest enthusiasm in regard to it, and not only offered to give house-room to the goat, but raised on the spot the extra amount needed to hire it.

During recess on Monday morning Ben Wattle was informed with great solemnity by Geoff that the Circle of Secrets had decided to admit him as a member at half past two o'clock on the following Saturday. On Tuesday Stanley darkly hinted to him that he must be prepared for a formal invitation, and on Wednesday Paul asked him whether he had ever ridden a goat.

As for Ben, he laughed boldly at all this, declaring that he had heard about that kind of goats before, and wasn't afraid of them.

When Saturday came, everything seemed to favor the Circlers' plans, for the day was as clear as a bell; and not only did all the grown folks set out for the concert promptly at half past one, but even the waitress was given leave of absence. Geoff spent the whole morning at the Gunns' fitting up Stanley's room with a view to solemnly impressing Ben with the importance of the occasion.

Geoff had borrowed from his big brother—who was studying medicine—a sort of map of the human body in skeleton form, which he hung in front of the window, so as to allow only a subdued and sepulchral light to shine upon the scene; then over the mantel-piece was displayed an immense sheet of white paper, on which was printed,

in very black and shaky letters, the one word, "Silence." On the table lay a handkerchief for bandaging the victim's eyes, the picture of a goat, and a suggestive piece of clothes-line.

"Quite a complete torture chamber, isn't it?" said President Adams, surveying his preparations with a satisfied air.

Then he went home to lunch, promising to return in time to meet Bimber at the corner.

"You didn't tell the boy what we wanted his goat for, did you?" asked Will, as the four started out.

"No, of course not," was Geoff's prompt reply, but he wished he had when he discovered that Bimber's owner expected them to take the wagon too.

"But we don't want the wagon," he declared. "We've got our hands full enough as it is with the goat."

"What am I to do with it, then?" went on the small boy. "I'd look pretty, dragging it home behind me like a child five years old, wouldn't I?" and the little fellow drew himself up to the full height of his eleven years.

"Oh, do make haste and fix it some way," entreated Stanley, "or Ben'll get to the door the same time we do."

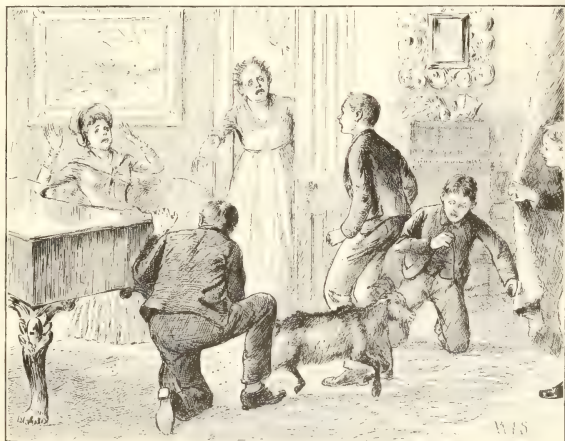
"Well, I'll give you ten cents extra if you'll take the carriage away," said Geoff, gravely, adding in a whisper to the Gunns, "You fellows must back me up."

The temptation to put another dime to his credit was not to be resisted by the young New-Yorker, and he started off on a run with his wagon, leaving the Circlers in possession of the goat, with the understanding that it was to be delivered back to him on the same spot at four o'clock.

"Now, then, we must hurry up," exclaimed Geoff, cautiously tapping his prize on the horns by way of experimenting on his temper.

"What'll the people say when they see us leading him up the stoop?" suggested Paul, as the procession moved, followed by an interested crowd of street boys whom it was impossible to shake off.

"Well, it's your own house, isn't it?" responded Geoff; "so who's got a right to say anything? Now, Stan, run on ahead and open the door."



"THE SAINTS PRESERVE US!" CRIED NORA."

The Circleers breathed easier when they and Bimber were safe in the Gunns' front hall, with their train of street Arabs racing back to the corner in pursuit of a hospital ambulance; but they were suddenly roused to new anxieties by a cry of warning from Will, who had gone into the dining-room for a drink of water.

"Quick! here comes the cook up the basement stairs!" he called out, in a loud whisper.

"Where? which? what shall we do?" exclaimed Paul, excitedly.

"Bring the goat in the parlor and shut the door," suggested Stanley, suiting the action to the word, and leading Bimber by his horns into the sacred region of rugs and bric-à-brac.

The unsuspecting Nora passed by on her way to the fourth floor, humming an Irish air as she ascended, and the boys were preparing to hasten up with the goat before she returned, when a ring at the front-door bell sent them all scurrying to the darkest corner of the parlor. Geoff made the goat lie down and then sat on him, while he directed the Gunn boys to take Ben upstairs to the sitting-room, and keep him there until he had had time to hide Bimber in Stanley's closet.

But it was not Ben, after all; and when the cook hurried down to open the door the Circleers turned pale as they heard her say: "Oh, and if ye doos be Mrs. Armington, will ye plaze take a sate in the parlor? The ladies do be all out, but Miss Florence left a note on her desk I was to give ye if ye called," and Nora hospitably flung open the doors and then vanished upstairs again.

The caller fortunately chose to seat herself on the sofa by the window, and the grand piano partially screened the four conspirators, who crouched down over Bimber, as if he were so much precious gold they were bound to guard. Scarcely daring to breathe, the lads waited for Nora's return and the visitor's departure, and when they heard the cook's heavy step descending the stairs again, Geoff felt so relieved as to forget what he was sitting on, and gave a joyful bounce.

Then the goat, for the first and last time while in the society's possession, lifted up his voice and uttered a cry that sent the boys on his back up like Jack-in-the-boxes, and caused Mrs. Armington, with her weak nerves—for which, indeed, Florence's note contained a prescription—to start forward and then fall back on the sofa with a piercing shriek that frightened the Circleers more than Bimber's had.

"The saints presarve us!" cried Nora, rushing into the room like a whirlwind, and beginning to fan the fainting lady with an expensive placque.

Will ran for a glass of water, Stanley sped upstairs for his sister's camphor bottle, Paul tore up and down the parlor, asking what he could do, while Geoff started after Bimber, who, terrified by the sudden commotion, had trotted into the dining-room, and caught his horns in the register.

In the midst of the confusion the bell rang again, and when Nora had answered it she fled back screaming, declaring that it must be "another plague intoirly," for there stood Ben Wattles on the stoop, with a goat by his side.

"I thought I'd bring my own animal," he explained to Stanley through the crack on which the cook had chained the door.

"How did you hear?" exclaimed the oldest Gunn, handing the camphor to Paul to take in.

"Why, the boy you got yours from is my second cousin," replied Ben, with a grin, "and his father's just bought him another to make a team;" and then he triumphantly walked off with Bimber's mate, leaving the Gunn boys to apologize as best they could to Mrs. Armington when she came to, and Geoff to stand a whole hour on the corner waiting to deliver Bimber to his owner.

Stanley, Paul, and Will had a talk with their mother and an interview with their father that night, after which the Circle of Secrets circled no more, and Geoff Adams lost three intimate friends.

## THE SWORD OF GRAM.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

HAVE you heard the rime of the sword of Gram—  
A mighty sword with a sparkling hilt?  
Oh, a flaming brand in the brave right hand.

Of him who had scorn for the stain of guilt,  
To a house that was ringing with bridal bells.

It was brought in the dusk of a sweet spring day  
By a kingly man—so the legend tells—  
Close wrapped in a shadowy cloak of gray.

With the step of Odin he crossed the door,  
With the voice of Odin he plainly spoke;  
Lightly the sword of Gram he bore,

And cleft it deep to the heart of oak  
Of a giant tree on the hearth that lay.

A silence fell on the wedding mirth.

"Who frees that sword," as he strode away,  
Said Odin, "shall conquer all the earth."

Then one and another tried, be sure:  
But this was fickle and that was frail;  
And many, alas! had lives impure,

And at touch of the hilt turned weak and pale,  
Till a hero came in the bloom of youth,

And the sword sprang swiftly to greet his hand;  
For white on his brow was the sign of truth,

And the gods had tempered for him the brand.

So here and there through the world he sped

To do the right and to shame the wrong;  
And crime and error before him fled,

This champion eager and blithe and strong.  
He carried the wonderful sword of Gram

Wherever he went, and the world was wide;  
There was peace in his breast, and love and rest,

For he strove with Odin upon his side.

You wish, my lad with the kindling eye,

"Twere yours to carry a blade like this—

A magic brand in a brave right hand.

And never the prize in a strife to miss?

Believe my words that the sword of Gram

Is waiting still for the hero's grasp,

Though never a king in a cloak of gray

May have brought it nigh for the victor's clasp.

If the heart be pure and the hand be clean,

The look be noble, the courage high,

The boy will conquer the foes that throng,

Nor drop his flag under any sky.

For a greater than Odin on his side

Will help him strive for the deathless right;

And he'll bear the mystical sword of Gram,

And lightly carry its matchless might.

## THE FAIR FOR SICK DOLLS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," ETC.

II.



HE day before the one on which the famous fair was to be held arrived, and the boys had not succeeded in persuading the girls to let them be partners in the enterprise. They had coaxed, then urged the peculiar fitness of boys in general, and themselves in particular, to manage a fair, and finally resorted to threats,

as on the day when they first broached the subject, but all to no purpose.

The girls insisted that they were capable of getting up



the fair properly, and since it was to be for the relief of sick and destitute dolls, boys could have no real sympathy with the object. Again and again did they argue with the boys that if every one of their immediate circle of acquaintances should take part in getting up the fair there would be no one left to buy the articles for sale.

The boys thought that argument extremely foolish. They failed to understand how dolls could be in need of charity, and thought the purpose of the fair would be fully accomplished if every one had a good time. Up to this day they had hoped that the girls would relent when they came fully to understand what valuable aid they were rejecting; but the conversation Charley had had with Guida that morning showed him how vain were all their hopes.

"I'll tell you what it is, fellers," said Charley, after he had called a meeting of such of his friends as were anxious to become partners in the enterprise, "they won't let us into the thing except we go there to spend our money."

"Girls are no good anyway," said Harry Morse, "and you see if they have any kind of a show; but they are goin' to have a lot of cake an' candy to sell, for the sitting-room over to our house is about filled up with it."

"How much are they goin' to make a feller pay to get in?" asked another member of the party; but he was sorry he had asked the question as soon as the words had left his lips, for it showed such weakness on his part that every one frowned darkly upon him.

"Now that's it—that's just it!" exclaimed Charley, impatiently. "The girls won't let us have anything to do with the fair, an' now you're askin' about how much it costs to go, just as if any of us would show our heads there after they've treated us so mean. They ask five cents to let anybody in, an' they'll wait a good while before they get any of my money."

"But we can't see it unless we do pay to go in," said Ralph Hartley, meekly, thinking, perhaps, that since he had already provoked so much anger by asking a simple question, he might as well call forth more for the purpose of knowing what his companions proposed doing in the matter.

"Of course we can't see it unless we pay, and there isn't any of us here who wants to see it. Them girls think that we'll be sure to come an' spend our money 'cause they wouldn't take us into partnership with 'em. They'll see how much they're mistaken before to-morrow night," and Charley looked around the room at his companions to read in their faces a resolve as firm as his own.

"But we must go somewhere, or the girls will say we wanted to come, and only staid away out of spite," said Harry, and all looked at Charley for some suggestion as to how they should spend their time on the day of the fair. Nor were they disappointed, for he had already made up his mind as to what could be done.

"We'll have a concert down in Ralph Hartley's shed," he said, quickly, "an' we'll give a show in the afternoon an' one in the evening. I guess when the girls hear of that they'll feel bad."

"Yes, but who'll come to it?" asked Ralph. "When we've had any shows before the girls have always come; an' if it hadn't been for what they paid, we wouldn't have taken much money at the door."

There was more truth in Ralph's statement than Charley cared to admit just then. For the moment he almost felt ashamed of trying to do what he could to prevent the fair from being a success, as he remembered how the girls had patronized the concerts the boys had given. But it would not do for him to let his companions see how he felt, and he said, quickly:

"Don't you be afraid that we sha'n't get anybody to come to our show, for we won't charge anything to come

in, an' I guess at that rate there'll be enough come to make the fair look kinder slim."

For a moment no one made any reply to this speech, and it seemed very much as if all were thinking that they were not behaving exactly right toward the girls, who had always been willing to do all they could toward making the boys' undertakings successful. Perhaps it was because Charley himself felt rather guilty that he spoke so sharply as he said:

"Now if any of you fellers want to back out an' go to the fair, after the girls wouldn't let us have anything to do with it, back out now, so's we'll know just who we've got with us when we give the show."

No one showed any positive desire to "back out," although none of them looked as happy as it might have been supposed they would look when they were about to be so successful in breaking up the fair. Each one looked at the other expectantly, and if any one had boldly suggested then that they should attend the fair in a body, it is very likely every one would have agreed to it at once.

"What shall we do at our show?" asked Harry, much as if he thought it impossible that any one would think of going to the fair, even though he himself was wishing heartily that he had not joined the opposition, for he knew he could have a very pleasant time if he should do by the girls as they had done by him.

"Why, we can have singing, an' a play of some kind, just the same as we've always had."

"But we can't learn much of a play before to-morrow afternoon," said Ralph, meekly. "We've always had two or three weeks to get ready in."

"Then we needn't have a play," said Charley, quickly, almost disposed to be angry with his friend for having reminded him that they had so little time in which to prepare for an entertainment that was to rival the fair. "We can have a regular minstrel show; that won't take any great time to get up, an' we'll go right down to your shed now an' begin."

The boys started at once for Ralph's home, but, strangely enough, they did not take their usual pleasure in the performance they proposed giving, and even the work of converting the shed into a theatre was hard and dull. Whenever they had done this work before, each one felt such an interest in it that it had seemed more like play than anything else; but now there was nothing interesting about it.

The stage was already built; that is to say, it consisted of four packing-cases, and these had been procured when they had their first entertainment, so that it was only necessary to place them in position and arrange the seats; but this occupied so much time that it was night before the work was completed.

Charley made a rough sketch of the programme, and tickets were distributed to the members. After discussing the question for some time it had been finally agreed that although the entertainment was to be free, no one should be admitted but invited guests.

The next morning, while the girls were busily engaged in preparations for their fair, which was to open at two o'clock, the boys had a rehearsal, and before that was ended each one began to have doubts as to the success of their entertainment, for it had never seemed so dull before. They kept at their work, however, with a determination worthy of a better cause, and when noon came their spirits revived a little. Each one knew just what he was to do, even if he was not exactly certain how he should do it.

"Now we'll all be back here at three o'clock," said Charley, as the boys separated to go to dinner, "and at half past three we'll open the show. Every one must invite as many as he can, so's we'll be sure to have a big time."



REHEARSING FOR THE MINSTREL SHOW.

The boys were not as delighted over their rival entertainment as they expected to be when they parted at noon; but no one said anything to lead the others to suppose he was not perfectly satisfied with the general arrangements. Strangely enough, not a word had been spoken by any one during the morning about the fair, and that in itself was enough to show that each one was thinking of it.

The concert was not to open until half past three; therefore there was nothing very remarkable in the fact that none of the performers were at Ralph's shed at two o'clock, the hour when the fair was to open. But there was something singular occurring near Harry Morse's house.

Just at two o'clock Charley Dalton appeared at the corner of the street, near the house in which the fair was being held, and as he looked up and down the street he acted very much as if he was afraid of being seen. This appearance of his near the fair that he proposed to crush by the concert seemed rather odd, and his actions were still more so when, on seeing Ralph coming down the street, he jumped back, as if afraid of being seen.

Ralph was also bent on some errand in which he did not want to be seen, for when he approached the house, and Harry came out, he ran quickly down the street, seeking the same shelter in which to hide himself as that already occupied by Charley.

"Why—why—what are you doing here?" he asked, in surprise, and then he acted very much as if he was about to run away.

"I only come—I mean, I was— Well, what made you run in here to hide?" asked Charley, who was clearly un-

able to explain why he was there.

"I—I—I thought I'd come here to see where Harry was going;" and Ralph's face was so red by this time that it was quite certain he did not care to tell all his reasons for hiding. Before he could defend himself any further, or explain his conduct in a more satisfactory way, Harry appeared before them. He had seen Ralph run down the street as if to avoid being seen by him, and he came to learn the reason of it.

But before he could ask any question Charley called out,

"There comes George Silsbee. Get in here, quick, before he sees us."

George was to be one of the bright and shining lights in the concert, and, strange as it may seem, he was approaching the house quite as carefully as the others had done.

"Watch him, an' see where he goes to," said Charley, as he stole out from his hiding-place, acting very much as if he thought he knew where George was going.

The new-comer looked cautiously around him, and then, as if he had made up his mind that no one could see him, for the boys had taken care to keep out of sight, he ran up the steps of Mr. Morse's house, ringing the bell at the very door on which was a card bearing the inscription:

FAIR  
IN AID OF  
SICK AND DESTITUTE DOLLS.

"He's gone in," said Charley, drawing a long breath, as if of relief; and then, as a sudden thought occurred to him, he said to Ralph, "That's where you were going, for you acted just as he did."

"And so did you," said Harry, quickly, "for I was watching you from the window as you came along."

"Well, well," stammered Charley, unable to make up his mind just what to say, until he concluded to tell the truth, and then he answered, quickly: "That was just what I was going to do, an' Ralph was up to the same thing. I wanted to see what kind of a fair the girls could get up without us; but I wasn't going to stay more'n a minute."

"Well, I'd like to go myself; so let's all go in. We needn't stay very long, nor we needn't buy anything; but we can just see what it looks like."

And, acting upon Harry's suggestion, the three principal enemies to the Fair in aid of Sick and Destitute Dolls paid their entrance fee of five cents, and went in, where, twenty-four hours before, they had been so certain they had no desire to go.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





### "BLUFFED."

THERE is a good deal of truth in the saying that when muscle can not hold a situation pluck often will. The fat bullfinch in the scene pictured on page 313 appears to understand what he is about pretty thoroughly—a good deal better, in fact, than do the trio of soft, woolly, perplexed puppies staring him in the face, but wofully afraid to venture an inch nearer their breakfast. The enemy is in possession, and until he retreats our little friends will have to go hungry. Their mother plainly has no intention of coming to their rescue.

When these little fellows are grown up they will not be so easily "bluffed." Their time is yet to come, and very likely they will be as knowing as any of our dog friends. How knowing that is only those who are familiar with dogs and their ways, and have watched some of their feats, can tell. We have at home a small dachshound named Jumbo who has lately taken to performing an odd little trick which no one taught him.

On the mantel-piece in the library stands a little rubber figure belonging to one of the children in the house. Jumbo; when a puppy, was often allowed to play with this rubber figure. When it was taken away from him it was put on the mantel-piece, out of his reach.

Recently his master said to him one evening, "Jumbo, if you will get your rubber doll we will play with it together," pointing to it. Jumbo at once leaped up, and tried, barking violently, to reach the doll. After a moment's vain effort he stopped, stood as if "putting two and two together" for an instant, and then, crossing the room, the dog began pushing a tall ottoman all the way across to the hearth.

His master watched him in surprise, but Jumbo actually succeeded in dragging and pushing the ottoman under the mantel-piece. Leaping upon it with a joyful bark, he seized the rubber doll thus brought within reach, and rushed with it to his master. Jumbo was not to be "bluffed" by difficulties. It was his own unaided idea of accomplishing what he wanted, and "Jumbo getting his doll" is now a standard performance in the household.

Another dog which understood the use of furniture as a means of arriving at things out of reach was Dash. He usually sat by his master's side at dinner, receiving his share of the meal bit by bit, as his master pleased. One day there was company, and Dash was forgotten. He bore it patiently for a while; then he moved a chair from the wall up to the table, took his place upon it, and helped himself, after the manner of the other guests.

### FRETWORK, AND HOW TO DO IT.

WE have heard it said that any one with perseverance can make fretwork. To a certain extent, no doubt, this is true, but there are some people who would never get beyond a few simple patterns. Such fretwork as is used by piano-forte makers of note is a very different thing from the first attempts of even a talented amateur.

The tools required are few, and can be obtained at a very moderate cost. A gimlet, a frame and clamp, some saws, and a few fine wood-files are all that a beginner will need.

The best fret-workers are the Chinese. For minuteness and exactness of detail they are unrivalled. The fans of ivory and the mother-of-pearl boxes, each of its kind as alike as two peas, are wonderful. With us, even if such work could be done, the expense of labor would be so high as to preclude any sale of such objects of home manufacture; but to the patient Chinese time is of no consequence, and labor, as a matter of course, a drag in the

market. At the last Paris exhibition fretwork was shown which so much resembled lace in appearance that it was only by touching it that one could be convinced that the white material, so delicate in texture, was ivory.

Fretwork machines are very useful for rough, large patterns, but even the most delicate of them can not approach a careful hand-worker in fineness of touch and exactness of outline. For simple patterns, such as are used for heavy furniture work, they are excellent, and an outlay of a few dollars in purchasing one will be well repaid if the workman possesses those essentials to success in any line, perseverance and patience.

"The secret of success," said one of the most successful of men, Lord Beaconsfield, "is concentration of purpose." Concentration of purpose is necessary to the fret-worker. Of course one can work easy patterns and think of matters not connected with the work at the same time, but in intricate cutting, or when engaged on light work, it is necessary that the whole attention be devoted to the subject in hand. So much for fretwork as a mental exercise. Considered as a training for the hands, fretwork is equally excellent.

One of the simplest objects for a beginner to try his skill upon is a wall bracket to hold a flower vase or any suitable ornament. A piece of cedar—the bottom and lid of a cigar box will answer the purpose excellently—from seven to eight inches in length by six and a half in width is a convenient size. The shelf is a semicircular piece either plain or scalloped in front, and its support must be of light, open, but strong designs, and hinges are sometimes placed to all parts in order to make it easy to pack the bracket. But such additions can only be made with difficulty by the amateur fret-worker.

The first thing to be done always is to trace the design on a thin piece of paper; it may be traced from a book or print if desired. When the tracing is complete, lay it face downward, and cover it with powdered red chalk. The tracing is then laid on the wood, with the red side downward. With a blunt bodkin or lead-pencil we now draw firmly along all the lines, thus reproducing the tracing on the surface of the wood. Having accomplished this, we remove the paper, and with pen and ink make a complete drawing of the outlined design on the wood.

In designing fretwork great care must be taken to get the two sides of the pattern alike and in correct drawing. This can best be done by drawing the design on tracing-paper, and doubling it over so as to form a half circle, when, with a little extra pressure of the pencil, a good design can be obtained on both sides of the paper.

When this has been accomplished pierce the wood at various points with the gimlet. The holes thus made are to allow the saw to enter. The wood may now be put in the clamp. Then with a moderately strong saw the young beginner can make his first attempt. The frame must be held perfectly straight, and the arm worked steadily and straightly up and down.

Turning the saw is always a difficult point with amateurs, but in reality there is but little in the operation that can not be mastered with a few moments' practice. The secret of turning neatly and without damaging either saw or wood is to work very steadily up and down, but not forward, when the turning point has been reached. Then by a sharp and active movement of the wrist and wood the saw should be turned, but not jerked, and the new line commenced. Sometimes, however, the delicacy of the pattern makes this impossible. The saw should then be pulled backward and forward gently until a sufficiently large hole has been made.

The frame, or "bow," as it is sometimes called, is made of steel or wood—the lighter the better—and costs from one to two dollars. The rest of the tools will cost very little. Wood can be obtained at very moderate prices per foot.



## THE ICE QUEEN.\*

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

## CHAPTER XX.

## THE RESCUE.

ALL this went through Tug's mind, as on a dark night a flash of lightning enters and leaves the pupil of the eye; it took "no time at all," and the instant he had hooked his fingers in Aleck's hair he shouted to Katy to shove out the sled where he might reach it. She did so, and by it drew both the lads to the ice, the brave rescuer grasping the friendly box and towing his senseless Captain.

Then a new difficulty presented itself. Aleck was perfectly helpless, and like a log in the water; or worse than that, for he would sink if Tug loosed his hold. How should they get him out?

Katy saw this problem, and said to Tug, as soon as the ice had been reached, while she kneeled at the brink of the splashing water:

"Let me hold his head up—I can do it—until you can climb out; then both of us together, I guess, can drag him up on to the ice. Oh dear! will he ever come to?"

Her tears blinded her eyes, but she dashed them away, and took a firm hold upon Aleck's coat, while Tug scrambled out. Then, while Katy held his head above the curling, gurgling little waves that the wind was chasing, Tug slipped one end of the rope under his arms, and made a loop about his body, by which they were able to drag his lifeless form out upon the ice, as though he were a fish or a seal.

"Now let's have the sled!" screamed Tug, minding neither his own freezing garments nor Katy's anguish; and having pulled this from the water, he and Katy lifted Aleck upon it, and set off as fast as they could for the tent, whither the miserable Youngster had already started on a staggering trot, with many groans and rough tumbles. The others overtook him, and all went on together; but Jimkin got no comfort, for Aleck might be drowned—they did not know; while Jim, though certainly miserable, was alive and active—enough so at least to look after himself.

"How fortunate that I could put a kettle of hot water on!"

"Yes. Now here we are. We'll have to drag him through the low doorway heels first. Help me lift him off the sled, Katy."

Laid on straw and overcoats by the warm fire, Tug quickly stripped off the Captain's wet clothes, while Katy brought warm blankets, and wrapped him in them.

"Didn't you say you had a little bottle of brandy, Katy?"

"Yes; Miss Marshall told us we ought never to go on a long journey without it, and I brought it along for fear something like this might happen. Here it is."

Taking the bottle, Tug forced a few drops between Aleck's lips, and saw them trickle down his throat. A minute later there was a stronger throb of the fluttering heart, a quiver of the eyelids, and a faint sighing groan, which the anxious watchers could just hear. At this sign of returning life they rose and grasped each other's hands. The tears Katy had so bravely kept back when she had had work to do and no time to cry came now in an unrestrained shower; but they were tears of joy, for the Captain was waking up all right.

Now poor little Jim got some attention, and Katy left them to themselves while the three boys helped each other to get rid of their icy clothes and crawl into the blankets and warm straw of their bedrooms, as they called the

hull of the boat. This done, Katy came back and made hot tea for her three tucked-up patients, which so revived them that Tug and Jim begged to be allowed to get up as soon as their clothes had been dried; but Aleck said he wanted to sleep two weeks, and so would stay in bed a little longer.

As for Rex, whose heroism in bringing back Aleck's floating coat, when he was unable to aid his drowning master himself, had been forgotten until now, he was content to lie in a snug corner and wait for the frozen fish his mistress had promised him would presently be the reward of his faithfulness.

That eventful day came to an end without anything further to disturb their peace. Aleck rose toward evening, and went out fishing with Jim and Tug, catching two or three pickerel. The night passed in unusual quiet, for the wind, though steady, was not a whistling gale, nor did the grinding roar of moving ice come to their ears as it had sometimes the day before.

In the morning the same clouds were there, the same vague haze hid the horizon, the same waste of ice and water surrounded their lonely camp, the same quiet breeze breathed steadily across the lake, and but for occasional noises of their own making, the whole world seemed profoundly still. This was depressing, and the spirits of each one of our young adventurers sank to a level with the flat ice and the dull gray sky; yet it was evident that nothing could be done except to wait as patiently as possible for some change.

"If yez can't be aisy, be as aisy as ye can," remarked Tug, quoting an excellent Irish rule of life under adverse circumstances; but the pleasantry met with only a faint smile from his discouraged companions. All thought that any active perils would be better than this motionless, objectless gloom, so threatening because so still and uncertain.

"I wonder if we haven't stopped drifting," said Katy, as they were pretending to eat a bit of luncheon, for which nobody had much appetite; and more for the sake of doing something than because it seemed to make much difference whether they had come to a stand still or not, they took a few chips, and going to the edge of the floe, threw them into the water. These tossed up and down on the gentle waves, but did not change their position at all, so our navigators concluded their floe to be at last stationary.

"How far do you think we have drifted?" Jim asked his brother.

"Well," Aleck replied, "I've been studying over that. We don't know just when we started nor exactly when we stopped—if we have stopped—nor whether we have gone steadily on. I have seen something of drifting ice, and I should say we had gone probably between twenty and twenty-five miles, all right out into the middle of the lake."

"Then you have some idea of where we are?"

"Oh yes; that's quite easily calculated by 'dead-reckoning,' as sailors say."

The west wind now began to subside, and before long the air became still and the mists thicker, with dense low clouds massing close overhead. On land it must have been a warm, thawing day. Out here it was always chilly, but the four people were not uncomfortable, even when their overcoats were unbuttoned, partly, however, because they had become accustomed to constant exposure.

Before the sun went down the air grew much cooler, and the fog thinned out, while the wind freshened and worked around until it blew briskly and very cold from the north. This soon swept away the mists, but not the clouds; yet light enough remained just before dusk to give Aleck a brief look to the northward. He could see a great field of rough ice, apparently made up of broken pieces crushed and jammed together, stretching in that di-

\* Begun in No. 217, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.



"THEY WERE ABLE TO DRAG HIS LIFELESS FORM OUT UPON THE ICE."

rection to the horizon. This horizon was broken in one place, however, by a darker patch that looked as though it might be land; but before he could examine it more carefully, it had become lost in the darkness.

Returning to the house, the Captain ordered every preparation to be made for a possible removal. While Katy cooked their evening meal, the boys worked with axe and shovel until they had freed the runners under the boat, so that she could be dragged away quickly. Then the wall was taken down, and the boxes stowed carefully. Several of them had been emptied during the long halt, and it made them all feel very grave to notice how low their stock of provisions and lamp oil had run. Jimmy refused to see the use of all this hard work when everything seemed as safe as ever it was, and Aleck confessed that he had no better reason to give for his precautions than that the weather had changed, and it was best to be on the safe side.

"We won't take the tent down, Jim, nor throw in the mess kit, nor roll away our good beds, till we find we have to; but if the ice should drop from under our feet at this moment, we could scramble into the boat, and have our necessary property with us."

Katy, meanwhile, had set half a ham boiling—they had only one more left after this—and was only waiting for it to be done before going to bed, for it was late in the evening, and much colder than usual, since the hummock no longer sheltered them from this new wind, which blew

in under the boat where the snow had been shovelled away, and threatened to tear the frail hut to pieces. Finally the ham was done, and the girl crept shivering to Jim's side amid the straw and quilts, thoroughly frightened and weary.

She had not been there five minutes when there came a quick series of crashing reports, such as she had heard before. The ice was breaking up again. Tug was quickest to jump out, calling to all to stay in the boat till he came back. They could feel the ice shake and tip under them—or at any rate imagined they could—while the wind was blowing snowflakes in their scared faces. It seemed an age, though really it was hardly a minute, before Tug came back, and said they were afloat upon a small piece—a piece only a few yards square.

"Then," said Aleck, decisively, "we must take to the boat and get off this cake, for the wind is blowing us right back into the open lake, and we couldn't live out there. I think I saw land just north of us, and we must try to get there, or at any rate get upon the big ice-field in front. It's our only hope."

He and Tug were buttoning their overcoats and tying tippets about their heads and necks, but talking at the same time.

"Now for our orders, Captain."

"Well, then, listen. Katy and Jim must not step out of the boat unless I say so. They must light the lantern, ship the rudder, roll up the bedding and stow it under the thwarts, and fix everything as snug as they can. Jim's place will be forward; Katy will stay by the tiller;

and remember, whatever happens, that the compass direction is due north. Now, Tug," he continued, "you and I will dump in this kitchen stuff, and let The Youngster pack it away the best he can. Then down with the oars and mast and canvas. We must hurry."

So saying, he snatched the kettle, ham and all, from the fire, and tossed it into the boat, where it lit on Jim's foot, and was greeted with an angry howl. The other goods and the spare canvas followed. Then they began to tear down the roof, and in five minutes this had been piled in a stiff frozen heap on the bow of the boat, for they thought there was no time to bend and fold it into shape. It was all the united efforts of the four could do to hoist it over the low gunwale.

All these preparations took perhaps fifteen minutes—a quarter of an hour of terror, for now the great cake was plainly rocking under their feet. Then calling out Jim, they put their heads through the collars of the drag-ropes, and tried their best to move the boat, but it wouldn't budge an inch.

"We must throw off that icy canvas. I should think it weighed a hundred pounds," said Tug.

"Yes, off with it!" ordered Captain Aleck.

This done, they tried again, and slowly and laboriously worked the boat twenty or thirty paces toward the edge of the ice, when it became clogged with the fast-falling snow, and could be pushed no farther.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# HUSH-A-BYE. BABY.

Do.  
Birdie.  
Young.



*Allegro.*

S. B. MILLS.







## A HOLIDAY.

Half a dozen of us—  
Don't we look gay?

We've been so very good at school.  
We have a holiday.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

NORFOLK, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMASTER.—It is beautiful here in the south of France. You see the orange trees and palms almost every time you go out. We were at Cannes before we came here. While we were there papa and mamma took my sister and myself over to the island where the "Man with the Iron Mask" was confined. We saw the room which he had; and the woman who showed us around told us he had a bed, a table, and a chair, and that he was confined there over seventeen years. The window had four or five rows of railings. We saw also a very high wall reaching to the sea, down which the French prisoner Marshal Bazaine made his escape.

The Carnival begins here this week, and there are men, women, and children going in masks and fancy dresses. There is an Exhibition here now, and a large balloon goes up two or three times a day with people in it. There is a beautiful casino here, where they have daily concerts, and also a room for plays for children. They have a little theatre like the one for Punch and Judy, but give pieces in several acts for young people.

I have heard that Mr. Neal's little boy, in Munich, is a celebrated pianist. Won't you give a sketch of him in the YOUNG PEOPLE? Your affectionate reader,

FLETCHER H.

Thanks for your letter, Fletcher. It is pleasant to hear about the sunny land of France—the grand historic scenes through which you are travelling. We have an article on "The Man with the Iron Mask," which tells his story so far as it is known, and we will publish it in YOUNG PEOPLE soon. Thanks also for your suggestion in regard to a sketch of Mr. David Neal's talented little son. Our readers will, we know, be glad to hear about this bright little musician.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for a long time, and my interest in it is greater than ever. There are many wonderful places around this city. One of them is Horst's Thiel Hollow. The rocks there are very high, and contain many strange caves of different sizes, and in the largest caves horse-thieves used to hide the horses wherever they stole. Our family were down there several times last summer, and we expect to go often next summer, as it is such a lovely place. We found quite a number of new plants that we think would interest students in botany. Another interesting place is the gold mine about three miles south of our city. There are most wonderful fossil bones in the locality, called the Region. My brother has a large and valuable collection of these fossils. I go to school in the morning, work at home in the afternoon, and carry the daily paper in the evening. We have a lot of the money I get for carrying papers I take the BAZAR for my mother and YOUNG PEOPLE for myself. I would like very much to visit your great printing house.

LUCIE R.

I hope you may some time come to New York and visit the establishment of Messrs. HARPER & Brothers. So enterprising and diligent a youth deserves to get on in life, and I know you will be prosperous. It pleases me very much to see that you devote part of your earnings in a gift for your mother. Commend me to a mother-loving boy. By-the-way, can you induce the proper authorities to give that beautiful hollow a more attractive name?

PAU, BRAZIL.

DEAR POSTMASTER.—I wrote you last from Biarritz, but the air was so strong that I left. Papa and mamma took me to Pau, and found this air just the thing for me, and so sent for the rest of the family. The scene is very much changed; there we had the sea and the mountains, here the Basses Pyrénées Mountains, all snow-capped and seeming to reach into the sky. Pau is quite a pretty town, with two or three parks, where there is always beautiful music. The Promenade du Midi has a full view of the mountains, and is crowded with ladies and gentlemen walking and chatting or listening to the music. At the end of the promenade is a fine old chateau,

where Henri IV was born, and they went through the chateau one day. Among the quaint old things was a bed and some fine tapestries, and a table large enough to seat two hundred people. On Christmas Eve, the children and I went to a fancy-dress ball at Mrs. and General P.'s, English people. The daughter was dressed as a Spanish dancing girl, and she looked very pretty. About twelve o'clock there was a great deal of whispering going on. "Katie, du darst nicht gucken! Katie, du darst nicht herein!" I was bothered enough with secrets at a dance, and I was into the room, where the great secret was unveiled. In the middle was a cake with twelve candles stuck in it, and some one in the middle of the next year, with lovely flowers in vases around it, and a pot of hyacinths from our good old cook when she came down from the kitchen—the kitchen is at the top of the house. I told him it was my fate. She said nothing, but when she came home at twelve o'clock from market she solemnly entered and mumbled, "Bonne fête, les péanants are very handsome, and we wooden shoes, when one's back is turned, and the little boys come out of school, you would think a cavalry regiment was prancing down the street. The women carry water on their heads in pots."

I was delighted to see my Wiggle come forth in all its possible glory; but it is so long since I had sent it, I had quite forgotten that it was still there. You will see for yourself that nobody helped us. I hope the artist will think them good enough to print. We enjoy the Wiggles very much. I think Sweet's are so funny.

I think the nicest letter I have ever seen in the Post-office Box is from Nellie P., Milwaukee. I enjoyed the story about her cat, Cissy. Now, with much love, your affectionate little friend,

KATIE R.

I am very glad to hear from Katie R. again. I had been hoping for a letter from herself or brother Tom, and here it is, like a bird in winter safe over the stormy Atlantic. I enjoyed the story about her cat, Cissy. Now, with much love, your affectionate little friend,

When any dear child I love has a birthday, I think of a sweet stanza of the poet Whittier, written to his namesake, and this I quote for you, Katie, to do for all the dear ones.

"I pray the prayer of Plato old.

And thank thee, beautiful within:

And let thine eyes the good behold

In everything she saw in."

FISHER, MISSOURI, MISSOURI.

I live in a large house, and we have an acre and a quarter of land. We have two nice horses; one is named Billy and the other Ned. Our horses are very good, very much. When Ned hears mamma going out to the stable he will whinny and paw, and sometimes mamma will give Billy his sugar first, and then Ned will be very uneasy. We have a greenhouse, and I like it very much. I shall be glad when the summer comes, because I live near the water, and I can go in bathing almost every day.

H. W. S.

MEXICO, MEXICO.

Most of the people in this country are Mexicans. Their language is Spanish. I am going to a Spanish school. I wonder if any of the letter-writers ever saw mud houses such as they have here, they call them adobe. The king has built himself an adobe castle; even the roof is

made of mud. It is so large that he has plank walks on top of it. I wish you could see it. We have a school here for Indian children; the boys learn farming too, and the girls learn all kinds of housework. Let me tell you something about horrid diseases and how to cure them for your pets. One of them had thirty-six young ones and the other one had twenty-four, and before they were as large as a honey-bee the parents ate them. I will tell you about our trip to the San Pedro mines. Adios.

RALPH W. B.

Herbert Aldrich, a dear little boy not quite nine years old, died at his home in Brooklyn on January 15th. His illness was brief, lasting only three days. While lying in bed, and apparently not in danger, he took great pleasure in looking over his beloved YOUNG PEOPLE, reading the new number, which arrived on the 15th of January, and re-reading some of the earlier ones. He had taken the paper from its first number. His father writes, touchingly: "The last story he heard in this life was taken from YOUNG PEOPLE, and I don't want to thank you for the great pleasure he received from its perusal, and for the many lessons of good he learned from it. It is the earnest prayer of our sad hearts that for many years to come the paper may give to thousands of young people as great enjoyment as it gave our dear little Herbert."

The beautiful stanzas which follow were written by Mr. Aldrich for the enjoyment of his children, and he kindly allows us to publish them in Our Post-office Box.

## THE MAIDEN AND THE RAINBOW.

I remember a story, my children,

Of a maiden who followed a rainbow  
In search of a large bag of gold.

For thus runs the story, my darlings,

If once she could come to the end,  
She'd find all the gold that she needed,  
And plenty to give to a friend.

So over the hill-sides she clambered,

And then she saw the rainbow again,  
Though rough was the path that she travelled,  
Upon her heart all its intent.

Ne'er minding the brambles that caught her,  
Ne'er heeding the rain-storm that beat,  
Though tired grew the frail little body,  
And weary and sore were her feet.

Forgetting her home and its duties,

Letting her lessons unlearned;  
But looking afraid to the heavens,  
Where the bow with its bright colors burned.

Still onward and onward she wandered,

Still watching the rainbow so fair,  
Till all of a sudden it faded,  
And melted away in the air.

Then heavily homeward she plodded,

Though long was the path she must tread  
Ever and anon she would pause,  
She might wearily nestle her head.

And this is the moral, my darlings,

Which runs through the whole of my rhyme:  
Don't leave your home duties untended,  
While far for a rainbow you climb.

Don't scorn all the pleasures around you,

Though those far away seem so fair,  
Stick like the bright bow of the match,  
They may vanish and fade in the air.

For ever around you are duties,

And lessons will come with each day;  
Rich rewards will fidelity bring you,  
Though rainbows may vanish away.

BOSTON, NEW YORK. CHARLES ALDRICH.

TERRACE, MISSOURI.

I am a little farmer boy nine years old. I have been to school every day but three this winter; I study reading, spelling, writing, geography, and arithmetic. I have a little dog. His name is Rogue; he is a funny fellow. I tell you. We have seven lambs, and Rogue likes to play with them, and he will play with me. I think "The Ice Queen" is a splendid story. I have three brothers, all older than myself. I drove the harvester last harvest. There are some nice Ardenwell girls near here, and I would like to tell you about, but it would take too long; so good-by.

FRANK S.

Success to my farmer lad!

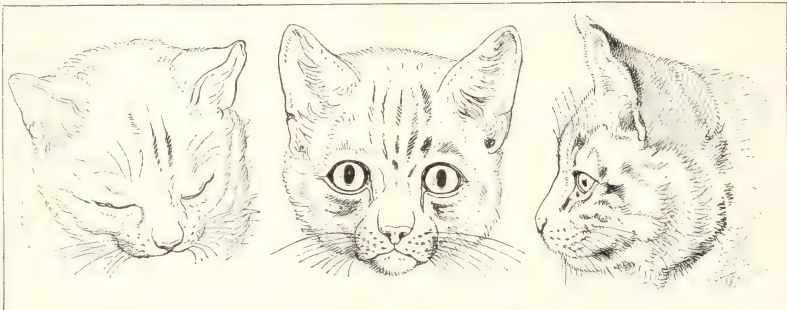
Last week we were told of the flood, and this week Gracie gives her recollections of a cyclone:

PRAIRIE, ILLINOIS.

I thought I would write a letter to the Post-office Box. I am a little girl ten years old. Brother Lloyd, sisters Kate and Mary, and myself go to school. I have another sister, Carrie, but she







THREE BROTHERS.—By R. K. MURRITRICK.

IN the cozy kitchen,  
All the livelong day,  
See three little fellows  
Jump around and play!

They are little brothers,  
Full of joy and fun  
As the merry robins  
Singing in the sun.

Never do they quarrel  
Over balls and bats.  
For these little brothers  
Are but pussy-cats.

## THE STINGING TREE.

THOUGH the tropical plants of Australia are very luxuriant and beautiful, they are not without their drawbacks. There is one among them that is really dangerous. It is called the stinging tree. If a large portion of the body is burned by the stinging tree, death will be the result.

It would be as safe to pass through fire as to fall into one of these trees. They are found growing from two or three inches high to ten and fifteen feet; the stem of the old ones is whitish, and red berries usually grow on the top. The tree has a peculiar and disagreeable smell, but is best known by its leaf, which is nearly round. It also has a point at the top, and is jagged all round the edge, like the nettle. All the leaves are large; some are larger than a saucer.

"Sometimes," says a traveller, "while shooting turkeys in the

scrub, I have entirely forgotten the stinging tree, till warned of its close proximity by its smell, and then have found myself in a little forest of them. I was stung only once, and that very lightly. Its effects are curious; it leaves no marks, but the pain is maddening, and for months afterward the part, when touched, is tender in rainy weather, and when it gets wet in washing, etc.

"I have seen a man, who treated ordinary pain lightly, roll on the ground in agony after being stung, and I have seen a horse so completely mad after getting into a grove of the trees that he rushed open-mouthed at every one who approached him, and had to be shot in the scrub. Dogs, when stung, will rush about whining piteously, biting pieces from the affected part. The small stinging trees, a few inches high, are as dangerous as any, being so hard to see, and seriously imperiling one's ankles. The scrub is usually found growing among palm-trees."



The puzzle is to find out what proverb of five words is represented by the large picture. It is solved by means of the small pictures, the names of which are composed of letters taken from different words of the proverb. The figures indicate the words in which the letters are found.

# HARPER'S

# YOUNG PEOPLE

## AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 230.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Tuesday, March 25, 1884.

Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$1.50 per Year, in Advance.

### RACKET.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

I.

"THERE, there, poor little Rackety! See, now, won't he play bo-peep with Will's hat? Well, then—Oh-h-h-h! look out the window and see the horsies!

How they are jumping and

life so trying as this long day's ride in a railroad car. All the help given by toys, picture-books, candy, and cakes, had been used up hours ago. All the efforts of mamma, two sisters, a little brother, and the nurse could no longer keep him within the bounds of proper baby behavior.

"Only one more hour, I'm happy to say!" exclaimed Edith, as Racket gave an angry scream at being refused the brass rack over his head for a plaything. But a tedious delay took place at a way-station, when he insisted on being walked up and down the car, returning with a roar after bumping his head against the end of a seat.



galloping, and how they are afraid of the cars! Get up, horsies!"

But Racket, usually a well-behaved child, had as yet found nothing in his two years' experience of

"OH NO, HONEY, YER CANT HAB DAT!"



A welcome hush fell, however, as the car door opened, and he stared at the incomer, hardly knowing whether to be pleased or frightened. It was a bright-looking colored boy, with a velveteen suit, from which the nap was almost worn away, a very large, very clean collar, and a banjo. He took his seat behind the nurse, and beamed on Racket with so hearty a smile that the small boy allowed his friends five minutes of quiet while he gravely eyed the dark skin, white teeth, and shiny eyes. The result seemed satisfactory, for he presently leaned over the back of the seat, and made a grab at the banjo.

"Oh no, honey, yer can't hab dat!" said the boy, laughing, and drawing it back.

Racket reached further, lost his balance, and went over head-foremost, accompanied by a shrill cry from the nurse, as she vainly tried to catch him. The united family sprang up in alarm to see Racket upside down and kicking violently in the arms of the boy, who had dropped his banjo in preventing his fall.

"Nebber yer mind, now, honey," he cried, coaxingly. "Yer ain't hurt a mite, nohow."

But Racket thought he was, and was preparing to express himself to that effect in his own way, which intention was happily nipped in the bud by a few thrums on the banjo. Then its owner looked with concern at a slight break in its frame.

"Is it broken?" asked Racket's mother.

"Not much, missus. It 'll go yet. See?"

"What is your name, and where are you going?"

"Gabe, missus. Into de city fer ter play de banjo an' sing, an' git some money fer de ole mammy."

"Sing for us now."

"Yes, missus. No, honey, don't ye ketch hold, now. Little w'ite boys don't want no banjos."

"Come along, my bandler, come along,

For de time is drawin' nigh,

For de angels say den's intha ter do

But ter ring dem charmin' bells,

We are all most home,

We are all most home,

For ter ring dem charmin' bells,

Come along, Sister Mary, come along,

For de time is drawin' nigh," etc.

Mrs. Dwight wrote some lines on a piece of paper, which she gave to Gabe.

"Here is our address. Come to us in the city, and we'll have your banjo mended."

"Sing more," said the boys. And Gabe sang:

"Daniel in de lions' den—

An' a how I long to go!

De lions did not hurt him den—

An' a how I long to go!

O king, kmg, king, live forever, O king!

An' a how I long to go!

"De angels come from paradiso—

An' a how I long to go!

De angels locked de lions' jaws,

An' a—

Racket had heard lion stories, and now began growling: "Br-r-r, br-r-r, br-r-r."

"Listen to de chile!" exclaimed Gabe, in great glee, forgetting his song. "Yes, honey, de big roarin' lions dey goes dis a way"—he made a rumbling sound on the banjo, which highly delighted Racket and his brother next older.

The cars started again, and Racket's caretakers leaned back with sighs of relief.

"Yer see, ole Mas' Lion, one day he done catch a deer, an' he say: 'Br-r-r, br-r-r, br-r-r. 'Is gwine ter hev a party, an' unvite all de 'ristocratic animals.' Den Mas' Bar, he done come wid his 'Ur-r-r-r, ur-r-r (banjo), an' Mas' Rooster, he done come wid his Oo-oo-oo, an' Mas' Wolf, he done come wid his 'War-war-war, an' Mas' Coon, he done come wid his 'Karak-ak-ak-ak.' But w'en de rat

an' de weasel dey done come, ole Mas' Lion, he done say, 'G'long, youens can't come, nohow; youens isn't 'ristocratic nuff.' Den de rat an' de weasel dey done gone stan' in de corner, an' put deir finger in deir mouf, an' sulks. An' de rat, he done say, 'I's gwine ter hev a party, an' I won't unvite ole Mas' Lion, dar, now!' An' de weasel, he done say, 'I's gwine ter hev a party, an' I won't unvite nobody at all; dar, now!' An' w'en ole Mas' Lion, he— For gracious! *W'ats dat?*"

It was not only Gabe who rose to his feet with a cry of terror, for all heard the dread sound, whose only meaning could be a sudden and awful change from the security of luxurious travel to wreck and ruin, suffering, perhaps death. Cries and groans followed quick upon the rending, crashing, splintering, and the fast-gathering darkness added its gloom to the fearful hour.

The angel of the shadowy wings did not wave them over the scene, but the destruction was most complete, and many a poor creature was carried away, maimed and crippled, by kindly hands, which were soon busy; and gentle touch and voice did their utmost to relieve suffering and soothe distress. The accident had taken place near a little town, to which some of the wounded were removed, while others were taken a few miles further on. Thus it came that in the confusion Mrs. Dwight was separated from her children, she, with a severe injury on the head, being left with the nurse, whose hurts were trifling, while Herbert, Edith, Ruth, and Willy were carried elsewhere, Herbert with a broken limb, and the others with various lighter hurts.

But by the time their wounds had been attended to a messenger arrived from the house where their mother lay. To the inquiry how they were getting on, Edith answered,

"We are all doing nicely. How is mamma?"

"A little better. The doctor says you may come to see her if you are able."

Edith went at once, but came back with a face so white as she sank down beside her brother that he seized her hand in alarm.

"Oh, Herbert!" she cried, "mamma asked 'How is Rackety?'"

"Why, why, Edith, what do you mean? Isn't Racket with mamma and Susan?"

"No, no, and they think he is with us. Herbert, where is the darling baby? What shall we do? Oh, oh, what will mamma say when she knows?"

When the family at last went back to their home the shadow which they bore with them was deeper and heavier than the one which had fallen before. The neighborhood had been thoroughly searched, but no trace of the missing child had been found.

## II.

Where, indeed, was poor little Racket?

At the first rude shock of the collision Gabe felt himself violently dashed one way and then the other. Amid the blinding, deafening confusion a baby voice came to his ear, and a soft little form was flung against him, which he seized and clasped closely, and together they seemed tossed hither and thither until thrown to a vast distance. And when Gabe opened his dizzy eyes it was because he was aroused by a stinging pain, which drew also a woful little wail from Racket. The hissing steam from the overturned locomotive was escaping and drifting toward them.

"Laws, honey, chile, we doesn't want ter be biled ter deff after gittin' banged ter deff, does we?"

People with lanterns were moving to and fro, and help was near; but Gabe's only thought was to get beyond further touch of the sharp tongue which stung so cruelly. Forgetting his bruises he sprang up and ran he knew not where, still holding the child fast in both his arms, until all of a sudden he went down—down—down, rolling, sliding, bumping over grass, gravel, and bushes until poor Gabe at last knew nothing more.



But Racket, somewhat protected by the circling arms, had fared better, and his pitiful cries soon brought help in the shape of two women followed by some children.

"Must 'a been a bad accident if it throwed 'em this far. Lay hold, Nancy, and let's fetch the poor little ducky to the wagons. Bob, you bring the baby; poor little chap, his arm's a-bleedin'. Wonder if his folks is all killed? The men can tell when they comes back."

The men came back, and reported no one killed and no injuries for a missing child.

If Gabe could have gone to it on his own feet he would have greatly enjoyed the sight of the emigrant's encampment in the deep, wide ravine down whose steep side he had fallen. It would have suited him well to have a hand in the boiling of the coffee and the roasting of the corn and potatoes, while the flickering glow cast by the big fire on trees and bushes would have pleased his eye. But he was indifferent to all sights and sounds as he was carefully placed in a rude bed in one of the wagons.

"It's only a bump; he'll come to," they said; and then Racket's arm was bound up, when it appeared that he was not too much hurt to eat a plentiful supper (although with some rebellion at receiving it from strange hands), even laughing merrily once or twice at the leaping and glancing of the great fire. After which he slept soundly all night.

As soon as Gabe appeared to be conscious he was asked where he lived. He struggled with his clouded senses for some minutes, and then gave a queer-sounding name; after which he went into another prolonged fainting-fit.

"That's on our way, John. Take 'em there."

So it happened that Gabe and Racket were carried ten miles from the scene of the accident.

But when they arrived Gabe was scarcely conscious yet. He only just managed to recognize the fact that they were not far from the "dirt road" which led to his mother's cottage. Thanking the travellers for their kindly help, he took Racket in his arms and painfully hobbled toward it.

"De laws, chile!" exclaimed Aunt Charity, as Gabe staggered in, and, placing Racket in her lap, threw himself on the bed, perfectly exhausted. "Wha you been, Gabe, an' what you been a-doin'? Whar's de ole banjo? What's de matter ails dis pore baby? an' what's de matter ails yerself, anyhow?"

But Gabe had not a word to say. Two weeks went by; the doctor came and went, and Gabe still tossed on his sick-bed. Then, however, the fever left him, and he could tell his story.

Aunt Charity listened in great excitement to his account of the accident, one moment raising her eyes and hands, with expressive shakes of the head, the next groaning dismally over the distressing story.

"In a accident, an' come out alive! Not many folks could 'a done it. An' held on to de pore little critter all de time—course you did, Gabe! Bress his pore little soul! An' yer pore ole pappy's banjo gone! You'll git well, Gabe, but we'll nebbber see de ole banjo no more. Dar, honey, quit yer cryin'; mammy 'll git him a cake. Whar's his mudder, you s'pose, Gabe?"

"How kin I tell? Didn't I tole yer how I war bumped up an' bumped down, an' bumped round an' round, an' den tumbled down de hill? But I spect she's done killed."

"Oh, oh, oh!" Aunt Charity snatched up Racket and rocked him in a transport of pitying tenderness. "Oh, oh! de good Lord He knowed whar ter send dis yer pore lost lamb fer ter be took car' ob. But I don't *b'liebe* she's killed. You warn't killed. Oh, oh! if she isn't killed, how she's a-griebin' her pore heart out fer dis yer baby dis yer blessed minit!"

"I'll find her sho's she ain't killed," said Gabe, firmly.

"You must, Gabe; you must."

At last, early one morning, Aunt Charity wrapped an old shawl about Racket.

"Look hyar, Gabe," she said, pausing solemnly before an old chest. Gabe looked equally solemn, for it contained instruments left by his father, who had been a noted musician in old plantation times. She reverently took out another banjo. "Dar, now. We won't go on dem dar kyars, an' crack dis yer ole all ter pieces."

And, after locking up the little house, walking leisurely, or with such "lifts" as they could get by the way, they were in a day or two swallowed up in the great city, without a clew to aid them in what they were bent on accomplishing, for the address which Racket's mother had given to Gabe lay at the bottom of the ravine.

And Gabe walked through the city's unfamiliar streets, often feeling, as he stood hungry and with aching feet and a heart from which courage seemed almost gone, the full sense of the words he sang:

"I'm a-weary, weary waitin'  
For de joyful hour ter come."

But he never failed for a moment in his fixed resolution to restore Racket to his mother, and returned every night to the tenement-house in which Aunt Charity helped a friend to wash for their very poor living, with a cheery "Find 'em ter-morrow, sho's ye lib—pore little chap!"

### III.

"This won't do!" exclaimed Dr. Merrit to himself, as he walked through a door, opened by a solemn-voiced servant, into a darkened hall which led him to a still darker room, where a woman bearing a burden of hopeless sorrow took his hand.

"I say, Margaret—I mean—I don't wonder at you, of course—nobody could—but this has got to stop some time, you know; don't you, my dear?"

"What do you mean, uncle? What has got to stop?"

"Why, this thing of keeping sunshine out of the house. It's as silent and gloomy as a tomb here. Oh, poor soul! Every one goes about with a sad face and a suppressed voice—enough to give one a chill to listen to."

"How could it be otherwise?" the mother said, wearily.

"Oh, poor child! how could it? And what an old wretch I am! But, Margaret, you *must* remember the children you have left. Things can't go on this way. Herbert looks old with his load of care; and the girls go about like little ghosts; and when Will gets outside the house for a while he looks as if he were afraid to come in. You *must* get out of this room; you must let in the light."

Just as the doctor was uttering these words a ragged colored boy was wandering along the street.

"It's been t'rough ebbery one o' de quality streets, an' if his mudder'd been dar, she'd 'a looked outen de winder wen she hear me a-singin', an', says she, 'Gabe, whar's dat dar baby?' She *must* 'a got killed." He walked in at the open gate, and, going up to the house, looked down into the area windows, from which poured a flood of warm light.

"Jolly tens down dar!—chicken an' cake an' jelly an' sech. Wish I's *Ki, hi—ki—ki*."

Gabe bounced up with a shout which brought two or three policemen that way. Through street, park, and alley he flew, panting, breathless, heedless of whatever might come in his way, till, reaching his mother, he was totally unable to utter a word. But as he snatched the clothing Racket had worn on that night of all nights to be remembered, and, flinging him on her lap, danced around the two in an ecstasy of delight, she understood.

"May de good Lord be praised!" and with shaking hands she put on the little garments.

A loud peal at a door-bell was followed by a rush and a hubbub in a handsome hall which caused every one to start and listen.

"You can't do that here, you saucy young scamp; the mistress is in trouble, and can't stand—"

But the old servant's words were drowned by the tinkle of a banjo, and a voice which jubilantly rang out the words:

"We are al—most home,  
We are al—most home,  
Fer ter ring dem charmin' bells."

Higher and higher they rose as Gabe nimbly dodged, and shook off and elbowed aside the hands which would indignantly have taken him by the shoulders and put him outside the door before the mistress should be disturbed.

But she had heard—for there was a cry on the stairs, and the next moment the impudent boy who had thus dared to intrude himself and his noise was thrusting into her

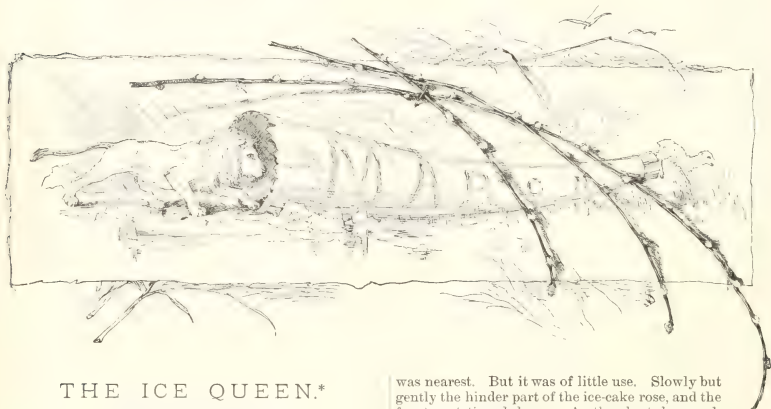
arms a child who screamed and struggled lustily to escape their trembling clasp.

Back again into the glow of the sweet home life—back at last to the dear caresses of brothers and sisters, and to the full blessedness of mother love—came the poor little wanderer who could not know what he had lost, and what was now restored to him.

And Gabe?

Gabe is an astonishing young person, in the neatest of liveries, with the brightest of buttons, who tends the door and does errands for the people who live in the great house where Racket is the youngest member of the family, and Gabe his especial slave. Aunt Charity lives near by.

"I tole you, chilluns," she says, "dat dere was sutfin wonnerful about Gabe. I knowed he'd be a great pusson some day, and so he is!"



## THE ICE QUEEN.\*

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL

### CHAPTER XXI.

#### A NIGHT IN AN OPEN BOAT.

WHAT should be done? Aleck was sure that their only chance for life lay in getting the boat afloat; but unless it could be brought nearer the edge, this could not be done, and perhaps was impossible, anyway. Yet to stay where they were was destruction. Katy and Jim had climbed into the boat, and crouched down out of the snow, while the larger lads stood outside trying to find some way out of their desperate situation. They must think fast; minutes were precious; but, cudgel their brains as they might, only darkness, a howling snow-squall, and crashing blocks of ice greeted their eyes or thoughts. One minute passed, two minutes passed, and they could see no way to help themselves. The third minute was slipping by, when a huge ice-cake crowded its resistless way underneath the rear edge of their own raft, toward which the stern of the boat was pointing, and slowly lifted it above the level of the water.

At once the sledge began to feel this inclination, and started to move.

"Jump in!" shouted Aleck, and leaped aboard, with Tug beside him. "Try to steady her!" they heard him cry, and each seized an oar, or a boat-hook, or whatever

was nearest. But it was of little use. Slowly but gently the hinder part of the ice-cake rose, and the front part tipped down. As the slant deepened, the speed of the sliding boat increased, until it went with a rush, and struck the water with a plunging splash that would surely have swamped them had it not been for the tight half-deck forward, which shed the water, and caused the little craft to rise upon an even keel as soon as she had fairly left the surface of the ice. It was evident in an instant, however, that she would sink in a very short time unless freed of the great sledge which was dragging upon her bottom. Already the water was pouring over her sides, and Aleck knew that they were in imminent danger of sinking or capsizing, or both. Tug had leaped in forward, and to him Aleck shouted, "Cut those bands!"

"Haven't any knife."

"Here's the hatchet. Hurry up."

One stroke of Tug's arm parted one of the bands, and he raised his hatchet for the second one, for there were two straps forward. As it descended, Aleck drew his pocket-knife across the strained band astern, which parted with a loud ripping noise. The idea was that both straps should be severed at the same instant; but in the darkness Tug partly missed his aim, and the poor boat, held to the sledge by a single strap, began to yaw and jerk and ship water in a most alarming manner—a strain she could not have borne one moment had not the half-cut band of canvas broken, setting the boat free. Aleck had intended to hold to the strap and take the sledge aboard; but this struggle, which came so near wrecking them all, wrenched it out of his hand, and the first wave washed

\* Begun in No. 317, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

the bobs beyond recovery—a loss whose full force did not strike them at once, for they had too much else to think of.

The weight and awkwardness of the sledge having been taken away, the boat rode much more lightly in the face of the ice-clogged sea, and showed how stanch and trim she really was, though much cold water splashed over her rails.

"Now," said Aleck, cheerfully, though it was fortunate the darkness could conceal how anxious was the expression of his face—"now we shall get along. Jim, get out your oars (the stroke); and look out for floating ice forward, Tug. Katy, my little steersman, are you very, very cold?"

"N-n-n-o!" the girl answered, bravely, but her teeth chattered dreadfully.

"Better say you are, for you can't hide it, poor child. Wait a minute till I get this strap off my roll of bedding, and I will wrap a blanket around you."

Doubling a large blanket, he put it carefully over her head and shoulders like an immense hood. Then he buckled around her the strap which had held the roll together, leaving only a fold out of which she might grasp the tiller, and another crevice through which to peep and breathe.

"We've got to have that lantern lit, 'cause you must see the compass."

Taking some matches from his pocket, he knelt down, placed the lantern under the skirt of Katy's blanket robe, crouched over it as close as he could, and struck a match. It went out. A second fizzed a while, which only warmed the wicking, but at the third the oil in the wick took fire, and the lantern was soon shining gayly into the bright face of the compass at Katy's feet.

"Now, Youngster, for the oars. Lie low, and let me crawl over you to my seat."

Aleck got there and was ready, but Jim was still fumbling about on each side, and feeling under the thwart.

"What's the matter? Why don't you go to work?"

"Can't find but one oar."

"Only one oar? Sure?"

Then the two searched, but to no purpose. It had been dropped overboard, evidently, during the excitement about losing the sledge.

"Well, Jim, it's your fault, but it can't be helped now.

You take this quilt, and cuddle down as close to Katy as you can get, and try to keep each other warm. I'll row alone. Ready, forward?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

Then they began to move ahead through the water, which came in long rollers, not in breaking waves, because there was so much ice around them that the wind could not get hold of it. It was very cold. Occasionally Tug would fend away a cake of ice, or they would stop and steer clear of a big piece; but pretty soon he called out in a shaky voice that he was too stiff to stand there any longer, where the spray was blowing over him, and that he should be good for nothing in a few minutes unless he could row awhile to get warm. So Aleck took his place, fixing the

spare canvas into a kind of shield to keep off the spattering drops. It was very forlorn and miserable, and to say that all wished themselves back on shore would be but the faintest expression of their distress.

Little was said. Pushing their way slowly through the cakes of ice, which had grown thicker now; changing every little while from oars to boat-hook and back again, while Katy, protected from freezing by her double blanket, and Jim's close hugging, kept the yawl's head due north; fighting fatigue, hunger, cold, and a great desire to sleep, these brave boys worked hour after hour for their lives and the lives in their care.

When they were beginning to think it must be morning they came squarely against a field of ice which stretched right and left into the darkness farther than it was possible to see. Whether this was the edge of a stationary field or only a large raft they couldn't tell; but they were too exhausted to go farther, and they decided to tie up and wait for daylight. Tug struck his hook into the ice until it held firmly, then lashed it to the stern-post. Aleck stepped out and drove one of the short railway spikes into the ice near the stern, around which a rope was hitched. Then both the boys opened a second roll of bedding, and snuggled down as well as they could to get what rest they were able to while waiting for sunrise. Crowded together in the straw (though it was damp with snow), and covered with quilts and blankets, they could keep tolerably warm, and even caught little naps. The snow had stopped now, and the stars began to appear, first in the north, then overhead, then gradually everywhere. The wind still blew, but the boat slowly ceased to rise and fall upon the rollers, and suddenly (or perhaps they would fall asleep for a few moments) would seem to stand perfectly still.

Tug poked his head from under the covering, and said, "I think we are frozen in." Nobody answered him, for they were asleep, or too stupid to care; but the gray daylight which came at last showed that he was right. On their right hand was a great sheet of new, thin ice; on their left was a mass of thick old ice white with snow. Straight ahead, so well had Katy steered, towered the rocks and trees of a high wooded shore coming momentarily into greater and greater distinctness as the red streamers of the morning shot higher and higher into the eastern sky.



"TRY TO STEADY HER!"

Tug was the first to catch this sight, and roused his fellows with a shout:

"Land! land! Hurrah!"

## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE ESCAPE TO THE SHORE.

To rouse themselves, hastily gather a few catables, and make their way ashore had been the work of a very short time, though done with great soreness and much hobbling, after their cramped-up night in the boat.

They halted on the south side of a sheltering rock, where the sun was beginning to shine against the gray stone. Katy hated to confess it, but really she was very, very tired, and was quite willing to let Aleck wrap her up in a thick blanket, and to lie quietly in a sunny nook of the rock while the boys set a fire crackling as near to her as was safe, and began to boil water for coffee. The mill had been forgotten, but Tug had a piece of buckskin in his overcoat pocket, and folding the grains in this they crushed them between two stones, which was just as well as grinding them.

This done, the coffee-pot was filled and set upon the embers, and a moment later four cups were steaming with the hot, reviving liquid, and four tired hands were reaching toward the little heap of slices cut from the boiled ham which had been tossed into the boat the night before when leaving the ice-raft. It had required all of Rex's strength of mind to keep his paws off these tempting pieces for some time past.

"Poor dog!" cried Jim; "we must give you something, if we are pretty short. Pity there was no fish left for you."

"He can have my slice of ham," Katy said, with a faint smile. "I can't eat it, somehow."

"Better try to eat a little, sis," Aleck said, "because—"

"Don't you touch a mouthful!" exclaimed Tug, snatching the shaving from her hand and tossing it to the dog, which swallowed it at a gulp. "Just you wait a minute! I ought to go and kick myself for not thinking of it before!" And with this puzzling remark he rushed off over the ice.

They saw him rummage about the cargo, and then start back, bringing his gun and a small package.

"Thought it would be just as well to make sure of the gun," he remarked, as he rejoined them; "and here's something, Katy, you can eat, I guess!" It was a box containing two dozen preserved figs that he opened, and handed to her. "I bought 'em just before we left Monroe," he said, "and clean forgot 'em till now—sure as I'm a Dutchman!"

"Oh, give me one!" cried Jim.

"Jim Kincaid," said Tug, sternly, springing between the boy and Katy's hand outstretched in generosity, "if you touch one of those figs, I'll punish you well! I didn't bring them all this way for a lubber like you to eat!" And in spite of all the girl's protests, Tug would not touch a fig himself nor allow her to give one to anybody else.

Aleck grinned, and munched his tough morsel; Jim scowled, and gnawed at his shavings as though he enjoyed viciously tearing them into shreds; Tug thought his beef was juicy and sweet as he saw with what gusto poor Katy ate her fruit; and as for Rex, he dug his teeth into the tough remnant of the dried shank which had been given to him, as though he never expected to see another meal.

Refreshed and strengthened by their breakfast and exercise, meagre as it was, and though a thermometer would have marked nearly down to zero, the boys prepared to begin the work of bringing the cargo ashore. Katy wanted to help, but Aleck forbade, so she curled up in her blankets beside the wall of rock, which acted as a sort of oven to hold the warmth, where presently she fell asleep, and the boys, when they returned with their first sled-load of goods, were careful not to awaken her. So much had their stock been reduced that they found a second

trip would enable them to bring everything of consequence ashore by carrying pretty large armfuls. So they distributed their loads as best they could, and started back, slipping and stumbling over the rough ice and through the cutting wind.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.

BY W. L. ALDEN.

**M**OST of the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE know that we are now in the midst of Lent, but perhaps some of them do not know what Lent means. Nearly all religious bodies have in the course of the year a period when they give more than usual attention to religious devotion. Many of them have no fixed time for these revival seasons, but the older Churches—the Roman, the Greek, and the Anglican—set apart the forty days preceding Easter for special religious services; and this season, which is also meant to remind people of the forty days during which our Lord was tempted in the wilderness, is called Lent.

Lent is one of the divisions of the "Christian year." Whether or not we belong to a religious body which in any way regulates its services by the Christian year, every educated person ought to know what it means.

The Christian year means the system by which the older Churches commemorate the chief events in the life of our Lord and in the history of the early Church. It begins with Advent. In the Roman and Anglican churches the four weeks preceding Christmas are called the Advent season, and during this season devout people are expected to think not merely of the birth of Christ, but of His second coming promised in the Scriptures, the word "advent" being derived from a Latin word meaning "the approach," or "the coming." Christmas-day, representing the birth of our blessed Lord, needs no explanation.

It is followed by Epiphany, from a Greek word meaning "manifestation," and used by the ancient Church to denote the appearance or manifestation, by the leading of a star, of Christ to the Gentiles. This is celebrated on the 6th of January, and not only reminds us that Christ was sent to both Gentiles and Jews—that is, to the whole world—but it also refers to the visit of the three Magi to the infant Jesus.

The next important day is Ash-Wednesday, the first day of Lent. It is called Ash-Wednesday, because in the primitive or early Church penitents on that day strewed ashes on their head. The last Sunday in Lent, called Palm-Sunday, reminds us of the entry of our Lord into Jerusalem, when the people who were so soon afterward to crucify Him strewed palm branches before Him in His honor.

Then comes, on Friday of the same week, the day which many Christians regard as the most solemn day of the whole year—the day on which we commemorate the crucifixion. This day is Good-Friday—"good," because through the crucifixion of our Lord our salvation is made possible. The week which begins with Palm-Sunday is called Holy Week, and is immediately followed by Easter-Sunday, on which day the resurrection of Christ is celebrated.

Curiously enough, the word Easter is supposed to be the same as Eastre—a heathen goddess whom the Saxons worshipped when they settled in England, and whose festival occurred about the time when Easter-Sunday now occurs. The French, the Italians, the Spanish, and Portuguese call Easter by a word which means "the passover," because it takes the place of the Jewish feast of the Passover.

Easter does not occur on any one particular day of the month, but on the Sunday after the full moon which happens on or next after the 21st of March. Easter is the greatest and most glorious day of the Christian year, and it comes at the very time when, in the budding of the trees and the springing up of the grass, nature gives us the beautiful symbol of the Resurrection of which St. Paul has



made use. Forty days after Easter, Ascension-Day commemorates the ascension of Christ, and ten days later Whitsun-day is celebrated in memory of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost, when the Holy Ghost descended on the apostles, giving them the gift of many languages, and boldness and zeal to preach the Gospel to all nations. The Sunday after Whitsuntide is called Trinity-Sunday, and on that day especial reverence is paid to the Holy Trinity.

There are also other days of the Christian year, such as the days called after the apostles and martyrs, St. Andrew, St. Thomas, St. Stephen, and others; the Innocents' Day, when we read of the slaughter by Herod of all the children in Bethlehem; All-saints' Day, when we are reminded of the blessed souls now in paradise; the days which commemorate the wonderful conversion of St. Paul and other events recorded in the New Testament; and for all these Holy Days, as well as for all Sundays throughout the year, special selections from the four Gospels and the Epistles are appointed to be read in addition to the regular lessons from the Old and New Testaments, and the recitation of the Psalms.

Thus the Christian year is a sort of history of Christ and His Church, and we can imagine how valuable the recurring record must have been in the days when people had no books from which to learn of sacred things, and how efficient it may be as a continual instructor in God's Holy Word.

## THE FAIR FOR SICK DOLLS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," ETC.

III.



As the boys entered the room it seemed to them as if the fair would be a grand success, even though their valuable services had been dispensed with. The girls had arranged everything without help from any one, and the general appearance of the room showed their taste.

Any acted as door-keeper, standing just inside the room, and allowing any visitor who was at all doubtful about paying the price of admission to get one glimpse of the interior, which always removed any doubts.

On a sofa directly in front of the door were seated the unhappy-looking dolls which it was hoped would derive some benefit from the fair. They were all dressed in blue checked gingham, like the children of some charity school, and they looked so sad and generally broken down that even the most hard-hearted could not but pity them. There were twenty-two of these destitute ones, and of the entire number but four had whole heads, while the quantity of arms and legs that were missing was simply dreadful, for each sad stump was so placed as to be conspicuous, that the need for charity might not be unheeded.

Directly in the rear of this sad-looking group was Guida's refreshment counter, piled high with sweet dainties of all kinds, and tastefully trimmed with green leaves and flowers, until one felt a desire to purchase, even though not hungry.

On either side of the room were tables on which were arranged all kinds of fancy-work, which were offered for sale at very high prices, the same as at a regular fair.

Comparing this scene, which was so charming, save when one looked at the distressed dolls on the sofa, with the uninviting-looking shed where they proposed to hold their entertainment, the boys could not but feel a certain sense of shame that they had even expected to equal, much less

eclipse it. Even if their entertainment had promised to be more pleasing than the fair was, they would still have felt rather awkward as they entered the room where they had vowed not to go, and met the girls against whom they had made threats because they were not admitted as partners in the enterprise. They walked around the room stiffly, looking at the articles offered for sale, but not daring to praise them because of their predictions, until the door opened, and the four remaining members of the concert company entered the room.

They came in much as if they were bent on some wicked errand, and all stood staring at each other as if overcome with surprise because they found themselves in that very inviting-looking place.

No one seemed to know just how to excuse himself for being there, until Charley said, with the air of one who suddenly resolves to do some heroic deed:

"Come on, fellers, I'm going to stand treat to some cakes."

That seemed to put every one at ease immediately, and as they gathered around the table, examining Guida's wares, no one would have supposed for a moment that these were the boys who had proposed to give an entertainment that should keep every one away from the fair.

While they were eating the cakes some of the older people came in, then more children, until the room was so full and business so good that the boys were crowded into a corner, which gave them an opportunity of talking without any danger of being overheard.

"I tell you what it is, fellers," said Harry, frankly, "this is a good deal better show than we could give, an' I go in for stayin' here. I don't believe any one will go to Ralph's shed, an' if they do, they won't stay long if we ain't there."

"But if we've given the tickets away, it will be kind of mean not to give any show," said Charley, doubtfully. "You see, if we'd sold the tickets, it wouldn't be so bad, for then all we'd have to do would be to give the money back."

"But I haven't given any away, for I didn't see anybody but what was coming here," said Harry. "Now how many have you other fellers given?"

The projectors of the concert scheme were by no means flattered when they learned that no one of the members had disposed of any tickets, even though they simply wanted to give them away. The fair in aid of the dolls had been talked about so much that every child in the town was anxious to visit it, and, as a natural consequence, there was no one who cared to attend the concert.

"Then we'll stay right here," said Charley, decidedly, "an' we must act as if we'd been foolin' when we told the girls we'd break the fair up. There'll be lots of fun here before ten o'clock, an' if we've got money enough between us to buy plenty of cake, there won't be any need of going home to supper."

There was no necessity of asking if the other boys agreed to this plan, for one look at their faces was sufficient to show how much more pleased they would be to remain than to go to Ralph's shed and give a very dull concert with but little chance of an audience even of one.

"I'll tell you what we can do to make things all right with the girls, after what we said about the fair," and Charley grew very eager as this happy thought occurred to him. "We'll give a concert next Saturday in aid of the dolls, an' we'll just lay ourselves out in getting ready for it."

It was a splendid plan, and as soon as possible after it was proposed the girls were privately told what the concert troupe was not only willing but anxious to do in aid of their charity.

After that everything went on in the pleasantest manner, and as the crowd of patrons increased in the sitting-room, Mrs. Morse opened the doors of the parlor in order



"THIS IS A GOOD DEAL BETTER SHOW THAN WE COULD GIVE."

that the visitors might enjoy themselves without interfering with the regular business of the fair.

And the girls and boys did have such a good time! They never realized before how much pleasure there was in this kind of charity, and they looked at the sad family on the sofa much as if they were heartily glad there had been so many of them crippled. The fair was also a great success in the way of money. Each visitor brought some to spend in addition to that paid at the door, and the amount received from all sources seemed very large.

Until half past four visitors were constantly arriving, which kept Amy very busy at the door; but after that time it seemed much as if all the patrons were present, for no more came, and the door-keeper had a little time in which to enjoy the fair. She was tired, and stood gazing at Guida's table, much as if she was asking herself whether it would be proper for one of the members of the association to take a piece of cake without paying for it, when she saw that some one was peeping in at the window. Since the night was approaching, one of the girls had drawn aside the curtains rather than light the gas so early, and thus it was possible for any one from the outside to look in without paying anything for the privilege.

Bent on getting as many five-cent pieces for admission as possible, Amy was about to ask the intruder to come in and aid the charitable purpose by spending some money, when she saw that such an invitation would not only be useless, but cruel. The girl on the outside was hardly older than any of the members of the association, with a wan, pinched face, and clothing that was both scanty and worn. In her arms she held a child three or four years old, who presented quite as wretched an appearance as she did, and both were feasting their eyes on what they could not otherwise enjoy.

Amy ran to Guida, who was talking with Charley about the proposed concert, and without attracting the attention of the girl on the outside, told of her being there, and proposed that she be allowed to come in free.

"I'll pay the five cents for her," said Charley, generously, and in a moment more he was on the sidewalk just as the girl started to run away, thinking she was about to be scolded because she had dared to peep in at the window.

It was some moments before Charley could persuade her that she was to be allowed to go inside the room; but when she did fully understand it she entered, almost holding her breath as if she thought she was in fairy-land. The

girls gave the child as much cake as it could eat, even at the risk of making it sick with too many sweet things, while Guida talked with the girl to learn who she was.

Her name was Jennie Howard, she said, and she lived with her widowed mother at the further end of the town. That she was destitute, even more so than the broken dolls were, could be readily seen; and after she was a little acquainted with the kind-hearted members of the association, she told them that her mother was obliged to work very hard in order to provide even enough for them to eat.

Immediately after Guida heard this story she called the members of the association into the parlor for a private talk, and Mrs. Morse was invited to take part in it, much to the surprise of the boys, who could not understand what it was all about.

The mystery was explained, however, after the meeting was over, for the girls announced it as their belief that the sick and destitute dolls would not suffer very severely for several months at least, and that the entire proceeds of the fair, which amounted to six dollars and twenty cents, would be given to Jennie Howard, to be used as her mother should think best.

How the boys cheered when this decision was announced! and at the same time that they made such a

noise they felt really sheepish, as they thought that they had even spoken of such a thing as breaking up the fair.

In addition to the money, Jennie and her little sister were each presented with one of the least broken of the dolls, which proved to be Guida's Johanna Abigail and Ria's Josephine Fitzpatrick. A generous bundle of cake was made up, and Jennie was given more fancy articles than she had ever seen before, save in the shop windows.

Then the boys escorted her home as the *protégée* of the association, Charley carrying one bundle and Harry an-

other, much to the surprise of Mrs. Howard, who appeared perfectly bewildered by the good fortune that had so suddenly descended upon Jennie.

The concert was given on the following Saturday afternoon by the boys, when more money was raised for Jennie and her mother; and if the association for the relief of sick and destitute dolls ever hold another fair, it is publicly announced that it will be for a more worthy object than its name implies.

THE END.



LONGING FOR THE SEA.—FROM A PAINTING BY J. G. BROWN.



## THE "MOTHER'S ROOM"

BY MARY D. BRINE

I'M awfully sorry for poor Jack Roe; He's that boy that lives with his aunt, you know; And he says his house is filled with gloom Because it has got no "mother's room." I tell you what it is this enough To talk of "boudoirs" and such fancy stuff, But the room of rooms that seems best to me, Is the room where I'd always rather be, Is mother's room, where a fellow can rest, And talk of the things his heart loves best.

What if I do get dirt about, And sometimes startle my aunt with a shout? It is mother's room, and if she don't mind, To the hints of others I'm always blind. Maybe I lose my things—what then? In mother's room I find them again. And I've never denied that I litter the floor With marbles and tops and many things more; But I tell you, for boys with a tired head, It is jolly to rest it on mother's bed.

Now poor Jack Roe, when he visits me, I take him to mother's room, you see, Because it's the nicest place to go. When a fellow's spirits are getting low, And mother she's always kind and sweet, And there's always a smile poor Jack to greet. And somehow the sunbeams seem to glow More brightly in mother's room, I know, Than anywhere else, and you'll never find gloom Or any old shadow in mother's room.

## THE EGG CHING-CHING.

BY HENIA HATTON CONJURER AND VENTRILOQUIST

THIS little trick is very popular with conjurers, and produces a marked impression, and yet it is so simple that a bright boy can perform it without difficulty. It was first introduced by Colonel Stodare, the inventor of many tricks, at his pretty little salon in Egyptian Hall, London.

The performer comes forward holding in his left hand a goblet and a small red silk handkerchief, and in his right a large cotton handkerchief and an egg. He carefully places the egg in the goblet, which he covers with the cotton handkerchief, and gives to some one of the audience to hold. Standing at some little distance, he holds the red silk handkerchief in his hands, which he shows are empty, and with his sleeves well rolled up, so that nothing could pass into them without being seen, he says to the person who holds the glass,

"Now, sir, please shake the goblet so that we can hear the egg rattle against its side. Gently, gently, or you will break the egg. Now what have you in the goblet? An egg? Good. And I have in my hands a red silk handkerchief. Now watch."

He closes his hands, letting the red handkerchief hang down from them for a moment. Then it is seen to creep gradually into his hands until entirely inclosed. Again he asks,

"What have you in the glass? An egg? And I? A handkerchief. Now, one, two, three—pass!" and opening his hands, he shows not the red handkerchief, but the egg, and removing the cotton handkerchief from the goblet, the red handkerchief is seen to have taken the place of the egg.

The necessary properties, to use a stage expression, are two red silk handkerchiefs, a large cotton handkerchief, a blown egg, and a hollow wooden or tin egg, with an opening cut in one side.

The blown egg is fastened to the centre of the cotton handkerchief by means of a short black silk thread. When the performer comes forward to do the trick, he has the hollow egg tucked under the waistband of his vest on the right side, whilst the second red handkerchief, folded into as small compass as possible, is concealed in

his right hand under the egg which is attached to the cotton handkerchief.

When about to put the blown egg into the goblet, he lets the cotton handkerchief fall between the glass and his audience just for a second, but in that second he drops the silk handkerchief into the goblet, following it at once by the egg, and covering all with the cotton handkerchief. Then handing the glass to some one to hold, having first carefully wrapped it up in the handkerchief, so as to preclude any possibility of its contents being visible, he begins the trick.

He rolls up his sleeves and calls attention to the contrast between the color of his wristbands and the red handkerchief. Then he shows his hands empty, with the exception of handkerchief number two in his left hand. This he waves on high for a moment, and just then, making a half-turn of his body, he takes the hollow egg from beneath his vest, and immediately covers it with the red handkerchief by bringing both hands together.

Standing with his right side toward the audience, the conjurer draws the handkerchief into his hands, and by means of the first and second fingers of his left hand, tucks it away in the hollow egg. When entirely in, he begins his final questions: "What have you there?" etc., and gradually approaching the one who holds the goblet, he shows the egg in his hand—the opening turned toward the palm—while with a quick upward jerk at the cotton handkerchief he pulls out the blown egg from the goblet, revealing the silk handkerchief in it, thus conveying the idea to some of the audience that the two articles have changed places.

## A STRANGE DISCOVERY.

BY HENRY FRITH.

"WELL, it is certainly very curious, Bob; but don't be offended if I say I can scarcely believe it."

"I assure you I saw the yacht—a schooner-rigged vessel, very trim and taut—"

"Who taught it?" inquired Johnny Grigs.

"Be quiet, Grigs," continued Bob Raffles. "Don't interrupt with wretched jokes. This is a serious matter. Listen, all of you. Last night I went early to bed, as you know, as I had a headache. I woke very early in consequence, and got up at daylight."

"That is certainly very extraordinary," put in Grigs, with a grimace to point the sarcasm. "Eh, Fred?"

But Raffles, relieving his feelings by catching Grigs by the nape of the neck, and holding his head down, continued:

"I got up and looked out, and there across the bay, in the dim morning light, I saw the schooner with all sail set. She glided along so smoothly with the light breeze that, had I not been certain of the evidence of my senses, I could almost have fancied she was a phantom ship. There, that's all; and now you may get up, Grigs."

Johnny Grigs, released, stretched his neck and rubbed his head; then, satisfied his brain was not turned, he said:

"I wish I'd seen her; I'd have hailed her, for I should have thought she was the *Mermiad*. Uncle Tom said he would put into the bay if the weather was good."

"The *Mermiad*?" exclaimed Raffles, disdainfully. "Why, she is at Porthole, miles away."

"Yes, so father said this morning. He had a note from your uncle. He will put in to-morrow, and perhaps take us for a cruise."

"The most curious thing about her," said Fred, who had been considering the narrative, "is that no one saw her come in overnight, no one saw her at anchor, and yet you saw her sail away. How did she come? Why did she come? And finally, what was her business?"

"She's a pirate," said Grigs.

"More likely a smuggler," said Bob.



"This used to be a famous place for smuggling," said Fred. "I've heard my father talk of the fights there used to be on the beach, and how the old Abbey ruins were used as a hiding-place, and were the scene of many a fight. Ah! what fun it must have been!"

"Very jolly, if you were not killed or maimed for life. But I say," continued Bob, "suppose we go over to the ruins and see whether we can find anything."

The suggestion thus suddenly put forward was assented to, and about eleven o'clock the three lads, well supplied with luncheon, and warned not to be late by their kind hostess, Mrs. Farnham, at whose house Bob and Johnny were staying with their friend and former school-fellow Freddie Farnham, started off in high spirits.

They passed through the wood, and came into a path leading toward the summit of the cliffs, after which an hour's walk brought them to the Abbey.

"Here we are!" said Raffles, as the ruins were reached. "Now has any one an idea what to do?"

"I have," replied Johnny, proudly, "a grand idea; unusual, perhaps, but none the less practical. I have an idea we ought to lunch."

The other boys laughed at this very tame conclusion to the speech so valiantly commenced; but they made no objection. On the contrary!

When luncheon was finished, and the small basket unpacked, the boys set about to examine the ruins for any foot-marks, and actually knelt down and peered into crevices and the long grass in their anxiety to discover some traces of the smugglers who had, as was supposed, arrived on the previous evening.

"There is nothing here, evidently," said Fred. "If the men had landed last night, the grass would have shown traces of their feet."

"I vote we search the old ruins and the vaults first," said Bob. "What do you say, Grigs?"

"All right."

They advanced to an archway which was protected by iron bars. The masonry had formerly been a portion of the crypt, which was now open to the air. A long series of arches supported some tottering and ivy-clad walls, which the creeper only served to keep upright by its tension.

"If we could only get inside that iron railing I suspect we should find something."

"We can try," said Fred. "I can get over and help you fellows."

In a few seconds he had scaled the bars, and then turned to assist his friends. They both got over, and all three turned to explore the ground.

Just then Grigs stumbled over something in the corner of the space inclosed within the arch.

"What's the row, Grigs? Did you trip?"

"Something caught my foot," he replied; "but I can't see what it was. That's odd."

They all searched, pulling aside the grass, and feeling most carefully for anything which could have caught Grigs's shoe.

At last they found a rusty iron ring. Bob wondered how such a ring could have possibly caught any one's toes, it was so flat and plain.

"It didn't catch my toes," said Grigs. "My shoe is worn in the sole, and the ring slipped into the hole."

"Next time we come treasure-hunting we will come in old things," said Bob. "Now help me pull this up. All together! Yo heave ho!"

They slipped their handkerchiefs through the old rusty iron ring, and pulled all together with a will. Very slowly, and after much tugging, the stone slab gave way, and an opening was discovered.

The boys stood back, as much alarmed at their success as they had been hopeful of it just before. What should they do next?

"Well," said Bob, drawing a long breath, "we have made a discovery! Shall we descend?"

"How about bad air?" said cautious Fred. "Let's lower the lantern first."

"Certainly," said Bob. "That's a good idea. Now, Grigs, hold on, and we'll tie our handkerchiefs together, and let the lantern down at the end of a stick."

A long bramble at length procured, and some twine from the boys' pockets; then the handkerchiefs were knotted, and the lantern descended, but only a few yards.

"Why, there's the bottom!" exclaimed Grigs. "I can see the lamp is quite bright. We can jump in."

"All right," said Fred. "Go ahead and tell us what is there."

Bob Raffles leaped down and landed quite safely on his feet. Taking the lantern, he tried to find a way out of the pit, and succeeded in penetrating a low passage.

He very soon emerged into a lofty dry cave, across which a ship's spar, to which was attached a rusty chain, extended. On the floor were some bales and casks of wood piled up. The cave had evidently been a hiding-place for smugglers, but all the bales were very old, and there was no appearance of any person having been there for fifty years. The plants had grown up and withered from lack of moisture.

"Here's a find!" muttered Bob.

He lost no time in returning to the open vault and calling his friends, who came tumbling down with the greatest eagerness.

"Hurrah!" cried the younger boys. "This *is* fun! I wonder what's in those cases?"

"Brandy, very likely, and silks. Now all we have to do is to go home and tell your father, Farnham. Let us keep it a secret, except from him, and he will do what is right," said Raffles.

This was agreed to; and after the whole vault had been explored and several more cases found, some broken and decayed, others full apparently and untouched, the boys climbed up and emerged into the open air again.

They made several more investigations, but found nothing particular, and no traces of footsteps. Then they came down to the shore, and each boy severally exclaimed,

"The smuggler!"

"Uncle John has come!"

"The *Mermaid*!"

Yes: there she was. The schooner trim and taut—the same that Bob had seen in the morning. Uncle John's yacht, the *Mermaid*, was bringing up in the bay.

The lads hailed her, and very soon a boat was sent ashore. Uncle John himself was steering.

"Why, uncle, you have come back, then," said Freddie. "Why didn't you come up this morning?"

"Because, my boy, I was at Porthele, and the wind didn't serve, nor the tide."

"But Bob saw the *Mermaid* in the bay at daylight," continued Fred, "and told us."

"I assure you, sir," said Bob Raffles, "I saw your yacht in the bay. I fancied she was a *Flying Dutchman*, because she sailed away so quickly, and vanished very quickly, in the air apparently."

Uncle John laughed heartily.

"Oh, boys, boys," he said, "so you have been taken in by a mirage, have you? You saw the reflection of my yacht, and believed she was in the bay. This is quite a capital yarn. I dare say the *Flying Dutchman* and the phantom ships are all attributable to the same cause."

But to this we would in no wise agree. Had we not read all about Vanderdecken and the phantom ship long before? No, we were not going to give up our Marryat.

"Uncle," said Farnham at length, "do you know we have found a treasure?"

"How could I know it?" retorted the uncle. "Let us have a look at it."



So Uncle John accompanied us into the vault and found the cases, which he called his men to bring up. Most of them contained brandy, with a little tobacco in the others.

"There, my lads," he said to his crew, "the tobacco is of no consequence; the brandy we must report to the Customs."

He did so, and the government officers came and took it.

We got each a present from Uncle John for finding the smugglers' brandy, and the coast-guard afterward explored the old ruin, but found nothing. I still think our finding the store that day was a very strange discovery.

### "HOW MUCH DOES A HORSE KNOW?"

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

**T**HAT was the question I asked Professor Bartholomew, the successful horse-trainer, one afternoon, as I met him in the hall where he exhibited his educated horses. The question may sound like a vague one, but he answered it promptly enough.

"About as much as the average man—more than a great many. You don't believe it? Will you give me half an hour to prove it?"

"But," I objected, "you can teach a horse certain tricks, which become a mere matter of habit, and it proves nothing of the horse's knowledge."

The Professor smiled pleasantly. "I won't argue with you. Wait, Nellie!"

A slight scuffling followed in the stalls at one side of the stage, and a beautiful little bay mare came trotting up to where we stood. She stopped beside the Professor, and rubbed her head against his arm caressingly, gazing curiously at me the while.

"Bow to the gentleman. Now shake hands," the teacher continued, as she nodded her pretty head toward me, and then lifted her left fore-foot.

"Is that the right foot?" asked the Professor, reprovingly.

One could actually see a look of confusion on her intelligent face as she quickly corrected her mistake.

"Nellie is like some children. She can't seem to distinguish between her right and left hand," said the Professor, patting her affectionately. "Now count one, two, three," he added. Tap, tap, tap went the iron-shod hoof on

the stage. "Good!" said the Professor. "Now get the gentleman a chair."

I must confess I thought this was going a little too far. The tricks she had exhibited were ordinary enough; they displayed careful training; but this quiet request rather surprised me. I watched to see what she would do. She trotted over to the opposite side of the stage, and in a few moments returned, bringing a chair in her teeth.

"Here," said Professor Bartholomew, pointing to the place where he wanted me to sit. "Now," he said, "wait until I bring on the rest of my scholars;" and he crossed the stage, and put his hand on the swinging door which led to the stalls. Nellie started to follow him.

"Why don't you stay with the gentleman?" he said, quietly, without turning his head, just as one would speak to a child. Nellie turned obediently, and came back to my side. I must confess that I felt rather embarrassed, and in my confusion hardly knew how to treat this little lady-horse. Suddenly

I thought of some candy which I had in my pocket, and soon we were getting on finely, eating candy together.

In the mean time Professor Bartholomew had returned, followed by about a dozen horses, who marched solemnly on to the stage, and ranged themselves along one side. Then came the exhibition.

It would be impossible to describe all the performances they went through: marching and counter-marching, dancing in perfect time to Professor Bartholomew's whistle, lying down, kneeling, bowing, jumping—all at the quiet command of the teacher. In fact, his voice was so low and gentle that it could hardly be called a command; it was more like a suggestion on his part, with which they complied readily.

One handsome Arabian attracted my attention, and the Professor at once called him over to him.

"How do you do, Selim?" said the teacher.

The horse bowed.

"Is that the way you bow in Arabia?"

Selim at once dropped upon his knees, and touched his forehead to the floor. The Professor gave him the signal for getting up. Then, turning to me, he said,

"That is an extremely difficult feat. For some reason a horse hates to do it."

"Does he understand what you say?" I asked.

"Does he not act as if he did?" was the Professor's answer. Then he continued: "There is no doubt that the horses understand every word I say to them. I could see no reason why if a horse can comprehend the meaning of 'Whoa,' 'G'long,' 'Huddup,' he could not learn more, so I began to teach two or three, and soon had this school around me."

"I notice you speak in such a low tone, while so many who have to do with horses seem to think it necessary to yell at the top of their lungs."

"A horse is not deaf; his hearing is more acute than a man's, and yelling at him only tends to make him harder to manage. You can lay it down as a certain rule that the louder a man shouts at a horse, the less he knows about horses. But then half the men who have charge of horses now should be made to practice ten years on a clothes-horse before they are allowed to touch a live one."

"How do you manage to teach them so much?" I asked.

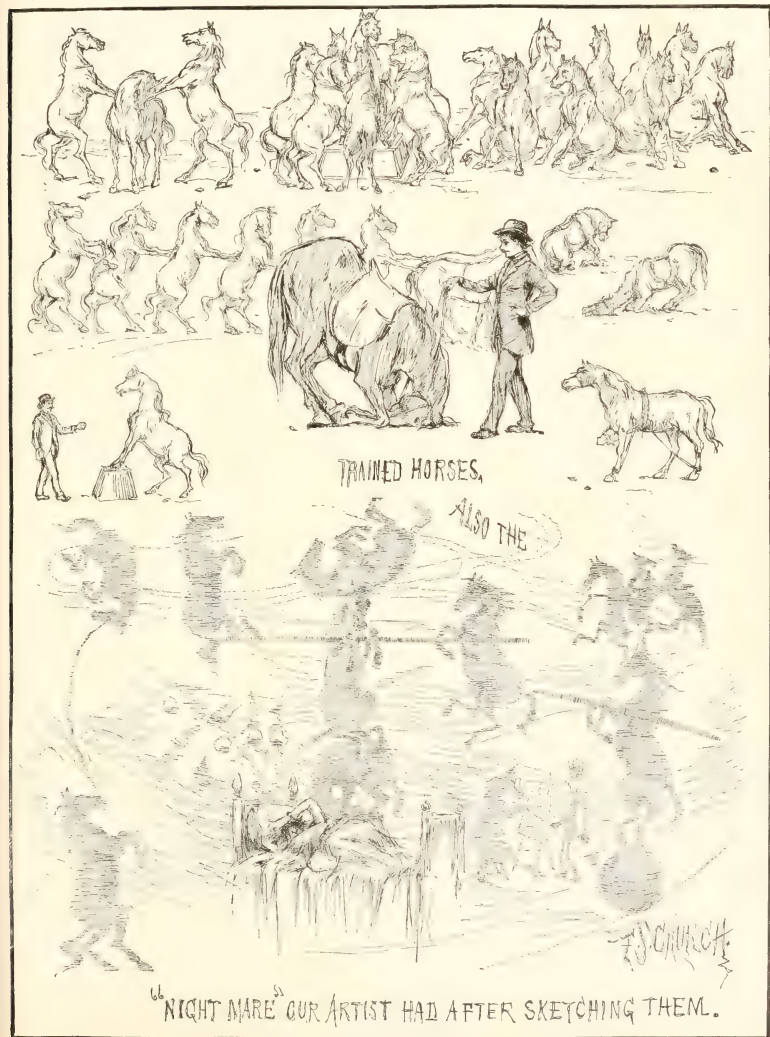
The Professor smiled. "Any one with patience can train horses, and almost any horse can be trained. The trouble is that most people have but very little patience,

and a great many good horses are spoiled by half-witted owners who are not fit to have charge of a saw-horse."

But the scholars were becoming restive, and the Professor said, "School is dismissed." Each horse left his place, came up to the Professor, and walked off the stage.

"Now how much does a horse know?" said the Professor, turning to me, and repeating my own question.

"A great deal more than some men, for he knows enough to do his duty cheerfully, and to the best of his ability," I answered, promptly, as I took my leave.



"NIGHT MARE" OUR ARTIST HAD AFTER SKETCHING THEM.



PAPA'S DARLING.

Little head so very wise,  
Little mouth that smiles at you,  
Papa's darling and mother's eyes,  
Darling, merry baby Lou.

Do you wonder that we pet  
Such a charming winsome girl?  
Papa never can forget  
Little Lou, his precious pearl.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

BRIDGEPORT, NICHOLSON.

When we were quite small girls we had four little chickens, only two days old, to bring up by hand. The old mother hen proved to be no vicious she could not be trusted with them. Out of eleven, she killed all but these four. We fixed a box for them to sleep in, covered with a small piece of carpet. After three or four days, we let them run around as they chose. They never would go far from their box. I used to take my favorite with me every day when I took my afternoon nap. I can not tell how he managed to accomplish the feat, but when I awoke he would be inside the very top of my sleeve. How many times I have had to have my dress taken off to get at that little downy mite! They never would stir mornings until I took the cover off their nest; then they would peep their good-morning, stretch their little legs, flap their tiny wings, and jump into my arms, ready for the business of the day. What busy, affectionate little pets they made! We had to steal away from them, or they would run after us and cry with all their might just as if we were their real mother.

Our cat had one little kitten; we put it in a large basket in the kitchen. One morning, my friend brought a poor little half-dead chicken in, and laid it by the stove to get warm and dry. It peeped pitifully all the time. Mamma went in the kitchen a short time after that, and could not see the chicken. She thought it very strange. Finally she looked in the basket, and there it was with the cats, quiet and happy. Mamma was afraid the cat would eat it and put it by the stove again, when it began to cry. The cat looked over the top of the basket for a moment, then jumped out, gently took the chicken in her mouth, and carried it back with an air of triumph. She bestowed as much affection and attention on the chicken as she did on her own kitten. She took care of him until he got strong and well, which took about a week. She was a very affectionate cat. We find as much difference in the disposition of pets as there is in people.

One day Mabel and I were out walking, when we met one of the school-boys. He had two little kittens that he was going to drown. We could not endure the thought of their being drowned, they looked so helpless and innocent. Their eyes were not open yet. I induced him to take them to me. I tied them up in my pocket-handkerchief, took them home, and told mamma there was a present for her. Imagine her look of disgust when she saw them! I knew, for all this time, how much she loved them, and how much she was hearted to allow them to be killed or misused. We warmed some milk, held their heads firmly, and fed them with a spoon. In the limited space of the Post-office Box we can not begin to tell you how much milk those kittens kicked over. I can hardly tell a story about them more than I can tell you how feeding them ever so hungry one, nor their cunning little capers, or how affectionate they grew to be. We gave them away when

they were about three weeks old. Mamma says she will never forget it. It was a very interesting thing to see the little birds grow up. I know of one girl that don't want to undertake it. Hunger had

We had a sparrow given to us in a half-starved condition. Hunger had caused it to be so. It was not able to feed itself. It seemed to have its mouth for something to eat. It was very fat. It insisted on being fed every five minutes. The appetite of that bird will ever be among the marvels. He loved mamma the best of any one, because she fed him so much. When he wanted a potato, of which he was very fond, he would shake out everything you put in his mouth until he got potato. When he wanted a drink he would not swallow food. He took his daily nap under the sewing in mamma's lap. If she was around the house, he slept on her shoulder. When she went, there he would stay until his nap was finished. Then he would begin to scream for something to eat. Mamma used to say he would surely make her deaf. A sparrow's voice is extremely harsh and shrill. It used to be quite alarming to be suddenly awakened in the morning by his standing on our faces—a favorite trick if we forgot to shut the doors down stairs. He enjoyed nestling in our hair, and would sit on our heads. If you called him and held out your hand, he would fly to it, and you could pet him to your heart's content. He proved to be such a pest we let him go out doors every day, and had to relate some of the things he did. We had many tame birds, but never one equal to that one. How we all loved him! Pets taken young, and brought up by hand, are so teachable and affectionate than others, but the trouble is very great, to say nothing of the patience and constant attention required.

LEADER AND MABEL.

This is a very entertaining letter. Thanks for it, and for the flower seeds which came with it. Your exchange will duly appear. Are you as successful with flowers as you have proved yourself to be with chicks, birds, and poor little kitties?

MANCHESTER, NEW YORK.

I am a boy twelve years old. I take three papers, but I like *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* the best. I have one sister, but no brother. I have three cats; their names are Puss, Priss, and Kitty. I have two dogs, whose names are Flora and Towzer; and two little bantam chickens. They are very tame; I can pick them up whenever I want to. I live nearly a quarter of a mile from town. I study reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, geography, and grammar.

—GEORGE G. W.

ROCKFORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

I have written to you before, but my letters were not printed, so I will try again. I am almost twelve years old. I have no brothers nor sisters. I go to school, and read in the Fifth Reader. I also study arithmetic, spelling, grammar, geography, and minerals. I take lessons on the piano. My teacher is very kind, and I am to play a duet with one of my friends. Mamma teaches me in painting. Some of my friends are learning Kensington-work, but mamma thinks it will try their eyes too much. I am learning to skate, but the weather is so mild now there is no ice. My papa is a doctor, and he is called from home so much that I do not see as much of him as most girls see of their fathers. All the pets I have are a French cat, a hen, and a

—EMMA W. G.

## A STORY TIME.

BY MABEL.

Little Bennie had very light hair, and his papa often said to him, "Well, little Tow-head, how do you get along to-day?" Well, little Bennie's mamma took him on the steam-cars to visit an auntie

who lived in C—. As he was a little boy with very sharp eyes, and a sharp little tongue, he saw a great many things and asked a great many questions. Auntie was very glad to see Bennie, for she had no little boys, nor girls, nor her own. There were two elderly ladies living at Auntie's house, who had lovely gray hair and were little caps. When Bennie first saw these ladies he looked at them very curiously, then turned to his mamma and looking at her said while he was speaking, said, "Tow-heads too, mamma." At dinner he was surprised to see the ladies still wearing their caps, and said to his mamma, "Why do they come to de table wid deir bunnits on fur? Is dat de way of de most?" Bennie.

The kind friend who sent these bright sayings of a clever little fellow all the way from Columbus, Ohio, says: "Add the big brothers and sisters to write down the funny sayings and doings of the baby in a blank-book. I have kept such a journal for years, and my little girls are delighted when mamma reads them one of her true stories."

## THE NAMING OF MARYLAND.

Old stories are now in fashion,  
And I have one to tell  
Of the naming of a pleasant land,  
And how it all befell.

More than two hundred years ago  
On a bright and glad spring day,  
A marriage took place in the grand old  
Church

Of Notre Dame, as people say.

Among the royal families  
Of this curious old time  
Many marriages by proxy  
Were made with pomp sublime.

The sun shone down on steeple and roof,  
And in at the window too,  
It sparkled on the tassels of gold  
And tapestries, hung on the wall.

On the violet satin with fleur-de-lis  
(The lilies of France) it shed,  
From the glass all gay with colored lights,  
A radiance of purple and red.

The youthful 'Etta Maria,

A child when made a bride,  
Was married 'mid all this glory  
To a prince on England's side.

Then over the water to England  
A gay ship bore the Queen,  
To meet the King she had wedded,  
And with whom to reign.

In the Duke of Buckingham's palace  
A rich repast was spread,  
In feasts and music and dances  
The days of the honey-moon sped.

And when the snow lay over  
All the land of her new home,  
When the gales and winds were over,  
And the wine-cups ceased to foam,

The King, in meditation,  
With projects for the spring,  
Bethought himself of a happy plan  
That to England good might bring.

In a wide and pleasant land  
Far over the boundless sea,  
The King, in his happy reign,  
Then founded a colony.

The name he chose to call it  
Was to be "Terre Marie."  
As a mark of honor to his Queen,  
He wished its name to be.

From the darkest streets of London  
Of hundreds of orphan children  
And youths and maidens strong.

And great ships o'er the ocean  
Bore them, a friendless band,  
Homes and hearths to build them  
In the new and untried land.

So, as each year passes,  
And there comes the Christmas-tide,  
Their children and children's children  
Of the land on the other side

Recount the tales and legends  
Of the court of the King,  
How the great and high old corridors  
Of Hampton Court did ring.

And now in this great Union,  
A State on Atlantic's sand  
Still bears the name that their papa gave it,  
"Terre Marie," or Maryland.

MARTHA.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

DEAR POST-MISTRESS.—As I have not time to do the Cor to time to help pay for it, I asked mamma to show me how to make a hospital box for the child in the Cor to look at, and I send it to you with this. Some time papa is going to take me to the hospital, and I hope to see my book there I am seven and a half years old, and go to school,



I study the Fourth Reader, geography, spelling, writing, arithmetic, and German, which I like best of all. My only pet is a canary-bird, though I have great fun with our neighbor's dog. It spends most of his time at our house, a gray Maltese, and I call him Captain Parry, after Miss Parry, the captain who sprang at the bird-cage, but he was so scared at hearing the bottom fall out that he ran away, and has never tried it again. I have tried the receipt for our doll's cap, and I have found it and made one. I bought some doll's scalloped tins to bake them in. I would like to join the Little House-keepers very much indeed, for I like to take out my rags. Yours, FLORENCE J. A. LIND.

Before this you have heard from Sister Catherine. How much pleasure your pretty book gave our laddie in the Cot.

I live three miles from Knoxville, on the Tennessee River. I have three brothers and two sisters, of whom I am the eldest. I am the youngest, is our pet; he has such beautiful sunny curls and large blue eyes. He tries so hard to spin a top, and will call out, "Rock, man; rock, man; spin 'em up." We have been having a very heavy and constant rain for about two weeks. The river is over its banks, and looks very broad, especially where the two rivers, the French Broad and the Holston, come together in Tennessee. The roads are impassable in some places. We have a fine school, and I like it very much. I am noted for my fine buildings, and the island, which contains two hundred acres of level land. I. B. M.

I am only a little boy, yet I do like to read the stories in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, especially the letters from the girls and boys. I have three brothers—Willie, Freddie, and Joe. We live on Carter's Creek turnpike, twelve miles from Columbus, in the State of Franklin. I have the youngest of four boys. My papa died before I was born, and grandpa died with me, and I was born the morning when he died. Our only uncle, who came to see him, died also in just two weeks and three days after. We are lonely now in the great old house at night. We are all going to school. Brother Willie is going to school in Franklin. I have two pet chickens; their names are Barney and Tommy. My mamma wrote this to our dad, so he says we would not be so much to read your poor writing. I guess so too.

I will send you something I have heard about Texas. The people in business are so busy. Sometimes you may go a mile or more before you find a single house, or even a shanty. I have a horse, and out there, and she has written to me her nearest neighbor is five miles distant. The cattle do not have to be supplied with grain, corn, etc.; there is plenty of fodder on the prairie for miles around. Each person has a dog by a certain mark. They sometimes have horns to call them together. My friend described to us how the house in which they dwell is made. It consists of but two rooms and the roof is shaggy, and the floor carpeted. It is one story in height. One room is used to dine in, and the other for a sleeping-room. The weather is often so very hot that they need very little clothing. She has a little girl, whose name is Sadie; she is inclined to study, but there are few school-houses, and the nearest one is at least ten miles distant. The dreaded scorpion, the tarantula, and the rattlesnake abound there. The rattles of these snakes are quite often taken as curiosities. The scorpions and tarantulas are put in a bottle of alcohol and preserved. My friend wrote and told us that last Thanksgiving-day she went up to her uncle's house, five miles distant, and he declared that, for once, he was disappointed to wait regular Thanksgiving dinner, as they did in his Northern home, whatever it cost. They got some apples to make mince-pies, and had to pay five cents for every apple they used. They killed one of their own turkeys for the dinner. Everything passed off very pleasantly. Having no team, they were obliged to start for home very early in the morning, and they had to walk. They arrived home safely, as we were told, and were ready to begin another day, as we hope, having passed a peaceful night's rest. E. G. H.

Our school takes YOUNG PEOPLE, and we like it very much. We take two other papers in the school, and are going to subscribe for another. My papa teaches the school. We have a set of encyclopedias, an organ, maps, books, many other conveniences. We live about half a mile from the Great South Bay, and in the winter it freezes over, and the boys and girls, as well as old men, have great sport on the ice. Ice-boating is considered quite dangerous, but it is full of fun. There is an oyster-packing establishment near here where oysters are packed for the markets of Europe. I take music lessons from Miss

F., who comes from the city once a week. I am trying to see how many five-cent pieces I can get out of my pocket, and I have found I have had 100.

We are three little cousins, eleven, ten, and nine years old. We live very near each other, and have such nice times together. We go to school; two of us are in the fourth grade and the other in the seventh. We belong to the Bazaar. We have a little pony named Dick, which goes so smart as to throw us off when we got on together. It is China New-Year's now, and the China boy brought us a set of China nuts and candy.

I am a little boy twelve years old. My sister Annie made me a present of YOUNG PEOPLE for my Christmas. I like it very much. I have a little brother Willie, who is eight years old. We both go to school. The stories I like best in the YOUNG PEOPLE are, "The Lost Footstep," "The City," and "Nanny's Thanksgiving." I like to read the Post-office Box. I see that the other little children write about their pets, and so I thought I would tell you about our pets. We have a little canary, who can sing "Daisy," and a parrot who talks all day, and says, "Polly wants a cracker." We have a large gray cat named Tiger, and a black and white dog named Spot. I like you enough, but Willie and I had the measles this winter.

I thought I would write to you. I am a little girl eight years old. My sister and brother take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE with me. I like Jimmy Brown's stories very much. I like the little brother two years old, whose name is Jasper. My sister taught him to say a few Latin words. I hope you will print my letter. I go to school. I don't want to find her sister's mistakes. I think it is a queer name for a cat, don't you? I am always glad when Tuesday comes, for then I can read the paper.

I'm Gran'ma's little housekeeper. As sure as sure can be, I don't find her sister's mistakes, and pour her tea of tea? Of course I do; and more 'an dat. I wash my little put, And dust the parlor sofa, And pick the pieces up.

I help my Sawah mate my cwib, And bush my turly hair, And wash my ewands a day 'ing. First up, then down, the stair.

Yes, I'm Gran'ma's little housekeeper, As sure as sure can be, And if I was to go away, I dess she'd try for me. MY LITTLE MISSISS, Miss DOTTIE E. BY HER NANCY, SARAH MCK.

You would hardly call me very young, as I was eighteen last week, but nevertheless I take a great interest in YOUNG PEOPLE, and especially in the Post-office Box. I gave the year's subscription thirty young people for a Christmas present, and it has proved to be one to myself also. This letter is written from Nova Scotia, and I have sent a few letters from Canada. I would like to assure you that the "YOUNG PEOPLE" are appreciated everywhere as well as the Americans. B. is a small boy in Canada. N. is a small boy in Nova Scotia. On the sea, on the banks of a river said to be the most beautiful in the province. There is a railroad now building which will connect our town directly with Halifax. I am passionately fond of pictures and painting, and sketch from nature in water-colors, oils, and chalks. I have never studied painting or drawing. I would like to study as I can, and meanwhile try to improve myself as much as possible. I am collecting engravings, and have a large number of beautiful and famous pictures. Many of the pictures I have highly prize are some from YOUNG PEOPLE, notably Annibale Carracci's "Holy Family," which I was very glad to get. I get great joy from reading the YOUNG PEOPLE. B. BAZAR, which I buy especially for the pictures. I am greatly interested in Emily M.'s letters, and hope she will write more.

Jessie D. W. and Sigmund G., thanks for your letters—A. B. and others: There is no charge for the publication of your letters, but they must be brief. Write with black ink on white paper, or on a postal card if you prefer. Never send an exchange in pencil.

1. A musical note in sport. 2. A small head in a great author. 3. A berry in a lady's wrap. 4. A vehicle in an adornment. 5. A garden in a word. 6. A preposition in water. 8. A word meaning fury in one meaning change of place. 9. An herb in a tyrant's behavior. 10. Vanish in a color.

1. I am bright—behead me, and I am uncertain. 2. I am a sign of pleasure—behead me. 3. I am a measure of distance. 4. I am a wagon—behead me. 5. I am a contest. 6. I am nice for breakfast—behead me, and I am a dance. 7. I am a weapon—behead me, and I am useful in conversation. 8. I cut keenly—behead me, and I am musical. MISSIE MAY.

1.—1. A letter. 2. A rodent. 3. Pertaining to the country. 4. A Roman King. 5. To insult with reproachful words. 6. Illuminated. 7. A letter. 8.—1. A letter. 2. Reventral for a. 3. One who does business for another. 4. Sultry. 5. Passage. 6. An attempt. 7. A letter. 3.—1. A letter. 2. Wet earth. 3. The Nine who provided over arts and sciences. 4. A pillow. 5. Divinity. 6. Sauce for fish. 7. A letter.

My first is in land, but not in sea. My second is in him, but not in me. My third is in nought, but not in much. My fourth is in a bird, but not in a fish. My fifth is in ought, but not in must. My sixth is in lid, but not in crust. My seventh is in a word, but not in a name. My whole means the land of the United States.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 227.  
No. 1.— Windfall.  
No. 2.—One swallow does not make a summer.  
No. 3.—  
A poor old cat went forth one day  
To try and find a dinner.  
She brore a coat of black and gray,  
And tried to walk in jaunty way—  
Though daily she grew thinner.  
"I could find a nice plump rat,  
I'd be," she thought, "a jolly cat."  
No rat she found, but hanging high  
Was Daisy's little lim.  
Who sang as if to pierce the sky.  
Her hungry puss did sigh and sigh,  
From out that cage, "Oh, bird so sweet,  
A simty thing you'd be to eat!"  
She made a spring; she could not reach  
The limnet, singing louder,  
And pouring forth, as if in speech,  
(To puss it sounded like a screech),  
"I could find a nice plump rat,  
I wish I had you, dainty prize!"

Just then came Daisy, running fast,  
With something in a saucer.  
"Poor Puss, you shall be fed at last;  
Your pangs of hunger shall be past;  
I see you're looking crosser.  
But let the little birdie be  
If you would find a friend in me."

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Carl Van Bosch, Robin Dyck, Maud S. Nickerson, Angela Franco, Charles Blair, Freddie Lovell, S. M. Seehmeier, Glenn A. Baldwin, Arthur Dearborn, Kate Pope, William H. Kuntz, Eddie M. Nash, Clippie, Henry R. Erickson, Maurice E. Lett, Puss Willow, Brainerd L. Newell, Clara B. Robetscher, Lottie M. Mason, H. A. Hodge, Nellie E. Early, Ray Greenleaf, A. J. Slade, A. Eugene Havestick, Winnie Graham, Charles H. Weide, Maud and Ethel Sanders, Grace J. V. Flora T. Willard, Rose C. Willie Sparks, J. R. Bolton, Nellie Sparks, Theodore E. Lottie Linton, Edward W. Wieser, Z. Jones, Arthur Bryant, George F. Lord Jenks, F. R. Florence Harriet Chambers, W. F. Preston Patten, Kattie Carpenter, Eddie McIvew, Eddie and Frankie Couch.

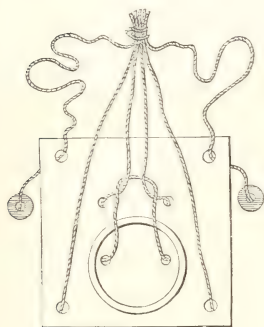
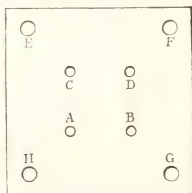
The answer to the enigma on page 288 of No. 227 is, O, grab me—Embargo.

## THE SCALE AND RING PUZZLE.

SOLUTION OF PUZZLE IN No. 223.

PASS the loop downward through the hole E, and pass the bead behind E downward through the loop.

Then draw the loop back through E, and pass it downward through F, and the bead behind F downward through the loop. Draw the loop back. Now pass the knot where all the ends of the strings are tied together through the loop,



and proceed as before with holes G and H, only passing the beads upward (instead of downward) through the loop.

Before passing the beads through the loop be very careful that there are no twists in the string.

To put the ring on again, place it on the scale, and draw the loop upward through it, and then reverse the operations which have already been described.

## TWO TERRIBLE TUGS.

BY EVA LOVETT CARSON.

**T**IS a terrible tug, these mother-folk say,  
To get the boys out of their beds each day;  
And a terrible tug, if I hear aright,  
To get them into their beds at night.

## THE PERSEVERING MARTINS.

**T**WO ladies residing together at Nottingham, in England, had their attention attracted during early summer by certain curious sounds which appeared to proceed from their bath-room.

Nothing was to be seen in the apartment itself which could account for the noises, but it became evident that some living creatures had located themselves below the bath. The place suggested the presence of rats or mice, but the sounds were such as proceed from the throats of birds.

The removal of a board showed the little feathered tenants of this curious retreat, as well as the means by which they had obtained admission to it. A couple of bricks had been removed from the outer wall for some reason or other, and the hole thus made was left unclosed. Through it a pair of house martins had ventured, and built their nest immediately under the bath.

When discovered, the mother bird was sitting on three eggs, and sooner than desert them she allowed herself to be captured by a young servant, who, however, set her at liberty immediately, but took possession of the eggs, and destroyed the nest.

Nothing daunted, the little pair set to work again, constructed another nest on the same spot, and another set of eggs was deposited in the new nest. The ladies of the house interfered to prevent them from being again disturbed, and took no little pleasure in watching their feathered neighbors by means of a lighted taper passed through a convenient cranny.

The birds appeared to understand that they were no longer regarded as intruders, but as privileged inmates. The appearance of the light did not frighten them, and they returned with their bright eyes the looks of their human protectors. The second set of eggs was duly hatched, and tiny bird voices mingled with those of the parent martins as they labored unwearyingly to supply the wants of their growing family.

**T**he CRUISE  
"Whither away my little maids?  
And why do you sail so fast;  
With nurse's apron for a sail?  
And a broomstick for a mast?"  
We sail to reach the **Elliput** Main;  
We will be there and back again,  
Ere luncheon hour be past."



# HARPER'S

# YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 231.

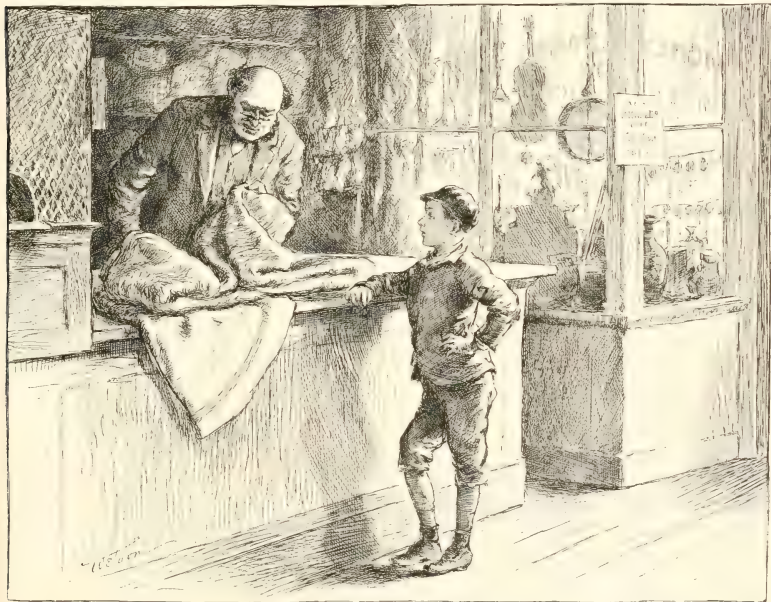
PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Tuesday, April 1, 1884.

Copyright, 1883, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$1.50 per Year, in Advance.



"'GIF YOU' ONE TOLLAR,' HE SAID AT LENGTH."

## THE DAY THAT JERRY REFORMED.

A Story for All-Fools' Day.

BY KATE UPSON CLARK.

I.

IF it hadn't been for his little baby sister, Jerry Poll would have been a very bad boy indeed. He wasn't a good boy, as things were, but he was better than he

would have been if it hadn't been for little Bonny, as they called her. Bonny was a pretty little thing, and she was the delight of Jerry's eyes.

One morning when Jerry crawled out of his cot bed in one corner of the one large room which he called home, he found his mother, who had been sick in bed for several weeks, crying on her pillow. Bonny's little face was besmeared with tears too as she crept up beside Jerry.



The sight of their tears made Jerry feel not so much sorry as cross. Jerry had not taken very great pains to cultivate pleasant tones or manners; so when he said, "What's up?" as he presently did, to his poor mother, it was in a very surly and ill-natured way indeed.

"It's two days now since your father has been home," said Mrs. Pell, "and I have just found a little note that explains it all. He has gone to California, and— and left us."

Here the poor woman broke into weeping again, and Jerry's crossness seemed to melt away. He had not kissed her for many a day, and he did not kiss her now, but he put his head down on the worn coverlet beside her and let her kiss him. She did it half timidly.

John Pell, though he had been a drinking man, and not in all other respects a good husband and father, had earned fair wages at his trade, and his family, though poor, had never wanted for food or fire. Now that he had left them, the poor woman did not know which way to turn for daily bread.

"Jerry," began his mother, after a little, "you won't go off, and leave Bonny and me, will you? You can do a good deal for us."

"I'd like to know what," said Jerry, still a little offish, and like his old self.

"Oh, I don't know," said his mother, hesitatingly. "You have carried parcels for the grocer sometimes, and you have earned a good many dimes for doing errands. Tom Sykes sells papers; why can't you?"

"All the boys sell papers—ain't no chance for me," said Jerry, gruffly.

"Well," sighed his mother, "something must be done; for if I had that medicine that the doctor ordered for me, I might get better. I've been thinking that I might perhaps spare the double blankets that are on my bed. They're the nicest things we've got."

She tried to speak cheerfully, and pulling open the bed, dragged off the blankets, and helped Jerry to fold them and wrap them up in a newspaper.

"Now, Jerry," she said, "go to the pawnbroker's"—Jerry knew where to go well enough, for he had been there many times—"and get as much as you can for the blankets. Then take the money, and get this prescription filled at the drug store."

Bonny's breakfast was brought up beside the bed, before Jerry left, so that the sick mother could feed her, and then Jerry, breaking off a bit of the one loaf for his breakfast, started on his errand.

The old pawnbroker looked the blankets over sharply. "Gif you one tollar," he said at length.

"All right," answered Jerry. He took a one-dollar bill that the man handed him, and pursued his way to the druggist's. The medicine cost eighty cents.

When Jerry had hastened home, and running up the long flight of tenement-house stairs, had handed the bottle and the twenty cents to his mother, she could not help observing that a change had taken place in his manner. He had an air of business that he had never worn before. Her heart bounded with a vague pleasure as she saw it, and as she thanked him she stroked his poor patched jacket approvingly. Bonny, too, seemed pleased. She cooed and cooed, and put her little mouth up to Jerry.

"Kiss," she said. "Take Bonny." She stretched her little arms up to him, and Jerry caught her up.

"I'm going out for a while, mother," he said, setting Bonny down on the bed, "and I reckon I'll bring back some money. I'll be home to-night, sure."

## II.

Jerry thought that he would go first to the grocery store and see if the grocer had any parcels for him to carry. No, nothing to do. This made Jerry feel rather forlorn.

Just then Jim Simmons and Tom Sykes, two of Jerry's

mates, and by no means good ones for him, came and offered him half a cigar.

"We've got some fun going on down in Denny's Alley," said Jim. "Come down."

"Can't," said Jerry, hardly stopping to look their way. "Mother's sick, and father's gone off."

"Yes, you can," persisted Jim, artfully. "Ain't no fun without you, Jerry. Is there, Tom? You're the feller that makes 'em all laugh. Come on, Jerry."

Jerry half stopped. He knew that he was the life of whatever crowd of boys he happened to be in, and, after his experience with the grocer, he felt afraid that he couldn't get work. Why not go with the boys and have a good time?

Then he thought of Bonny—little Bonny, who perhaps might cry to-morrow with hunger, and there would be nothing to give her. His weakness was gone. He pulled his ragged cap down a little lower on his forehead, and saying, simply but decidedly, "Can't, I tell you," shook Jim's hand off his shoulder, and ran swiftly down the street and around a corner to a place where they made pocket-books.

"Perhaps they'll want a boy here," Jerry thought. So he knocked on the grimy door. It was opened by a rough-looking man.

"What you knocking here for?" said the man.

"You don't want a boy to work, do you?" said Jerry.

"Depends on the boy. Seems to me you're the boy I've seen around here with Jim Simmons and those. Jim's a bad lot. Is he a friend of yours?"

"He was," answered Jerry; "but I'm not going with Jim any more. My mother's sick, and my father's gone off, and I've got to work. My name's Jerry Pell, and I live around on Pullin Street."

"Pell—Pell?" said the man. "What was your father's trade?"

"He was a carpenter," replied Jerry.

"Used to drink," said the man.

"Ye—es, he did."

Jerry's heart sank. He realized now for the first time in his life what a blessing it would have been to have had a steady, respectable father, and to have had only good companions himself.

"Don't believe we want any of that stock around here," said the man, in what seemed to Jerry a very brutal way, and he slammed the door hard in the boy's face.

Jerry walked off, feeling ready to cry, but, fortunately for his mother and Bonny, the man's harshness had only strengthened the boy's will.

At last he paused in front of a big hotel. Hotels, he knew, had to have bell-boys and all kinds of boys. He had half a mind to go in. As he stood there an old gentleman came out of the door, carrying in his hands a valise, an overcoat, and a number of parcels. As quick as a flash Jerry was by his side.

"Don't you want me to carry your things, sir?"

The old gentleman looked steadily out of a pair of bright brown eyes deep into Jerry's face.

"My name is Jerry Pell, and I live down on Pullin Street. Mother's sick, and father's gone off. I haven't worked much, and I've run around all the time with boys that ain't first-rate, but I'm going to work now and help mother."

The old gentleman seemed to wring all this information right out of Jerry by the mere force of his glance.

"Aha!" he said at length, his eyes seeming to laugh, though his tone was very grave. "That's it, is it? Lucky you took a start just when you did! I'm due at the railroad station in just ten minutes, and it's a long walk. Here, take my valise, sir, and hurry up!"

Jerry seized the valise, and walked off with the air of a Hercules, which sat so funnily upon his slight figure that the old gentleman had to laugh in spite of his hurry.



They hastened on, and were soon at the door of the station.

"Here," said the old gentleman, handing Jerry a coin, "take this, good boy, Jerry Pell. Let those bad boys alone;" and with a merry nod and a laugh out of his bright eyes the old gentleman whisked away.

What a big coin! Jerry could not believe his eyes as he saw that it was a dollar.

"That's just enough to get the blankets out of pawn," he thought. "Mother'd very likely say get something to eat with it; but she's sick, and she don't keep much fire, and I think I'd better get the blankets right away. My! how surprised mother 'll be!"

### III.

It was a very happy boy that walked into the pawn shop a few moments later.

"I've got a dollar," said Jerry to the old man who had waited on him a little while before; "I guess I'll take those blankets back again."

The old man took the dollar which Jerry so confidently handed him, and began to examine it suspiciously.

"Vere you get him?" said he.

A vague terror struck to Jerry's happy heart.

"A man gave it to me for carrying his valise," he answered, while his voice faltered.

"It ish not goot," said the old man, ringing the coin on the counter for the third time. "It ish gounterfit, sure ash you lif. I no gif you goot plankets for pad monish. You try to play April-fool trick on the old man. No, no."

It was eleven o'clock on the morning of the 1st of April, but Jerry had had so much to occupy him that he had not thought for an instant of All-fools' Day. His soul was filled with burning indignation. How mean it was of the old man to pass off a bad dollar on a boy like him!

Jerry's ambition and his courage oozed away as he left the shop. Profane words which he had learned to use from Jim Simmons and the low men of the streets rose to his lips. The good resolves which had inspired him all the morning melted away. Bonny's pretty face was forgotten. Jerry called himself a fool, and began to look around to see if there were not some mischief that he could do to celebrate the day.

Suddenly, as he was strolling aimlessly along Pullin Street, his foot caught in a string which some idle boy, probably full of the spirit with which Jerry himself was just then brimming over, had tied across the sidewalk, and Jerry's temper was tried more severely than ever when he found, upon trying to rise, that one of his hands and one of his feet were badly hurt.

If Jerry's heart had been heavy before, it was doubly so now. Grief and pain overmastered the anger and chagrin of a few moments before, and Jerry was just ready to give way to his feelings in a genuine fit of crying, when his eye was caught by the sight of a carriage drawn up to a curb-stone just in front of him, and by a gray head peering out of the carriage.

"Jerry Pell?" a passer-by was saying, evidently in reply to some question asked by the owner of the gray head. "I don't live on this street, and I don't know—"

Jerry checked his tears and almost forgot his pain as he limped breathlessly to the carriage door.

"Bless my heart!" said an old gentleman, whose merry dark eye Jerry had no trouble in recognizing. "Here's the very boy! But what's the matter with you?"

"Fell over a string, sir," said Jerry, wincing with pain as he spoke. "Hurt my fingers, an' my ankle's lame. I'm afraid I can't do any more errands for quite a while."

Jerry's voice trembled.

"Too bad! too bad!" said the old gentleman, in a tone of sympathy that went to the boy's heart.

"But I thought you took the train out of town," said Jerry, remembering the trip to the station and the coun-

terfeit dollar. His face fell as he spoke, and his confidence in the old gentleman began to die away in spite of the kindly look of his face.

"Missed my train, sir," said the old gentleman, the merry twinkle returning to his eye—"don't know whether it was your fault or my own—and I had a special reason for trying to find you. Where's that dollar I gave you?"

Jerry produced the counterfeit coin.

"Just as I thought! just as I thought!" said the old gentleman, looking deeply mortified. "Somebody passed it off on me yesterday. I ought to have thrown it away; but I've been travelling all the while, and so I had left it in my pocket. Had you found it out?"

"Yes, sir," said Jerry, repenting the hard thoughts he had had but a few moments before.

"Well," continued the old gentleman, "I'm just as sorry as I can be. But here's a good dollar, and a little extra to make up for my mistake;" and he handed Jerry a two-dollar bill.

Jerry looked at it with eyes as big as saucers.

"For me?" he gasped.

"Of course," said the old gentleman, kindly. "You can't work much for a few days now, and you must spend it for your mother, you know. By-the-way, my train doesn't go for a couple of hours yet, and suppose you take me up to see her. I'll help you up the stairs."

"All right, sir," said Jerry, joyfully, and sublimely unconscious or forgetful—or both—of the untidy room that he had left behind him that morning. "This way, sir."

He hastened ahead to open the door, and so light the dark stairway for the old gentleman, who followed slowly and with some stumbling.

"Here's a gentleman, mother," he said, eagerly.

The old gentleman looked pityingly upon the pinched and trembling invalid who sat in a rocking-chair in front of the scant fire, while Jerry explained to her his disabled condition.

"Your son did an errand for me," he said then, as he took her thin hand in his, "and I paid him in a bad coin. Fortunately circumstances have allowed me to repair the damage."

Here Jerry handed his mother the two-dollar bill. In her weakness this was almost too much for the poor woman. She burst into tears, and threw her arms around her boy.

"I always knew you would come out all right, Jerry," she sobbed. "I knew you would work for your mother and for little Bonny."

The old gentleman wiped his eyes, and looked very hard out the window.

"Can you hand straw hats, ma'am?" he asked, suddenly, of Mrs. Pell.

"Oh yes," she answered. "I used to braid fast and well when I was a girl."

"My brother has a large hat store a few squares from here—makes a specialty of straw hats. I'll go up there and see if I can't get you some work. I'll take Jerry with me in the carriage, if he feels able to go," pursued the old gentleman. "I feel like doing a good deal for Jerry, after passing off a bad dollar on him."

Jerry's light heart had done a good deal to make him feel better. So he went up to the hat store, and when he came home he was regularly engaged as errand-boy there just as soon as he should be able to work, and for as long as he would behave himself. He brought home a pattern hat and a quantity of straw for his mother, with which, after a little practice, she was able to work nicely.

I need not say that the Pells ate a very happy supper together that night. The head of the family was gone, it was true, but there were a good many things to make up

for that, and Jerry felt, when he got well—which he did in a few days—and passed up and down Pullin Street to and from his work, as if he were twenty-one. Jim Simmons and Tom Sykes beg him in vain to go off with them and “have fun.”

Jerry has picked up a new and more desirable set of friends than his old ones, and he spends his holidays mostly with his mother and Bonny. The pocket-book man has been heard to say that “that Fell boy is going to turn out a man after all.” He wishes that he had engaged Jerry to help him make pocket-books, but perhaps it was better that Jerry should have had the bitterness of the disappointment. Not even dear little Bonny could have reformed him alone.



LY to us, swallows; fond be the greeting—  
Welcome once more to this cottage of ours.  
What tales do you bring of that wonderful land  
Where the air is all fragrant with blossoms and flowers,

Where the humming-birds twinkle amid the green boughs,  
And the bright golden oranges hang from the tree?  
Far, far have you wandered, and followed the track  
Of brave ships that sailed o'er the perilous sea.

When we bade you good-by there was snow in the air,  
And the heavens above us were dull leaden gray;  
Now the flowers are awake and the skies are so fair,  
And you have returned with the blossoms so gay.

Are you glad, little swallows, to see us once more?  
Your music sounds cheery and blithesome to me.  
How you must rejoice in the sunshine and flowers,  
Wearied out with your flight o'er the perilous sea!

## THE ICE QUEEN.\*

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

#### REX FIGHTS UNKNOWN ENEMIES.

WITH aching heads bowed under their burdens, and tired limbs, they had returned to within perhaps a hundred yards of the beach, when the barking of dogs, mingled with a girlish scream, caused them all to look up in astonishment. Then without waiting for any one to give the word, each dropped what he was carrying, and began to run as fast as he was able over the broken ice toward the shore.

When the lads had started on the second trip out to the boat, Rex, bidden to watch his mistress, and proud of the duty, had lain down almost on the edge of her blankets. There was no snow upon the sand here, and the warmth of the fire closed the eyes of the fagged-out dog, just as it had those of his mistress. The boys had been gone perhaps half an hour, and he had had time to get very soundly asleep, when suddenly he was roused by a growl and a rush, and before he could rise to his feet two animals were right upon him, each nearly as big as himself, though short-haired and woefully gaunt. With a yelp of surprise and rage the dog sprang up and tried to defend himself, but the attack of his assailants was so fierce that he was rolled over in an instant, and felt their teeth pressing at his throat.

Into Katy's dreams of a May-day picnic under the blossoming apple-trees broke this rude hubbub, and before she could understand its meaning she felt the weight of the struggling animals pressing upon her bed. With the piercing scream of alarm that had reached the ears of her brothers out on the ice she struggled out of her blankets only to be tripped and fall right upon the tumbling, growling, fighting heap. Afterward she used to tell the story with merry laughter, but then, scarcely knowing what it all meant, she was too frightened to do anything but scream again, and pick herself up as best she could.

Safely on her feet at last, and convinced that this startling adventure was a reality and not some frightful change in her dream, she saw that Rex was being overpowered by two great dogs, lean almost as skeletons, that seemed bent upon killing him without an instant's delay. To see her faithful friend surprised and overcome in this terrible way stirred up all her sympathies and all her wrath. Like a flash she remembered how African travellers had fought lions with fire-brands, and seizing one of the charred sticks from the fire, she began to strike the brute nearest to her.

But what followed was most alarming, for the animal, at the very first blow, left Rex, and turned toward her, his jaws wide open, and his haggard eyes glowing with rage. Instinctively she presented the smoking end of her long brand, as a soldier would his bayonet, and was fortunate enough to meet the dog squarely in the face, which staggered him for an instant, and before he could gather himself for a new attack Aleck and Tug and Jim were all beside her, and the two great brutes were in full flight.

Then the brave girl dropped her fire-brand, and sank down on the nearest seat, where perhaps she might have been excused for fainting had the day been warm, instead of freezing cold. The boys gathered anxiously about her, with such questions as, “Where did they come from?” “Why did they attack you?” “Are you hurt?” and so on.

The story was soon told, and this was fortunate, for everybody had forgotten poor Rex, who lay panting and licking one of his feet, from which the blood was oozing.

“Well, old fellow,” exclaimed Tug, as he went and bent over the dog, “did they try to chew you up? Here, give

us your paw. Quiet! Let me feel so—good dog! No bones broken, I guess, and we'll bandage you up O. K. How about this ear? One hole through it, and— Well, 'twas lucky you had a strong collar! Just look at the tooth-marks on that piece of leather! If it hadn't been for that an' his thick hair, they'd been in his throat, and then good by, Rex!"

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## EXPLORING THE ISLAND.

WHEN all the property of our shipwrecked crew had been brought ashore it made a very small heap, and the biggest part of that seemed to be the bedding. Everybody noticed this, and it added a new gloom to the feeling of discouragement caused by their weariness and Katy's fright, and, most of all, by the hunger of which their slight breakfast had only taken away the edge.

"Before we do anything else at all," said Captain Aleck, "we must have something more to eat. Do you feel strong enough to help us, Katy?"

"Oh yes, indeed. I've quite got rid of my foolish weakness."

"That's good. Let us know if we can help you."

Nobody felt in the mood for talking, and Jim really took a nap between the rock and the fire. Though the air was very cold, the sunshine was bright, and under the lee of the little cliff it was very comfortable; but poor Katy had hard work to keep her fingers from almost freezing. What she made was chocolate, fried bacon, and "griddle" cakes, the latter cooked in the skillet, and using up the last crumb of buckwheat and a good share of the sugar. When the meal had been eaten to the last scrap, and everybody had grown wide awake and cheerful, Aleck rapped on a box, and made a speech:

"Attention, ladies and gentlemen! Though none of us have said much about it, you all know well enough that we're in a regular scrape, and the sooner we find out how we're to get out of it the better. Now I am going to propose a plan, and if any of you don't like it you can say so."

"We'll do whatever you say," exclaimed Tug.

"But I don't want to say till we've talked it over. I rather think we're on a small island a good many miles from land. I judge so from what I know of the chart of the lake, and what I can guess of where we drifted on that ice-floe. If so, I do not think anybody lives here, or ever comes here in winter."

"Regular desert island!" Jim was heard to mutter, in a tone that showed his mind busy with the memory of Robinson Crusoe.

"The first thing to do is to find out whether this is so or not. Now I propose that Jim and Katy should stay here—"

"Oh, no, no," Katy interrupted, in an eager appeal. "Those dreadful dogs might come back, and Jimmy is so little! I want you to stay with me, or else let me go with you."

"That's rather rough on the boy,"

Aleck laughed. "However, I suppose it won't matter. Well, then, Tug, I think you and Jim had better go back in the country, and see what you can find, while I stay and watch over the goods and the sister. What do you say?"

"Good plan!" Tug replied. "I'm ready. Are you, Youngster?"

"Yes, siree! But you'll let us take the gun, won't you, Aleck?"

"Oh yes, you can have the gun. If the dogs, or wolves, or whatever they are, come at us while you're gone, Katy can fight them with fire-brands, and I—"

"Oh, you can climb a tree!" said his sister, merrily.

"Yes, I can climb a tree."

While Tug and Jim were gone, Aleck and Katy busied themselves in making snug bundles of their goods, and in talking over their strange adventures. They were too anxious to feel very gay, but thought it foolish to give way to fretting until they had lost all hope. It was two hours or more, and the sun had climbed to "high noon" in the sky, before the explorers came back, bringing solemn faces.

"Island!" both called out as soon as they came near; "and a small one at that."

"Any people on it?" asked Katy.

"Not a soul that I could see," Tug said. "I allow they come here in summer, though, for the trees have been cut down, and there's a rough little shanty on the other side."

"Could we live in it?"

"Didn't go inside—don't know. It's half full of snow. Better than no shelter at all, I suppose. It ain't far off. Suppose you all go over there and look at it—Jim can show you where it is—while I guard the grub against those pesky dogs. I don't wonder the brutes are savage, for I don't see how they could get anything to eat here."

When the three had left the rocks at the beach, under Jim's guidance, they found themselves in a brushy wood consisting largely of hemlocks and pines, often closely



THE CABIN ON THE ISLAND.

matted together. A few minutes' walking carried them through this and up to a ridge of jagged limestone rocks, one point of which, a little distance off, stood up like a big monument. This ridge ran about east and west, and they had come up its southern side. Its northern face was very snowy, had few trees, and sloped down an eighth of a mile to the water.

At one place on this northern beach several great rocks stood up from the water's edge, and among them stood a small grove of hemlocks and other trees. In that thicket, Jimmy told them, the old shanty was placed. They thought it must be very small, or else well stowed away, for they could see nothing of it. To get down to it was no easy task, for the crevices and holes in the rocky hill-side had drifted full of snow, and they were continually sinking in where they had expected to stand firm, or finding a solid rock ahead when they tried to flounder out. It was a chilled and ill-tempered trio that finally reached the beach, and sought the shelter of the rocky thicket.

Now it became easier to understand why the hut had been invisible from above, for it was only a shanty propped up between two great rocks that helped to form its walls and support its roof. From the broken oars and many fragments of nets, the old corks and other rubbish lying about, they saw at once that it had been built by fishermen, who probably came there to spend the night now and then, or perhaps staid a week or so at a time in the summer.

The door stood half open, and a snow-drift lay heaped upon the threshold. Edging their way in, they found that the roof and walls were tight, the little window unbroken, and several rough articles of furniture lying about. An old rusty stove, one corner propped up on stones, and the pipe tumbled down, stood against the chimney of mud and sticks that was built up against one of the rocky walls.

"This is splendid!" Katy cried. "Just look at that dear old stove!"

"Yes, sis; I think we must move over here. But are you sure, Jim—how did you find out?—that this is an island, and not the mainland?"

"From the top of that high point of rocks you can see the whole of it. I don't believe it is more than a mile up to the farther end, and not half that down to the other. The island is shaped something like a dumb-bell, only one end is a good deal bigger than the other. We are on the little end here."

"Well, Youngster, you're quite a geographer; but we can't stop to talk about it now. Let's go back as quickly as we can, and bring part of our goods over this afternoon: don't you think that's best?"

"Oh yes." And twenty minutes later, rosy and panting, Katy astonished the sleepy Tug by rushing into camp, followed closely—not by wild beasts, as he thought would be the case—but by both the brothers she had outsped.

"It's so good!" she exclaimed, catching her breath. "To feel something besides slippery ice under your feet! Now what shall we take first?"

By hard work and little resting the coming of twilight found them established in their new home. The last journey had been made after the bedding by Tug and Aleck, while Jim and Katy cleared the snow all away from the cabin door and off the bending roof, straightened up the rusty old stove, and set a fire going. By the time the larger boys came back, raising a whoop far up the hill-side as they saw the smoke curling up between the hemlocks, the old hut was warm, and the tin cover of the little iron pot was dancing in its effort to hold back the escaping steam.

"Ugh!" said Tug, as he pushed the door open, and threw down his bundle of blankets; "I'm as hungry as a wolf."

"If you think you can wait fifteen minutes, Mr. Montgomery, you'll have a bee-yutiful supper. Can you do it?"

"I low I can. I ain't a epi—epi— What d'ye call it?"

"Epicure?"

"That's the chap. I read the other day that the Tartars say he digs his grave with his teeth. I don't want a grave as bad as that yet."

"I suppose that means that a man who lives on too rich food will die by it."

"Yes, I reckon so. But I 'low there's no danger in our case—eh, Aleck? Do you think dried beef and snow-birds too rich for your delicate stomach, my boy?"

That night all bunked down on the floor, for they were too weary to care much for anything but a chance to sleep, and the sun was high before any of them found out, in their shady house, that it was morning. When breakfast was ready, and they had all sat down at the rough shelf-table which the fishermen had fastened at one side of the cabin, Aleck called, "Attention!" and said that it was time they all were looking the situation squarely in the face.

"It's all very funny," he said, "to think ourselves Crusoes, and feel that we are all right because we have a roof over us and a stove to keep warm by. But Crusoe didn't need a roof nor a stove, for he was in a warm climate; and he had goats and birds, and shell-fish along the rocks, and cocoa-nuts, and lots of other things. Crusoe was a king in his palace beside us."

The circle of faces grew rather grave.

"Here we are, in midwinter, on an island in a fresh-water lake, and not even water, but solid ice—where there are no oysters nor clams, no fruit trees, and no animals—"

"Except those dogs," Jim interrupted.

"Even they seem to have disappeared," Aleck went on; "and they're starved almost to skin and bone. If a pack of dogs can't get anything to eat, what are we four going to do? I tell you it's a serious case."

"Well," Tug rejoined, stoutly, "I, for one, don't give in yet. Look what we did out on the ice! We can fish, and trap snow-birds—I saw a flock last evening; and maybe we can find some mussels near the beach, and so stick it out till the ice breaks up and the birds begin to come in the spring."

"Tug, you're a brick, and I was wrong to feel so low-spirited," said Aleck, heartily. "I think you're a better fellow to be captain here than I am. I resign."

"Not by a long chalk!" exclaimed Tug. "Here—I'll put it to vote. Whoever wants Aleck to go out, and me to take my innings as captain, hold up their hand."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## HOW TO MAKE A PHOTOGRAPHIC CAMERA FOR TEN CENTS.

BY E. CLOUS.

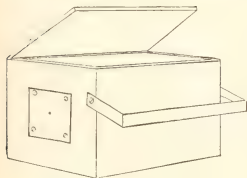
YOU will find this little instrument a very entertaining toy, and one that any boy can easily make with a very few tools. It will give quite satisfactory pictures, not as fine, of course, as those taken by a regular camera with expensive lenses, when the light is condensed and concentrated, and the focus adjusted to a hair's-breadth, but very good copies of familiar scenes. Landscapes and buildings are easier taken by this little instrument than figures, as the time of exposure is so long that your sitter will probably move before his picture is taken.

Procure at a tobacco store a cigar-box seven and a quarter inches long, five inches wide, and five inches deep. It must be in good condition, without any flaws or cracks, and must have the lid held down firmly in its place by the strip of muslin which acts as a hinge. Remove the paper which is pasted over the box both inside and out by dampening the parts with water till the paper can be easily scraped off. Do not make the box too wet, or it will warp in drying and be useless. You will do well to make the joints of the box more secure by strengthening them with a few more nails. See that the lid fits snugly in its



place all around the edges, as it is very important that your camera when finished should keep out every bit of light.

After the box is perfectly dry, take a pencil and rule and on one side draw two diagonal lines from corner to corner; they will cross each other in the exact centre of



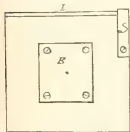
SIDE VIEW OF BOX WITH LID OPEN.

that end of the box. Here you must cut or bore a round hole one inch in diameter; be careful and do it very neatly. Now take a piece of smooth wood two and a half inches square and one-quarter of an inch thick, bore a similar hole in its centre, and fasten

or glue it on the inside of the end of your box where you made the hole. When it is firmly fastened, take your penknife and enlarge the inside end of the hole, so as to make it funnel-shaped.

Take a piece of sheet brass, or a piece of ordinary tin will do, two inches square. Drill a very small hole in its centre. Do not let the hole be over one-thirty-second of an inch in diameter. Be very particular to drill this hole very clean and smooth on its edges. Drill similar holes at each of the four corners. Place the piece of brass or tin on the end of your box, so that the hole in its centre comes exactly in the centre of the larger hole bored in the wood. Be very particular to have it so placed, and fasten it firmly with four round-headed brass screws at the four corners. The screws should be one-quarter of an inch long, and driven firmly through the end of the box into the piece of wood fastened beyond. This piece of brass with the small hole acts in the place of the lens and tube on a regular camera, and is the only place where light should enter when you are making an exposure, or, in other words, taking a picture.

You must now make a plate-holder on the inside of the opposite end of your box from where the light enters. This is easily done by fastening two strips running parallel and perpendicular to the bottom of the box. They must have grooves cut in their edges, and placed three and three-quarter inches apart, with the grooves facing each other, so that a plate of glass four inches wide will slide down in the grooves, and be held firmly in position. When you have done this much, and seen that the two grooved strips do not project so far beyond the top of the box as to interfere with the lid being placed in its position, you must paint the whole inside, lid and all, with black paint thinned with turpentine, so that it will dry a dead-black, without any gloss. Take particular pains to work the paint into all the joints, so as to exclude any possible ray of light entering when the lid is down, except through the small brass hole.

END VIEW OF CAMERA WITH LID CLOSED.  
E, Brass Plate; L, Lid held down with Brass Strips.

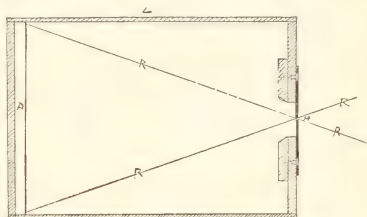
Take a strip of brass four inches longer than your box. Drill a hole in either end, and mark off a space two inches from each end. Be sure and see that the space in the centre of the strip between the marks is exactly the outside length of your box.

Then in a vise bend the two ends of the strip at right

angles at the places marked, so that it will have a shape like this —. Then place it on the edge of your box opposite the side where the hinge is placed, and with two screws inserted in the holes fasten it to the ends, so that it will hold the lid down very tight. When you wish to raise the lid the strip can be pushed off, provided you have not driven the screws in too tight; if so, loosen them slightly. Your box will now have the appearance shown in the two cuts.

If you have a friend who has a photographic camera he will probably be willing to allow you to have a plate or two, four by five inches in size. Get those that work the quickest. If you are not so fortunate, you will have to procure them from a dealer in photographic supplies. The gelatine dry plates are the best, and they will cost you \$1.05 for a package of a dozen. You will find full directions for working them contained on a slip of paper inside; but beforehand let me tell you that you must not open them in any other than a light coming through a red material, such as glass or paper.

You can get such a piece of paper specially prepared at the dealer's, and fix it at a window or in front of a lamp, so that no light but the red enters the room. You had best do this at night, as it will be almost impossible to find a room, without it were built on purpose, so arranged that all white light could be excluded in the daytime. Then in a dark place, and in the red light, open your package



SECTIONAL VIEW OF CAMERA.

P, Plate-holder; R, Rays of Light entering Hole in Brass at H;  
L, Lid of Camera.

of plates. Lift one by holding the edges, and place it in a position so that the light can fall full on its surface. One side of the plate is prepared with a sensitive emulsion, and has a white film over it. This side does not reflect the light as strongly as the back or non-sensitive side. There is very little difference in the appearance of the two sides, so you must look close to see the difference, and after a little practice you will have no difficulty in deciding. You now slide one of your plates between the grooves made for it in your box, being careful to put the sensitive side toward the little hole in the front. Fasten down the lid, and cover the whole with a dark thick-textured cloth, keeping your finger over the little hole.

Place the box, which, now that it is completed, should be called a camera, on a window-ledge from which a pretty view can be had, taking care that the sun does not shine on the box. Uncover the *front only*, take out your watch, and remove your finger from the hole for five minutes if the sun is shining, and twice that time if it is clouded over. This is making an exposure. When the time has elapsed, cover over the box again, take it back to your dark room, take out the plate, and proceed to develop it according to the directions given in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, No. 135, published May 30, 1882.

This operation being of a different nature requires some little experience to be always successful, and does not come within the province of this article.



### A HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPE.\*

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD



THREE dogs were quite leisurely jogging along

By the side of master, who whistled a song.

And all seemed intent on some problem profound.

As they went with heads bent and eyes fixed on the ground.

The bird dog had ears that were silky and soft,  
And though in brown-study, he lifted them oft,  
As if in the forest adjacent he heard  
The rustle and chirrup of some little bird.

The shepherd dog looked like a good-natured scamp  
Who knew how to worry the ill-looking tramp.  
And with lambs of the household would cheerfully play,  
And see that not one of them wandered away.

The greyhound, a creature of exquisite shape,  
Was rather reluctant to get in a scrape.  
And 'twas easy to see that its greatest desire  
Was to lie on soft rugs and display its attire.

While the biped and quadrupeds sauntered thus slow,  
A hare crossed the road just before them, and, lo!  
The bird dog and shepherd dog start on a race,  
And the light-footed greyhound soon joins in the chase.

The poor frightened hare almost feels their hot breath  
As they gain on her track; she is hunted to death;  
And the thought of how she will be torn into bits,  
While it flutters her heart, also sharpens her wits.

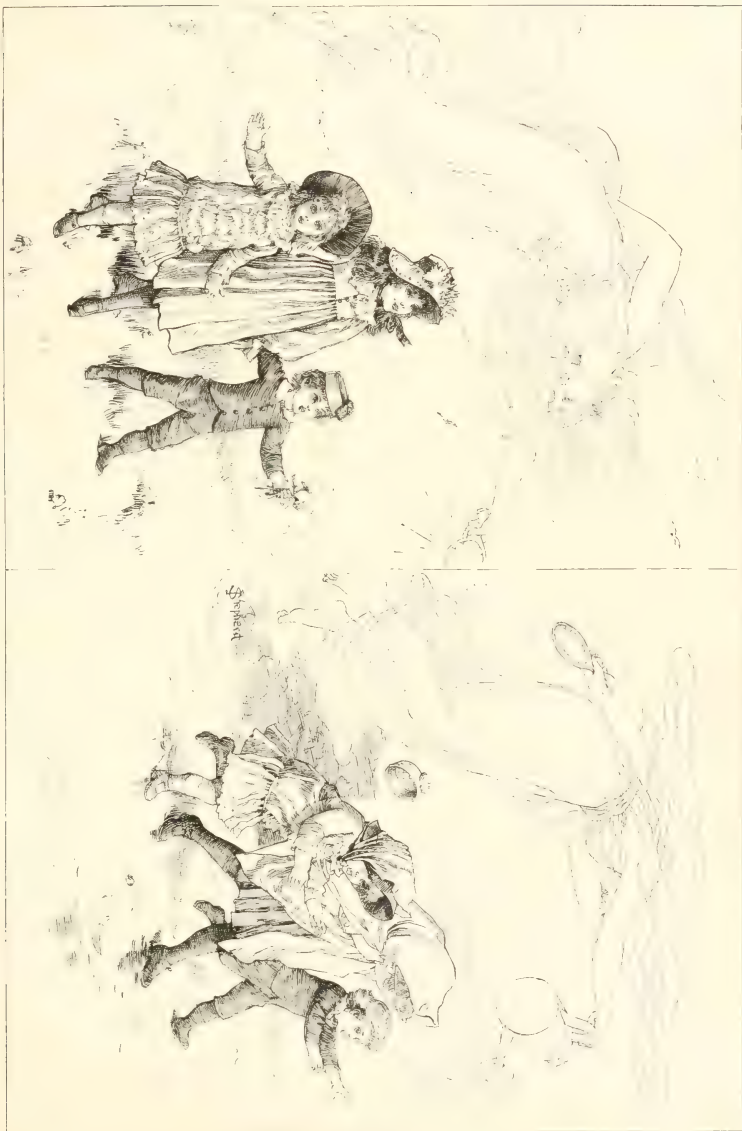
The dogs are quite near, with their mouths open wide,  
When all of a sudden the hare jumps aside;  
And her nimble pursuers, unable to stop,  
Run on for some distance, then out of sight drop.

The master comes up to discover the plight  
Of his four-footed friends who have vanished from sight,  
Still whistling a song, and expecting that they  
To some leafy covert have driven their prey.

Imagine his wonder and grief when he found  
That all the three dogs in an old well were drowned  
That stood in the field, and was hidden from view  
By the weeds and the bushes that over it grew!

This rhyme has a moral that here nicely fits:  
'Tis true that necessity sharpens our wits,  
And no one will e'er be considered a dunce  
Who gets rid, as the hare did, of three foes at once.

\* This curious occurrence took place on the ranch of James Martin, California. Three valuable dogs, a bird dog, greyhound, and shepherd dog, accompanied Will Martin on a hunting expedition, and starting up a hare, all gave chase. They were close together and in hot pursuit, when the hare suddenly jumped to one side; and the dogs, unable to check their speed, ran a few feet further on, and disappeared, one after the other. When Mr. Martin came to where the dogs had gone out of sight, he found that they had all fallen into an old well that was hidden by brush and weeds, the water in which was at least twenty feet from the surface. It being impossible to secure ropes, boards, or anything with which to rescue them, all the dogs were drowned.



APRIL. BY JESSE C. WILKS, NEW YORK.

## "PUFFING BILLY."

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

ONE bright day in June, 1781, a group of miners who had just finished their work were standing around Wylam Pit, near Newcastle, England.

Word was passed from one to another that a baby boy had been born in old Bob's cabin. Old Bob, the engine-man at the pit, had a houseful of children already, but he and his wife had plenty of love for the new-comer, whom they called Georgie.

Wee Georgie Stephenson was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth. His father's house was a rough hut, with unplastered walls and a floor of clay.

Georgie began to work when he was less than seven years old, at twopence per day. A lady paid him this sum for looking after her cows. When a little older, he was taken on at the colliery as a "picker," receiving sixpence a day, and at fourteen he became his father's assistant at a shilling a day. A year or two later he was given the charge of an engine of his own. It became his pet, and never had engine better care.

At eighteen years of age George Stephenson could not read. He was wide awake, and had a great longing for knowledge, but did not understand the alphabet. This could not be borne.

He went to a night school, and paid threepence a week to be taught spelling, reading, and writing; and soon a Scotch minister who knew him undertook to teach him figures. He worked very hard, and made great progress.

In his leisure hours, when he was not busy with his engine or studying, he made and mended shoes. Bit by bit he saved a little money, and by-and-by was able to marry.

I suppose you are wondering what all this has to do with Puffing Billy. Have patience; I am coming to that part of my story.

Though James Watt had invented the working steam-engine, as yet there was no travelling steam-engine. It was George Stephenson who first laid rails, found out what the locomotive could do when attached to cars, and sent the iron horse spinning along the line. His first locomotive was called Puffing Billy.

If you were to peep into some of the public journals of the England of 1825 you would laugh at the fright the people felt at this monster, which fed on coals and water, and flew over the road at the rate of eighteen miles an hour. Some thought it was like witchcraft. Others gravely said that one might as well be shot off by a rocket at once as put themselves at the mercy of such a machine as this.

George Stephenson kept quietly on, plodding at everything he attempted, until he had found out its secrets. Whatever he did he did with all his might. When men opposed him he did not lose his temper, but only said, "Wait a while and you will see."

"Suppose, Mr. Stephenson," said a grumbling somebody, thinking he was advancing a terrible objection to the new iron horse—"suppose a cow should happen to be on your line?"

"Well," replied Stephenson, very coolly, "it would be a bad job for the *cow*."

So it is all through life, boys. When a brave, wise man has a new and brilliant thought, it will never be put a stop to by any "cow."

## THE QUEEN'S GRANDCHILDREN.

BY LUCY C. HILLIE.

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "MIDDLIS FARBIGIN," ETC.

MY first remembrance of seeing any of these famous young people was a summer day ten years ago. That most exacting and magnificent creature the Shah of Persia was visiting England, and the Princess of Wales gave a garden party for him at her country house in Chis-

wick.\* The little royalties were allowed to attend it, and it so chanced that walking down the High Street of Kensington I saw the children of the Princess of Wales returning from the party. The family at that time were "in residence," as it is called, at their town house, known as the "Marlborough House."

I think I can see the old-fashioned street just as it looked then, flushed with a June sunset, gay with decorations for the drive to and from Chiswick. After a string of carriages had gone by, flashing the splendors of the Eastern monarch and his suite upon us, there came a large victoria, and on one seat crowded together three little girls, and on the other a lady and gentleman. The little girls were rather sleepy and tired-looking (I was told afterward that they had played very hard in the gardens and eaten a great many strawberries); but they were pretty, fair little maidens, dressed very simply in white muslins with blue sashes and straw bonnets; and one of them had a face which since then has grown very handsome.

The names of these little girls are Louise, the eldest, born in 1867, Victoria, born in 1868, and Maude, in 1869. So you see there is only a year between their ages, and in 1873, when I first saw them, they were all three tiny. I suppose they went home that night tired and happy, and were put very early to bed, for the Princess of Wales is a most careful mother.

Naturally her children rank first among the Queen's grandchildren, and are more especially noticeable as belonging to the English court. There are two sons, besides, Albert and George, though in the family the former is usually called "Eddie," for his second name, Edward.

It seems odd to say "in the family," talking about royalty, does it not? But nowhere is there to be found a more complete family circle than among these people. The Princess of Wales watches over her nurseries and school-rooms, although of course there are ladies appointed for the purpose officially; and just now she is very well pleased because her eldest daughter, Louise, has shown a wonderful talent for music, which is the Princess's own beloved art.

When the little folk were very young the nurses always wore white in the house, so that perfect cleanliness could be maintained, and now that Louise has grown to the dignity of sixteen years, she has, instead of a nurse, a more exalted attendant called a *dresser*, and is an important "school-room" young lady. A little English girl who used to go very often to play with the Marlborough House children told me that it was not particularly good fun, because her royal companions did not care much for dolls, and always "wanted to look out of the window." One can fancy their anxiety to see something of the world outside, something of street Arab life, perhaps, which they might see from afar off, but which could never come any nearer.

I think the young people enjoy themselves most at Sandringham Park, the Prince of Wales's large estate in Norfolk. There they are allowed a great deal of freedom, and have all kinds of out-door sports, and the guests who visit them are frequently invited to bring their children with them. A great deal of courtesy is exacted on such occasions toward the visitors, one of whom told me that on a certain occasion the Prince George was not allowed tart for his luncheon because he had spoken rudely to one of his companions. After all, a little royal appetite is just the same as a little American one.

Christmas is a great day at Sandringham. It is made a thorough home celebration of the great and universal children's day for and with the children. There are always Christmas-tree parties and dances and theatricals, at some of which little friends of mine are accustomed to meet the three young princesses.

\* Chiswick is a suburb of London.



"And what do they say to you?" I asked.

"Oh, they just ask the same questions as other children do, only more of them. They want to know what we do at school, what lessons we learn, what we have to eat, and all that sort of thing, you know. But they seem most curious about school, because they can not quite imagine what it is like."

Children are pretty much the same all the world over, whether born in a royal palace or in a cottage. But when night settles down over the great heath which lies round about Sandringham, and darkness clouds the distant sea; when there is an icy edge to the keen air, and the stars shine out with extra brightness; when there is warmth on every hearth in all the model cottages, and only the churches stand dark and still in the cold winter night—how redly the lights gleam behind all the windows of the hall! Every one has been cared for outside, many a happy Christmas has been made secure, and now the Prince and Princess keep theirs with their children and guests.

The two tall striplings—for they are almost young men now—Prince Eddy and Prince George, rush forward in friendly rivalry to secure the honor of conducting their mother to dinner. They are almost like lovers, those two tall youths, so devoted are they to the beautiful young-looking "sea-king's daughter from over the sea." Neither being first, and neither being preferred, the Princess goes gayly to the dining-hall between them. And after them comes the Prince with his bonnie group of daughters.

The grand distribution of gifts has taken place at the breakfast-table in the morning. After dinner comes the frolic. Snap-dragon is a favorite sport, but so serious did it like to prove one year that I can not say whether it still continues in favor. Some of the burning spirit fell on the dress of the Princess, who might have been badly burned but for the presence of mind of Sir Dykin Probyn, who promptly extinguished it. So the Christmases pass, one by one. I fancy that they hope many more may pass in the same pleasant fashion before they will be called upon to give up their pretty home at Sandringham to enter upon the splendor of the throne.

It would tire many young people, I am afraid, to hear of the numerous studies these royal children go through with; but then it must be remembered that learning the modern languages is a necessity to young people whose lives when they marry, may be passed in any foreign country. History is also all-important for those who may have to govern nations, while it is also well that navigation, politics, and science should be studied. Everything in the school-room is so perfectly disciplined and arranged that it is an easier matter to study and work there than in many households; and the governesses and tutors are very fond of their pupils, with whom they are on terms of affectionate intimacy. On one occasion a death occurred in the family of one of the governesses, and the little girls wrote her the most touching simple words of condolence; the youngest, not knowing what would be most soothing, gravely presented Miss — with one of her best dolls.

You know that the boys of the house are called the "sailor Princes" because of their yachting life, but I scarcely think either of them will take to it as a profession. They are all very fond of out-of-door sports.

## MR. THOMPSON AND HIS NAMESAKE.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

MR. THOMPSON was sitting before his fire musing—so he said. A young man who boarded in the same house said that it should be spelled with a *d* and pronounced "dozing." Be that as it may, he was sitting before his fire, when his namesake came into the room, and stretched himself at Mr. Thompson's feet.

This may seem a very undignified proceeding for Mr. Thompson's namesake, and forces me to make another ex-

planation. Mr. Thompson's namesake was the landlady's big Maltese cat. The boarders had called him Mr. Thompson on account of his air of gravity and great wisdom. This name they had shortened to Tom, and it is with Mr. Thompson dozing I mean musing before the fire, and Tom on the rug at his feet, that my story has to deal.

Mr. Thompson sat for a while unconscious of Tom's presence. At last he glanced down, and, perceiving him, said, pleasantly:

"Ah, so you are here, eh?" at the same time reaching down his hand caressingly.

"Where did you come from, Tom?" pursued Mr. Thompson, stroking the cat, which was arching his back and purring loudly.

"Do you mean just now, or in the beginning?" asked the cat.

"Eh!—what!" exclaimed Mr. Thompson, rubbing his eyes in surprise, for until this time Tom had only answered with purrs.

"I say, do you mean where did I just come from or where was I born?" repeated Tom, rather sharply.

"Why—er—bless me!" stammered Mr. Thompson.

"Where did you just come from?"

"Oh, I've been down to singing school on the woodshed," replied Tom, carelessly.

"Yes; I heard you," commented Mr. Thompson, with a touch of pathos in his voice. "Where did you come from in the beginning?" he added, with a shudder at the recollection of the singing school.

Tom stretched himself lazily, and dug his claws reflectively into Mr. Thompson's pet Daghestan rug, then spoke as follows:

"You know I was born down on Long Island, away down on the east end. The first thing I remember was when I was dragged rudely from my warm nest in the hay by a boy, who shouted in delight, 'This one has its eyes open.' I don't know what you think of small boys, but I have a perfect horror of them." (Mr. Thompson thought he remembered having been one once, but just now he seemed to share Tom's horror.) "My life might have been sacrificed then and there if it had not been for a sweet little girl, who picked me and my brother up and carried us off in her apron. When that dreadful boy was gone she put us back beside our mother.

"The days passed by, and my brother and myself grew to be large, strong kittens. We soon found our way from the barn to the house, and were under everybody's feet, and in everybody's chair, just in time to be stepped upon or sat down on. At last the time came when the little girl left for her home in the city, and she took my brother and me with her in a nice basket. We made a great fuss on the train, and from time to time she would lift the cover of the basket, and say, 'Pretty kitty!' Then the young ladies in the car would come and peep in under the cover and say that we were 'just too cunning,' and 'as sweet as can be,'" and Tom paused in his story to laugh contemptuously.

"At last we reached the city," he continued, "and were taken to our future home, which proved to be this boarding-house. For a long time we slept in the basket, and well I remember catching my first mouse. I was awakened by a slight noise on the floor, and I rose softly and peeped over the edge of the basket. There on the plate which had contained our supper were two mice. I roused my brother, and after watching them for a few seconds, we both sprang at the same moment, and each caught our mouse.

"I caught mine easily, for I had studied earnestly with my mother *The Art of Rat-catching in Easy Lessons*, and my mother was a famous hunter. My brother had never been so studious, and though he caught his first mouse at the same time that I did, he never did much in that direction afterward. At all events, in about a year



THE SWEET LITTLE GIRL.

my mistress gave him away to a lady who lived in another city, and I have not seen him since. I heard that he celebrated his entrance into her family circle by a performance which prejudiced some of the family against him. It seems that the lady had heard that if you rub a cat's paws in butter when you take him to a new home he will never try to run away.

"So immediately upon reaching her house she daubed my brother's paws with a plentiful supply of butter. He had no notion of running away, but being of an inquiring turn of mind, he started from the kitchen and made a tour of the whole house, ending by curling up to sleep on the blue satin sofa in the drawing-room. The lady's husband said that he could not have distributed that butter more thoroughly had he been a centipede, and had each foot dipped in grease. But that was only hearsay. I remained here and lived quietly, doing nothing to attract much attention." Tom paused as if he had finished, and Mr. Thompson remarked, for lack of anything else to say:

"Yes, you have an easy time of it."

"Humph!" sniffed Tom, with disdain. "Easy time enough, but nothing to the time we cats used to have in Egypt. You know they used to worship us there, and no one could kill us under pain of instant death, and the displeasure of the gods. A pretty mess it got them into, too. When Cambyzes went to fight the Egyptians he ordered every soldier to carry a live cat in his arms, and the Egyptians dared not run the risk of killing the cats, so they were conquered. Even now there is a state officer in Egypt whose duty it is to feed the cats every day in a building not far from Cairo."

"They do not like you in China," said Mr. Thompson.

"Except in stew," answered Tom, quickly. "I have heard a man who was in Paris during the siege say that cat stew tasted much like rabbit, and a Chinese cat is more like a rabbit, anyhow: its ears hang down, and it looks quite different from an American or English cat."

"Do cats differ much in different places?" queried Mr. Thompson.

"Well, not much, I guess," replied Tom, reflectively. "You know, in the Isle of Man they have no tails, and in Siberia they are of a bright red gold-color. Other than that, cats are pretty much all alike."

"I suppose you have heard of Mohammed's cat Meuzia," continued Tom, "and how, when she went to sleep on his sleeve one day, he cut off his sleeve rather than disturb her? There have been a number of famous cats. Andrea Doria, one of the Doges of Venice, had a cat whose portrait he had painted for him, and hung in his palace, and when she died he had her skeleton preserved. And even the great Dr. Johnson, who made the dictionary, had a pet cat named Hodge, for which he used to go out to buy oysters. In fact," said Tom, in conclusion, "a cat is one of the most companionable of animals. We love to sit with our friends, and we love to be petted, which is one of the greatest recommendations for a pet. I take it."

"What do you do with yourself all the time?" asked Mr. Thompson, seeing that Tom had relapsed into silence.

"Oh, I hunt," answered Tom, "and sit around with the ladies, and in the evening I go to singing school or to meetings of various kinds. You should hear me sing. My teacher says that I have a fine voice. Just listen," and Tom rose and took a long breath.

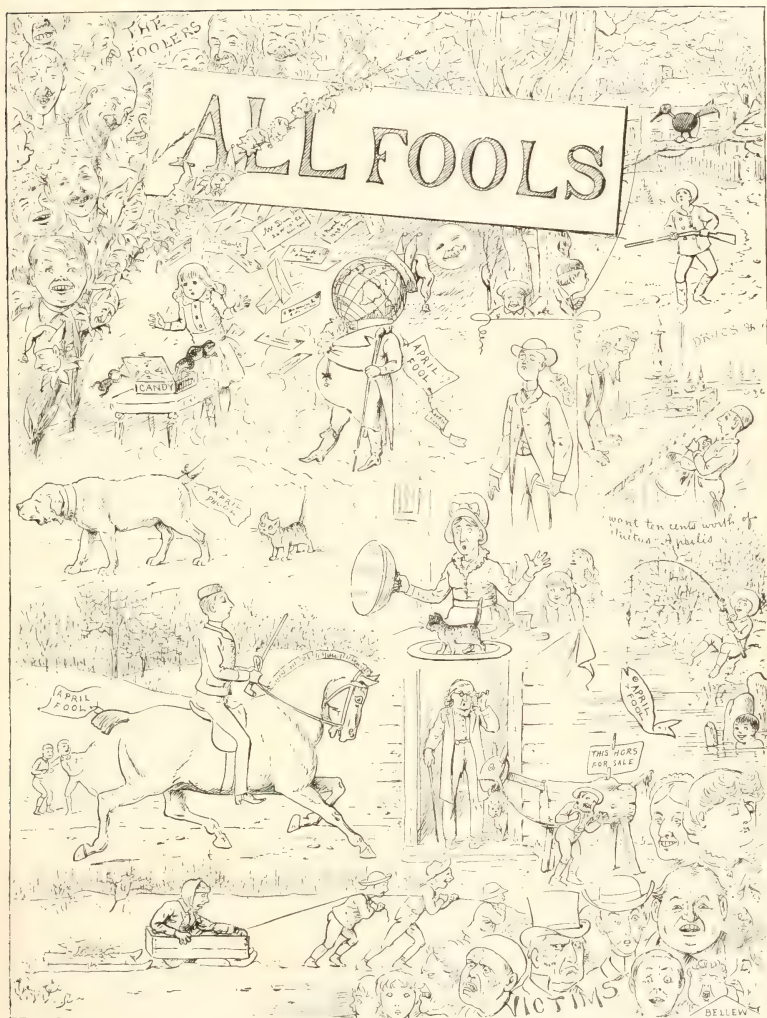
"Me-ow ow-ow ow wow. Me-ow ow—"

"Plaze, mum, I belave Tom's shut into Mister Thompson's room, mum. Will I be after lettin' him out, mum?" A moment more the door was opened, and as Tom dashed out, Bridget muttered, "Whisht, ye rascal! ye'd be disturbin' poor Mister Thompson, and him aslape in his chair through it all."

Mr. Thompson said nothing to the boarders about his talk with Tom, but not long after he greatly surprised a lady visitor who looked at Tom and said, "What a beautiful great cat," by remarking, absently, "Yes, and remarkably well informed, too," and the lady, not knowing the story, thought him crazy.



A PORTRAIT OF TOM AT HIS STUDIES.



"A LITTLE nonsense now and then  
Is relished by the wisest men":  
Thus runs the ancient saw.  
But folly for the little folk,  
And many a harmless laugh and joke,  
Is surely Nature's law.

Then let us have our fill of fun,  
And into mischief we'll not run,  
Nor harm a single thing.  
But on one day of all the year  
Much mirthful frolic you shall hear.  
And Folly shall be King.



## AN APRIL-FOOL.

Such a funny grimace  
On the odd-looking face!  
Such a queer paper cap on his  
head?

This dear April-Fool,  
Quite too little for school,  
It occurs to me, may be  
Our Fred.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

KEOKUK, NEW ZEALAND.

We are two little girls who live in New Zealand. We take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and we like it very much, especially dimmy Brown's stories. We have a home that follows us all about the bush. There is a beach very near our house, and we bathe every fine day. A few days ago we were driving up a hill in a buggy, and the back seat fell over the side, and we were not much hurt, and we are nearly quite well now. We hope, dear Postmistress, you will print this letter, as we do not know any of the little girls who write to you. Violet T. and May M.

It does not matter much whether a little girl lives on one part of the globe or another, her pleasures and studies are very much the same. I am ever so glad to present Violet and May to the thousands of children who read YOUNG PEOPLE.

EASTERN SHORE, VIRGINIA.

I live in the country, on the banks of a stream called Matawan Creek. Many of our streams, islands, and villages have Indian names. Right on the bank of the creek is a watering place. There is splendid bathing, and the children have nice times gathering the shells that are washed up on the shore. Good schools in our vicinity are very scarce. My younger sister and I have to cross the creek in a row-boat, and then have to walk about a mile before we get to our school. What is the meaning of those funny little pictures called Wiggles? I would like to correspond with a Western girl who is a subscriber to YOUNG PEOPLE. I have two sisters, and their names are Florrie and Aline. Which do you think is the prettiest name of the three? Aline has a pretty little dog, and it is named Duke. M. HELEN N.

An explanation of the pretty drawings called Wiggles has been asked for by several new subscribers besides yourself, so I repeat what has been explained several times before. Wiggles are lines forming parts of the outlines of pictures. The new Wiggles is always part of the outline of a picture already drawn by "our artist." You must try to draw a picture containing this line.

I remember Cobb's Island very well indeed, for I had a charming time there one summer a good while ago. Were you ever out sailing in its neighborhood, and did a thunder-storm come up very suddenly and fiercely, so that when your boat returned to the island its passengers were all drenched and dripping—so wet and shivery that their coats had enjoyed the rainbow which followed the shower even if the fabled pot of gold had been put into their hands. That happened to me once at Cobb's Island, but many much pleasanter things happened there too.

ALBANY, MINNESOTA.

I am a little girl nine years old. I have a little sister two years old, and she is just as cute and smart as she can be. I have another sister, Edna, and a brother, Stanley. I go to school, and study reading, arithmetic, writing, geography, and spelling. We have a missionary society, to which little girls belong; they make aprons and dresses for needy children. Last year they made clothes for a little negro girl and boy in New Orleans, and this year they are making clothes for Indian children in the northern part of Minnesota. I would like to see the little Indians when they get their box of clothing. I have not much money, but I like to give. I like to sing, and will give me lessons in music, and painting too, when I get older. IVA A. W.

Blessed is he that considers the poor. I am glad you and your friends are beginning to work for others.

FAIRBANKS, MINNESOTA.

We are cousins, ten years old. Our mothers, being invalids, have gone South for their health. We are staying with the nurse that took care of us when we were babies. We have a great many pets: two cats, four dogs—two very large ones, and two so small that you could put them in your pocket. We also have two ponies: we ride a great deal. Our governess has a study of the morning, and reads our paper to us when it comes. We hope you will print this, so we can send it to our mothers. FLORENCE W. and NELLIE H.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

I am a little boy nearly seven years old. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I always receive it Tuesday and am very anxious to read "The Ice Queen" the first thing, as I am very much pleased with it, and the letters are nice. I like them all. I had a kitten: she was black, with white feet. I named her "Little Lightfoot." I had another Maltese cat; his name was David Davis. I don't know what became of him; I am afraid some one took him. I have lots of books, but I like YOUNG PEOPLE best. I have a dog named Jowler; he lives in Danvers, Massachusetts, and I go to see him every summer. He is always glad to see me, and I like him very much. W. O. D.

I suppose you and Jowler are delighted when you meet every summer.

I have been reading some very interesting things about dogs lately. One was told by a gentleman who has been teaching his dog to read. He has succeeded so well that the intelligent dog will pick out a card with the letters F-O-O-D from a dozen others, and bring it to his master.

In a New England city, one day last week, a large dog lay down quietly, at a word from his master, and kept perfectly still, without a cry or a motion, while a surgeon cut away a tumor which would have killed the dog had it not been removed.

SOUTHFIELD, NORTH CAROLINA.

I am now going to the public school, where there are one hundred and ten scholars. I have four pets—two cats, a Newfoundland dog, and a goat. I play with Holo, my dog, and I ride on the goat's back sometimes, and I have a little sulky and harness to which I sometimes harness him. I have a little garden of my own in a corner of the yard, and I grow a great many of the onions planted in it, some radishes, some garden-peas, and some lettuce. My mother has been dead about five years, and I am now staying with my grandfather in Southfield. I like to play very much. I go fishing in the summer, and go in swimming, and can swim very well. I am now getting a collection of stamps, and have a great many interesting postage stamps, and about 257 stamps in it. WILLIAM B. C.

I like to hear from little gardeners.

Although several of our little correspondents have written about the floods, we are very willing to give a place to this letter from Maude.

HOMER, ILL.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—You probably will be interested in the floods we have had. It is the first year we have lived here during the high water. The Ohio River is a great deal higher than it was last year; it was 71 feet and 4 inches. Papa said if the river were 85 feet it would probably be in our house. It was about a foot and a half below our board walk, but our house is quite a little way from the river. One day the river was 70 feet at school in the afternoon, about a dozen houses came floating down the river, and our kind teacher let us go to the window and look at them. My name is Mr. W. I am the Fourth Reader, and I am ten years old. I had three rides in a skiff during the high water; once I went out upon the river. One of my friends said I was not to take me out in a skiff. Once, during the high water, a house came floating down the river with a lady on top of it. Some

men came out to save her, but she said she would not be saved, as she had four children in the house, drowned, and she would go with them and be drowned with them. She was a big woman, New York, is from the place where my grandpapa lives; his name is Dennis Densmore, and Byron Densmore and Robbie and Willie are my uncles. Do you know them, Philoxey? Robbie and Willie are in the High School, I believe. I hope Philoxey will write again, and tell whether she knows them or not. To-day I did not go to school, and could not go to school yesterday. On Sunday, when I got up, I had a sore throat and a cold. I have a little black kitty, and a sister three years old; she is playing with the kitty now.

I hope the poor lady was saved, even though she did not wish to be.

CANANDAUA, NEW YORK.

For a long time I have wanted to write you a letter, but thought you would not care to print it. I am a little girl eight years old. I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it very much. My papa gave it to me for a New-Year's present. I go to school, and am in the Second Reader. It was just a year ago this winter that I broke my leg. I fell over a bank fifty feet high. An Italian picked me up, and took me to my papa's store. I lay on my bed two months, but now I am well, and ride on the sled that my papa has. I saw a robin two weeks ago, and heard it sing. CLARENCE V. K.

Dear little robins! How glad I am when they come back and sing so cheerily! I hope you will never have another such fall.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a little girl eight years old. I have a beautiful doll-house, with a colored waiter and a colored cook, also a maid to wait on the children, and two twin babies and two ladies and some children. My doll house has four rooms—a bed-room, a parlor, a kitchen, and a dining-room. I have a big brother three years older than myself. I go to dancing school, and enjoy it very much, and I think that little picture of a dancing school in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is very funny. ETHEL C.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

I am a little girl eight years old. I have four pets: two canaries and two little bantam chickens—a hen and a rooster. I do not go to school, but take my lessons at home. At the time of the flood here there was an old lady whose house was in the water. The relief boats came to take her out, but she would not come out, and she promised to take her four cats. They took her, but left the cats. MARY K. C.

Poor pussies! I presume their mistress carried one of them away in her arms, unless, indeed, they were all so dear that she could not tell which to choose.

I am a little boy eight years old. I live in a great big house all alone with my uncle. My mamma and papa are dead; they both died when I was a baby, and I have lived with my uncle ever since. He said I might write this letter. He lets me do a great many nice things. Last spring I had the measles. My cousin sent me a copy of your paper, and I liked it so much that I asked my uncle to get it for me. I have a lovely little pony; he shies sometimes, but he can't help it, for he is shy. I am very fond of writing letters, and I have a great many. My uncle teaches me, and she sits by me when I write to see that I do it right. She tells me how to spell the words. I eat a great deal of candy, but it is not much. I like to write stories, but I don't eat any. I like to write stories. I sit in the attic and make them up. My nurse says I must go to bed. Please publish this letter; it is the first I have written to send to a paper, and my uncle to read it. Good-night. WILLIE L. D.

LA CUYNE, KANSAS.

The winter has been very cold, but now the redwings, robins, and bluebirds are in our yard every day. We have six pets—a cat, dog, bird, and three chickens. I go to school. I am in the Fifth Reader. I am eleven years of age. EMMA J. C.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.

I am a boy nine years old, and I have a pet cat; his name is Major. His skin is marked very prettily. He has been almost dead every morning. I made a snow man yesterday just as high as I am. To-day it is snowing, and he looks as though he were dressed in fur. I have a pet rooster, and his name is Jack; he will crow at my shoulder and crow. I have a little baby brother five months old. I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE for two years, and like it very much. I think "The Lost City" was a very nice story. MATRICE H. C.

The snows have all melted now, and you are, no doubt, spinning a top or flying a kite instead of making a snow man.







"THIS IS ALL FOOLS' DAY, PONTIC."  
"M-E-A-O-W! NO IT ISN'T"

### THE UNTOUCHED HAT.

A TRICK FOR ALL-FOOLS' DAY.

**P**LACE a hat over a glass of water on a table, and undertake to drink the water without touching the hat.  
Put your head under the table, and make a noise as though you were swallowing a liquid.

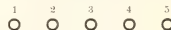
Then ask one of the company to take up the hat and see if the water is not gone. As he does it, bring your head from under the table, take up the glass, and drink the water, saying, "I have drunk the water without touching the hat."

It often happens that the person who lifts the hat will put it

down again over the glass, possibly through suspicion of what is going to be done. In this case the laugh will be turned against the performer.

### THE SHEEP AND THE ROBBERS.

**T**AKE seven counters or coins of the same shape, size, and appearance. Place five of them on a table thus:



and hold one in each hand.

The trick is to take the coins up one by one, with each hand, and to put them down again, and take them up again, in such a manner as to get five in one hand and two in the other.

When doing the trick, tell some story like the following:

"There were five sheep in a field" (point to the five counters on the table), "and two robbers" (open your hands, and show that there is one counter in each). "The robbers took the sheep away, one at a time." Having said this, take counter No. 1 in the left hand, No. 5 in the right hand, No. 2 in the left hand, No. 4 in the right hand, and No. 3 in the left hand. Then continue: "Just as they had got all the sheep out of the field, they saw the shepherd coming, so they put the sheep back again." Having said this, put down one counter from the right hand, then one from the left, then one from the right, one from the left, and one from the right. You will now have two counters in

the left hand and none in the right, but the audience will imagine you have one in each hand. Be careful, if you first take up with the left hand, first to put down with the right hand; and do not let the counters now in the left hand click, and keep the right hand closed. Then say: "As soon as the shepherd's back was turned, the robbers took away the sheep again." Having said this, take up the counters one by one, as before, beginning with the left hand. You will now have five counters in one hand, and two in the other. Go on: "But, being disturbed, the two robbers ran away" (open your right hand, and throw down the two counters), "leaving all the five sheep together in the lane" (open your left hand, and throw down the five counters).



SEVEN little frizzle tops all in a row:  
Now isn't that a pretty way for frizzle tops to go?

Each had a lunch in a little tin pail,  
And each had a kitten, with a string to its tail

# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 232.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Tuesday, April 8, 1884.

Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$1.50 per Year, in Advance.

## ANGELO: A STORY OF SICILY

BY E. M. TRAUQUAIR.

ON the fertile slopes of Mount Ætna there was once a little cottage in which lived a poor but industrious fisherman named Marco, and his son Angelo. Marco had lost his wife by death during Angelo's infancy. Therefore, so far as he was able, the poor fisherman was both father and mother to his boy.

As the huge mountain slopes on one side almost directly to the sea, they were able to combine two different kinds of work. Along with their hut on the mountain-side they had a little patch of ground planted with vines. Its cultivation made a pleasant change of labor for them, while its nearness to the sea allowed them to pursue their own proper occupation of fishing.

Their earnings from both pursuits were small, indeed, but enough for all their wants. As for troubling themselves about the thin wreath of smoke constantly issuing from the crater's mouth, they never thought about it. They never remembered it otherwise. Even in Marco's time no volcanic eruption had been known to take place. Thus they lived on from year to year with no dread of danger to come.

One morning, while Angelo was still a boy, he went into the garden, where Marco was busy trimming the vines. "Father," he said, "would not this be a good day for fishing? It seems a pity to lose it over the vines, when we have no fish in the house, does it not?"

"I have put off trimming them too long already," replied the father. "We shall have no good grapes this vintage if they are not seen to at once. You must be content with polenta again for supper, my boy."

"It was not of myself I was thinking, father," said Angelo. "You know I don't mind if I eat nothing but polenta every day."

"Of what, then?" asked Marco.

"I met Signor Bartolo's cook in Catania yesterday. She told me her master was having a large party to-morrow, and would give a good price for a basket of fish. She says you have always the best in the market."



"HORROR! THE LAVA STREAM WAS GAINING ON THEM"



"That comes of having them always fresh and good," laughed Marco. "But, for all that, she must get them from somebody else, for I can not go to-day."

"Let me go, father," said Angelo, with sparkling eyes. "You know you have often promised to let me try my fortune some day by myself."

"You?" Marco looked at the boy; then he looked at the sky. The result seemed favorable. "Well, since you wish it so much, you may try it for once," he said. "You can row as well as I, and fish too, for that matter. Keep well under the shelter of the cliffs yonder, and be sure not to go too near the Three-point Rock. The current might be too strong for you there."

Angelo promised to be careful, and hurried away to the boat. Boy-like, he was eager to prove his manhood by going out alone. How pleased his father would be, he thought, to find him coming home in the evening laden with a good basketful of fish! So he rowed out in great spirits, taking the direction Marco had told him, and soon succeeded in his object. When he had caught what he thought was enough, he began to think of returning.

A pretty stiff breeze, however, had sprung up in the mean time. Wind and tide were both against him. His boat was old and frail. To his horror he found his strength unable to cope with the fierce current that opposed his return. He now saw, when it was too late, that in the eagerness of work he had ventured too near the Three-point Rock, the very spot his father had warned him against. Straight ahead he saw it jutting up black in the midst of a whirlpool of seething waves. After a prolonged though vain struggle the boat was drawn into the vortex and shattered. He was fortunately able to scramble on to the rock, but he could scarcely expect to keep his footing long. Night was coming on. He thought of his dear father, and of his grief when his son should come home to him no more. A sense of hopelessness came over him.

Marco, meanwhile, as night drew near, became anxious about his boy. He went down to the shore, calling Angelo by name at the very top of his voice. Soon he heard a voice, which seemed to be that of his son, hallooing in reply. Following the sound, he came to a spot from which he could see by the light of the moon, luckily at the full that night, his poor boy hanging on to a point of rock nearly swallowed up by the foaming waters. Not a boat was to be seen in which he could put off to his assistance.

With a short but fervent prayer for strength, Marco plunged into the sea. Keeping down with an iron will the dread that nearly paralyzed him, lest the boy's strength should give way before he was able to reach him, Marco's strong arm cleft the waves. This fear was only too well founded. Numb and exhausted by his long exposure, the poor boy could hold on no longer. Just as his father was nearing the rock he let go, and sunk among the breakers.

Marco uttered a cry of despair, but the boy rose to the surface again as his father reached the spot. Clutching him by the hair, Marco raised him from the water a moment. Then, taking him firmly round the waist with one arm, he swam with the other slowly to shore. Angelo seemed quite without life on being brought to land, but his father had soon the delight of seeing him open his eyes again, and smile his thanks for having been rescued from almost certain death.

"Was there ever a father like mine, I wonder?" he said, pressing Marco's horny hand to his lips. "To think of your venturing your life to save mine, and I so careless of what you told me! I deserved to be drowned, and I should have been but for you."

"Thank God, my boy, that you are safe!" said Marco, solemnly. "And thank Him, too, who gave me the strength to reach you in time. Without His help I could have done nothing."

"Father," said Angelo, "I will try to be a better boy than I have yet been. I will never be undutiful again."

"You never were undutiful, my son, only a little careless. But hush, now, and go to sleep. God keep you always as good as you are now!"

After such an adventure, as was natural, the love between the lonely pair grew stronger than ever. They did everything together, and never were apart for more than an hour or two at most. Angelo made it his especial delight to wait upon and assist his father in every possible way. This was the more necessary as Marco was getting old and very feeble, worn out by hard toil. He never went out to fish now, but attended to the vineyard, in the cultivation of which he took great delight.

About this time the gigantic mountain on whose mighty side their beloved cottage was situated began to show some strange and unusual ways. Often they would hear a hollow rumbling noise coming, as it were, out of the very bowels of the earth. Then the smoke from the great crater, instead of a thin wreath, went up now in a thick volume, accompanied at times by spurts of fire and showers of red-hot stones. Still they were not alarmed. As dwellers from their infancy on a place beneath the surface of which they knew a hidden fire was always smouldering, they had got so accustomed to it that its increased action seemed of very little importance to them. They were soon, however, to get a terrible awakening from this state of child-like security.

One evening, as Angelo was returning from his fishing, he saw a little girl sitting on a heap of stones by the roadside, and sobbing bitterly. Being naturally of a kind disposition, he was fond of children, and never could bear to see them cry. He stopped at once.

"What is the matter, my child?" he said, kindly.

The little one looked up. It was Nanna Pepi, a fatherless and motherless child, who lived farther up the mountain with some distant relatives. They were Marco and Angelo's nearest neighbors, and suspected of not being particularly kind to their poor little orphan cousin. She was a lovely child, with the golden brown hair one sees so often among Italian children. The violet-colored eyes were turned beseechingly on her questioner. "Is it you, Nanna?" he said. "What are you doing here, so far from home, little one?"

"Beppo and Susa have gone away," she sobbed, "and I was frightened, and came down here."

"But they will be back to-night, surely?" said Angelo.

"No. They are going to send for their things to-morrow. They did not like leaving them in the house without somebody to take care of them. So they left me."

"Left you there alone!" exclaimed Angelo, indignant. "But why have they gone away so suddenly?"

"I don't know, unless it were something about the mountain. I heard Beppo telling Susa yesterday that it was tempting Providence to stay here longer."

"He was evidently not afraid to tempt Providence in your case," muttered Angelo. "And so you were afraid to stay in the house all by yourself!" he added.

"Yes; I heard such awful rumblings and thunderings under the ground that I got frightened, and thought I would come down and see if you would not let me stay with you to-night. Was it very wrong of me to leave the house, do you think?"

"Wrong, my poor child! I should think not. Selfish wretches!" he said, between his teeth, "I only wish they were here that I might tell them what I think of their leaving a child like that alone in a solitary house when they were afraid to stay in it themselves! Come along, Nanna!" he cried aloud. "You shall sleep in our cottage to-night, and welcome."

The little creature slipped her hand confidingly into his, and they reached the hut together.

Marco, as was to be expected, welcomed the poor orphan



kindly. They gave her the best they had to eat, and Angelo made up a little bed for her of dried moss, in a corner of the room that served them for kitchen and parlor both. Her last words, as Angelo bade her good-night, were:

"Oh, Angelo, I wish I had not to go back to Beppo and Susa. It is ever so much nicer here with you and Marco."

"You shall stay with us as long as ever you like, Nanna," said Angelo. "I don't think either Beppo or Susa would care if you never went back. You can take care of father while I am away fishing. But now good-night."

Then they went to rest.

The next morning Angelo and his father got up early to prepare for their daily labor. Suddenly they felt the ground heaving beneath them. The movement was so violent that it threw them down. It was accompanied by a hollow, roaring sound, like thunder, coming as it were from under their very feet.

Angelo rushed to the door as soon as he could stand upright. Here an awful spectacle met his eye, and made only too clear what had happened. One of the terrible eruptions that had so often in former times destroyed these lovely regions was taking place at that very moment. He had heard of them, although he had never seen one till now, in an old story and legend told by fishermen on the shore on the calm summer evenings. And now the unspeakable, in all its terrors, had come upon them.

Instead of the usual thin wreath, the crater was pouring out an immense volume of thick black smoke, darkening all the sky, and accompanied by fierce raging flames, showers of burning stones, and brilliant forked lightnings darting hither and thither amid the murky vapor. The sulphurous stench that issued from it was almost suffocating. The constant bellow of the mountain, as it rocked and heaved and vomited from its fiery depths, was deafening.

But the most terrible sight of all, and one that made Angelo turn white with terror at the thought of his father, was a great stream of red-hot lava that was pouring from the volcano's mouth. It seemed to be descending with frightful rapidity straight in the very direction of their cottage. Angelo hurried back to warn his father of the danger, and try to rescue him. He found him only too well aware of it already. Nanna too was awake and dressed.

They lost no time in collecting the trifling articles of value they possessed that could be carried on their persons. Then Angelo, taking his father on his shoulders, like a second Æneas, began to hurry down the slope as fast as his feet would carry him. Nanna behaved like a little heroine. She never uttered sob or cry, but trotted on bravely by Angelo's side, carrying the little bundle that had been intrusted to her care.

At first Angelo thought that it would not be hard to save all three—his father, Nanna, and himself. He soon discovered his error. It was utterly impossible to run down-hill with such a heavy burden on his back as was the helpless and feeble old man. The smoke and the stench of the sulphur nearly suffocated him besides. The ground rocked and reeled beneath him until he was scarcely able to keep his footing. His knees began to tremble beneath him, and a sudden faintness came over him. In an agony of terror lest his strength should give way utterly, he lowered his father to the ground, and turned to look up at the crater. Horror! the lava stream was gaining on them, and spreading itself out in all directions. At that instant a violent shock caused him to stumble. He fell powerless to the ground.

Marco was the first to recover himself. He too looked back, in his turn, and seeing their almost hopeless condition, urged his son to leave him to his fate.

"Run! run!" he cried to Angelo, who was panting on the ground to recover breath. "Save yourself and the child, and never mind me."

"Father," said Angelo, brokenly. "I will—never—leave you. Let me—breathe—a moment."

"My son, my son," pleaded the old man, "why should we both die? Why should you lose your life, and the child's too, in the vain attempt to save one that can not in any case be far from its end? Leave me, and save yourselves. It is the last command I shall ever lay upon you, and you have never disobeyed me yet."

But Angelo would not listen. "When I was perishing on the reef," he cried, "did you hesitate to risk your life for mine? And you ask me to leave you to a horrible death here. No, father, I shall either save you now, or we shall all perish together."

"God help us, then!" said Marco. "He only can save us now."

They were close at this moment to one of the tiny wayside chapels so common in Italy and Sicily. Turning his eyes in its direction, Angelo perceived Nanna's innocent lips moving with a silent prayer. He too uttered a hurried prayer to God to assist his fainting steps. Then taking his father once more in his arms, and calling to Nanna to follow, he attempted to go forward. At the first step in the downward direction, a roar more terrible than the fiercest thunder was heard. The earth rocked and heaved beneath them like a ship in a storm. A yawning fissure appeared; they felt themselves dashed violently to some distance, and all became a blank to them for a time.

When Angelo recovered his senses his first thought was his father. He was still locked in his arms, and quite unhurt. Looking round, he saw that the height on which they stood at the moment of the last violent shock had been rent in two. The stream of lava was taking its terrible course at the bottom of the rift right down toward the sea. They were saved! With a low, deep cry of heart-felt thankfulness for what seemed their almost miraculous escape, he turned to look for Nanna. She was lying, stunned and bleeding, at a little distance from him and his father. She was not much hurt fortunately—only a little cut about the face—and soon came to herself again. When she was able to walk, Angelo took up his burden again. With some difficulty they arrived at a place of safety, where they were well cared for until all danger from the eruption was past.

The Syndic of Catania, hearing of the gallant way in which this good son had saved his father's life, together with that of the forsaken little orphan, interested himself in Angelo's future welfare. Knowing that Marco and he had lost all their little property in the terrible visitation that had ruined so many others, he bestowed on them a new patch of ground for a vineyard, but in a safer spot than the former one. With the help of kind neighbors a comfortable cottage was soon built upon it. On the day on which they took formal possession of it Marco solemnly blessed his son, and prayed that on him might be fulfilled the promise attached to the due keeping of the Fifth Commandment.

The good old man lived to see his son honored and looked up to. Beppo and Susa's cruel selfishness in leaving their poor little orphan cousin alone on the mountain, on a night when they had evidently feared the terrible event that actually happened, made them despised by every one. They tried to brazen it out, but had finally to leave the place. Nanna continued to live with her kind protectors.

Very helpful she became to poor Marco, who grew daily more infirm, and unable to care for himself. To Angelo she was a sweet sister. Many a night, when the mountain was covered by a light fall of snow and the wind whistled through the little cottage, they would sit hand in hand, and talk of the night when Æna sent forth its torrents of liquid fire, and only Angelo's bravery saved them from a most terrible death.



### THE BABY'S BED-TIME.

BY ELEN E. REXFORD.

**T**HIS is the baby's bed-time:  
Dimplechin climbs on my knee,  
With "Mamma, I's dest as sleepy  
An' tired as I can be."  
So I take up the little darling,  
And undress the weary feet  
That have been making since daylight  
A music busy and sweet.

"Tell me a pitty 'tory."  
She pleads, in a sleepy way.  
And I ask, as I cuddle and kiss her,  
"What shall I tell you, pray?"  
"Tell me"—and then she pauses  
To rub each sleepy eye—  
"How ze big pid does to martel,  
An' ze little pids all c'y."

Then I tell, as I smooth the tangles  
Ever at war with the comb,  
How the big pig went to market,  
And the wee ones staid at home;  
And I count on the rosy fingers  
Each little pig once more,  
And she laughs at the "pitty 'tory,"  
As if unheard before.

Then I fold her hands together  
Upon her breast, and she,  
In her lisping, sleepy fashion,  
Repeats her prayer with me.  
Before it is ended, the blossoms  
Of her eyes in slumber close,  
But the words that are left unuttered  
He who loves the children knows.

Then I lay the bright head on the pillow,  
With a lingering good-night kiss,  
Thinking how much God loved me  
To give me a child like this.  
And I pray, as I turn from the bedside,  
He will help me guide aright  
The feet of the little darling  
I leave in His care to-night.

### BUILDING THE TOWER OF BABEL.

BY ARTHUR LINDSLEY.

**H**OW many of you young people who read this article ever think about the comfortable way in which you live, and how much better off you are than the children born long, long ago, in the early ages that the Bible tells about?

Now just look at the picture on the opposite page and see for yourselves. I do not doubt at all that it shows you correctly what you might have seen and perhaps, if you had been a young slave or captive, borne any day in those cruel old times.

Look at that wretch on the cart. How would you like to have that whip come down on your arms, head, back, or shoulders? No matter where it struck, he would not care, only the worse it hurt you the better.

The picture shows just the way in which the ancient buildings in the lands of Chaldea and Babylonia and Assyria, on the banks of the Euphrates and Tigris, were erected. Long slopes of earth and stone were made by the sides of the huge temples, pyramids, etc., and up these slopes the materials for the work were dragged; and when the work was ended, the slopes were all cleared away, and there the building stood. But they ought to have been painted red, every one of them, for blood enough had been wasted to stain them all over.

What dragged up the carts loaded with stone, do you suppose? Look for yourselves and see. Men did it, and women did it, and they did it at the risk and the cost of their lives. If the load was so heavy that they could scarcely pull it, down came that terrible whip, and you can see just how it would cut. If one dropped down because he or she could go no further, the body was pitched to one side, or over the side if easier, and left to die. The kings and rulers then cared nothing for the comfort of their subjects, and their splendid works must be finished, no matter how much misery they cost.

The drawing is meant to represent the building of the Tower of Babel. Of course the artist could know nothing about that particular structure, but he has represented very correctly what was almost sure to have been seen then, as it would be at every great temple or palace or wall when building.

In the first ten verses of the eleventh chapter of Genesis you will find all that we know about the scene to which this picture refers. Read it carefully, and get your mother or your teacher to tell you about it, and I am going to add here some things which perhaps they might not mention.

In the first place, if the same names had been used all the way through our English Bible, the Tower of Babel would have been called the Tower of Babylon, or Babel would have been the name alike of the tower and the city, for in the original Babel is the word used for both.

Now in the language of the Chaldeans this word was probably *Bab-Il*, meaning the Gate of God. But in the Hebrew we have the word *babel*, to confound. "There is a perfect Babel here," I dare say you have had said to you some time when you children have made more noise than the older people liked to hear. Babel, according to certain writers, comes, therefore, from this verb "to confound," and means "confusion." You all know the story, and how "the Lord did there confound the language of all the earth." What a time there must have been among all the workmen and their directors when none could understand what the other said, and how quickly the work must have stopped!

That is the first thing. In the second place, I must tell you that we do not know exactly where the Tower of Babel was built. We know from the Bible account that it was in Chaldea, and we know that that was the country around and above the head of the Persian



SCULPTURED SLAB FROM ANCIENT ASSYRIAN TEMPLE.

Gulf. Look on your map, and you will find the two great rivers Enphrates and Tigris there, coming down close together. The region for a long distance up the rivers is low and marshy, and it is very difficult to explore it carefully and thoroughly. In and along the marshes are great mounds or hills here and there, which look as rounded hills look in other places. But when travellers have dug into the sides of these, it has been found that they are not hills at all, but that long, very long ago there was a huge building at the place, that the building was partly destroyed, that it has become covered with earth, and plants have grown over it, and so it seems like a hill.

There are many such, and several of them have at different times been supposed by various travellers to be, each of them, the one which now covers all that is left of the Tower of Babel. One in particular, about three hundred miles up the Euphrates, has been so often described that very possibly you may find it in some of your books; I should not wonder if you have a picture of it in your geography. The natives of the region call it the Birs Nimroud, and it is very near the spot where the old city of Babylon stood. But Sir Henry Rawlinson found an inscription, made when the building was constructed, which tells us that it was begun only about 1100 B.C. This was long after the children of Israel had come up out of Egypt into the Land of Canaan; of course that could not be the Tower of Babel. And I think it is certain that as yet we do not know the precise place where it was built.

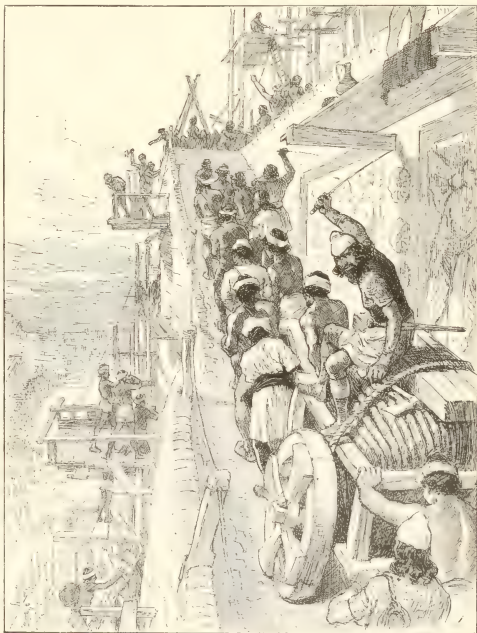
But we can tell pretty nearly what it must have been, from what we find others to have been. Many of those great earth mounds have been opened, and the palaces, etc., have been brought to light. When you get a little older, and can study the books of Layard, and Rich, and Smith, and others, you will find beautiful drawings, and then, perhaps, you will look back to this number of your *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and you will see that the artist here has shown you something of how these ancient buildings looked.

They were doubtless *very large*, for all such works were of immense size. We do not build so now; but what did

it matter in those days? The people were ordered to do the work, and it was done. How many lives and how much suffering it cost, look and judge for yourself. The famous Tower of Babel was a tower growing smaller and smaller as it rose, and probably made in terraces, each one being less than the one below it. It was built of sun-dried bricks, because they could be had easier than stone; but when the bricks had been put in place, they were covered everywhere with sculptured slabs of kiln-baked brick. These sculptures frequently represented events in the history of the nation which erected the building.

The illustration shows you one of these slabs that was discovered in the famous mound of Kouyunjik, and represents a number of Assyrians cutting down palm-trees. The Assyrians were the conquerors of Chaldæa, or Babylonia, of which Babel was the capital. This conquest took place about 1270 years before Christ. Just think how long ago that was!

Such a palace or temple must have been magnificent, though it would look to us strange, for the figures of the men had many of them heads of eagles or of lions; there is one of them, partly shown, just above the back of that brute with the whip. Many of these sculptured slabs have been brought to this country, and I hope you may be able to see them. There are some in almost every city. Look for them in any museum or library. That is doubtless what the Tower of Babel was.



BUILDING THE TOWER OF BABEL.

## CATCHING A "PUFFING PIG."

BY A. W. ROBERTS.

I HAD been out some three days after rare and curious fish for the museum, and was beginning to feel discouraged over my prospects, when the news was brought to me that a live "puffing pig" was stranded on a reef at Coney Island. Never having heard of a fish that bore so curious a name, I was anxious to find out what kind of a marine animal a puffing pig might be, but concluded that it must be a large fish from the fact of its being stranded.

The fisherman who discovered the puffing pig was a negro, known by the name of Bill Poppaw, of whom I had a very high opinion, as he was by far the most reliable and intelligent of all the negro fishermen on the bay. After inquiring as to the condition of the pig, and judging that it had not been wounded, but was only greatly exhausted from being out of the water too long, we proceeded over to the island to secure this mysterious and oddly named fish.

On reaching the reef, there, sure enough, was a splendid specimen of a puffing pig, squealing and puffing out his breath through his blow-hole as if in great distress. In length he was about five feet, and his round and plump body glistened in the sun, as he lay struggling on the sand, vainly trying to reach the water. "Poor Mr. Puffing Pig! so you ventured too far in-shore after your favorite food, the eel, and the rapidly receding tide left you stranded high and dry on the sand-bar."

Tying a light and long rope fast to his tail, and taking off all our clothing except our fishing trousers, we rolled him into the water, in order to refresh him a little. Well, wasn't he a happy puffing pig! and how hard he tried to swim out to deep water and make his escape! Feeling that I had him securely in my possession by means of the rope, I humored him a little, and allowed him to swim out further and further, as I knew we could easily pull him in again. Suddenly he made one terrific plunge, and both of us were off our feet, sprawling in the water after the line. Before we could recover ourselves the puffing pig had drawn it well into deep water.

We both struck out to obtain possession of the line, and bring it in-shore. But the moment we reached it the puffing pig suddenly appeared on the surface, and made one of those short tumbling dives so peculiar to all porpoises. Bill had hold of the line some distance ahead of me, and I now felt almost positive that the fish had us at a disadvantage, for every moment he seemed to gain strength, and we were being rapidly carried toward Fort Hamilton.

The porpoise again came to the surface to take in a fresh supply of air, when I shouted to Bill to hold on. Suddenly and without the least warning we were both drawn head first beneath the water. Down, down, we went, and I began to wonder how much deeper Mr. Puffing-Pig was going before we could have a chance to reach the surface for a fresh supply of air, and whether Bill was as long-winded under water as myself. Presently I felt the line slacken, and I knew the porpoise was either on his upward course or was turning back.

By this time the air in my lungs had entirely lost its life-sustaining qualities, and a peculiar smothering sensation was increasing every instant. Just at this critical moment I reached the surface, and took in one immense gulp of new air, but was instantly taken under the water again.

This time we seemed to be going down much deeper than before, for I could feel the increased pressure of the water on my ears, and I thought to myself, Should I be carried down so great a distance that I can't reach the surface of the water again in time for a fresh supply of air, there's going to be trouble. What's the use of

holding on to the line any longer? The puffing pig has got away from us, that's certain; and, for all I know, when I do reach the surface, it will cost me a great effort to get to the shore, though I am an expert in the water. As for Bill, he won't let go until I do, for he is much stronger than I am, and can stand it longer. I think we are both acting very unwisely in trying to see which can hold out the longer.

Just as I had reached this conclusion there was a fresh pull on the line, and William Poppaw was climbing through the water as fast and hard as he could strike and kick with his hands and feet. My opinion of Bill at that moment was that he was a very wise colored man, and I let go my hold on the line, and followed his example.

It seemed to me as though I would never reach the surface; every instant was an age. But at last my head shot through the water, and I knew I was safe. Turning on my back, I leisurely floated toward the shore. How beautiful the clear blue sky looked! and how steadily and rapidly I breathed in the pure and bracing atmosphere! for I was indeed more exhausted than I knew. Presently I heard Bill's long and steady pull as he drew nearer and nearer to me, and I heard him shout,

"Well, what do you think of puffing pigs?"

## THE ICE QUEEN.\*

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

## CHAPTER XXV.

THE WILD DOGS AGAIN.

ALECK'S hand alone was shown; and though he held both of his arms as high as he could, the other side had the majority, and would not accept his resignation.

"Suppose we see just exactly what we have in the way of provisions," said Katy. "It won't take long to make out the list," she added, with a smile.

They began at once, and the little housewife made out the list as fast as the stores were examined, guessing at the weights. There were about eleven pounds of dried beef; bacon, about one "side"; flour, about six pounds; cornmeal, ten pounds; beans, three pounds; coffee, two pounds; tea, a quarter of a pound; chocolate, half a cake; sugar, three pounds; small quantities of salt, pepper, soda, and so on; some crumbs of crackers and cookies in the bottom of a bag; a small piece of dried yeast; and a few swallows of the brandy that had been so useful at the time of Aleck's accident on the drifting ice.

They had nearly all the bedding, cooking utensils, and tools with which they had started three weeks before; but the oil for their lantern and their matches were nearly used up or lost; their powder was low, for part of it had been spoiled by water; their clothes were badly worn; and their only canvas, since the loss of their tent, was the small "spare piece."

"It's plain," said Aleck, as this overhauling was finished, "that we must put ourselves upon a regular allowance. The provisions won't last us a week unless we save them carefully."

"And it's plain that we must raise some more, so I reckon I'd better get to work at some traps."

"Yes, the sooner the better. As for me, I want to learn all I can about the island. There may be something of use to us at the other end, so I shall take a long walk, and see what I can find."

"Mayn't I go with you?" Jim asked, eagerly.

"Yes, Youngster, if you think you can stand it."

"No trouble about that," replied the little fellow, cou-



rageously. He had grown very manly during the past month.

The brothers started off, taking the gun with them, and saying that they would be back about three o'clock.

As soon as they had gone Tug set about his traps in one corner of the cabin behind the stove, while Katy went to work to make the hut a little more home-like.

The cabin was about twelve feet square, and one side was the smooth face of a great rock, against which was heaped the rude chimney of mud and stones. In front of this the stove was placed, and behind it, on the side of the room farthest from the door, the fisherman had built a bunk.

"You must call that your bedroom," Tug said, and he helped Katy to set up in front of it poles and a curtain made of a shawl.

"Now," said the lad, when this had been arranged, "you must have a mattress."

So, taking the axe, he went out, and soon came back with a great armful of hemlock boughs, and then a second one, with which he heaped the bunk, laying them all very smoothly, and making a delightful bed.

"I'm thinkin' we'll have to fix some more bunks for ourselves," said the boy, as he tried this springy couch. "That's a heap better'n the soft side of a plank."

Then with a hemlock broom Katy swept the floor, and spread down the canvas as a carpet. Finding in her little trunk some clothing wrapped in an old HARPER'S WEEKLY, she cut out the pictures and tacked them up, and finally she washed the grimy window to let more light in, so that the rough little house soon came to look quite warm and cozy.

Meanwhile Tug, getting out his few tools, had made the triggers of half a dozen such box-traps as they had caught snow-birds with when living on the ice, and one other queer little arrangement. To this, as he told his companion, a set line was to be fastened, which would show by the fluttering of a small flag that a fish had been caught.

"I'm going to set these," he said at length, pulling on his overcoat, "and to look for a good place for fishing."

He was gone nearly an hour, during which Katy busied herself in mending her sadly torn dress, and in thinking. But the last was by no means a pleasant occupation, and she was glad to see Tug come in, rubbing his ears, for the day was a cold one.

"I think I have found a real likely place for fishing," he told her. "There is a little cove the other side of this thicket, with a marsh around it, and a pretty narrow entrance. I reckon the water's deep enough in there for fish to be skulking, and I dropped my line right in the middle. I set up the traps right out near here, but I didn't see any birds about."

"Do you think—" Katy stopped suddenly, laying one hand on Tug's arm, and holding up the other warningly, while her face grew pale. Rex, who had been lying by the stove quietly licking his injured paw, rose up and growled deeply.

"There! Did you not hear it?"

"I did. It's them pesky dogs," cried Tug, and hurried to the window, while Rex began to bark furiously. "There are the boys on the hill backing down, and two—no, three dogs—following them. Where's that axe? I'll fix 'em."

And before Katy could quite understand what the matter was, the boy had burst out, and was tearing up the hill to the support of his friends. Rex wanted to go too, but Katy held him fast, as she stood watching the boys flourishing their weapons, and frightening the dogs back, while they slowly retreated. As they came nearer to the house the animals stopped, and relieved their disappointment by savage barks and prolonged howls.

"Well," exclaimed Tug, in the country speech he always used when excited, "I allow them curs is the most ornery critters I ever see!"

"They followed us all the way from the other side of the neck," said Jim, dropping limp into a broken-legged chair, which tumbled him over backward.

"Where did you go, and what did you see?" was Katy's anxious question.

Aleck then told them that from the highest point of the hill he could see the whole island, which was everywhere surrounded by ice, and that eastward he could see what he thought was another island several miles away; but that to the southward it was too misty to see any distance. Going down the hill, they crossed a neck or isthmus of sand and rocks between two marshy bays, and entered the woods, which seemed to cover pretty much all the rest of the island. Pushing through this, and gathering a good many dried grapes, which were worth a hungry man's attention if he had plenty of time, they reached the shore somewhere near the farther end of the island without finding any signs that anybody had ever been there before. On the shore, however, by a cove, they found a tumbled-down shanty, and a little clearing where there had once been a camp. They were going on further, when suddenly they were attacked by the three dogs, and thought it best to retreat. The dogs followed, and they had to fight them off all the way.

"One of them was a giant of a mastiff," said Aleck, "and we were more afraid of him than of the smaller ones, which seemed to be two well-grown pups."

"Did one of 'em look as if he'd been shot?" Tug asked.

"No; I guess you finished that fellow. I think these dogs must have been left here last summer by somebody, but how they have managed to live beats me. I don't see anything for them to eat. I wish you had some bullets, Tug. We never can hurt 'em much with this small shot."

"They'll steal everything from the traps, too," Jim piped in. "By-the-way, Tug, have you set any yet?"

Then Tug told what he had been doing, and said he must go before it became dark and see if anything had been taken. So, wrapping himself up, he took the gun and went off, while Aleck and Jim gathered a supply of wood for the night, and Katy began to get supper. By the time this was ready, and the red glare of a threatening sunset had tinged the snow and suffused the clouds with crimson, Tug came back, bringing nothing at all. It was not a very merry party, therefore, that sat around the table that evening listening to the doleful cries of the outcast dogs, which still kept watch on the hill-side.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### THE PERILS OF A MIDNIGHT SEARCH.

THE next morning snow was falling, and the wind was blowing furiously.

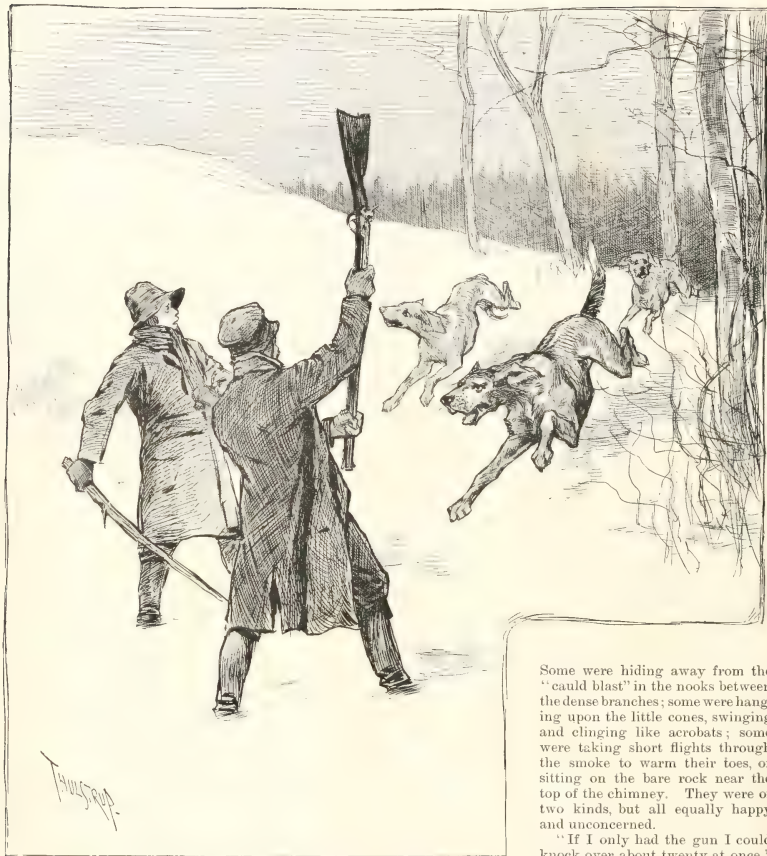
"This ought to bring us some small birds, and maybe an owl or two," said Tug, as he watched the dense clouds of snow hurled along from the northern waste of ice.

"Do you think you would dare to go out to the traps, or could find them in this gale?" Aleck asked.

"I reckon so; and while I'm gone you take the gun and see if you can't find snow-birds among the hemlocks."

"What'll you do if those dogs get after you? They're perfectly savage with hunger. It don't take much wildness or long famine to turn a dog back to a wolf, and we've got to look out for these curs as if they were wild beasts."

"You're right," Tug assented. "But I hardly think they'll be out on the ice in this storm; you are more likely to meet them in the woods. Anyhow, we all must have something to eat, and it's my business to tend those traps, wolves or no wolves. If I go under, why, there's one less mouth to feed."



"IT'S THEM PESKY DOGS," CRIED TUG."

So Tug and Aleck went away into the storm, one out upon the wide white desert, the other wading up the drifted slopes to the woods.

Katy and Jim staid at home, sitting comfortably in the house. She was reading aloud from an old newspaper they had found lying in a corner, when there came plainly to her ears the twittering of small birds.

"Listen, Jimkin. Did you hear that?"

"Snow-birds!" the boy exclaimed. "Right on the roof, too, and nary a trap!"

"Let us go out," said Katy, eagerly. "Perhaps we could catch one or two somehow."

So they crept out, and saw that the thick hemlock growing beside the big rock was covered with small birds.

Some were hiding away from the "cauld blast" in the nooks between the dense branches; some were hanging upon the little cones, swinging and clinging like acrobats; some were taking short flights through the smoke to warm their toes, or sitting on the bare rock near the top of the chimney. They were of two kinds, but all equally happy and unconcerned.

"If I only had the gun I could knock over about twenty at once," Jim whispered. "I could kill a lot with my pea-shooter."

"Could you? Well, Jimkin, I've got some strong rubber cord in my trunk, and you might make one of those horrid forked-stick things."

"That's a splendid idea, Katy. Get your rubber, and I'll cut a stick. Hurry up!"

Ten minutes afterward the weapon was ready. But now it occurred to Jim that he had no "peas" for his "shooter." So he and Katy both hurried down to where they knew there was a bit of beach not covered by ice. They scraped away the new snow, and raked up double handfuls of small pebbles.

Jim's hands grew so cold during this operation that he had to go in and warm them before he could handle his "rubber gun." But the birds still staid in their trees, as is their custom when a heavy snow-storm is raging, and

the excited young hunter waited only long enough to get the stiffest of his fingers into decent shape.

Creeping slowly around to the rear side of the rock, he climbed slowly up until he could just peer over the edge, and was not more than a dozen feet away from the little feathered group sitting by the chimney-top. Taking the

best of aim, and pulling the rubber as far back as it would go, he let fly, and one of the largest of the birds tumbled over the edge. The boy had hard work to refrain from shouting with pride at this early success, though he wasn't sure he had killed the bird.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



GEESE.

## WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

BY SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT.

**T**HE wind has tied his airy steed  
To a silver-poplar tree;  
A mist is tangling the slender reeds;  
The stars can scarcely see—  
When out of the deepening shadows flits  
A fairy who has lost his wits,  
Poor Will-o'-the-Wisp!

His love eloped long years ago  
With the old man in the moon,  
And the primroses saw them go,  
In a gold and red balloon,  
Up, up, in the misty evening light,  
Until in a cloud they were out of sight,  
Poor Will-o'-the-Wisp!

But still, when the day is growing dim,  
And a hush is in the air,  
He hastes his twinkling light to trim,  
And seeks her everywhere—  
Over the meadows and round the hill,  
Through the lane by the ruined mill,  
Poor Will-o'-the-Wisp!

Down where the pine-tree stands in the shade  
Like a monk in his dark cowl,  
Under the bridge where the lilies wade;  
And never he heeds the owl,  
Who scolds aloud from his lofty perch,  
And bids him to cease his fruitless search,  
Poor Will-o'-the-Wisp!

"Tu-whit!" says this wise old bird of night—  
"Tu-whit, tu-whoo, tu-whoo!"  
Such a waste of time and candle-light  
It is sorrowful to see,  
But many folk in the world, I know,  
Do naught but chase shadows to and fro  
Like poor Will-o'-the-Wisp."

## A PRISON WITHIN A PRISON.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

**O**NE of the strangest stories in history is that of the Man in the Iron Mask, who was imprisoned in France, nearly two hundred years ago, by the order of King Louis XIV. He died in the Bastille in 1703, and from that day to this it has never been found out who he really was.

All sorts of stories have been told about the unfortunate man, who not only spent so many dreary years in prison, but was compelled to have his face always covered with a mask. But no one saw him in an *iron* one, which would have been too horrible. Yet the prisoner probably found his black velvet covering, fastened with steel springs, intolerable enough. It was never removed. Sleeping or waking, in hot weather or cold, sick or well, the suffocating thing had to be worn, and it seems a wonder that it did not drive him insane.

For a long time this mysterious prisoner was confined in different prisons on some islands in the Mediterranean, known as the Marguerite Islands. He was removed from thence when M. De Saint Mars, the Governor of the state-prison there, accepted the governorship of the Bastille, the great prison of Paris. He was carried in a closed litter, accompanied by the Governor, M. De Saint Mars, and several armed men on horseback. When they stopped for meals, the prisoner always sat with his back to the windows, and the Governor had pistols behind his plate. They were attended by a single valet, Antoine Ru. The servant who waited on them did not come into the dining-room, but the dishes were taken from him and returned in an antechamber after the dining-room door had been carefully closed.

Poor man! He was closely watched, and he was said to have been richly dressed, and served by the Governor himself on bended knee with dainty food on rich silver plate. But what a mockery all this outward show of respect must have seemed to a prisoner who was threatened

with death if he removed his stifling mask for a moment, or attempted to speak to any one except those who had charge of him!

In spite, however, of the dreadful risk he ran, he did try, when in the fortress of Pignerol, the gloomiest of all gloomy places, with the rough sea dashing up against its rocky wall, to make his hard fate known to the outer world. He engraved some words on a silver plate, which he threw from the window of his dungeon to the narrow beach below. A fisherman who was passing in a boat saw the glitter of the metal, and landed to pick it up. Not being able to read the words which the poor despairing man in the mask had written, and thinking it might be a lost article of great value, the honest fisherman gave up his prize to the keeper of the prison.

Far from receiving any reward, he was closely questioned, and escaped being put to death only because he could not read a word; but he was obliged to leave the neighborhood as quickly as possible. Two other persons who found a linen shirt with words marked on it, and who were not so ignorant as the fisherman, were said to have died very soon afterward without any apparent cause.

The Man in the Iron Mask spent five years in the famous state-prison of the Bastille, which was destroyed by the mob in the beginning of the French Revolution. For over four hundred years this strongest and most hopeless of prisons had held men and women of all ranks, many of whom languished there without the ordinary comforts of life, for no crime whatever, but merely to gratify the malice of some powerful rival. It has been thought that the masked prisoner was a twin brother of Louis XIV., whose birth was carefully concealed from every one outside of the royal family, and that he was disposed of in this way to prevent the trouble that would arise from two heirs to the throne. His life was spared, because if the acknowledged heir died it would be desirable to produce him as his lawful successor.

He was said to resemble Louis XIV. so strongly that it would be dangerous to have his features seen by any one, and this led to the uncomfortable mask. A picture of him looking through the grated window of his cell in the Bastille, with two armed soldiers watching his slightest movement, is very sad: he could see so little, between his mask and the prison bars, and the guards had orders to fire upon him if he made the slightest attempt to attract notice outside.

Many persons who did not believe that the Man in the Iron Mask was a brother of Louis XIV. have tried to prove that he was a Count de Matthioli, an agent of the Duke of Mantua, who employed him in some negotiations with the King of France. The Count was accused by the French of having betrayed one of their state secrets; and the angry monarch imprisoned him for life in a way that effectually prevented him from telling anything more.

But the real truth about this most unfortunate of prisoners has never yet come to light. All we know of his death is the following entry taken from the journal of Dajunca, the chief turnkey of the Bastille. He writes: "On Monday, the 19th of November, 1703, the unknown prisoner who had continually worn a black velvet mask, and whom Saint Mars had brought with him from the island of Sainte Marguerite, died to-day, about ten o'clock in the evening, having been yesterday taken slightly ill. He had been a long time in M. De Saint Mars's hands, and his illness was exceedingly trifling."

When he died in the Bastille every article of clothing and furniture that had been used by him was destroyed; and even the walls were scraped for fear that he might have scratched something on them that would tell the reader who he was.

How it came that the mask was supposed to be iron no one knows. Some one who saw him at a distance wearing the black thing may have fancied that it was an in-



strument of torture made of iron, and have so described it. It would be very interesting even at this late day to find out who the poor victim of such inhuman cruelty was, but it does not seem likely, after all these years, that the world will ever know him by any other name than that of the "Man in the Iron Mask."

### THE PHANTOM DOG.

HAL ROWLAND'S STORY.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

**I**T'S my turn, is it? Well, I don't know what kind of a yarn to spin, as my sailor uncle would say, unless you'd like to hear about the phantom dog of Rowland Farm. You would, hey? Well, here goes.

Our family, you know, have owned Rowland Farm more'n a hundred years, and part of it is just as it was when they first owned it. The kitchen is. And it's large enough for a dozen New York city kitchens—flat kitchens, I mean—with a great big fire-place, smoky old rafters, brick floor, and enormous closets. Our folks don't use it 'cept in summer, 'cause it's too cold there at other times, and there isn't any way to warm it unless we spent a fortune on fire-wood. They use the new kitchen on the other side of the house, which isn't as picturesque, but *is* a good deal more comfortable.

And the rooms over the old kitchen are just as *they* were first built too, with little high-up windows and low ceilings. One of them is my den, and the other is a spare room for boys. And there's a long passageway lighted by a skylight leading from these rooms to the new part of the house. I chose that room soon's I got old enough to have a room to myself, 'cause I could stamp 'round and whistle and sing as much as I had a mind to there without somebody calling out every minute, "Oh, Hal! for mercy's sake *do stop* that noise!" And I wasn't a bit afraid to sleep there, though lots of old people down in the village said that in old times the long passageway used to be haunted every night from eleven till twelve o'clock by a phantom dog. It seems one of my great-grandfathers was a very bad-tempered man, and very cruel to animals, and one night a poor half-starved dog got into the house, and whined and howled and made a row generally outside of his bedroom door.

Well, my amiable g.-g.-g. got up, dragged the wretched beast down stairs, through the kitchen, and out into the back yard, and there he shot him. And ever after that until my g.-g.-g. died—so the story goes—the ghost of that dog came every night, at the hour it had been shot, and howled at my g.-g.-g.'s door. And that isn't all. Some of the village venerables declare that it has been seen several times since my g.-g.-g. died.

I never took much stock in the story myself, 'cause I don't believe in such things, neither does my mother; but, to tell the up-and-down truth, I did feel a little queer on two or three very dark nights when I was wakened out of a sound sleep by a big strange bark. Well, as I was saying, the phantom-dog story didn't scare me much, but one night I pretended it did. 'Twas one night in the last part of May, when my second cousin, Hobe Horton, was visiting us.

Hobe had lived 'way off West ever since he was a baby, and I'd never seen him before this visit. He's a slim chap, with enormous gray eyes and curly light hair, and he speaks soft as a girl—softer than lots of girls, 'cause there's no denying most girls yell as though you were deaf, unless they're whispering secrets. I thought when they told me he was coming that I was a-going to see a regular out-and-out backwoodsman, chock-full of fun and stories 'bout bears and buffaloes and Injuns.

But Hobe said his mamma hadn't let him hunt bears and buffaloes and Injuns much. And oh! wasn't he good?

He was too good for anything. And my mother and my grandmother and my aunts—I've got five—kept a saying: "Take pattern by your cousin, Hal. He never talks slang, nor shins up a tree and tears his trousers, nor blacks a friend's eye, nor puts mice in the company's hat, nor spills 'lasses on the door mat. And he always says 'yes sir' and 'no sir,' and 'yes, ma'am' and 'no, ma'am,' instead of 'yep' and 'nope,' and it's plain to be seen that he would act like a perfect gentleman under any circumstances, and never go yelling round, as you do sometimes, even if the house were afire."

Well, you know that sort of talk to a fellow 'bout another fellow nearly sets a fellow wild, and I got to almost hating that Hobe, I did, and I made up my mind that I'd try to make him yell once, and that without setting the house afire either. And so one night I went to Hobe's room—it was the room opposite to mine—and I began talking about the phantom dog.

"And do you know any one that has really seen it?" said Hobe.

"Two of our servants who used to sleep in this part of the house say they saw something strange around here once, and they were so frightened that my mother had to give them a room near her," said I.

"Did you ever see it?" said he.

"No," said I, "I can't exactly say that I have, but I've heard a queer howling and barking several times in the middle of the night that didn't belong to this neighborhood."

Then I said "Good-night," and went to my own room. (Oh, I must tell you that neither of our doors could be locked, 'cause I'd lost both the keys.) It was near twelve o'clock, and I was sure Hobe was a little scared, for, to tell the up-and-down truth, I was myself. 'Cause no matter how much you don't believe in such things, if you talk about them at night, with no light but moonlight, and everything solemn still, you get a sort of chilly creep in spite of yourself, 'specially down your back.

But all the same, soon's I got into my own room I began to turn myself into a phantom dog.

I took our bath-room rug—it's one of those big white shaggy-haired rugs—and I tied it around me with a fish-line, and then I put on a mask like a dog's face that my brother Will bought to wear to a masquerade party, and my sister's long seal-skin mittens (didn't she raise a jolly row when she found 'em in my room next day), and then I went down on all fours, and made for Hobe's door with a fearful bark.

But the very moment I barked something gave a tremendous howl, and there in the passageway, glancing at me with fiery eyes, stood a creature that looked as though it had just escaped from Barnum's show. I saw by the light of the moon, that fell through the skylight right on it, that its head was enormous, and that its body was yellow, with black spots and rings all over it.

I didn't wait to see any more, but backed into my room quicker'n lightning, and bolted the door with my trunk. And it was about half an hour before I got my senses back far enough to know that Hobe had contrived to beat me at my own game.

But he never said a word about it—neither did I—till the day he was going away. Then, when he was packing up, he asked me, in that sweet voice which girls ought to have, "Cousin Hal, did you ever see a jaguar skin? I have one here in my chest that I am taking to my uncle in New York. My father shot the beast it belonged to." And he pulled out a yellow skin, head and all, spotted all over with black rings and rosettes. "And I've got a phosphoric preparation," said he, "that you can rub on the inside of the glass eyes and make them look just like fire."

"That's enough, Hobe," said I. "But all the same I did make you howl and forget to behave like a 'perfect

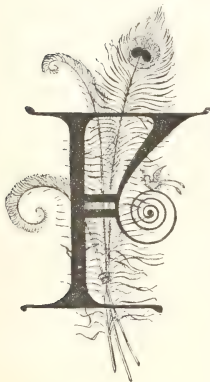
gentleman,' as my aunts say, for once, and that's what I set out to do. 'Cause, whatever else it may be, it isn't perfectly *gentlemanly* to go prancing round on all fours making believe you're a jaguar."

"Well, I don't suppose it is; but 'twas fun," said Hobe. Then he burst out laughing, and I liked him better than I ever liked him before.

## EMBROIDERY FOR GIRLS.

BY SUSAN HAYES WARD.

"If needle, scissors, knife, or pin  
Should wound the finger,  
cheek, or chin,  
Apply to me, your healing  
plaster,  
And soon I'll cure your sad  
disaster."



FROM among the treasures kept in an old dressing-case used by my mother nearly fifty years ago I have just selected a little pink card-board case bound with tinsel paper, on which this verse is written, as suggesting a useful present which can easily be made by any young girl who is neat and deft with her needle.

A court-plaster case such as this any one would be glad to have always ready to hand. To make it, a piece of pasteboard is needed about four and a half

inches long and three and a quarter wide, so that, when doubled, it will form a little pocket about the size of Fig. 1. Before folding, however, it is to be covered with plain silk, satin, or smooth twilled linen. A spray of forget-me-nots can be embroidered on this to ornament one side of the case (see A), and a tiny flower (B) or initial letters (as C) can be worked to correspond with A on the opposite side. If silk or satin is used, it should be of some quiet color, that will show off the embroidery well, like olive, old gold, or a yellowish-gray.

When the outside is ready, stretch it tightly and neatly over the pasteboard, sewing it back and forth on the wrong side, just as a cloth cover is sometimes sewed upon



FIG. 1—COURT PLASTER CASE.

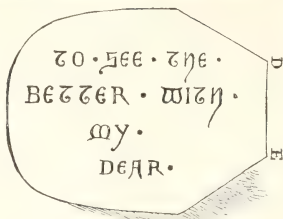


FIG. 2—SPECTACLE "WIPER."

school-books. Next, a soft silk lining must be sewed in of some pretty, harmonious color. This must be drawn somewhat tight, so as not to wrinkle when the pasteboard is doubled, and at the top it should be so carefully turned away and blind-stitched down as not to show at the edge. Last of all, the covered pasteboard is to be doubled together, and over-handed (sewed over and over) on the bottom and side, taking care that the lining is held fast, so that it will neither wrinkle nor pull away.

When this part of the work is done, cut a piece of colored card or paste board of such a size that, when folded, it will slip easily in and out of the case, and to this, as a cover, fasten your leaves of court-plaster, pink, white, and black, one or more of each color, like leaves in a book. This cover can have any suitable motto written or printed upon it, and a loop attached by which to pull it out. A narrow ribbon, eight inches long, the same color as the lining, can be fastened to the top of the case; slip it under the little book, and bring it up on the other side, and it will work as a sort of pulley, and lift the book up.

A very pretty way for those who do not know how to embroider is to have the name of the owner written diagonally across the case with a very sharp soft lead-pencil, and then to back-stitch the pencilled letters, using fine silk or very fine marking-cotton (red or blue) and a cambric needle. If the stitches are taken evenly and fine, and the lines followed carefully, this is one of the prettiest ways of marking, particularly for handkerchiefs. Any father or elder brother might be proud to receive as a gift a handkerchief hem-stitched and marked in this graceful fashion by a little daughter or sister.

Fig. 2 is meant to represent a spectacle "wiper." It can be made of two pieces of bronze morocco, bound with galloon, and lined with soft chamois leather, and sewed together from D to E, or of two pieces of pasteboard carefully covered, with a flower, or initials, or an appropriate motto embroidered or stitched upon it. The chamois-skin lining should be cut a little smaller than the pasteboard, and carefully blind-stitched or felled down with yellow sewing silk, and the two halves sewed together as before. I remember a dear old gentleman who always carried one of these little implements in his waistcoat pocket, and who took rare satisfaction in whipping it out and polishing up his glasses whenever an occasion offered. My motto I have taken from the story of "Red Riding-Hood," but you will find it great fun to compose or select mottoes for yourselves.

# Tale of a Tub.

1

You may bring to mind I've sung you a song,  
Of a man of Haarlem town.  
I'll sing of another;—'t will not take long;  
Of equally great renown.

2

"I've read," said he, "there's a land afar,  
O'er the boundless rolling sea,  
Where fat little pigs ready roasted are;  
Now, that is the land for me.

3

Where tarts may be plucked from the wild <sup>tart tree,</sup>  
And puddings like pumpkins grow,  
Where candies, like pebbles, lie by the sea,—  
Now, thither I'll straightway go."

4

Now, what do you think I've heard it said  
Was his boat, his oar, his sail?  
A tub, a spoon, and a handkerchief red,  
For to breast both calm and gale.

5

So he sailed away, for a livelong day;  
And the sun was warm and mild,  
And the small waves laughed as they seemed  
And the sea-gulls clamored wild. <sup>to play,</sup>

6

So he sailed away, for a livelong day;  
Till the wind began to roar,  
And the waves rose high, and, to briefly say,  
He never was heard of more.

HPYLE.





LOUIE.

Here's Louie, our pride,  
In a picture, you see,  
With roses and posies  
And vines trailing free.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

ALGERS, AFRICA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—When I last wrote to you we were living in a city called Oran, a day's ride west of Algiers, where we now live. The journey from Oran to Algiers is most beautiful. For miles and miles we had on either side of us the Atlas range of mountains; sometimes the tops of these were blue as the sky, while their banks were variegated with light and dark patches of green vegetation. Sometimes we would pass by a quiet little village, where the trees were all yellow with ripe oranges; then again we found ourselves whirled over spaces almost as naked as prairie land. We entered Algiers at 10 p.m., tired and sleepy enough to rest, but not too tired to take a walk through the city the following morning.

Algiers is built on the sloping sides of two mountains. There are the narrow streets of winding stairs, and the houses are built six or seven stories high. Sometimes trees are seen growing on the tops of these mountains.

The climate here all the year round is as mild and soft as an American spring. A wood fire is all that is ever necessary. *Young People* is the delight of my heart.

Turn to your maps, little students, and point out Algiers. Now are you not pleased that Percy had told you so much about it? You would like to stamp up and down those winding stairs of streets, and see the houses with trees growing on their tops, would you not? And the very next best thing is seeing them through a boy's bright eyes, is it not?

MANCHESTER, JERSEY, WEST VIRGINIA.

I have not seen a letter in the Post-office Box from this island, so I thought one might be acceptable. I am a little girl nine years old, and like *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* very much. In No. 203, you gave us a description of the Junior man-of-war birds in Kingston Harbor, which pleased us very much, because we know the place and have seen the birds. We don't live in Kingston, though we live in the country sixty miles away, and my papa raises bananas and coconuts to send to New York and Philadelphia. I haven't any pets just now, but I've a horse of my own, and can ride him anywhere. Once rode twenty miles in one day; we had to start in the early morning and come back in the evening, to escape the sun. My brother Syd and I enjoy "The Ice Queen" very much, but don't understand how people could travel over the surface of a lake in that manner, for we have never seen snow or ice except the little pieces we sometimes see in our fountain, and which are brought from America. However, although we have no ice or snow, we have got some wonderful things in this country.

Suppose you write again, dear, and tell us about them. Do you ever see people carrying burdens on their heads? Have you ever felt the least bit of an earthquake? How do bananas taste when you pick them yourself? The children who do not live in the tropics will be glad to hear your answers.

BRANDON, MANITOBA.

I am a little girl ten years old, and I enjoy reading the letters so much that I thought I would write one too. We have taken the paper for two

years, and I think it is the best paper I ever saw. As every one tells about his or her pets, I will tell you about ours. We have a dear little grey sister, called Shagabagab, and a little brown dog. The pony is as small as a Shetland pony, and the picture of them in the November number pleased my little brother Leon so much, that he has kept it worn out the page looking at it. Manitooba is a very good creature, but we enjoy ourselves so very much skating, snow-shoeing and tobogganing, that we don't mind the snow. The snow is like living here very much. We have not lived here two years yet. Last winter was so very severe that I did not go to school. Mamma wanted me to stay home this winter, but I was so anxious to get into the Third Book that I coaxed her to let me go. The other day I came home with my face frozen; but we don't mind our faces and noses in the least. Never more!

From Jamaica to Manitooba is quite a step, but we take it easily in the Post-office Box. Here is a child who gets her face frozen going to school, and does not mind it much, and there is one who never sees a snow-bank or feels a sliver in the air. Write again, girls.

CANADA, NEW JERSEY.

I am a little boy seven and a half years old. I have wanted to write to you for a long time, but mamma always says, "Wait till you can write better." I have waited so long, and now mamma is going to let me try. I have no brothers and sisters. I live with my little cousin Josephine, and we are just like brothers. He is six years old, and can not read yet, but he likes to have rabbits and birds and dogs. I like to take *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and *St. Nicholas*, and Josephine takes *Blue Books*, but we both like *Young People* best, because it is the best one; and it comes on Wednesday, and we always watch for it. We think the number we have just read was extra good, for the Indian story and the wolf story were wonderful. I wish I could write like Robert Woods. Mamma says she likes to read the *YOUNG PEOPLE* as well as we do. She always reads us the letters from the little folks, and we think you must be very busy. I have no letters yet. Most of your boy and girl friends have pets; we have only a cat, but when we are bigger, and able to take care of them, we are going to have rabbits and birds and dogs. I like the letters from out West the best. I was out in Kansas last winter. I have two little cousins out there, Fred and Lute. Lute has red hair, and Fred has black hair. I like to play with pretty Josephine and I play "battle." I am American, because my papa is. Josephine is English, because he likes to play like his mamma, and she is English. We are the bestest. We fight, but only in play; sometimes the English beat and sometimes the American. Please print this letter, and Josephine says he would like to write to you in name, so we will sign ourselves your two little friends,

EUGENE AND JOSEPHINE.

I think red hair is beautiful. Don't let the fighting slip out of play into earnest, little soldiers. There are foes for both American and English boys to fight and conquer, and we would like to see you and your grandmamma in a bed-time talk, tell you what their names are. Some of these foes are pretty strong, and only brave fellows get the victory over them. Please thank mamma for her dear little letter which came with yours.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

I am a little girl nine years old. This is the second year I have had *YOUNG PEOPLE*; my aunt gives it to me, and I am always glad when it comes. I have no pets except a dear little brother who is two years old, and he is as sweet as candy. I am going to Europe in June with my mamma, papa, little brother, aunt, uncle, and three cousins, and perhaps my grandmamma. I would like this, for I want to see many places so very close to me.

KATE HARRIS T.

You will have a charming family party, and will no doubt enjoy your trip. Perhaps you will write to the Post-office Box from Europe, and describe something which you find interesting.

KNOXVILLE, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

I am a little girl twelve years old. I live on a farm about half a mile from Brone Lake, where there are two islands. We went to one of them on my birthday and had a picnic. I like *YOUNG PEOPLE* very much, especially the Post-office Box, which I read the first thing after "The Ice Queen." I have three sisters, two boys and a brother. I very much like to draw, and I copy many of the pictures in *YOUNG PEOPLE*. I like "Nan," "Mildred's Bargain," and "Paul's Fairies'" best of all, but I have no pets except a little baby brother named Richard.

A year ago last Christmas we had a tree, and after Christmas it was set on the veranda just before the door. One day in early spring we were looking out of the dining-room window, and we saw a robin come to the tree several times, bringing bits of straw and hay and other

things. The next day we found that the robins were building a nest in the tree. It was a very good place, because every time any one opened the door the birds would fly away. When it got warm enough for us to sit on the veranda, the birds were afraid to come, so papa moved the tree out to the garden, and the robins came at dinner that day we heard a great chirping and noise out of doors, and when we went to the window we saw that the old birds had come back, and could not find the nest. They had made a new one at last, and we were very glad I suppose. There were some little birds, but we did not think they were very pretty at all, but they were very good, and we were very glad to see them. We would look at them, until one morning, when we went, they had disappeared. We had a tree last Christmas, and we had a tree on the veranda, hoping that the birds would build again.

I do not go to school, but have lessons at home. I study grammar, history, geography, arithmetic, astronomy, French, and Latin. I like geography and Latin best. We have 250 paper dolls. I would like to join the Little Housekeepers. I would like the receipt of a cake I made last week. Once we were talking about receipts, when Sarah said: "I'll tell you a receipt: half a dozen pounds of cake, half a dozen pounds of spice, half a dozen pounds of sugar, half a dozen pounds of eggs, half a dozen of Cakes, The Queen of England, I'm going to England to see the Queen when I get big." We all thought it was very funny, but she is only three years old. I send the Post-office Box rhyme I made about the ducks, and that I drew some little pictures to illustrate. Each of us has a flower bed in summer. I have sent for some seeds, and I am sowing them myself, when we weed them and take care of them. I planted some wild violets round mine for a border, they look so pretty. Once I had a very fine writer, who wrote me of her books, and I have read several others; I like *Little Women* best of all. I am reading *Dorothy and Son* and *Hood's* poems now.

My little paper doll, with no two pieces alike. If any little girl will send me pieces of print three and a half inches square, I will send the same number of pieces in return, or a little cake of mine, or a flower bed, or anything else, what time makes we have in sugar, but it would make my letter too long.

BABY EMILY CARTER.

You are certainly a busy little woman, dear. Your rhymes and drawings are so clever that I regret I cannot print them. I would like to see you, as I would like to do, if it were elastic. Here is the receipt for my Little Housekeepers:

CARAMEL CAKE.—One cup of sugar, half a cup of sweet milk, one and a half cups of flour, three eggs, one tea-spoonful of cream of tartar, and half a tea-spoonful of soda. Dissolve the soda in the milk, mix the sugar and flour together, and pour the following between the layers: one cup of sugar (maple is best), one-third of a cup of sweet milk, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, mix all together for fifteen minutes; stir till nearly cold, then flavor with vanilla.

HEMPSTAD.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I do want to see my letter printed, if y, please. I wrote to you, and so did my little sister Laura Maria, and I told mamma I guessed you never did get them. I wish you could see my cunning little puppy; his name is Ted. I coaxed mamma to write this; I hope it is not too long.

WALTER N. S. C.

Does Ted bark very loudly?

I live in Covington, on the Ohio River. I suppose you have heard about the Flood here. The river rose until it reached the roofs of many houses in Cincinnati and flowed over the roofs of many in Newport. Very many people suffered in Ohio and Kentucky, and many in the river from us, in Newport and Cincinnati. We gave up some of our public schools for the sufferers who were turned out of house and home. The people of Newport and Cincinnati, and some parts of Covington. I like you ever so much. I take painting lessons, and would like to correspond with M. K. S., but she does not address, so I send mine. Adieu. Ever your friend,

MAUDE H. BUCKNER.

317 Garrard Street, Covington, Kentucky.

SARAH, KANSAS.

I had a very nice little bird named Prince that grandmamma gave me. Prince was very tame; he would sit on my hand, and he liked my finger. One warm day he was in his cage on the porch, and a bee flew into his cage and stung him to death. I have two ponies, and ride to school. I have a pig named China.

GERTIE.

BRIGHTON, RHODE ISLAND.

Here is a little story I made up, which I hope you will print, dear Postmistress. Two or three years ago I had a great habit of lying awake a long time when I went to bed. Well, one night I was trying to go to sleep, and I thought I would count up to a hundred and back



a great many times, and see if I wouldn't go to sleep while doing it. I had counted up to fifty or more, when I heard a strange noise. I looked around and under the bed, but could see nothing. I thought it was the wind, but I went on to fifty again, but this time I heard a voice distinctly saying, "Let's weave a blanket for this little girl and take her to Dream-land, where she will be cured of her wakenfulness." "All right," said another. By this time my eyes had become more accustomed to the dark, and I saw that it was four figures that had been on my mind. The next thing they did was to jump on the floor and pick up all the threads and things that were on it, and they wove them into a most beautiful blanket. Then I felt very good and I went to bed and put on the blanket. Each little figure took hold of an end, and away we went in the air. We went at a tremendous speed, and I heard them say, "I felt very good and I went near Dream-land, and at the same time I began to feel sleepy, and that was the last thing I knew until morning." When that time I slept much better than ever before. Mamma says it was a dream, and that I dreamed it because I had been reading a fairy story; but I know better. CAMILLA R.

Did I dream that you asked me whether I preferred stories or letters from my young correspondents, or did one of the pictures flutter in with the inquiry? Never mind how I heard that you want to know. But I like both.

**DETROIT, MICHIGAN.**  
I am a little girl seven years old. I have a sister and two brothers. My youngest brother is a fat little cub, he is three years old, and is the pet of the house. I had some little kittens and a dog. My kittens died, and my dog was taken to the police station, so I have no pets except brother. My sister takes the pictures and I like them very much. I have just been reading some stories in it. Your friend,  
LEUELLA S. T.

Did a policeman arrest your dog? I hope he let him go home again.

**NEW BEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS.**  
I am a little boy five years old, and had my birthday last month. My mamma made me a birthday cake, and what do you think was in it? Why, a whole lot of love. I asked the little boys and girls to write and let you know when hoop, kite, and marble time came. I can tell you that it is kite time now, and my brother and I have two nice Japanese bird kites, and we have fine times flying them every pleasant day. We bought a small kite for a little boy three years old to fly in the woods, and he likes it very much.

I have a big brother seven years old, and we play together every day. We have a little baby brother almost five months old, and we have named him Stanley, but I think it is too long a name for a little baby. Don't you?

**HOWARD M. W.**  
It is a very pretty name, and so is yours.

**NORWICH, CONNECTICUT.**  
Hattie P. A. and her sister Gertie are the best players I have ever had. She did not come to school the other day, for some bad boys hit her with a snow-ball, and she got the carache. I think our teacher is the nicest teacher I ever had; her name is Miss L. She is reading "The Ice Queen," and I think it is ever so nice. JULIA S.

**NEW BRITAIN, NEW YORK.**  
I am a boy ten years old, and I have a named Chris; he can stand on his hind-legs and beg. I have not taken YOUNG PEOPLE very long, but I like it very much; I think "The Ice Queen" is very nice, and I like the other stories too. HAMILTON.

You have told about your dog, and here is Lewellyn telling about his:

**ATACAPUS, MINNESOTA.**  
I am a little boy six years old. We have two dogs, one of the dogs' name is Curly; he is a lazy old fellow, and does not do anything hardly. The other's name is Shep; he is the cattle dog. We have one cat, almost fifteen sheep, twenty cows, six working horses, six colts, and one pony. I like to hear the stories in your paper, especially the letters in the Post-office Box. I live on a farm three miles from town. LEWELLYN C.

Such a well-written letter from little Ruby!

**MANCHESTER, OHIO.**  
I am a little girl seven years old, and I like the pictures in YOUNG PEOPLE the best of all. I have a cat named Tawny, and she is fourteen years old, and has a nice little named Gertie, and a buggy to ride her in; and the best of all is my little baby brother, just four weeks old. Here is a quotation that I said in school one day: "Love the truth." RUBY D.

**PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.**  
I am a little boy seven years old, and my brother takes YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like the letters

very much, and I like "Long-acre Pond" too; but I liked the letters so much I thought I would write you. My brother has a fish; he calls it a sea-horse, and he is the only one I have ever had, but its head looks like a horse. He showed me a picture in a book about it; it is called in the book "Hippocampus." It is a funny-looking horse of fish. Have any of your friends got one? GEORGE W. P.

I have seen the funny, cute-looking fish sea-horses, and I am sorry the one your brother had is dead.

**CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.**  
I have two sisters and one brother, and when the "Salem" came to Chicago, we all came to see it first. I go to school, and at the last examination, and almost all others, have earned just what I need for reading, arithmetic, spelling, geography, history and grammar, music also; when I have a teacher. I go to Sunday-school, and am the organist, except when my sister, who is away at school, is at. I will close with the fear of making my letter too long. MABEL C.

Now, with a hop, skip, and a jump, we are off to California.

**MORE, CALIFORNIA.**  
DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I thought I would write because my school-mate was doing so too. I will first tell you about our school. I am a first class Reader, and study geography, writing, arithmetic, and drawing. I am nine years old. Our teacher reads HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE every afternoon.

I am very fond of reading history. I have read the life of George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, and Columbus, and have read the history of England, France, and Rome, and am reading Bryant's *History of the United States*. I think Henry V. was the best king of England, and the greatest general of his time. I think General Washington was the greatest hero of the United States. I think Napoleon I. and Julius Caesar were the greatest generals that ever lived.

**HARRY D. S.**

**HAMILTON, ONTARIO.**  
I am a little girl eleven years old. We take HARPER'S WEEKLY and YOUNG PEOPLE, but I like YOUNG PEOPLE the best, especially Jim Brown's stories, and I like "The Ice Queen" very much. We also take *Picturessque Canada*. I would like you to see it, for it would show you what we have a lot of places, and had a private school, and learn geography, spelling, history, grammar, French, and an beginning wood-carving with my auntie, besides taking music lessons. I have a lot of playmates, and had a joy just coming out; some one left the window open, so it froze. We have some hyacinths in bloom now. I have two pet cats; their names are Kate and Tom. JOE B. B.

**NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.**  
I am a little boy five years old, and as I can not write, I get my sister to write for me. I live in the United States, and I have a horse named the Lunatic Asylum, but I do not feel at all afraid of the crazy people. I have a brother and sister who are both older than I am, but I have a great deal of fun with them. As I do not know how to write, and can not tell you about that, I will have to tell you about my home. I have for pets two Maltese cats and a canary-bird. I have a great deal of fun with my cats; one of them lives in my bed and wakes me up every morning. I am learning how to ride on a very gentle horse that we have; I have only fallen off once, and that was because I had a horse named George, and a tree, and as I did not know how to guide her, I had to let her go along and pull me off; but it did not hurt me, and I have learned better now. I am getting tired of waiting for you to think of something else, I will have to stop. I think my first letter, I hope you will print it, for I want to see it. I love YOUNG PEOPLE. A. W. H. JUN.

**PORT ARTHUR, TEXAS.**  
I am eleven years old, but can not go to school, because I have rheumatism in my foot. Is not that too bad? Those who have had it will know that it is not much fun. Please read Postmistress, will you be so kind as to tell me if Jimmy Brown is a true person? In summer I have very pleasant times. I go hiking, and ride on the loads of hay; it is fun, I can tell you. I must say good-by. MAT P.

If by a true person you mean a real one, I can testify that Jimmy Brown is real. I am sorry you have rheumatism.

**BROCK, NEW YORK.**  
I am a little girl eight years old. I live over half a mile from the school-house. I have been at school two summers. There is so much snow that I do not go in the winter. I study at home, as I have said down hill. At school we have fifteen minutes' recess in the forenoon and afternoon, and an hour at noon. In the summer we play ball, tag, yard-sweep, and fish in the brook which

runs by the school-house. Then we go to the woods and get flowers and water-lilies and make play-houses. In the fall we have great fun in getting. My birthday comes the next day after New Year's. Sister made me a nice supper for me on a little table with just us children, and after supper we had lots of fun playing pantomimes. We always have a nice time on birthdays. Good-by. EZZA F.

Thanks for letters are due to Alice W., Harry D. H., Freddie S., M., Ellis R. B., Murray Marvin S., M. Annie McK., Dwight H., W. C. M., Lucie A., P. Q., Alice B. T., Pauline C. W., Mabel J. K., Herschel B., Lucie S. G., Pauline W., W. S. B., Amelia G., Edwin S. D., Louis M., Julia B. G., Hattie P. A., L. B., George P., Albert S. B., Gertrude L., Percy J. B., Annie C., Helen R., Alice N., Ella L., M. F. B., Pauline B., Grace D., Alice S., Abbie E. C., Grace V. W., M. and N., Grace W., Louise M., Maude C., and Marzie B.

Two little girls, Tillie M. P. and Tillie E. D., one a New Jersey and the other a Pennsylvania girl, deserve special mention for their pleasant favors.—Grace M. S.: Always send the answers at the same time that you send the puzzles, my dear. Little B.: I am sure the story very good, but can not make room for it. Thank you for sending it. Marian W. L.: Your bond, clear penmanship is delightful for tired eyes.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.  
TWO NUMERICAL ENIGMAS.  
1.—I was endowed by all teachers of YOUNG PEOPLE, and I am composed of 15 letters.  
My 1, 12, 5, 3, 9, resembles the earth.  
My 11, 10, 2, 14, 15 is a precious gem.  
My 5, 6, 7, 12, 1 is a spice.  
My 4, 10 is a very common fruit.  
My 8, 14, 2 is a beverage.

**ROBERT L. ALLEE.**  
2.—I am a familiar saying, and am composed of 27 letters.  
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 has a very changeable disposition. In the moment she laughs and the next she frowns.  
My 6, 7, 8, 9 always sets the village in a flutter, and makes the boys perfectly wild.  
My 13, 22, 34, 35, 36, 37 makes charming homes for my 21, 22, 33, 24, 25, 26, 37.  
My 14, 15, 16, 17 was shipped on the bride's finger.  
My 20, 19, 18 is good to eat.  
My 12, 10, 19, 18 is sometimes rough.  
My 11, 14, 2 is very provoking in a glove.

**MOTHER BUNCH.**

No. 2.  
TWO CROSS-WORD ENIGMAS.  
1.—First in ink, but not in dye.  
Second in ant, but not in fly.  
Third in waste, but not in float.  
Fourth in ship, but not in boat.  
Fifth in Mary, Kate, and Jane.  
My whole is heard of from plain to plain.

**JOSE L. S.**  
2.—First in glass, but not in wood.  
Second in clock, but not in hood.  
Third in blouse, but not in coat.  
Fourth in river, but not in moat.  
My whole is used in every house.

**HARRY STILES.**

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 238.

No. 1.— Ceylon  
Rica  
India  
Mediterranean  
Eucalypt  
A Raisins  
No. 2.— D R A W S N O W  
R A G E N O N E  
A G E S O N C E  
W E S T W E E D  
S T A R  
A M O S  
R E S T  
No. 3.— Bureau.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Emma Day, James Foland, Art Evans, Alice Switzer, Edna Lewis, Leona Mearns, Mamie Clarkson, Mabel and Emma R., Mike Call, Olive and Lillie, George E. Smith, Susie M. Shaw, M. H. Wildes, Damon and Pythias, Lucy Samson, Maggie Kells, Martin Inglis, Doty Leeson, and Tim McDonough.

The answer to the Rebus on page 330, No. 229, is, "Little strokes fell great oaks."

[For Exchange, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]

## RING GAMES.

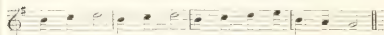
BY ALICE M. KELLOGG.

ONE of the pleasantest games with which to amuse a company of persons—thirty or more—is called "The Wandering Ring." It is easily played, and creates a great deal of fun.

Ask your friends to draw their chairs into a circle as large as the room allows. Then teach them this little melody:



Round and round the ring must wan-der Till it finds its right-ful own-er.



It is bright; It is fair; It must wan-der ev-'ry-where.

If there is a piano convenient, an accompaniment can be supplied by any one with a slight knowledge of music. This will help the singing, and make the game brighter, but it is not essential.

One person is selected, and it is his part to find the ring, which is passed from hand to hand in this way: Each one in the circle holds his left hand almost closed, and makes a motion with the right hand as if passing the ring from the left hand to his neighbor on the right.

The ring is started on its wanderings from hand to hand while the person in the centre is occupied in taking his position, or he may be blindfolded for a moment. The right hands should move in rhythm with the music; at each accented syllable the right hand should be at the left, removing the ring:

"Round' and round'  
The ring must wan-der  
Till' it finds'  
Its right-ful own'er.  
It is bright';  
It is fair';  
It must wan-der ev-'rywhere."

The finder, or one in the centre, is at liberty to open a hand where he thinks the ring is, and the merriment increases when he is disappointed by the make-believe concern of one who does not have it, and the concealed coolness of the one in whose hand the ring is waiting for an opportunity to be passed on. The person in whose hand the ring is found must take the place of the finder, and, if he wishes, another may be added to help him in his search.

This game may be varied in the following manner:

Take a heavy string and stretch it around the circle, each one holding it. Put a ring upon it, and tie the two ends together. Ask some one to stand inside and try to find the ring, which must be passed swiftly from one to another upon the string. Each one should keep his hands moving, in order to take the attention from the one who has the ring, which must be shifted about.



## "TAKEN."

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

"SO you've taken along your umbrella," said he;  
"You are wise, for a shower is coming, I see."  
He said to the girl,  
As he saw her unfurl  
Her paragon gamp, with its handle of pearl.

Then the wind sprang up, and it made her scud  
Over the crossings and into the mud.

"Oh no," cried she;

"It is plain to see

This great big umbrella has taken me."



# HARPER'S

# YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 23

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Tuesday, April 15, 1884.

Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$1.50 per Year, in Advance.



"DORA PLACED THE NEST IN THE GRIMY LITTLE HANDS."

## PEARL'S EASTER AT MERRIVALE.

BY AGNES CARR SAGE.

I.

"O H dear! oh dear! I do believe I am the most unhappy girl in the whole world!" and Pearl Brenton

shook back her long flowing curls, while the tears came showering down upon the book in her lap as fast as the April rain pattered and dashed against the window-pane.

"To be shut up here, all alone by myself, while all the others are having a good time! It is just too dreadful to be thought of!"

It was rather hard, for Pearl was a little American girl, far from home, at an English boarding-school, while her father and mother were also miles away, travelling for the health of the latter. But, worst of all, the school-girls were packing their trunks and bags, preparing to go home for the Easter holidays.

So it was that on this dark Good-Friday afternoon Pearl sat alone in the deserted school-room, while her companions with happy faces were folding their gowns and collecting their ribbons and trinkets.

"It is nice enough when Kitty and Daisy and the rest are here," sobbed Pearl; "but Miss Pelham and Miss Annie are so prim and precise that I shall have no one to talk to but the cat;" and down came the briny rain harder than ever.

Suddenly quick footsteps sounded along the corridor, the door was burst open, and in rushed a rosy little maiden, calling, "Pearl! Pearl! where are you?"

A doleful "Here, Daisy," from the window-seat, brought the new-comer in an instant to her side, who, waving a letter above her head, exclaimed:

"Oh, Pearl, such jolly news!—just hear what Mamma writes;" and she read aloud:

"I am so sorry for the disappointment of your little American friend; and if Miss Pelham will consent, shall be very glad to have her come to us for the Easter holidays. Give her the invitation, and say we shall look forward to seeing you both at Merrivale on Saturday."

It was wonderful the change that came over Pearl's face as she started up, all smiles, and crying out,

"Daisy Leigh, do you really mean that I am to go home with you for Easter?"

"Yes. I have seen Miss Pelham, and it is all settled. But you must hurry and pack up what you want to take, for some of the luggage goes to-night."

With arms entwined the girls hastened to the dormitory above to overhaul Pearl's wardrobe, and select the most suitable dresses for the coming festivities.

"For we have the jolliest kind of a time at Easter," said Daisy, "and papa keeps up all the old English customs. It is next best to Christmas, so you will have a chance, Pearl, to see some of our Kentish ways."

"That will be just splendid! And, Daisy, I mean to ask Miss Pelham to let me take my diamond ear-rings."

"Yes, do. They are so beautiful."

These ear-rings were a very foolish possession for a girl of thirteen, but an uncle of Pearl's had given them to her just before she left home, and she was very proud of them. As yet they had been worn but a very few times, so she was glad of a pretext to get them out of the iron safe where they were locked up for safe-keeping.

Miss Annie Pelham looked grave when she came with her request. "Do you think, Miss Brenton," she said, doubtfully, "that it is quite proper for you to wear such showy jewels on a country visit? Young girls here are content with silver ornaments."

"Oh yes," urged Pearl; "Mamma said I might wear them if I had any very special occasion, and I may have while I am in Kent." But in her heart of hearts Pearl knew well that her mother considered it extremely bad taste for a school-girl to wear expensive jewelry.

## II.

Saturday dawned in a bank of fog, and it seemed like riding through the clouds when the girls rattled away in a rickety old cab to the station, and were locked in a first-class carriage. The only other occupant was a deaf old gentleman, who went to sleep, covering his head with the morning Times.

"I have got my ear-rings in my pocket," said Pearl, after a while, "but I believe I will put them on."

"Oh, would you?" exclaimed Daisy. "Suppose we should meet a pickpocket?"

"Then they will be all the safer in my ears; and any-

way I shall feel more secure." Vanity had got the better of Pearl's good sense, and she argued to herself that "of course Mamma would want her to appear well when she went among strangers."

So the diamonds were fastened in, and Pearl felt quite like a young lady as she gazed from the window upon the greenest landscape she had ever seen, and caught a dim reflection of herself in the glass.

It was almost the middle of the afternoon when they steamed into B—, and Daisy cried, with delight, "There are the boys, the dear fellows!"

In another moment they were surrounded by a bevy of hearty English lads, in the highest spirits at meeting their pet sister, and Pearl was being introduced to Archie and Edwin and Giles and Fred, and thinking it was delightful to have such a lot of brothers to welcome one home.

"I have brought you another sister Margaret, boys," said Daisy; "but isn't it lucky we have different nicknames?"

"A pearl between two diamonds," whispered Giles to Edwin. "What richness!"

And some one else seemed to observe the sparkling gems, for a burly-looking man leaning against the wall eyed them keenly as Pearl tripped by with Archie, and was helped into the roomy coach waiting to convey the party to Merrivale, the homestead of the Leigh family.

"Isn't that Jim Hackett?" asked Daisy.

"Yes," said Archie, "and he seems to be worse than ever. Did you notice how rudely he stared at Miss Brenton, and never took the pipe from his mouth?"

"Who is he?" inquired Pearl.

"A poacher, and an idle, good-for-nothing fellow, who lives near Leigh," said Edwin. "The whole family are hard customers, and give us no end of trouble. But suppose we talk on a pleasanter subject. Have you ever spent an Easter in Kent before, Miss Brenton?"

"No, indeed," said Pearl; "and it was so very kind of your mother to invite me!"

Questions and answers followed in rapid succession until they turned into the oak-bordered avenue leading up to the old house of many gables, on the porch of which stood Mr. and Mrs. Leigh, and Daisy's sister Dora, a sweet-faced girl, who threw her arms around Pearl's neck, and bade her "welcome to Merrivale."

Dinner was soon served, after which Fred and Giles challenged the girls to a game of battledoor, and they romped until Pearl and Dora sank down on the rug before the blazing fire, completely worn out.

"The servants are going to keep the 'vigil of Easter,'" said Mrs. Leigh, "but I think you young folks had better retire early."

"What will they do?" asked Pearl, who had never heard of such a thing.

"Our maids are mostly Irish," explained Mr. Leigh, "and think a great deal of seeing Lent safely out. The cook has now a fat hen and piece of bacon boiling over the fire; but woe betide the person who dares to touch them before the cock crows, and they will sit up all night, singing and telling stories, hoping to be the first to see the sun dance on Easter morning."

"I would like to stay up too, but I am very tired," said Pearl; and seeing her eyelids droop, Mrs. Leigh ordered all the girls off to bed.

## III.

The party was soon safely tucked away, but it seemed to Pearl that she had just dropped asleep when she was aroused by loud shouting and the ringing of bells.

"What is the matter?" she cried, starting up in alarm.

"Nothing," laughed Daisy, who was cuddled comfortably under the clothes, "only it is twelve o'clock, and the servants are bidding Lent farewell." And soon, amid the clapping of hands and peals of laughter, they could distinguish the shouts of, "Out with Lent!" "Out with Lent!" on the lawn without.



"How funny it all is!" thought Pearl. But she thought it still more strange when, the next morning, Rosa, the pretty white-capped parlor-maid, ran in, crying joyfully, "Oh, Miss Daisy, the sun is dancing everywhere, and I was the very first one to see it, in a pail of water outside the door; so it's the lucky girl I will be the whole year."

Just then the notes of a glad carol were heard in the hall, and, peeping out, Pearl and Daisy saw the nursery children, looking like a band of choristers in their white night dresses, singing sweetly,

"Christ the Lord is risen again,  
Christ hath broken every chain.  
Hark! angelic voices cry,  
Singing evermore on high,  
Alleluia!"

The girls took up the refrain; it was echoed from the boys' room, and soon all were joining in the Easter hymn. "That sounds like home," said Pearl, while tears dimmed her eyes. "We used to sing it in Sunday-school."

The girls hurried their morning toilettes, and descended to the breakfast-room, which was fragrant with flowers, for at each plate lay a tiny bouquet. Daisy had a bunch of snow-drops; Pearl, violets; Archie, primroses; and so on round the board, each having a distinctive blossom.

"These are Dora's offerings," said Mr. Leigh, kissing the dark-eyed girl who was too delicate to be sent to school with her robust sister; "and there could be no more lovelier emblem of the resurrection. You must all wear them to church,

"To join with them who here confer  
Gifts to my Saviour's senucher,  
Devotion bids me hither bring  
Somewhat for my thank-offering.  
Soe thus I bring a virgin flower  
To dresse my maiden Saviour."

"Here comes the red herring on horseback!" broke in Fred, and all had a good laugh at Pearl's amazed face, when Rosa set on the table a curious little figure, somewhat resembling a man, formed of a dry herring, and mounted on a corn salad.

"This is in recollection of papa's Oxford days," said Edwin. "At Queen's College that is the first dish brought to the table on Easter-day."

"And very good it is," said Mr. Leigh, helping Pearl. She found it very nice, but made a wry face over the fanny pudding, which, however, every one was obliged to taste. "For this is one of the oldest customs of all," said Mamma, "and is eaten in memory of the bitter herbs of the Passover."

It was a pretty walk to church through the sweet-scented English lanes, and Pearl was much amused at the groups of village children they met on the way, all of whom dropped their courtesies or made awkward bows. They had their hands full of buns and cakes, and were going from house to house begging gifts for their Easter dinner in a funny little song, which they shouted lustily. It was addressed to the farmer's wife, and asked for "an egg, bacon, cheese, or an apple, or any good thing that will make us merry," the chorus ending with, "And I pray you, good dame, an Easter-egg." It was few houses they left empty-handed.

The old gray church was in festal dress, and the sunlight rested lovingly on the roses on the altar, and the golden-hearted lilies filling the font. The service was impressive; every one joined in the glad Easter carols, and the little American felt she should never forget her first Sunday in Kent. The homeward walk was very pleasant, and the rest of the day passed in quiet enjoyment.

#### IV.

"The Easter rabbit has come!" "The Easter rabbit has come!" shouted little Nannie and Nat, rushing into the girls' room, early on Monday morning. "He is out on the lawn now nipping fresh grass for his breakfast."

"Where did he come from?" asked Pearl.

"From the east warren, I suspect," laughed Daisy; "but the little ones think he is a sort of Easter Santa Claus, who brings us our Easter-eggs, and hides them away among the shrubs in the garden."

"What a pretty idea!"

"Yes, isn't it? It was taught us by a German governess we once had, and now we wouldn't think it was Easter if we didn't have an egg hunt."

Breakfast was made a short meal, for all were anxious to be out-of-doors, and oh! what fun it was diving under the bushes, and amidst the long lush grass, and coming suddenly upon a nest of beautiful red, blue, and orange eggs!

In a little while they all gathered, flushed and excited, in the porch, with their hands full of spoils.

The girls made nests of moss for theirs, but the boys preferred an egg fight, and soon crack, crack, sounded all over the lawn as they gave each other blow for blow, and crashed the eggs together. One was sure to be broken, and the remains were the spoils of the conqueror.

"See this sober little brown egg?" said Giles, coming up to Pearl. "He isn't as gay as the others, but he is a regular Wellington. He has smashed most of the other eggs."

"Here comes Daisy on the fly," interrupted Fred. "What's up, Peggy?"

"We're going a-pudding pieing! we're going a-pudding-pieing!" she cried, while all the children gathered round.

"Something more?" exclaimed Pearl. "I never was in such a jolly place."

"We can easily walk to the Barley-Mow," said Mr. Leigh, heading the procession, holding a twin by each hand. And away they went, with many a hop, skip, and jump, and burst of merry laughter, along the highway leading to Leigh village.

Half-way they passed a forlorn-looking girl sitting dejectedly by the road-side. Her gown was in tatters, her feet bare, and a mass of coarse, shaggy black hair fell over her face, almost concealing her eyes.

"She looks like a Shetland pony," remarked Edwin.

"It is Madge Hackett," said Dora. "Poor thing!" And she bade the girl a pleasant "Good-morning," who, however, only scowled, and had not the grace to respond.

"She is cross and sulky," said Daisy. "Leave her alone."

"Ah, I can't, she looks so unhappy, and her father is terribly cruel to her," and tender-hearted Dora approached the child, saying, "Won't you speak to me, Madge?"

"What do the likes of ye want with me?" she muttered.

"I want to wish you a happy Easter, and show you my Easter-eggs," And Dora held out her green nest of gayly tinted eggs.

"Oh, how pretty!"

"Would you like to have them?"

"Me, miss? Oh no!" And she glanced at her soiled hands. "They are too nice for me."

"But I would like to give them to you," And Dora placed the nest in the grimy little hands.

The girl was evidently pleased, but she only asked, "Are they good to eat?"

"No. Are you hungry?"

"Awful. 'Ain't had nothin' since yesterday."

"You poor child! But come with me, and I will get you something." And she led the half-resisting girl down the road; for the others had left them far behind.

"If Dora isn't bringing that elfish little beggar right down to the inn with her!" cried Giles, looking back. "And I do believe she has given her her Easter-eggs, too. She always was a little goose about poor folks."

In the doorway of the "Barley-Mow" stood the buxom landlady, beaming with smiles, as she cried,

"Hand it's proud I ham to see you, young ladies and young gentlemen; and the pudding-pies are beautiful, and a-waiting to be heuten."

"Hope she didn't add any of her superfluous h's to



"PEARL FASTENED THE JEWELS IN HER EARS."

them!" laughed Pearl in Fred's ear, as she followed the others to a neat parlor, where plates were laid for all, and in the centre of the table stood the pudding-pies. Each was about the size of a small saucer, made with a raised crust, and filled with custard, over which currants were lightly sprinkled.

"These pies are peculiar to Kent," said Archie to Pearl.

"They are delicious. I wish I could introduce puddings into America."

Dora came in late, and slipped into a place beside her father; but she would not eat until she had carried out a pie to Madge, who was perched up like a gypsy maid on the horse-block.

V.

"Wear your pretty ear-rings, Pearl," said little Nannie, that afternoon, as she watched the girls dressing for the Easter tea at the school-house. "The little village girls will open their eyes so when they see them."

"I think I would better," said Pearl, who thought it would be great fun to "astonish the natives." "It will be safer than leaving them home."

"Yes, do," urged Nannie; "you look so pretty with them; and they are bigger than Lady Maud's."

So, as Dora had left the room, Pearl fastened the jewels in her ears, trying to think that mamma would consider this a very special occasion.

It was very pleasant work distributing buns and cakes among the clean, rosy-cheeked little children, and Pearl joined in it heart and soul, patting the curly heads, and feeling quite delighted when one little tot asked if the pretty lady with the stars in her ears were a princess.

But her pleasure was somewhat damped when she overheard the rector's wife, as she was putting on her things, remark to another lady: "That little girl with the Leighs

is remarkably graceful and lady-like, but I don't know what kind of a mother she can have, to allow such a child to wear diamond ear-rings at a school feast."

She could hardly smother her anger, and hurried Daisy off some time ahead of the others.

"We will go through Bread-and-cheese Lane, and see if the hawthorn is in bloom," suggested Daisy. This was a lonely road, bordered by a high hedge. They found the coveted blossoms, and were hurrying on through the twilight, when a tall figure suddenly stepped from behind a tree, and a hoarse voice shouted, "Stop!"

Daisy fell back with a frightened cry, but Pearl boldly demanded, "Who are you?"

"Never mind who I be," said the man, "but just hand over those shiny ear-rings afore you go a step further."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," said Pearl, though her heart beat fast; and Daisy whispered, "Oh, Pearl, it is that dreadful Jim Hackett!"

"Yes, you will, and pretty quick, too," said the man, "or else I'll take 'em without your kind permission;" and he laid a heavy hand on Pearl's shoulder. She was now thoroughly frightened, and attempted to scream, but a handkerchief was stuffed in her mouth, and the ruffian was about to clutch one of the gems, when, darting through the hedge, came a small figure, who struck down the up-raised arm, and stood directly in front of Pearl.

"Touch a friend of Miss Dora's if yer dare!" she cried, and the girls recognized little gypsy Madge. Voices, too, now sounded down the road, and Mr. Leigh and his sons came hurriedly up, at sight of whom the man struck the girl to the ground, leaped the hedge, and disappeared.

Gently the lads lifted Madge, who was stunned by the blow; but it was some time before she could tell how she happened to come upon the scene at the right moment.

"Yer see," she said, "I went up in the attic to hide away my Easter-eggs, when I hear talking in the kitchen. I puts my ear to a knot-hole and listens. I hear father say as how the ear-rings are worth a mint o' money, and he could easily come it over two girls on their way from the school feast, take 'em away, and be off for London afore sunrise. If it had a been anybody else I wouldn't have interfered; but I knows as how the young lady was a friend of Miss Dora's, who gave me the lovely Easter-eggs, so as soon as father starts out I up and away to the school to warn the young ladies. When I got there they were gone, but I tells Muster Leigh, and then tears down here as fast as I can, for I was afraid they 'ud be too late."

"You are a bright, brave girl," cried Mr. Leigh, while Pearl sobbed out her thanks, adding, "I have been well punished for being so silly and vain."

"I don't dare to go home," said Madge, with a shudder. "Father will kill me, sure." So the Leighs gladly took her with them to Merrivale.

Dora met them at the door, and was surprised enough when Pearl threw her arms round her neck, crying,

"You dear little guardian angel! your Easter-eggs have saved my diamonds," while Archie added,

"I take back all I said; Dora is the wisest of us all, and the Shetland pony has turned out a regular little brick."

As for Madge, she was quite happy, enjoying a good supper in the kitchen, and next day the three girls drove into B—, where Pearl spent all her pocket-money for two suits of neat, serviceable clothes, all for Madge.

The remainder of the week passed only too quickly, and when Daisy and Pearl returned to school they left Madge Hackett installed as nurse to baby Carroll.

The ear-rings were returned to Miss Pelham. As she turned the key in the safe Pearl drew a sigh of relief, saying, "I never want to see them again until I am grown up."

The next day she wrote to her mother: "The Leighs are all charming. Daisy is a darling, but Dora is an angel; and the loveliest holiday I ever spent was my Easter at beautiful Merrivale."

## LITTLE HUGO.

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS.  
I.

ON the top floor of a house which reared its great head of brick as if it would touch the sky, and poured from its chimney mouths wreaths of black smoke, lived a little blind boy whose father worked in the piano factory below.

He had never, since infancy, seen the daylight, never beheld the beauty of clouds or flowers, and in consequence of his affliction was not allowed to venture from the rooms which were his home.

But his ear was quick to detect sounds. Above the din of the factory, the jar and whir of wheels, the outside rumble of vehicles, and the street cries, he

could hear the foot-fall he knew so well and the voice he loved, and no sooner did the father enter than the boy's arms were quickly about his neck, and warm kisses were showered on his cheeks and lips.

He had no mother, and in vain had the father been urged to send the child to an asylum to learn to read and employ himself.

"Not yet, not yet; there is time enough," would be the only answer; and so all alone, except for the old charwoman, lived Carl Brandt.

Was it any wonder that he was strangely different from other children, that his only companions were Puss, the cat, and her kittens, and Fido, the dog which slept beside him and ate from his soup bowl? And would it not have been stranger had he been a romping little elf? As it was, he lived in a world of his own, peopled by beings who never showed themselves to others, but who were as real to him as those of solid flesh and blood.

His one occupation, besides feeding his pets and watering the roses and geranium which grew in pots on the window-sill, was that of knitting. The old woman had taught him, and proud he was of this work. But even the knitting was forgotten when the fairies came.

Next to the piano factory was a concert hall, where musicians brought their violins and cellos, and Carl then sat for hours with his ear against the wall listening to the sweet sounds, which could be easily heard through the partitions.

Borne on the waves of melody came his little visitors, trooping, flocking in, with tales of wild adventure by land and by sea, till Carl, lost in day-dreams, forgot that the day was over.

He had once been listening thus, his curly head pressed against the wall, Fido at his feet and Puss in his arms, when it seemed to him that a voice called him.

"Carl! Carl!" it said, "come with me. It is time you sought to make these sweet sounds yourself. Why do you not try? I will aid you. Come—follow, follow me."

The call was repeated; the "follow, follow me," was at first loud and clear, then faint and far away. Carl rose to his feet, and put out his hands to touch the creature that called, but no one was near save Puss, and Fido, who whined in a reproachful manner at being disturbed.

Again the voice came floating on the air, as sweet as a bird's warble in the spring sunshine, "Follow, follow me."

Carl reached for the willow staff he used when walking, and groped his way to the staircase. Down, down, down he went, and still the voice lured him on. He was sure now that it was a bird—not the little twittering sparrows he so often fed, but a bird that could soar up into heaven if it chose.

His father often took him to a square on a holiday where he could hear the plashing of a fountain; and Sunday mornings were precious for the chimes which rang out from church towers. This voice was the mingling of bells and dripping water, and its "follow, follow," still led him on.

At the foot of the staircase he paused. The rattle of the street and the whirr of the wheels confused him, but he turned out of the open door, and into another which was close at hand, for, faint as the voice seemed, it was distinct, and now lured him to ascend again. Up, up he went, as he had gone down before, and he was rewarded by a greater distinctness and an increase of the call.

Groping along, with one hand outstretched, and pressing his stick with the other, Carl felt a door yield to his touch. As it opened the voice burst upon him in all its fullness, carolling, gushing, and pouring out a flood of



Easter.



"CARL! CARL!" IT SAID, "COME WITH ME!"

melody. He knew now that it was no bird, but a human being to whom God had given the beautiful gift of song.

Rapt and intent, he listened, his sightless eyes closed, their lashes resting on his colorless cheeks, his long flaxen locks hanging on his shoulders, and his lips parted as if to drink in the full sweetness of the song.

"Madre mia!" exclaimed a dark-eyed young girl, who, with wraps on her arms, was waiting for her mistress, the singer, to finish her exercises.

"What is it, Carlotta?" asked the man-servant, they two being the only listeners besides the pianist who was accompanying the singer.

"Look at that child! He is the image of the young Milton that hangs in madame's boudoir. How did he get here, Hugo?"

"How should I know? I am not door-keeper. Shall I put him out?"

"No! no! Do you not see he is blind?"

"Some hungry little beggar, I suppose."

"Never! He has the face of an angel. Ah! madame sees him. She beckons to you. Go."

The man obeyed, turning with some sullenness to bring the child to his mistress, but the child drew back from his muttered reproof, and would have fled from the room had not Carlotta's kind tones checked him.

"Come with me," she said. "Madame wishes to speak to you."

"Is it the one whose voice is that of a bird?" asked Carl.

"Yes! yes! Listen, madame! Do you hear what the child says?"

The singer smiled, but tears came to her beautiful eyes.

"Do you like music, my child? Is that why you listen to my singing?"

"Oh, lady, your voice seemed to come from heaven when it cried 'Follow, follow me.' I was in the next house, and it led me here. I wonder if the angels sing as you do?"

"Much better, my dear. They have no sin to choke and stifle them. But do you not sing or play yourself?"

"No. I have no one to teach me. My father works hard, and is tired. Besides, he only helps to make instruments."

"How would you like to learn the violin?"

Carl clasped his hands in ecstasy.

"You would? Then you shall. I will come and see you to-morrow, after my practice. We must go now. Carlotta will take you home, so that we may know where to find you."

This was the beginning of Carl's career. After that the violin was seldom out of his hands, for the singer, touched by his blindness and his genuine admiration of her voice, was true to her promise, and besides giving Carl a violin, saw that he was taught to use it. Not only did he learn its strings and notes, its wonderful capacity, but he made it the medium of his dreams and fancies, his hopes and longings, and poured forth his own soul upon its waves of harmony.

## II.

Months and years had passed by.

On a narrow hospital bed lay a dark-eyed woman, listening to the voices of two nurses near her. Beside her was a little child asleep.

"He is to be allowed to see to-day," said one of the nurses.

"Is that so? I wonder how the world will look to him?"

"Dark enough, I warrant."

"He is quite famous."

"Yes; have you not heard him play?"

"Often, going past his door."

"He was once a poor boy."

"Very badly."

"The doctors are very proud of this. He is a good patient, and all the world will hear of it."

The sick woman was gazing at them with her great brown eyes.

"Tell me who you are speaking about?" she whispered, faintly.

"The celebrated violinist whose eyes have been operated upon so successfully."

"Is his name Carl?"

"Carl—Carl Brandt—yes, I think that is it."

"Oh, will you not bring him to me, please?" said the woman, in a beseeching voice.

"Here to you! Oh, you do not know what you ask. Besides, he is to leave to-day in triumph."

"But he is a friend of mine. I beg you will bring him to me. Look here"—drawing from beneath her pillow a little golden chain—"if you will bring Carl to me I will give you this."

After a while—an age it seemed to the poor woman—the nurse, who was determined to possess the golden chain, returned, leading a tall youth with flaxen hair and bandaged eyes, bearing a violin in his arms.

"Carl," said the woman, softly.

"Madam," was the reply.

"You know me, then?"

"Of course I know you. You are Carlotta. Was it not your kind voice which first I heard when you led me to my benefactress?"

"I am very wretched, Carl. Hugo was unkind to me, and left me, and here I am with my poor baby."

The youth seemed deeply troubled, and taking up his violin, said, "Let me comfort you."

He played very gently a barcarole, a lullaby, and the woman listened until he began a hymn, when a happy, peaceful smile came over her sad face.

At last, as he paused, she spoke, but so low that Carl bent to listen. "I am going away, Carl. Who will care for my little baby Hugo?"

"I will," was the answer, firmly, gladly given. "You were very good to me when I was a poor boy, and I will be good to your baby; he shall never suffer while I live."

The child stirred in his sleep, and threw a dimpled arm on Carl's neck.

"God will bless you," was the answer; and then, with a long, long sigh, the faint breath became fainter.

"Come away, sir," said the nurses; but Carl pushed aside the bandage from his eyes to look upon the poor mother and the little child.

Just then from the church tower near came the tones of an Easter carol:

"Christ the Lord is risen to-day."

As it ended, Carl took the sleeping child in his arms beside the violin, and bore both away.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE HELMET-CREST OF MERIDA.

BY ARTHUR R. LINDSLEY

SANTA Maria! How well I remember that wild and strange-looking valley! Dreary and dismal, with cold and snow, and yet it lies in the midst of the torrid zone.

In the torrid zone! Yes, but nearly twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, and only a very short distance below the line of perpetual snow. The valley is less than a mile wide, and extends about three miles in length, winding somewhat from northeast to southwest. Snow is all about it, for the peaks on either hand run up so far that they never lose their frozen coat, and even in the valley itself, though the ground is mostly thawed, and plants blossom, yet close by them ice may still be found in shaded places.



Santa Maria!—Holy Mary! On the lips of those who inhabit the mountainous regions about, with the peculiar softness of their accent, the name always had for me a very charming sound—*Sáñcta Máh-ree-ya*. I can hear it now, and I can plainly see the valley as I first saw it when I looked down from the fearful pass at its head, the Boca de Inferno—a strange name to be associated with the sweet title of the plain below, for it means "The Gate of Hell." But if you could enter that pass, and work your way down to the Santa Maria, you would not, I believe, deem it at all remarkable that the two names are thus used together.

The Santa Maria lies between two of the highest ridges of the Sierra Nevada de Merida. There is a Sierra Nevada in almost every mountainous region where Spanish is the language commonly spoken, for the words simply mean snow mountains. Do you know this particular one? If not, it will do you no harm to look it up on your map. You will not probably find the name of the valley, but Venezuela is there, and if your map is a good one you will find Merida in one of the States of that country.

The sun was shining in full tropical glory on the day when I rode out from Ejido (*Ay-hée-do*) to begin my mountain climb to the Santa Maria. I had employed a guide to conduct me across the west ridge of the Sierra and down the valley of Caparra, to San Antonio, on the bend of the river, where it turns eastward. Ahead of us, at the distance of about twenty miles, rose the mighty wall of the mountains, two peaks of which were each over 15,000 feet in height. We were to cross by a pass between these peaks, which had itself an elevation of 13,200 feet, and whose sudden ending was the Boca de Inferno. We could ride but eight miles of the distance, and were to leave our mules at a small ranch there till Mateo should return.

The eight miles were passed within two hours, and we commenced our mountain climbing in earnest. The way was steep and very rough, but it was no worse than paths I had often travelled, and I enjoyed greatly the wild magnificence of the scenery as we advanced. Noon passed, the day crept onward, and we crept upward, until, just as the sun was setting, we reached the spot where Mateo said we were to camp for the night.

Our supper was soon eaten, and, wrapped in our blankets, we lay down to rest, and to sleep if we could. Mateo seemed to know no difference between his present lodging and his palm-thatched hut in Ejido, but with me it was quite another matter. The wildness of the scene, the roughness of the surface, and the cold gave me but little rest. The sky was as clear and the stars twinkled as sharply as we ever see them on a winter's night, and I lay there and thought of Whittier's poem describing the crossing of the Sierra Nevada of California by Colonel Fremont:

"All night above their rocky bed  
They saw the stars move slow,  
The dark Sierra overhead,  
The desert's death below.

"The night waned slow, At length a glow,  
A gleam of hidden fire,  
Sprang up behind those walls of snow,  
And tipped each icy spire."

You may be sure it was a joyful sight to me when the sunlight glimmered on that peak more than two thousand feet above me, and I knew that the day had come.

But we were still five hundred feet below the summit of the pass, to gain which required three hours of hard work. When we first set out the travelling was only like that which any mountaineer expects to meet. I was constantly wondering where the fearful difficulties were to be met of which I had heard on the plains below, and which Mateo had often mentioned in his disjointed, half-muttered sentences.

I had really come to believe that it had all been greatly

exaggerated, and that I was to see nothing very wonderful or terrible, when all at once our path, rough and narrow as it had been, came to an end directly against a huge block of solid granite, not less than fifty feet in height, which closed the way entirely from side to side. I could see no possibility of going a step farther.

"Hóla, Mateo! Donde ahora. El camino acaba aquí" (Where now, Mateo; road stops here).

His reply was to creep through a crevice at the side, which I had failed to see. Then he uttered one word—"Mire Vd." (Look).

I crept through after him, and as I looked I sprang back in positive fright. We were standing where a leap would have landed us fifteen hundred feet below, in the head of the valley of Santa Maria.

There appeared to be no possible way of descent, no room to take a single step further. We were on the brink of a precipice that dropped sheer to the plain. "Mateo," I cried, "donde podemos ir? Esto es terrible" (Where can we go; this is dreadful).

"Terrible!" growled Mateo. "Esta es la Boca de Inferno." And I no longer needed to be told the origin of the name; it is well deserved.

But dreadful as it was, our way was before us, and there was no other. Mateo waited for nothing, but muttering "Bajaremos" (Down we go), he started, and I followed. I was close at his heels, my hand was on the rock, and my heart was in my mouth. We crept five or six feet to the left, around a projecting knob, along a ledge which was scarcely so wide as the soles of my feet. All that hindered the weight of my shoulders from throwing me off and down was that with my hands I clung to rough pieces of the rock about on a level with my head. This terrible, this frightful place was fortunately very short, and then the ledge became wider, and the slope of the cliff at my left receded so that I could stand erect and firm.

Our path for the remainder of the distance down to the Valley was extremely rough and steep; it was, in fact, one of the worst mountain trails I ever saw; but it was only difficult, not dangerous, and in what seemed a very short time we reached the plain of the Santa Maria Valley, and stopped to refresh ourselves, and to rest at a spring.

Now all this scene of that mountain climbing and of that frightful Boca de Inferno, with the strange valley below it, has come fresh to my mind, and made me wish to tell it to you, just because of the sight of the beautiful drawing which you have before you. For it was in the Santa Maria that I first saw the lovely little helmet-crests, and it is in the high valleys of the Sierra Nevada, from nine thousand feet upward, that they make their summer home. I have never seen them anywhere else, nor do I know that they have been found in any other region, though of course in the winter they must go lower down.

A strange place, you may say, for humming-birds, up among the ice and snow. And truly it does seem so; but doubtless they know best where they like to live. Humming-birds they are, beyond question, and most lovely ones, too, though a little less gorgeously colored than most of the species which swarm among the flowers of the tropical lowlands.

The one which we have in the drawing is called *Oxy-pogon guerini*. The word *oxypogon* means sharp beard, and you can readily see the reason for the name; but I like the name helmet-crest much better, and it is the one which their first describer gave to them. There is another, *Oxy-pogon lindeni*, very similar indeed, to this, so much so that I fear you would scarcely distinguish them. The beautiful black-and-white helmet and the white-pointed beard are almost alike in the two, but do you see that dark throat in the picture? In *O. guerini* that is a dark



A PAIR OF "HELMET-CRESTS."

emerald green, which sparkles and flashes like a plate of polished metal. In *O. lindeni* it is much narrower, and the green only forms a border, the centre being much lighter. *O. guerini* is also distinguished by its size; it is decidedly the smaller of the two. They inhabit the same regions. I saw them both in the Santa Maria Valley; saw, in fact, in one instance *Lindeni* and *Guerini* on the same bush, and could tell them at once from their size.

Many humming-birds are characterized by crests, some of them of most wonderful beauty; but I know none which, as they are flitting about, give a more lovely display by contrast of color than these charming little helmet-crests. Perhaps it is because in the dreary scenes in

which I have seen them we naturally do not expect to find the rich hues and the flashing brightness that we see dancing among orange flowers or the sweet clusters of a coralila.

Look at the drawing: see the bare twigs on which that nest is placed, and then imagine how bright and rich in comparison would show the bronze-green back, the coppery tail feathers, with their light shafts, the purple-brown wings, the clear black and white of the crest and the beard, and I believe you would say without hesitation that up in the Santa Maria a helmet-crest would excite higher admiration than would the most gorgeous species ever seen within more habitable limits.



"THE JOYFUL EASTER ANGELS CAME TO PAUSE WHERE JESUS LAY."

EASTER.—By MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

**T**HAT day, in old Jerusalem, when Christ, our Lord, was slain,  
I wonder if the children hid, and wept in grief and pain:  
Dear little ones, on whose fair brows His tender touch had been,  
Whose infant forms had nestled close His loving arms within.

I think that very soberly went mournful little feet  
When Christ, our Lord, was laid away in Joseph's garden sweet,  
And wistful eyes grew very sad, and dimpled cheeks grew white,  
When He who suffered babes to come was prisoned from the light.



But hark, on the sleeping world on Easter dawn had stirred,  
 From the half-fallen east had wafted the earliest bird,  
 Some little child whom Jesus loved in slumber may have smiled,  
 In turning of an angel's wing to happy slumber beguiled.

For, hasting down from heaven above while still the east was gray,  
 The angels hasten eager down to house where Jesus lay;  
 Softening, strong, the celestial rays swept along the eaves,  
 But veiled their faces in the hour that saw our Lord arise.

Oh, still, when we had sat awhile, and scarce our tears can see,  
 The angels of the Easter-time are sent our help to be;  
 And doubtless he whose task it was to roll the stone away  
 Is felt in homes where shadows brood, a presence sweet to-day.

With beaming looks and eager words the glad surprise he gave;  
 To those who sought their buried Lord, and found an empty grave;  
 He knew Christ had conquered death, Heaved the Prince of Life,  
 And none of all His followers shall fail in any strife.

Oh, little ones, around the cross your Easter garlands twine,  
 And bring your precious Easter gifts to many a sacred shrine,  
 Attendant words were fast and clear—the scarples singling too—  
 In homage to the Mighty One who died and rose for you.

To churches grand, to chambers dim, to mounds all green and low,  
 Your hands are crowned with snow-flowers, in white possessions go;  
 And, better still, let offerings of pure young hearts be given  
 On Easter-day to Him who reigns the King of Earth and Heaven.

## A TURKISH HERO.

BY DAVID KER.

"CAPTAIN DERVISCH will proceed instantly to the ferry of Grazovo with thirty men, secure the ferry-boat, and await farther orders."

So spoke Omar Pasha, commander-in-chief of the Turkish army in the revolted province of Herzegovina. Not a line of his calm, stern face softened as he spoke, and the tall, handsome young Turkish officer whom he addressed listened with equal coolness, although both speaker and hearer knew well that such an order was little less than a sentence of death.

It was easy to say, "Secure the ferry-boat." To do it was a very different matter. In order to secure that boat the young captain would have to cross a swollen and furious river, to cut the boat loose from a bank swarming with marksmen who could kill a mountain goat at three hundred yards, and to bring it back across the stream in spite of all that they could do to prevent him. To most men such a task would have seemed impossible; but not so to Dervisch Aga.

Coolly and carefully the young soldier chose out his thirty followers—men whose stubborn courage was equal to his own, and who would have marched into the smoke of a battery as calmly as if they were strolling through the streets of Constantinople. A short march through the woods—which were now green with all the fresh beauty of early summer, and so still that it was hard to believe that men could really be going forth to kill each other under those peaceful shadows—brought the devoted band to their appointed place, and they halted just where the low promontory of Grazovo, wooded to the very water's edge, jutted out into the rushing river.

Alongside this point the ferry-boat had formerly been moored; but it was gone, and there was no sign of it on either side of the stream. Had the enemy destroyed it? and, if so, what was to be done?

But it was Dervisch Aga's custom, instead of wasting time in thinking whether a thing could be done or not, to go and do it. Ordering his men to creep into the bushes and lie close, he started off along the bank by himself, keeping well under cover; for although the opposite shore was completely hidden by the thicket, he knew that behind that leafy wall the fierce warriors of Herzegovina were crouched, rifle in hand, ready to deal death to the first Turk who showed himself.

He had gone about a quarter of a mile up the stream, when suddenly his face brightened, and a muttered "Ta-

yeek!" (good) broke from his lips. Just opposite the point where he stood the matted thickets of the farther shore ended in a wide, bare, dusty flat, upon which no living thing was to be seen; and moored to a stump beside this clearing lay the long-sought ferry-boat.

This was enough, and the young captain at once hurried back to his men.

"Light a fire, quick, and pile wet leaves on it to make plenty of smoke; then scatter yourselves among the bushes, and when the enemy begin to fire at you, do you keep firing back, with as much shouting and noise as you can make, that they may think your numbers greater than they are. Don't expose yourselves needlessly, but take up their attention as much as possible, and leave the rest to me."

The men obeyed without a word, and they had not long to wait. The rising smoke, and the red Turkish caps glancing among the leaves, soon drew the attention of the ambushed Herzegovins on the other side, who, thinking that the Turks were attempting to cross the river from the point under cover of the smoke, opened fire at once.

Instantly both banks echoed with the crackle of musketry, while tongues of fire kept darting through the eddying smoke-clouds that overhung the water. The Turks, though sheltered by the under-growth, began to fall fast beneath the bullets that rattled around them like hail; but still they fought doggedly on, resolute to obey their leader's orders while a single man of them was left.

Meanwhile Dervisch, having made up his mind that the only way to get the boat was to swim over and cut it loose himself, prepared to do so now that his enemies were fully occupied. He went up the stream to a point from which, as he calculated, the current would sweep him slantwise down to where the boat lay. The next moment he was five yards out in the foaming water.

The force of the current was tremendous, but Dervisch put forth all his strength, and fought his way foot by foot toward the opposite shore. And now he could see the boat plainly—and now he was within a few yards of it—and now his hand actually grasped its side—when up out of the bushes rose the savage face and levelled gun of a Herzegovin warrior, who had thought it worth while to come up and see that the boat was all safe at her moorings.

Bang! A bullet whistled close to Dervisch's head, and the marksman rushed forward with clubbed rifle, uttering a yell that was hoarsely echoed from the woods behind. There was not a moment to lose. Dervisch caught up an oar, felled the man to the ground, and slashing the mooring rope asunder, pushed the boat out into the stream. But just then half a dozen rifles cracked from the thicket, and poor Dervisch, flinging up his arms, with a sharp cry, fell headlong into the water.

His foes raised an exulting yell; but it died away as they saw the precious boat floating swiftly down the river, and, worse still, drifting toward the Turkish position. Their cries of rage were answered by a loud taunting laugh, which was heard above all the din of the fight. Dervisch Aga, whose seeming death had been only a feint, had dived under the boat, and keeping it between himself and his enemies, was guiding it toward the point. A triumphant cheer burst from his few surviving soldiers as the young hero, bruised, wet, and weary, but undaunted as ever, brought his prize safely ashore.

"Aferin, Dervisch Aga!" well done, Captain Dervisch, was all that Omar Pasha said when he came up, an hour later, and found the ferry-boat "secured" as he had directed, and the young captain, with only nine of his thirty men left alive, awaiting farther orders.

At the General's right hand rode a bronzed, bearded, keen-eyed man, the war correspondent of an English journal. He had seen and admired that morning the soldier-



like coolness with which young Dervisch had accepted his desperate mission, and when he heard this splendid feat dismissed with a few cold words he could restrain himself no longer.

"Is that all that your Excellency has to say to this fine fellow?" cried he, indignantly. "How can you expect your men to fight with any heart if this is all the acknowledgment they get? You've often told me that we English don't know a good officer when we see him, but we should have promoted that lad on the spot."

"Well, don't excite yourself," said Omar, quietly. "There's a colonelcy vacant now, and, if you like, Dervish Aga shall become Dervish Bey" (colonel).

And so he did, and Dervish Bey is now Dervish Pasha. Not long ago I saw him in Egypt as the Sultan's special ambassador, and one of the greatest men in Turkey.

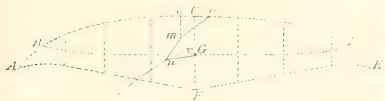
## KITES OF THE SOUTH-SEA ISLANDERS.

BY W. C. BIRBY.

ONE afternoon, in the village of Paibibi, on Maui, one of the Sandwich Islands, I saw, at a considerable distance from me, a curious object floating in the air, and at first mistook it for a large bird. It would glide about in graceful curves or dart suddenly toward the ground, only to soar upward just as suddenly, or poise motionless, save for a slight flapping of its wings.

But my blissful ignorance was soon dispelled by the laughter of a friend, who assured me that I was gazing at one of the kites of the cannibals—a name sometimes sportively applied to a number of natives of the Gilbert Islands who immigrated to Maui some two years since. They are a more barbarous people than the Hawaiians, but seem to be amiable, and I have never known them to eat anything worse than a shark.

Wishing to see this new variety of kite, I started immediately for the scene of action, and was soon in the



midst of a dozen or more men and women, about half of whom had kites, which were larger than I had supposed, being from thirteen to fifteen feet wide, and two to three feet high. When I arrived several were floating high in the air, almost directly over the men who held the strings—sometimes, indeed, sailing directly over them.

I watched for some time their graceful bird-like motions, and then tried to buy one. They seemed loath to part with them, however, and it was only after I had exhausted nearly all my persuasive powers and all the small change in my pockets that I succeeded in obtaining one. My awkward endeavors to carry it away with me were greeted with much laughter, until one of the cannibals showed me the proper way to handle it.

The diagram which I have made of one of these kites will enable any enterprising boy to make one. As no tail is used, great care must be taken to make it perfectly symmetrical. It is also desirable to have the kite very light, and yet as stiff as possible.

In the specimen that I have each of the two longest pieces of the frame consists of three sticks neatly spliced together. The paper is not pasted on the frame, but is so neatly tied on that it is difficult to detect the difference.

The balance is constructed as follows: tie the two ends of a string at *o, o*. To the middle of this string tie one end of a second string, and fasten the other end at *G*.

Make a loop in the second string by tying a knot at *n*; *o m* should be exactly nine inches long, *m n* eight and a half inches, and *n G* seventeen inches.

In the diagram *A E* represents thirteen feet, and *C F* thirty-one and a half inches.

These kites fly best in the gentlest kind of a breeze. The sticks *D C B, D G B*, are about half an inch thick; *A F* and *E F* are about a quarter of an inch thick.

In the diagram dotted lines represent sticks.

## THE ICE QUEEN.\*

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

### CHAPTER XXVII.

#### FINDING SNOW-BIRDS AND LOSING THE CAPTAIN.

JIM knew he must keep quiet, so he stood like a statue, trying to forget his stinging ears, until the flock had recovered from its surprise, when he knocked over a second bird.

It was slow and very cold work, but the boy stuck to it bravely until his fingers became so stiff that he could not manage his little weapon, and then he crept down to the stove to dance about and wring his hands with pain as the heat of the room set them aching.

As soon as possible he went out again—missed twice and hit once. Just as he was taking aim a third time his foot slipped, and he tumbled backward, followed by a small avalanche, which half buried him at the foot of the rock. When he picked himself up, every feather had disappeared.

Running round to the front, he found two dead birds and three wounded ones, whose necks were speedily wrung. Never was a boy prouder than this young sportsman as he laid his trophies in a row and admired them.

"What a delicious broth they will make!" cried Katy, who longed to taste something really good.

"I'm hungry enough to eat 'em raw, like an Indian. Oh, Tug, look what I've got!" Jim added, as his friend opened the door and stood shaking off the snow.

"Good for you! I've got nothin' 'cept a mighty good appetite. Why, they're cross-bills and red-polls."

"What are they?"

"Birds that come down in winter from away up north. This little streaked sparrow-like fellow, with the rosy breast and the red cap, is the red-poll; they say he never breeds south of Greenland. Now look at these larger ones—see how strong the bills are, and how their points cross! That's so they can twist the hard scales off the cones and get at the seeds."

"Yes," said Jim; "they were hanging upside down and every way on the cones, and I could hardly see them to take aim."

"That's 'cause their plumage is such a vague sort of red and green."

They all three went to work picking the birds, whose bodies looked surprisingly small after their puffy coats had been taken off. "See what a warm undershirt of down this one wears at the roots of his feathers!" Tug pointed out, holding up a red-poll.

"Wish I were a bird," said Jimmy; "I'd get out o' this in no time."

"Perhaps if you were this would be the very place you would most want to come to and stay," Katy remarked, "just as these poor little things did. The 'if' makes a lot of difference, Master Jim."

By this time it began to grow dark, and though the snow was falling as fast as ever, the air had grown much warmer, as though the storm would end in rain. Aleck



"DON'T CRY, KATY."

had not come yet, and the three in their snug house, looking out upon the deep drifts and the clouded air, and listening to the melancholy sound of the wind in the trees, became more and more anxious for his appearance.

When it had grown quite dark, and the broth Katy had made was ready, together with cakes of corn-meal and tea, or rather hot water flavored with tea and sugar—the best meal they had seen for many a day—Tug said that if the Captain did not come before they got through eating he would go and look for him. So they tried to keep up each other's spirits; but when the meal was done, and still no brother appeared, all their merriment faded.

"Jim and Rex ought both to go with you, Tug; and you must take along the lantern, and these extra corn cakes I have baked, and some bacon—"

"The bacon's raw," Jim protested.

"Well, stupid, you could fry it over some coals on the end of a stick, couldn't you?" exclaimed Tug, impatiently. He was getting very tired of Jim's constant objections.

"And you must take this little bit of brandy, because you know, he might might be—"

"Now, Katy, dear Katy," said Tug, his own eyes moist, as he threw his arm around the shoulders of the girl who had broken down at last, and was crying bitterly. "Don't cry, Katy. If *you* give in, what are we going to do? You are the life of the party, and there ain't nothin' we wouldn't do for you and specially me do for you. Really now, Katy— Here, you young cub, what are *you* bellerin' about? If I catch you crying round here again, discouragin' your sister in this style, I'll thrash you well."

Tug was thoroughly excited and distressed by this last and heaviest trouble, and most anxious of all to make the

rest believe he wasn't anxious. As usual, when excited, he dropped into the slang he had been striving to forget. But this added force to his speeches, for when it occurred everybody understood that he was very much in earnest.

"I knew a young fellow," Tug himself used to say, when laughed at for this peculiarity, "whose father was a Dutchman, but who could never be persuaded to learn that language. 'Why not?' we used to ask him. 'Well, fellows,' he would say, 'my daddy talks English till he catches me up to some mischief; then he begins to talk Dutch, and goes for his whip; so I've got a terrible distaste for Dutch.' It's with me as it was with that man. When I am mad, or mean business, I'm pretty likely to talk in the 'Dutch' I learned when I was a boy."

The two boys and the dog—for Rex had nursed his foot until it was of use to him again, protected by bandages—bundled themselves up, took the lantern, the luncheon, and hatchet, and started out. Katy said she should not be a bit afraid, and would keep up a good fire. As they disappeared, letting in a flurry of snow before they could shut the door, she dropped into a seat (if truth must be told) to finish her crying. Let her do it, poor girl!—few of her associates, or yours, my pretty maiden, ever had better cause. We will flounder along with Tug and Jim, who are bowing their faces to the storm, and toiling up the dark and treacherous hill-side.

When the top of the ridge had been gained, they paused to get breath and to shout Aleck's name. No reply came, and they pushed on down to the isthmus, where the snow, which was becoming more and more sleety, swept about their faces with double force. In a few moments, however, they reached the shelter of the woods, which covered pret-

ty much the whole of that part of the island; and then came the question whether it be better to work along the beach or plunge into the woods.

There seemed very small chance of success, in the midst of this darkness and storm, either way, but they felt sure that some accident had happened to the Captain, and they were eager to help him. After talking it over, they decided upon the right-hand or southern shore of the island, because that was to leeward, and better sheltered, and marched on as rapidly as they could. They had no strength to talk, but hand-in-hand pushed ahead, stopping now and then to shout, but never getting an answer.

"There's one good thing about this storm," Tug remarked, after a while, as they halted to rest in a sort of cleft in the rock. "Those confounded dogs will be likely to stay in-doors and not bother us."

"I wonder where they stay nights?"

"If our island is like the rest, this limestone rock is full of caves. There's no telling, for instance, how deep this here opening we're sitting in goes back; and in some of the Puddin' Bay [Put-in-Bay] Islands big caves have been explored that people go away into to see the stalactites. But we must get out of this, Youngster."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





the relief of sufferers from an inundation in northern Italy.

#### A LITTLE GIRL'S DREAM.

In a certain inclosure was a little Christian. On the wall was a ledge, on which were several gaily dressed people. Some sat, partially hidden by a yellow curtain, led up to them. These people, by arts and devices, tried to get the little Christian up to them, for they could not come down to her and force her up to them; but a power extended to farther than their dominions. Every time that they began to show her what they said they would give her she sat a picture of Christ which hung on the wall, and shook her fist at another, of the devil, for well did the little Christian know that these inducements and temptations were the pleasures and vanities of the world, which she had vowed to renounce. These additions to the two pictures were as a stream of soldiers against her enemies. She knew that if once she went on that ledge she could never leave it, and after her first dream would be carried to a place still worse. When ever the people on the ledge saw her salute Christ's picture and shake her fist at that of their ruler, they became very angry and threw things at her, but these, beyond watching but a little, did her no harm. Sometimes a friend of hers went behind the curtain and began to ascend the stairs; she would then run to him and pull him back. All of this so enraged the people on the ledge that they at last sent down one of their members, called Disease, who bore her down to a bed. But at the same time the angel Love descended from heaven and stood beside her. Disease pressed her terribly, but while she was suffering a voice from the unseen said, gently, "Let Mercy come." At once the ceiling parted, and through the opening descended the angel Mercy. Instantly all the other members of the devil's army, wingspreading like evil spirits, and despite the hand of Disease she rose in the air, and soared through the opening to paradise. **MAMIE D.**  
**LONGFORD, NEW YORK.**

This bright girlie has seen the robins. Her letter was dated March 18.

**YORK, PENNSYLVANIA.**

I have seen a crow and a robin this morning in our yard; they are the first I have seen this year so I thought I would write and tell you about them. I have heard the robins singing for three or four days, but did not see one till today. I have no pets except a little baby sister of two, she is a sweet little thing, and talks a great deal, and very sensibly. My sister has just had seven years old, and loves him as much as her dolls; his name is Peter.

**BESSIE S. B.**

**ANDOVER, NEW YORK.**

I am a little girl only seven years old. I do not go to school, but I have lessons with mamma every morning. I am studying spelling, arithmetic, and geography, and one morning I wrote a letter to my mother about the next morning. I have no brothers nor sisters, but I have two pets—a large dog named Major, and a Maltese cat named "Fussy" Tiptoes. Then I have ten dolls that I love very dearly, and one of them I take to bed with me every night. Grandpa gave me Harper's Young People on my last birthday, and I like it very much. I have a box of "Gertie's Box" and "Longacre Pond." Of course I read all the letters in the Post-office Box. I hope you will read soon for mine. Paperclips *for* *you* for me, and I have a great many story-books that I love to read.

**RUTH M. O.**

This little friend had rare sport last winter tobogganing.

**STANFORD, PENNSYLVANIA.**

I am a boy nine years old. I have ever been the luckiest boy about the place. I thought I would tell you about mine. I have an Irish retriever puppy named Rover. He will stand in the corner, pretend to be dead, and when I pick him up he will bark and run. Last summer he used to dig up papa's carrots, and he killed two or three chickens. Last spring mamma gave me a female guinea pig, and she is now a big one. I have also a mouse named Tom, Dick, Harry, and Gold Dust. I gave Harry to my auntie. On the 19th of May our church was burned to the ground, and I had a beautiful gold watch and money to furnish a new one, and I gave the other three birds to it. Two of them were sold for \$20 each, and the other came back to me. This was Dick; he is a very fine singer, is a great beauty, and has a deep yellow breast and green wings and tail.

One night after school I went tobogganing, and had grand fun. As perhaps some of your readers do not know what a toboggan is, I will describe it. It is a thin piece of board the Indians make like a fish's back, and is from three to four feet long, and from three to six feet long, bent up in front like a sleigh front. They have no runners, but rest flat on the snow. Some have cushions on them. Quite a number of people have toboggans. All sorts of these tobogganers sit on the face forward, either sitting on their feet tailor fashion or with the feet extended one on each side of the person in front. The steerer sits on

his left side, and steers with his right foot sticking out behind. We can go very fast on a steep hill. In Montreal there is a slide three-quarters of a mile long, and it takes twenty-eight seconds to go down it. The last part is skidding up the hill. When you get to the top you will be worn out, drop and faint, but when you have ridden down you feel as fresh as ever in your life.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since the beginning. My uncle gave me a subscription to *YOUTH'S Companion* and a watch for Christmas.

**CHARLIE W. H.**

**MONTEBELLY, NEW JERSEY.**

I am a little boy nine years old. My papa gave me a book to try, little sister Alice was three years old, and myself, three years ago, and we like it so much that he has given it to us every Christmas since. We have a cousin named Ned, he plays with us, and she reads to us out of it every evening. I have a goat, and my little sister has a Maltese kitten. We have had delightful times this winter coasting on the mountain, which our town is named and skating in the field at the back of our house. I go to school every day from nine o'clock until twelve. I have the clearest success in my studies. I like my teacher, Mary. I have many hard studies; I am in reduction ascending, in arithmetic, but I like history the best of all. I have commenced taking lessons on the violin, and I hope to play in the orchestra. I may take lessons on the violin. I am reading *Zugzwang Journeys in the Occident*, by H. Butterworth, and I enjoy it very much. Good-by.

**ALFRED B. J.**

My compliments to Miss Mary. I think she has one very nice little pup. Reduction, either as ending or descending, is rather puzzling, but fractions are more so.

**CHERRILL, MASSACHUSETTS.**

DEAR POSTMASTER.—I have written you one letter, and it has not been published, but I am not at all discouraged. I know you can not have all the letters that I write, but I will send you one in the paper. I am going to send you a copy of a letter this time that I will have little girl wrote to the rats. This is it.

MR. RAT, I HAVE A CAT. I will now write you a short letter of warning. That little cup of jelly you or your children carried off to the door of your den, and ate half up, was mine. Julia put it up for me to eat, and I have to pay for it. I have a little girl named Julia, and a little friend Julia came to see me the other day, and we were going to have it. Julia went to get it for me, and she found it where you left it, right at the door of your house, all dirty, and half eaten up. Now this is not proper or polite. I think you had better go away soon, or I will come. If you do not go off soon, a cruel monster will come into your peaceful home to kill you. I give you three days' time to move in, if not gone by that time, the cruel monster will arrive very unexpectedly. My sister wants you not to frighten her so when she goes in the cellar for apples. In haste.

**THE OWNER OF THE JELLY.**

Mamma says the rats may answer this letter. If they do, I will send you a copy of the copy to you. I think "The Ice Queen" is splendid.

**A. R. P.**

If Mr. and Mrs. Rat should venture to send you a reply by post, I shall be pleased to take a peep at their letter. Many thanks for your kindness in not being discouraged easily. It is really impossible to publish all the letters which come to this Post-office Box, and the Postmaster is therefore obliged to select from the great numbers received those which are most likely to please a great many little readers.

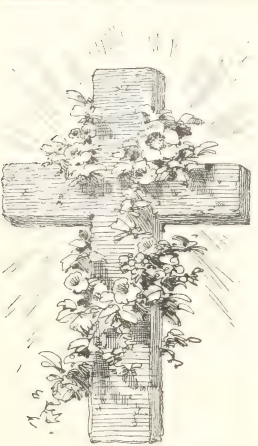
**BUTTE COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.**

I am nine years old, and live in the country. I go to school, and I will tell you about it some time if you wish me to write again. I have a calf that I can lead wherever I wish to. She is white, and we call her Whiskey. I also have a cat older than I am, and a little black dog named Neptune. I will tell you about them some time. I enjoy the letters have been in bloom for a long time, and we have geraniums, calla lilies, magnolias, heliotropes, and other flowers in bloom. I will send you a few. We all love flowers, and I enjoy the care of our plants. With love, Lucy A. M.

Thanks, dear, for the sweet flowers which perfumed your letter.

**NORTH FAYETTE, INDIANA.**

I am a little girl almost six years old, and am already eight. My father is a farmer, and I am very much interested in the stories, and like "The Ice Queen" best, though I play them all. I enjoy the letters very much, and I want to send one myself, even if mamma does write it for me. I used to go to the Kindergarten, but that was given up, and then I went to a private school, and my teacher told me married this winter, so I couldn't go to that



THE EASTER CROSS.

THE CROSS, dear little friends, is the symbol of pain and sadness. Yet in the happy Easter tide we wreath it with the sweetest flowers of spring. Many of you have carried your floral gifts to church, and to the dear and sacred place, while the Easter anthems were being sung. There you have twined azaleas and lilies around the cross.

The Easter thought which I would like you all to remember is that for our sakes, the blessed Saviour died and was laid in the tomb.

But on the third day He arose from the dead. And this took place in spring time, when the flowers were blossoming after their winter sleep, fit tokens of the heavenly life that shall never end, in the home above, which all who believe in the Lord Jesus shall share.

#### OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

Our first letter will interest all who are fond of hearing about Young People's Cor. Little Ethel L., of Cambridge, New York, has just sent, on her sixth birthday, the gift of a doll prettily dressed by herself to some little sick girl, the present inmate of our Cor. being a little boy.

**ST. MARK'S CHURCH, NEW YORK CITY.**

DEAR LITTLE POSTMASTER, Your note, enclosing the fifty cents from the children in Texas reached me yesterday. The continued interest of your young readers is most gratifying to us, and I wish you could know of the many pleasant visits and remembrances that we have had from them. But it would take too much of your time, and I, too, am as usual, "the old woman who lived in a shoe." Only the other day we had a visitor from the Wide Awake Society, of Webster, Massachusetts. The society is composed of ten young misses, and sent us, in December last, \$67.00 proceeds of a sale, and which was a great help for our Cor. Little Ethel is very ill now, and we have little hope that he will recover, so have moved him from the ward, and given you a dear child named Eugene. Sincerely yours,

**SISTER CATHARINE.**

I am so sorry to hear that our little ladie Jens, playfully called Oscar Wilde, you remember from a fancied resemblance to that gentleman, is so very ill. I shall try on one of these bright spring days to visit the hospital, and then I will tell you about little Eugene, the child who is now in Young People's Cor.

A little friend in Europe sends the following lovely dream, which she says came to her one night in February. Mamma wrote to us once before, describing a fair in the Villa Nazionale for





## THE MYSTERIOUS OLD GENTLEMAN.

BY A. W. ROBERTS.

WHEN you are tired of dyeing your Easter-eggs and decorations in decalcomanie, and pen and paints have become wearisome, try the manufacture of this curious toy. Many



FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.

of you may have seen it, no doubt, in shops and elsewhere, but it will be great fun to make one for yourselves.

Take an ordinary hen's egg, and after having carefully bored a hole about the size of a large pea in the small end, entirely withdraw the contents. This can be done more easily if the egg is thoroughly shaken, so as to mix the yolk and the white together.

On two sides of the empty egg paint, either in oil or water colors, a face representing a good-natured and smiling old gentleman, as shown in Fig. 1. In case you have neither oil nor water colors, the face can be drawn with a pen in black writing ink or India ink.

After the colors are quite dry a small wire hook is inserted in the hole in the end of the egg, and the egg is gently pressed into a quantity of any transparent and quick-drying varnish (bleached shellac varnish is best). Care must be taken to have the varnish pass into the egg, so that a thorough coating is obtained both on the outside and inside.

After the varnish is thoroughly dry, repeat the operation, so as to secure a second coat. The purpose of the two coats of varnish is to close up all the pores in the egg-shell, and make it both water and air tight.

Now fill any wide-mouthed bottle (a glass preserving jar will do) full of water. Then take the egg and fill it with water until it floats with its large end upward in the water. This must be determined by trial. The floating of the egg is occasioned by a small body of air in the large end of the egg.

Now stretch a thin piece of India rubber over the top of the

bottle. By placing the palm of the hand on the piece of rubber, and pressing lightly, the egg will slowly descend to the bottom of the bottle, but when the hand is removed it will again rise to the surface.

This curious result is caused by the pressure on the water being transmitted to the air in the broad end of the egg, which, being reduced in volume, weighs less, and causes the egg to sink. When the pressure is removed, the air again expands, and drives out the water, and the egg rises slowly to the surface.

In the illustration the old gentleman is shown as having long but thin flowing hair. This hair consists of long sheep's wool, the ends of which are dipped in the shellac varnish, and attached to the head of the old gentleman after the second coat of varnish has dried. But they must be placed on the head very sparingly, or otherwise the egg will become top-heavy, and the action of the globe of air inside of the egg will be overcome.

Fig. 2 represents another amusing toy made from an egg. Take a good-sized goose egg, bore a hole in the broad end, and withdraw the contents. When the inside of the egg has become thoroughly dry, place the small end in hot sand, and when the shell has become hot pour in a small quantity of melted resin or bees-wax.

Now fill the egg with hot shot nearly up to the circular mark on the clown's chin. Let the sand gradually cool off before withdrawing the egg. When the egg has become perfectly cool paint a Humpty Dumpty clown's head on it. The amusing part of this contrivance is that the clown's head will insist on assuming an upside-down position. No matter how you place the egg, back it will fly to this clown-like attitude.



## EASTER-EGGS.—BY H. B. W.

A LITTLE chicken, seven weeks old,  
Looking at eggs in crimson and gold,  
Painted with flowers on either side,  
And in golden letters, "Easter-tide."  
"Ah," said the chicken, "when I am old,  
I shall lay eggs in crimson and gold."

One glad spring morning the church bells rang,  
And happy carols the children sang;  
But by her nest in a loft, alone,  
Stood the little chicken, now full grown.  
"Alas!" she cackled, in great dismay,  
"I have laid white eggs on Easter-day."

A dainty maiden—so I am told—  
Sat painting eggs in crimson and gold;  
She painted flowers on either side,  
And in golden letters, "Easter-tide."  
"Oh," said the hen, "now I understand—  
Easter-eggs must be finished by hand."

# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 234.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Tuesday, April 22, 1884.

Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 per Year, in Advance.



"OO" CAN'T TALK."

## THE CATNIP BOY.

BY SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT.

**B**IDDY wasn't very good-natured that morning, and though she allowed Milly to remain in the kitchen and watch her while she did "me Satherday's cookin'," a pie-crust girl or doughnut boy was not to be hoped for.

But Milly was very fond of the kitchen at any time,

and to-day, as there was no school, and it was too cold for her to play out-of-doors, and her mamma had gone away, it seemed to be her only refuge. She had no one to play with her, and it was very dreary in the nursery alone. In the kitchen the kettle was singing all sorts of merry tunes over the glowing coals; the warm air was scented with spices and sweets; there were tempting trays of apples and raisins on the table, and the



fascinating bubble and hiss of good things roasting in the oven.

Biddy was rolling out pastry, and as she did so, instead of the rollicking songs which she usually sang on such occasions, she piped one about sweetness fleeing and leaving nothing but thorns. Under the circumstances, Milly dared not ask her to sing the lovely one which she said her grandmother used to sing in "ould Ireland" about St. Mary in the garden watering her flowers, and a little bird that came and talked to her.

So the little girl rubbed away the mist that had gathered on the window-pane, and was looking rather sadly out into the small slice of frozen world which composed the back door yard, when a queer-looking boy, with great bunches of dried herbs sticking out from a bag on his back, opened the gate, and came up the walk toward the door. Quite a procession of cats followed him, Milly's own Tom leading the party, with eager mews and sudden leaps toward the boy's shoulder.

"Dear me," said Milly, "I think that must be a catnip boy. He's so funny, and all the cats are after him! I'm going to let him in."

"What iver is a catnip b'y?" inquired Biddy, making her eyes very round with astonishment. "Here, child, no thramps at all at all is looking in me kitchen. And shure weren't yez yew'd not to go near till the door, an' the air sharp as needles?"

But the "catnip boy" was already in the room, and had calmly seated himself by the fire, holding his pack in his arms as a means of protecting it from the ravages of Tom, who had rushed in from out-of-doors in his wake.

"An' what do yez want, thin?" said Biddy, in a tone of no little sharpness, at the same time looking wonderingly at the queer little figure.

He certainly did present a comical appearance. Milly could hardly keep from laughing outright when she looked at him. He was a little fellow, but his face, with its sharp lines and wise expression, was like that of an elderly man. His clothing was not ragged, or even very shabby, but it was of the strangest make and material, and was so much too large for him that he looked like a scarecrow in a corn field holding out its arms made of sticks through a man's coat sleeves. The coat, which was of blue cloth, seemed to have been intended as a dress-coat in its day, and was adorned with a faded velvet collar and very fancy buttons. Its tails reached the boy's heels, and the sleeves were turned up at the cuffs, in order that he might use his hands.

The vest, which was of yellow and blue flowered satin, and still gorgeous to behold, though faded and frayed at the bindings, astonished one when he unbuttoned his coat, which he did to reach his pocket-handkerchief, and his pantaloons were like two meal-bags on a pair of tongs. His hat, too, was so large that it slipped down over his very eyes, and was of such a queer and elderly style as one sometimes sees in a Fourth-of-July procession of antiques and horrors.

"Buy some herbs?" said he, in answer to Biddy's question. "They're fresh an' good; picked last year at jest the right time o' flowerin', an' I'll sell 'em cheap. I hain't had no luck this mornin', an' hev got ter start fur home at three o'clock."

"Buy herbs!" echoed Biddy. "An' shure what wud I want wid herbs? Git along wid yez, an' don't be after scatterin' the rubbish over me clane floor. How much does yez ask fur a bunch o' catnip, now?"

"Oh yes," said Milly, quickly, "I'll buy some for Tom."

Biddy, as she herself expressed it, "liked a nice, clane pussy cat ter be makin' hisself sociable round the fire," and Tom, whom she declared was so wise that he could "tell forchins," was her especial favorite. But she detested tramps and peddlers of all kinds. The catnip alone prevented her from sending the boy out-of-doors at once.

"Ten cents," said he, selecting a bunch from his carefully arranged stock.

"Git out wid yez; that's too dear althegether. The 'po'ecary man round the corner sells twicet as much, all picked ter pieces, an' pressed intil nate little packages, fur that money."

"But it ain't fresh an' nice like this. It's all sticks an' dust, an' is as dry as a chip. Like as not it's been in the store fur years an' years. I know about this, fur I picked it myself when the dew was on it. They say herbs is better picked when the dew is on 'em."

"Tom will like it better, then," said Milly, producing ten cents from her pocket. She always carried her money with her nowadays, as her Christmas porte-monnaie was still new, and too precious as yet to put away where it could not be looked at every half-hour or so.

"An' wouldn't you like some pennyroyal?" turning to Biddy. "These big bunches, enough ter last fur a whole year, is only ten cents apiece."

"An' what wud I want wid pennymoral?" inquired Biddy, who had never even heard of the fragrant old-fashioned herb.

The boy stared at her. "Why, take it an' steep it fur colds an' fevers an' rheumatiz. It's good fur 'most everything, I reckon. I had an awful cold a spell ago; Miss Moulton said I'd surely have a fever; but one o' the old ladies in the house steeped some pennyroyal tea real strong, an' I drank it when I went ter bed at night, an' the next morning I was pritty nigh well. Ef it hadn't storned I should 'a gone ter school anyway."

"What's the name o' yez?"

"Pat Mahoney."

"An' where do yez live, shure?" inquired Biddy, becoming more and more impressed with the boy's appearance.

"Ter the poor-house in Linfield."

"Begorra! An' is thim the kind o' clothes they gives folks there?"

The boy colored fiercely under his sallow skin.

"They was a goin' ter git me some new ones," said he, "but ole Peter died, an' jest before he drew his last breath he said he wanted me to hev his weddin' suit that he'd kep' in a drawer ever sence his weddin' day, nigh fifty years ago. He liked me coz I'd waited on him, an' sat up nights with him when he was sick. They was so queer an' old-fashioned nobody wouldn't give nothin' fur 'em, so they said I'd got ter wear 'em; 'twould save buyin' me new ones."

"But I hain't never took no peace in 'em," he continued.

"The boys hoot at me in the street, an' they sarce me so I can't go ter school at all, coz I hain't got nothin' else to wear—that's the reason I went ter tradin' herbs. A farmer that drives down to Crabtree's Corner, where the cars start from, lets me ride down ez fur ez that with him when he goes, once in a while, an' the baggage-master's a feller that knew my father when he was alive, an' he lets me come ter the city with him free, 'mong the trunks an' boxes. I'm a-tryin' to git enough money ter buy me a new suit, but it's pritty slow work. I hain't got but five dollars now. They took some away from me, coz they said I hadn't worked enough ter pay my board, an' the town couldn't afford to support me while I earnt money for myself."

"The mane things!" said Biddy, who had, in spite of her roughness, a warm heart. "An' don't it be awful poor board till the poor-house—poor vittles I mane," she explained, as the boy looked rather puzzled.

"Oh no; the board ain't so dretful poor. Folks gits used to it, anyway. An' there's always plenty, such as 'tis, an' they treat me well enough. But it does seem kinder hard that the old ladies can't hev white sugar to put in their tea. I've bought it fur 'em sometimes. Some of 'em has been used ter livin' genteel, an' merlasses is dretful sick'nin' to 'em. When I'm a man I'm a-goin' ter 'stablish a fund so't the Linfield paupers ken hev sugar fur



their tea, an' a bit o' somethin' besides porridge fur supper an' breakfast.

"I sha'n't stay in the poor-house long," he continued, his dark eyes lighting with a look of eager determination. "I mean to be somebody in the world. I'm a master-hand at figgers. We ain't never had a school-master that could beat me, an' the parson that comes over from the Corner ter see Miss Hill sometimes says I'll be sure to do something wonderful if I get the chance. But I must get my new suit o' clothes first; then I'm a goin' to look out for a place ter work in the city somewheres, where I can study evenin's. It don't do no good to look after a situation now; folks only laugh at me if I go near 'em. They can't think of anything but my comical looks, I s'pose."

"Here," said Milly, taking her porte-monnaie once more from her pocket. "Uncle Jack gave me this money New-Year's Day, to do just edactly as I pleased with. It was five dollars at first, but I spent some for candy; the rest I was going to keep till papa's birthday, and buy him a present with it. But I'd rather give it to you. Mamma will give me some more for that."

"Bliss the child, an' so she will," said Biddy. "An' how much do it be, shure? Four dollars an' a quarter? Here is sixty-foive cints more. Take this foive dollars an' put it with the foive dollars ye have already, an' make yerself luk loike a Christian as soon as possible. Shure any wan wud take yez fur a haythen in this rig—the loikes ov'er!"

The boy's face flushed, and his eyes sparkled, but he hesitated to take the money from Milly's little eager outstretched hand.

"I don't like to take it from the little girl. Her mother an' father might not like it, an' then she might want it herself."

"Nivir fear the mother and fayerther; they're both that kind-hearted an' charitable there's no ind till 'em. They'll be plazed ter have her that generous, an' I heerd her uncle tell her wid me own two ears that she was to do jist as she plazed wid the money if 'twas till buy a flock o' geese. Take a bit o' something to ate first, an' 'thin be off wid yez an' buy the clothes. An' whin yez come ter these parts agin wid yer new suit on, drop in an' let us see how yez luks. Maybe we'd be out ov catnip by that time, too," said Biddy, when he took his leave.

"I will, an' I sha'n't never forget ye." The boy's eyes were full of tears; and when he tried to speak his thanks he choked, and very nearly burst into sobs. "I shall have a chance ter pay ye too, some day, perhaps."

Nearly two months passed away, and nothing more was seen of the catnip boy. It was growing toward spring; the March winds were tearing and frolicking across the Park and around the street corners; the sky was as blue as skies can be, and the sunshine danced with delight on little patches of grass that were growing green. And with milder weather came the hand-organ men, scattering their fascinating melodies to the breezes, and with the hand-organ men came the monkeys, more fascinating still.

One morning Milly and her little sister Rose went to walk with the nurse; but after proceeding a short distance up the street the nurse stopped to speak with another nurse, and the two children went on alone. Suddenly a hand-organ commenced to pipe across the way, and, greatly to Milly's delight, she spied a monkey in red jacket and plumed cap performing his wonderful antics for the amusement of a crowd of children. Taking Rose's hand, she started to cross the street at once, never heeding a runaway horse that just at that moment dashed around the corner, and was coming with frantic speed toward her.

"Milly! Milly!" shouted her father, who saw her peril from his own door-steps, and rushed frantically toward her. "Take care, little 'uns—you'll be killed!" exclaimed a sleepy-looking man on the top of a rumbling old cart. But, absorbed in the monkey, Milly neither saw nor heard.

It seemed as if the next step would take the children into the very jaws of death, and there was no possible escape. But suddenly a boy appeared, from no one knew where, and bravely darting before the furious animal, seized them and drew them out of harm's way. It was done like a lightning flash. The act was almost like a miracle to the paralyzed lookers-on. They shouted and cheered. "He was a brave boy," they said, "and what wonderful courage and quickness he showed! It seemed as if there must be magic in it!"

"Oh, papa, it's the catnip boy, only he's got on different clothes, and I didn't know him at first," said Milly, when she had recovered her breath a little.

"Whoever he may be, I feel as if I could never repay the debt of gratitude I owe him," said Mr. Curtis. "What prompted you to act like that, my boy? It is really wonderful that you weren't killed or seriously injured yourself, instead of saving the children."

"Why, when I came along t'other street, and saw the two little girls in the range of the runaway horse, I started right away, an' was goin' ter grab 'em. Then I thought 'twouldn't be no use, I was so far away, an' the horse was tearin' so like mad; but when I saw 'twas the little girl that give me the money, I determined ter save her or die in the attempt."

Mr. Curtis thought that their acquaintance so far had been so profitable on both sides it ought to be kept up and become more intimate. So he took the boy home with him, and kept him there, and sent him to school.

Pat was indeed, as he himself expressed it, a master-hand at figures, and now that he has become a young man, his friends are sure that the day is not far distant when he will be "somebody in the world." He and Milly, who is a young lady, are the best of friends, though she still sometimes playfully calls him the "catnip boy." Biddy, who holds her post in the kitchen yet, glories over him as a grand discovery of her own, and is never weary of talking of his virtues.

The old ladies at the Linfield poor-house have sugar in their tea, through the efforts of the boy who wore old Peter's wedding clothes. The clothes themselves were given to another pauper, an old man who took great delight in wearing them on Sundays, and was more than satisfied with his appearance in their faded gorgeousness.

## VEGETABLE PITCHERS.

BY S. B. HERRICK

NEARLY seventy years ago a gentleman living in North Carolina began to watch some very curious plants which he found growing in a poor piece of land near his home. Hundreds of people had probably seen these plants, but Dr. McBride seems to have been the first who really studied them and wrote down what he found out about their ways.

Out of the moist ground a tuft of leaves grew; some of these were ordinary leaves, others were extraordinary. To examine the last you might almost think that the fairies had been up very early in the morning with their thimbles and needles and invisible silk, and had selected a leaf here and there in the tuft, and doubled it around, and sewed the edges together, so as to make a long slender pitcher to catch the summer rain in. If the fairies were responsible for these pitchers, they must be very good seamstresses indeed, for such a seam you never saw. You may look at it through the largest kind of a magnifying-glass, and not a stitch can be seen, not a knot nor a loose thread.

The raw edge of the seam is always turned outward. Look at Fig. 1. Here is a single pitcher which grew not far from New York city, in a swampy place. Any fine



Fig 1—OPEN-MOUTHED  
PITCHER.  
*f*, Seam, with Honey Trail;  
*p*, Pitcher part; *h*, Hood; *m*,  
Mouth.



Fig 2—PITCHER WITH OVER-  
HANGING HEAD AND CLEAR  
WINDOWS.

*h*, Hood; *w*, Windows; *f*, Honey  
Trail; *c*, Cord around Mouth;  
*m*, Mouth.

day in May you will be pretty sure to find some of these pitchers for sale at the small stalls on Fourteenth Street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, if you happen to be in New York, and are on the lookout for them (*f* is the seam and *p* the pitcher). Above the pitcher you see a curved and veined leaf, *h*, which stands up and partly curves over the open mouth, *m*. It does not quite cover it, so some rain usually gets into the hollow tube.

These curious trumpet-shaped leaves are not grown for the benefit of the fairies, nor even for the bugs and flies which often pack the lower part of the tube full, but are for the use of the plant on which they grow. I have never found insects in the pitcher you have first been looking at, but in Fig. 2 I have taken out hundreds, sometimes packing the tube up for four inches or more. These trumpets are the stomachs of the plant; the flies and bugs in the trumpets are the remains of many dinners—those parts of the insects which they could not digest.



Fig 4—DARLINGTONIA CALIFORNICA.

Plants usually, perhaps you remember ("Picciola," HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, February 14, 1882), feed by means of their roots. The food they get is in the ground, and the roots push down into this, and suck up out of it what they need to keep them alive and make them grow. The pitcher-plants live in very poor soil, where they can find very little to nourish them. They get not much besides water through their

roots. They would die, just as you or I would, if they had nothing but water to live on, so they are provided with these stomach-pitchers.

Before you eat your food some one has to get it and cook it; then you have to chew it and swallow it. If these plants had one-half of all this to do to get fed, there would be none of them on the earth now; they would all have died out long ago. But these pitchers, besides being stomachs to digest the food, are traps to catch it. Along the edge of the raw seam (*f*, Figs. 1 and 2) are rows of honey glands, so that from the ground to the edge of the pitcher's brim there is a trail with honey drops leading a careless insect on and on, and up over the edge, *c*, into the hollow of the trap. Once inside, there is no hope for him, for the inner part is covered with delicate hairs pointing downward toward the pit below. An ant, a fly, and many another insect can walk straight up a pane of glass, or on the smoothest ceiling, and yet it will go reeling and tumbling along on this hairy floor. The sticky pad it has on its feet, its claws, and even the patent little sucker which aids some of them in holding on, all go for nothing when it undertakes to stroll on this bending, moving, uncertain wall inside the pitcher's brim. In a second the unwary visitor slips and falls, no matter how hard he tries to save himself.

Even with the advantage of wings an insect seldom escapes, but soon forms part of the liquid mass filling the lower part of the pitcher—a horrible mixture, part water, part a juice which oozes out of the trumpet leaf, and part dead and decaying insects.

There is something very horrible in the idea of a plant,



Fig 5—BLADDER WORT.

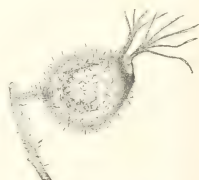


Fig 6—BLADDER WITH CAPTURED PREY.

a beautiful plant, too, luring insects to its trap, and then feeding on them like a dreadful old ogre. In one or two of the pitcher-plants at the upper end are clear spots which let in the light. Against these skylights the trapped flies strike and bump, as they do against a window-pane, till they fall into the pit below (*w*, Fig. 2). This pitcher-plant,



Fig 3—PITCHER-PLANT IN BLOOM.

as well as that shown in Fig. 3, is rich with beautiful colors, red and yellow and olive green, with clear pale yellow transparent windows, and above the cluster of these leaves grow the stems which bear their flowers (Fig. 3).

One of the most beautiful of these plants grows in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, in Northern California, so high that the flower may be found blooming higher up than the top of Mount Washington or any mountain east of the Mississippi River. It is too high up in the world to have any common every-day name, but is called, after its native State, *Darlingtonia californica*. This has no common leaves at all, but from the root spring two kinds of pitchers—little baby pitchers, something like those in Fig. 3, and others, large, beautifully colored and veined pitchers, with a curved-over roof, and two long flaring wings (Fig. 4, *Darlingtonia californica*).

Every one of these pitchers is twisted round about half a turn. The colors are like those of rich ripe fruit—brilliant reds and yellows and greens; not brighter than those of the other pitcher-plants, but richer and mellower. The flower of this, too, is very curious. It grows on a tall stem four or five feet high, and looks like a rich red and yellow striped tulip hanging down, but with an extra row of petals above. The flower is arranged as a trap too. It, like the orchid traps, draws the insects flying about to itself, and by feeding them with honey induces them to carry the pollen of the flower to the sticky place where the pollen dust must rest to make the flower bear seed. Then—it is hard to think of this beautiful plant without feeling that it is a traitor—it lures the insects to its pitchers, and devours them.

There are many other plants which devour insects as the vegetable pitchers do. Among them are some very curious little things that grow sometimes in water, sometimes in the air, and occasionally in the earth. The English people call them bladder-worts, because on the stems or roots or leaves little tiny cups grow, which were formerly supposed to be useful as bladders to float the plants. Closer study of them has shown these to be traps too. The most curious of all these traps may be seen in Fig. 5.

The plant you see here is one which has no leaves, only branching stems. This is one of the kind that live in water. It goes floating around, looking like the most innocent of plants, until some unwary animal comes near the mouth of one of the bladders (Fig. 6). In a minute the mouth or trap-door opens, the victim is gulped down, and slowly dissolved and absorbed. Inside the stomach you will see a quantity of little irregular stars with four rays. These are the organs that take up the nourishment which the unfortunate prey supplies.

This is perhaps the most remarkable family of plants that we know anything of, and comes nearest to the higher kingdom of animals.

## LITTLE HUGO.

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS.

III.



ITH all the popular favor which brought him many friends, Carl's home was very lonely. His father had not lived to share his good fortune, and Carl's blindness, as well as grief for his father, had kept him from going very much among people. But now had come a great change. His sight had been given to him by science, and God had bestowed upon him a little child to care for.

Carl learned to love Hugo dearly. All the beautiful things he could find he bought for his little Easter-child, as he called the rosy boy. Day after day he procured for him every luxury every delight. Yet such was the sweetness of Hugo's nature that he could not be spoiled, and he responded to Carl's love as a flower opens to the sun. They were always together, and Carl trained the child's silvery voice until it and the violin sang the same songs, and blent their harmonies to suit his critical ear.

Hugo knew no other father, and indeed all that Carl knew of the boy's real father was his desertion of his wife, his robbery of his mistress, the famous singer, and his imprisonment in consequence. But he had taken all legal precautions in order to



"HUGO, MY OWN CHILD."

make the child his own, and so was not troubled by any thought of the elder Hugo.

Thus they lived in peace and security. Carl asked for nothing more than the love of this child, for had he not his art and his sight?

Little Hugo was as happy as the day was long. In the garden which belonged to the house where they lived he made houses for his pets—rabbits, squirrels, and dogs—and in their companionship he took great delight.

He was now eight or nine years old, and was making good progress in his studies, though the lessons he best liked were those that Carl gave him in the arbor, where the vines made a cool shade, and the perfume of the flowers filled the air. Here, with the score before them on a table made of gnarled and twisted roots, they sang and played until the shadows lengthened and their evening meal was brought to them. Then when it was over, the music would be resumed until the stars shone and Hugo's dark eyes became drowsy.

They had been thus practicing one evening, when, in the midst of a beautiful air, Hugo gave a sudden cry of alarm. Carl opened his shut eyes in amazement, and found the child gazing as if spell-bound at an opening in the hedge.

"What is it, dear?" he asked of Hugo.

"Oh! did you not see it?" was the reply.

"No; my eyes were closed. What was it you saw?"

"A face—a most horrible face, like those frightful masks one sees in the shops."

"You must have been mistaken, Hugo. I see nothing but the green hedge and a bush of laurel."

"But, dear Carl, it was there—I know it was. Let us go look." And he dragged Carl out of the arbor toward the opening in the hedge.

"Now, my child, you find there is nothing here," said Carl, pushing the branches and leaves aside. "Are you sure you saw anything?"

"Quite, quite sure. It was a horrid face, with a great red nose, and green eyes, and—"

"But human beings don't have green eyes."

"Well, it was hideous," said the boy. "It could not have been uglier. It grinned and scowled all in one moment, and it was so frightful I could not help screaming."

"Well, well," said Carl, gently, "if any of the neighbors' children are playing tricks, I shall have to speak to their parents. Don't think of it again; it is probably the jest of some foolish boy. Let us go on with our song."

But little Hugo could not sing again; his voice trembled; and Carl, finding it was late, took him in to bed.

The stars were shining brilliantly when he left him, kissing and caressing him as tenderly as a mother would have done. Carl descended to the garden again.

How long he sat there he did not know. He had closed his aching eyes and ceased to think. Sleep had crept upon him, and the early summer dawn was chasing the moonbeams when, with a shiver and a little thrill of pain, he awakened.

Rising hastily, he went into the house through a window he found open, for all the doors were locked. Slumber reigned, and he went noiselessly to his apartment. He looked in to see if Hugo were quiet, expecting to find his darling almost ready to greet him with a morning kiss.

The little room opened out of his own, and was draped in snowy muslin tied with azure ribbons—a fitting nest for his bird.

Alas! to his horror, the bird had flown. No Hugo was there.

Instantly his mind grasped the terrible thought that the child had been stolen.

In a passion of grief and terror he flung his beloved violin from him, breaking it in its fall, and with a wild shout fell senseless upon the little bed which still bore the imprint of Hugo's form.

IV.

It was Easter-morning again, and the sun gilded the pinnacles of a beautiful cathedral in a far-off foreign town. Everywhere people were greeting each other with the words, "The Lord is risen!" to which the answer came, "He is risen indeed!"

But there were no spring blossoms to be seen, for the earth was still robed in snow, and as a troop of children muffled in furs hurried into the side court which led to the choristers' gallery, one of them thought longingly of the land where it was spring, and where hyacinths, violets, and lilies were making the air fragrant. He was a tall, thin boy, weary-looking and sad, and the Latin words he had to sing bore him no message of life and joy.

But when he opened his mouth the clear silver notes struck the ears of the listeners as if an angel had come to speak peace to their souls. He sang as one sings who can not help singing, and high above the gildings and carvings, the clouds of incense and the dull chants of the priests, his voice soared, and was lost in the spaces above.

Among the crowds of people in the church—worshippers, idlers, sight-seers, and travellers—was one man who listened to the child's voice as if enthralled.

"It must be! it must be!" he muttered. "No one but my little Hugo could sing like that." And Carl bent his head again to listen.

For two years he had been seeking his child, hither and thither—everywhere that there seemed the faintest chance of finding him. At first the shock had palsied him, and fever had laid him low; then his sight had failed him again. But once more his eyes had been subjected to surgical care, and now he had journeyed far on a slight clew.

The thief—little Hugo's father—had at the outset covered his tracks well, but evil ways soon brought him again to the knowledge of the police, and in this manner Carl had been led to make the rounds of all the famous churches, as the elder Hugo's motive of theft had been to gain money by the boy's voice. Was it any wonder that with the sudden hope came also the fear of possible mistake?

When the services were over, Carl stationed himself at the foot of the stairs which the boys had to descend.

One by one they came, glad of release, singing, whooping, shouting, except when checked by their leader, a man in priestly vestments; but as the last one stepped down, and gazed with surprise at the muffled stranger, he gave a cry of joy, and sprang into the stranger's arms.

"Hugo, my own child!"

"Carl!"

These were the only words they uttered until, looking again into each other's faces, they made sure of their reunion. Then Carl, looking fearfully around, said, "Come—I can not lose you again."

But the boy wavered.

"What," said Carl, "have you lost your love for me? Have you been in two years' time trained to vice?"

"Oh, Carl, wait till I tell you;" and the boy shuddered. "He is very ill, or he would now be watching me. On! what dreadful people I have seen, and how I longed to get away! We have gone from place to place, begging, stealing, except when my singing brought him money; but he is dying now—I am sure of it—and would it be brave for me to leave him? He is my father, you know."

Carl listened impatiently. They had walked away from the church.

Would it be brave to leave a dying father? What a curious question? But his heart rose gladly at the words. All the good seed he had sown in this young child's heart could not have been uprooted. Even a thief had been shown pity by our Lord.

"Come, show me the way," said Carl; and so the richly clothed stranger and the sad-faced boy found themselves in a wretched den, where upon a bed of straw the elder Hugo lay.



"So you have found us," he whispered. "Well, it is time. I've had all the use of him I wanted. I was not sure whether he would serve me as well as your money, but I took all I could get."

"And he returns your evil with good—he will not leave you."

"What!" said the man, raising his haggard face, and making a gesture of unbelief; "after all his crying for you by day and by night—ay, even in his sleep—do you mean to say he will not go with you?"

"I do. You are suffering; you are his father; he will do what he can for you."

The man sank back with an oath. Carl went out, and returned with wine and food and fuel. In a little while the wretched creature felt the influence of warmth and nourishment. He turned his dull eyes upon Carl with a strange look in them.

"Is this what you call Christianity?"

"Yes; to do to others as we would have them do to us."

"And do you forgive me?"

"As I hope to be forgiven—yes."

It was spring indeed when Carl and Hugo found themselves once more at home. Never had the blossoms been more abundant. All the trees and bushes were clothed in tender green. The birds sang a welcome, and master and pupil once again vied with the birds in melody. In loving peace their life again flowed on, with nothing now to disturb its tranquil joy. Carl was happy, and so was his Easter-child.

THE END.

## A SPRING QUARREL.

BY E. M. TRAQUAIR.

ONCE, in olden times, when winter

Melted at the breath of spring,

Flowers began to bud and blossom,

Sweet the birds to pipe and sing.

Fair and fairer grew each floweret,

Clear and jubilant the song.

Till, too soon, a wild contention

Rose among the little throng.

Each would rank above the other—

Bullfinch, Linnet, Robin red,

"Note like mine is none," says Blackbird,

Whistling blithely overhead.

"Is there song as mine so soothing?"

Softly coos sweet Turd-Dove.

"None can trill as I," shouts Skylark,

Carolling, the clouds above.

"What a foolish, sad commotion!"

Nightingale makes sadly moan;

"I'll away, and in the forest

Sing by night, and all alone."

As the birds were, so the flowers.

Lily vowed that she was fair

Far before all others; Pansy

Claimed the prize with pensive air.

Daisy, Daffodil, and Primrose,

Hyacinth, and Harebell blue,

Peerless beauty claimed, when, shyly

Blossoming, Rose came forth to view.

"Why should one alone be fairest?"

I've no wish at all to be

Lovelier thought than my sweet sisters;

Fragrance is enough for me."

Spring, who heard the silly quarrel,

Looked with roguish smile, and said:

"She is fairest who is meekest:

That is you, then, Rose-bud red.

"When your merry notes, my song-birds,

Sweetly sound o'er hill and dale.

None will touch the heart as yours do,

Tender, lovely Nightingale."

## WHITE ELEPHANTS.

BY GEORGE CARY EGLESTON.

THERE is a great deal being said just now about white elephants. Two of the travelling shows have animals of this kind, and as the showmen are apt to make the most of their curiosities, it will hardly do for boys and girls to get their only ideas of the creatures from the advertisements.

The editor of *YOUNG PEOPLE* has asked me, therefore, to tell you the truth about the matter, so that you may know as much about white elephants as the showmen do, and may know just how much of what you hear is true.

In the first place, there is no such thing as a white elephant, any more than there is such a thing as a white man. Look at your own face in the glass, and you will see that it is not white; but as one race of people is much lighter in color than any other, we call people of that race white people; and it is very much the same with elephants, except that there is no *race* of white elephants as there is of white men.

Only now and then a single white elephant is found. Its mother and father and its brothers and sisters are of the usual color. It is white by a kind of accident, just as a white crow or a white blackbird is: for white blackbirds do exist, however absurd the thought may seem.

Sometimes elephants have white specks upon them; sometimes the white parts are large spots, and sometimes the whole animal, or the greater part of him, is white, or what people call white.

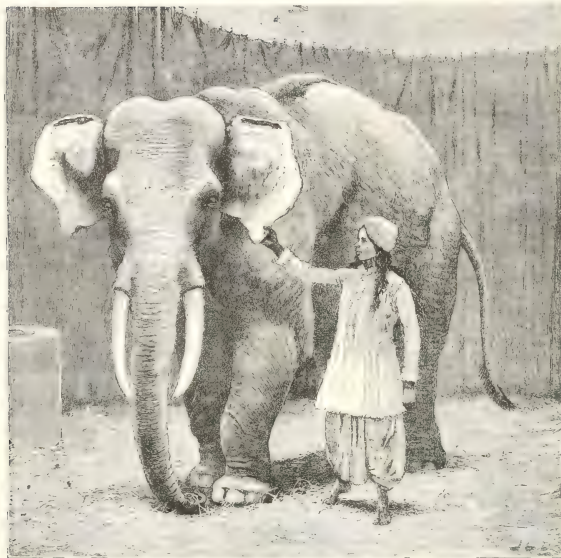
In Burmah and Siam, where the white elephants are found, the people have some sort of rule, which nobody else understands very clearly, by which they decide whether a spotted elephant is to be called white or not. It depends partly on the amount of white surface, and partly upon other things, such as the exact color of the rest of the animal's body.

Tuong Taloung, the one which is to be seen in Barnum's show, is spotted. He has white, pink, and flesh-colored markings on his forehead, trunk, ears, and neck, and his toes are white. His general color is a sort of ashen gray. I do not know whether the Burmese and Siamese people would call him a white elephant or not. Nobody but a Burmese or Siamese expert could say. The showmen say that he was called white in Burmah, and kept in the King's stables as one of the royal white elephants; but if that is true, it is not easy to understand how the Burmese King came to sell him, as the people of Burmah and Siam would think that a wicked thing to do.

The Kings of those countries claim every white elephant as their own, and think that to own these animals not only adds to their glory and honor, but brings them and their country good luck. They have often had wars for these animals, and they hold them to be much too sacred to be sold or given away.

Mr. Carl Bock went to Siam in 1881, and while he was there a very fine white elephant—the whitest one ever found in modern times—was brought to the capital, decked with jewels, marched through the streets with much pomp, and baptized by the priests with great ceremony. Mr. Bock made a portrait of the animal in colors, taking great pains to make it exactly true to life. I have a copy of that portrait now lying before me, and this is what I see in it: An elephant of the usual shape, of a dark yellowish-brown or brownish-yellow color—very far from *white*—the ears and toes being much lighter than the rest of the animal. There is a fringe of white hairs or bristles along the back, and a tuft of nearly white hair at the end of the tail.

This is a perfect white elephant, because there are no very dark spots on any part of his body. When he was first brought to the capital he was much darker than he appears in the portrait, and there were several very dark patches upon him; but his attendants kept washing him with tamarind water until they brought him to perfection,



TOUNG TALONG AND HIS KEEPER.

and then Mr. Bock painted his portrait as that of the fairest white elephant in the world.

Elephants live a long time, and every white elephant found in Siam belongs to the King. When Mr. Bock first visited the King's stables in 1881 there were only two white elephants there, and they were only called white because they were somewhat lighter in color than usual, and had a few white spots on their ears.

But the real white elephant—the one whose portrait Mr. Bock afterward painted—was coming. He had been caught three years before by two poor hunters who did not know, until they washed him, that he was white. When they found that they had a real white elephant they knew that their fortunes were made, for while all white elephants belong to the King, the people who capture them are always rewarded with wealth and honor. The King raised these two poor hunters to the rank of nobles, freed them from all taxes, and gave them each a valuable tract of land and a large sum of money, besides other presents.

The elephant had been kept three years, to be tamed and brought to perfection by washing. Then he was taken in great state to the capital, where all the people turned out in their richest finery to welcome him and to see the procession in his honor.

The King and his ministers went to meet the white elephant at a town on his journey, and returned in his company. At the landing where the royal and sacred beast was to come ashore there were troops drawn up in line, bands of musicians, gorgeously dressed elephants, princes in their chairs of state, batteries of artillery, and everything else that could help to do honor to the occasion. The road from the landing to the stables was lined with soldiers, and the crowds of people on both sides were kept

back by sentries posted close together for the purpose.

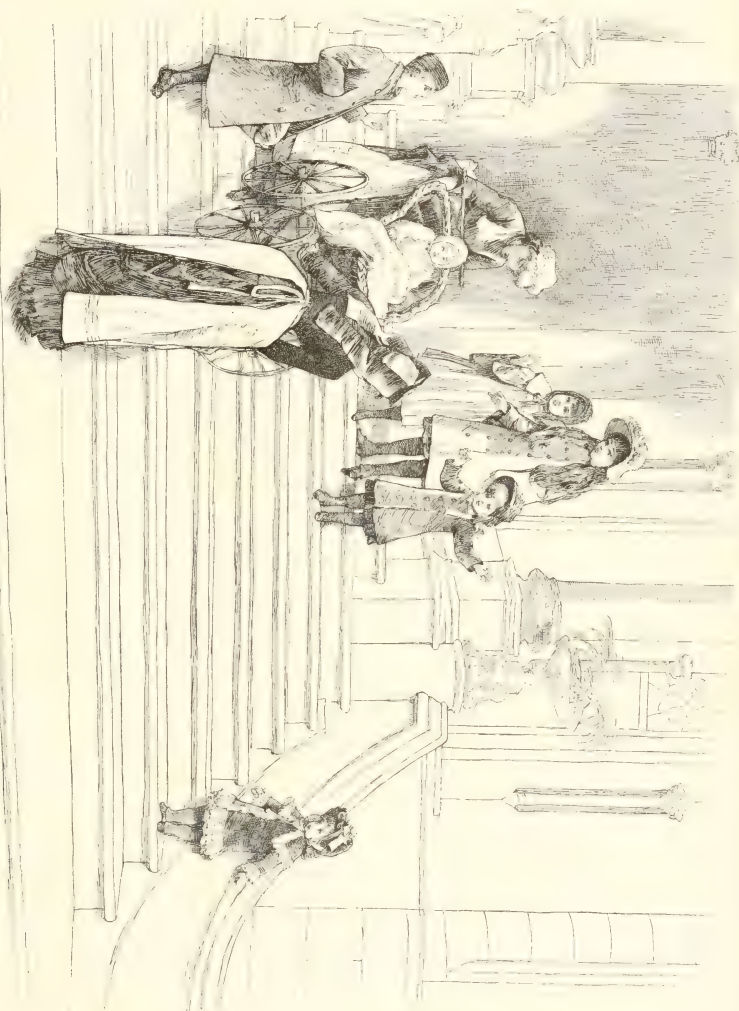
In great state the white elephant was marched to his stables, where he had to stay for two months, to be washed and freed from evil spirits. Then came the ceremony of baptizing him, which was performed by the priests with as much parade as if the animal had been a son of the King himself. As a part of the ceremony of baptism, Mr. Bock says, the priest gave the elephant his name, written on a piece of sugar-cane, which the animal quickly swallowed. The name, translated into English, is as follows:

"An elephant of beautiful color; hair, nails, and eyes are white. Perfection in form, with all signs of regularity of the high family. The color of the skin is that of lotus. A descendant of the angel of the Brahmins. Acquired as property by the power and glory of the King for his service. Is equal to the crystal of the highest value. Is of the highest family of elephants of all in existence. A source of power of attraction of rain. It is as rare as the purest crystal of the highest value in the world."

The Siamese regard the white elephant not only as a beast of great value, and one which brings all kinds of good fortune to the King and the people, but also as a sacred creature, representing all that is holiest in their religion. Mr. Bock tells us that even before this one was baptized, and before the evil spirits were washed out of him, his attendants treated him with the greatest respect, getting down on their knees and folding their hands when they went up to him.

Not long after all this parade took place an English circus came to the Siamese capital, and, for the sake of making a joke, the clown brought in what appeared to be a snow-white elephant. The beast had been taught to do many tricks, and while he was performing, the clown made a good many poor jests, making the whole thing a mockery of the religion of the Siamese. At first the people all supposed that the elephant really was perfectly white, and therefore the most wonderful beast in the world, for, as I have told you, no really white elephant was ever seen. But presently it was noticed that whatever the elephant touched became white, and finally one of the clowns rubbed his nose against the animal. When he raised his head his face was white, and everybody saw that the beast was only a common elephant calked all over.

It was a very poor joke at best, and as the people present all regarded the white elephant as sacred, it naturally hurt their feelings. They felt that the circus people were making fun of their religion, which was a very rude and insulting thing to do. But they said nothing, being satisfied to keep solemnly silent when they were expected to laugh. Not long afterward the elephant died, and so did the owner of the show, and the Siamese were sure that his death was a punishment for mocking their religion.



## ON A REFRIGERATOR.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JUN

IT was Bern Cartney's first visit to New York. He and his mother had come down from their home in the North to spend a fortnight with some relatives in Connecticut, and now the two were on a day's shopping excursion to the metropolis.

"I don't think the horse-cars are as nice as the Boston ones," remarked Bern, critically, as they entered one of the large dry-goods stores; "but it's great fun to watch the elevated railroad."

Indeed, Bern had kept his eyes so steadily fixed on the trains passing back and forth between himself and the sky that he had no means left of guarding against collisions with lamp posts, telegraph poles, and show-cases on the earth.

"Now, Bernie," said Mrs. Cartney, as they left the bewildering, bustling shop, "I'm going to a dressmaker's next, and as I can't leave you anywhere, you'll have—"

"Oh, please just let me stand on the sidewalk here, where I can watch the trains!" eagerly broke in Bern. "I'll stay right on this very stone till you come back."

"No, indeed," returned his mother, as she halted under an awning a minute to think. "How could I tell one stone from another? Besides, you're tired enough to sit down, I fancy."

"Why, here's just the thing!" cried Bern, suddenly, as he perched himself on the lid of a small refrigerator that stood on the sidewalk in front of a furnishing store. "I can see the cars splendidly from here, and won't stir till you come."

"But perhaps they'd object," began Mrs. Cartney. Just then the proprietor came out to ask how he could serve her.

"Let me see," she replied, as she glanced around the shop. "Oh yes. I want a rolling-pin. You remember, Bernie, your aunt Jane spoke about needing a new one yesterday."

So the purchase was made, and confided to Bern's keeping, and then Mrs. Cartney asked if he might sit on the refrigerator for about twenty minutes, while she went around the corner.

"Well," was the response, "I've no objection, if he keeps his feet still and doesn't kick the paint off."

Bern promised to sit like a statue, and having received many injunctions from Mrs. Cartney not to move until she returned, he swung himself up on the lid again, and watched his mother disappear in the crowd. Just then two trains whizzed by overhead, and when that double excitement was over, a street band began playing at the corner. The last compelled Bern to exercise great strength of will in order to prevent his heels from keeping time against the refrigerator.

A balky car-horse furnished the next interesting event; but as the animal had chosen to take his stand about half a square away, Bern was again compelled to exercise a great deal of self-denial in order to stick to his ice-chest.

"Hullo! Come off of that!"

Bern brought his eyes back from the middle of the block to find a ragged newsboy addressing him.

"What do you want?" he inquired, politely.

"Why, I want yer ter git down from that 'ere 'frigerator," went on the young New-Yorker. Then noticing Bern's good clothes, which very likely held plenty of pocket-money, he continued, in a lower tone, "I was knocked off with boxed ears last week, so you'd better gimme two cents for tellin' yer, an' slip down easy 'fore the—"

"Fire! fire!"

The last two words came in loud tones from a man who rushed out of the next store with the dread cry, and leaving Bern completely mystified, the newsboy tore off to the alarm-box.

If the country boy had thought the streets crowded on ordinary occasions, his breath was almost taken away by the throngs that now swarmed on the sidewalk.

"Where is it?"

"How big?"

"Call the engines!"

These cries, with the everlasting "*Fire! fire!*" made the scene as confusing for the ear as for the eye; but Bern never stirred from the refrigerator.

"I'll be like the boy on the burning deck," he resolved, as the clanging bells of the fire-engines added their terrors to the hour.

Such a galloping of horses, scattering of people, and puffing of smoke as there was!

"Oh, how will mother ever be able to get to me?" thought Bern. "And if I leave the refrigerator, how'll I ever get to her? I don't know where the dressmaker lives, and—" But at this point in his reflections the boy's whole attention became absorbed in dodging the burning brands that began to fall about him, and in gazing at the sheets of flame pouring from the windows of the house next door.

Still he never made a motion to leave the place, not even when the clerks began to rush back and forth carrying things out of the store.

"Mother may come back any minute, and she must find me here on this lid; so I'll stay as long as the refrigerator does," was his resolve.

Brighter and fiercer grew the flames, thicker fell the cinders, and faster ran the clerks, until finally Bern expected that they would carry the refrigerator off from under him.

But just as he became nearly frightened to death by a shower of sparks and a brand that first struck the refrigerator and then fell to the ground near his feet, he heard some one shout out that the wind had changed. Then somebody else announced that the fire was under control, and before very long the last spark had been quenched.

Slowly the crowd dispersed, the engines departed, pale women regained their color, and everybody began to wonder for how much the property had been insured. Meanwhile Bern sat there patiently on the ice-chest, rolling-pin in hand, wondering what had become of his mother. He could see by the clock in the store that it was after twelve, and he was sure she had left him before eleven.

He had lost his interest in the elevated trains, there was not even a hand-organ to divert him, and, worse than all, he was growing terribly hungry.

"Mother said we'd go to a restaurant as soon as she came back," he reflected. "Oh dear! why didn't I go with her to the dressmaker's and sit on the steps, even if it was in a side street without any cars to watch?"

It was as much as he could do to keep from kicking the refrigerator in his impatience. The clerks in the store went out by turns to get their lunch, and at five minutes to one the proprietor hurried home to dinner, and there were still no signs of Mrs. Cartney.

"What if she's been run over?" thought Bern, with a shudder, and he suddenly became possessed with a wild desire to rush off somewhere and find out. But then she might come while he was gone.

"If this was only a corner grocery, I might buy an apple or something," and Bern sighed as he looked at the rolling-pin, so suggestive of Aunt Jane's famous pies.

The next moment a horrible thought struck him. Perhaps his mother had forgotten where the furnishing store was! It was quite possible, as she had not been in New York before in years.

If the refrigerator had been filled with ice, Bern could not have been more chilled than he was by suspense, doubts, surmises, and dread anticipations. What would become of him, alone—

"Bernie!"



It was Mrs. Cartney's voice, and by her side stood a policeman.

"Have—have you been arrested?" faltered Bern, clinging tightly to her arm.

"Arrested!" exclaimed his mother. "Why, I've had the police out looking for you. Where have you been all this time?"

"Just sitting on this refrigerator, as you told me to."

"But I thought the whole place was afire when I turned out the avenue, and I was half wild about you, so I went straight to the station-house. I've been to the dry-goods store, the railroad depot, and then I thought I might find you somewhere near the ruins, if the fire was over."

"I guess you forgot about the boy on the burning deck," said Bern, as they went off to lunch.

## THE LARK-MIRROR.

BY SHERWOOD RYSE.

IT seems strange at first thought that any one should take pains to compass the death of a skylark. But when that little bird, charming as he is, comes in huge flocks and settles down upon freshly seeded fields, the simple farmer's feelings toward him are very far from amiable.

So it happens that in France the farmers wage war upon the skylark, and the victims are sent to the Paris markets, and make their last appearance as a dainty dish on the Parisian's table.

One of the methods employed for taking these birds is very curious. It is called a lark-mirror, which word, indeed, well describes it, for it is a looking-glass. In form it varies with different makers and in different parts of the country.

One kind—and the principle is the same in all—is of the shape of a mushroom, and is studded all over with little bits of looking-glass. This mushroom-shaped head has a shank corresponding to the stalk of a mushroom, in which a hole is bored, so that it may fit on to a spindle, on which it turns. The spindle is, of course, very nearly as large as the hole in the shank, but lower down it is wider, and then a little lower down it tapers to a point, so that it may be driven into the ground.

The fowler fastens a string to the shank of the mushroom-shaped head, winding a few feet of the string around the shank. Then he retires to his hiding-place, about thirty yards distant, taking with him the other end of the string attached to the lark-mirror. After a while a flock of larks is seen coming over, and the fowler begins to pull the string, which, of course, unwinds itself from the shank, setting the mirror twirling gayly. And when the string has unwound itself the mirror still continues to twirl, and so it naturally winds the string up again. Thus the fowler has only to keep pulling the string toward himself, letting it go slack again when it is all unwound, and the mirror will continue to revolve.

Soon the flock of larks spy out the mirror twinkling upon the ground, and they swoop down upon it, and play around it, pecking at it with eager curiosity. They little know that this brilliant plaything is a snare for their destruction, and that the fowler has his hand on a string that will pull a net over them. This, at least, is what the old-time fowlers did when the lark-mirror was surrounded by the birds. In later times the double-barrelled gun, with a heavy charge of snipe-shot, has taken the place of the net, but the change is not in favor of the larks.

By beginning pretty early in the morning a big "bag" may be made before noon, especially in the autumn months, when the larks are packed together in flocks. It is not, however, sport, and is only resorted to because the lark is one of the worst of the pests that keep the farmer in a constant state of grumble.

Several ingenious ideas have been advanced to give a

reason why the lark thus flies to the mirror and to destruction. Some say that the bird mistakes the glittering of the little bits of mirror for running water, and alights to drink. Others hold that as the lark is fond of the sunlight (as is shown by his soaring so high up into the sky on a clear day), he mistakes the mirror for another sun; but this theory gives the poor bird credit for so little sense that it is not worth considering. Still other naturalists think that when the lark sees the glittering bits of glass from far up in the heavens he takes them for dew-drops, and descends to pick up the early worm that is likely to be about such a tempting-looking spot.

It is not probable, however, that any one of these reasons is the real one, and it is very probable that the motive that prompts him to come within reach of the fowler's snare and deadly gun is one that brings many of us, who are older and wiser, into trouble, namely, curiosity.

## THE ICE QUEEN.\*

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

#### ANOTHER ENCOUNTER WITH THE WILD DOGS.

THEY trudged slowly on again until they thought they must be close to the farther end of the land, when they found progress interrupted by a low headland of rocks partly covered by the brush of a fallen tree-top. In trying to get past it they became entangled in the branches, and Tug said he "lowed they'd have to light the lantern."

With great care, therefore—for matches were precious—this was done, and its rays at once showed them that they were not the first persons who had been there that night. Branches were freshly broken, and the snow was trampled. They set up a combined shout (and bark) as soon as this was perceived, but nothing came back except the dull echo of their voices and the rustle of the sleet and snow among the leafless and dripping branches.

"Well," said Tug, when he realized this, "our cue is to follow the tracks anyhow."

Crushing through the branches, they saw that the tracks, which had approached from the other side of the rocks and brush, led them to the trunk of the tree, and that then Aleck (if, indeed, it were he who had made them) had walked along the trunk toward its roots. Of course they followed, Tug going ahead with the lantern; but when they arrived at the great base of upturned roots they could not see where Aleck had leaped off, or that he had leaped off at all. On one side the snow lay smooth and untouched; on the other, close under and around the mass of dead roots, was a little thicket of low bushes and a shoulder of black rock. Beyond these the snow had not been disturbed.

This was very mysterious, and chilled their hearts with a nameless fear. They came close together on the high log, and talked almost in whispers. Jim held Tug's arm with both hands, and trembled so that his teeth chattered, and the tears rolled down his cheeks; while Tug himself, old and brave and strong as he was, was so scared (as he often said afterward) that every creak and moan of the laboring ice-coated trees seemed a frightful voice, and all the flitting lights and shadows cast by their lantern among the dark trunks and swaying hemlock branches took on shapes that it chilled his blood to look at. Even Rex seemed to catch the panic, and cowered at their feet with bristling hair.

There had been only a moment of this helpless, causeless terror—and no doubt they would quickly have thrown

it off—when they were roused by a real danger, which they knew in an instant. All ghosts and goblins, forms and voices, vanished at once, for they heard the wolfish howl of the dreaded dogs.

"Only mastiffs or hounds," you may exclaim, "such as we pass on the street every day, and babies play with, rolling over and on them unharmed!"

Very true; but these dogs had become savage again by their wild life; and no traveller in his sledge on the steppes of Siberia, or postman belated in the Black Forest at New-Year, was ever in more danger from wolves than were these two lads from the dogs, if the animals chose to attack them. Perhaps they had not yet been

ness of their cries, to which Rex bravely responded; and it was not long before they heard them crashing through the underbrush, and saw their eyes—fiery pairs of dots which reflected the fire-light in flashes of green or red—though the forms of the savage animals were hidden in the gloom.

Tug had hastily lopped off a young sapling and trimmed it into a long rough club, which he now held in the fire, in hope that the green wood would get hardened, or perhaps even ablaze. Jimmy clutched the hatchet tightly in his right hand, and his open jackknife in his left, while Rex bristled and barked. All the goblin fright had vanished, and the boys no longer trembled because sleet and



"JIM GOT IN AT LEAST ONE GOOD BLOW."

quite long enough in the wilderness to have overcome their once well-learned fear of men, and so would hesitate to attack, in open fight, the beings that heretofore had been their masters; but this was all the hope the boys could have.

"The dogs!" cried Jim, in a hoarse whisper.

"Yes," said Tug, through his teeth. "Here! give me the lantern, quick: we must have a fire."

The tangle of dead roots was quite dry, and kindled easily when the lantern candle was held against it, so that it was scarcely a minute before a bright blaze was crackling.

That moment had been enough, however, for the near approach of the dogs, as they knew by the increasing loud-

wind made uncanny noises, or the fire-light seemed to summon eldritch forms from the aisles of darkness between the hemlocks.

There seemed to be three of the fierce brutes, and they stopped as they came in sight of the fire and the group ready to receive them; but after a short pause the largest dog, with a tremendous bark, rushed forward, the others following savagely at his heels. Rex was crouching and ready, and before either of the boys could seize his collar he had sprung to meet his foes, and had gone down under their combined weight.

It was one of the strangest dog-fights known to history, and had the strangest end. In his broad collar, his long hair, and his greater health the Newfoundland had

the advantage; but he was one and his foes were three, and they had no chivalrous ideas of fairness or mercy in a fight, but were savages bent not only upon the death of their victim, but upon tearing him in pieces and devouring him afterward.

No sooner did Tug see Rex leap, and perceive the charge upon him, than he shouted "Give it to 'em!" and sprang into the snow, punching the nearest brute, bayonet fashion, with the hot tip of his sapling spear, while Jim got in at least one good blow with his hatchet. It sank almost to the haft in the neck of the nearest dog, and he dropped dead with scarcely a shudder.

Meeting this unexpected resistance, so determined, fiery (Tug's sapling bore a little streamer of flame, like the banner on the head of a Cossack's lance), and so fatal to one of their number, the two remaining dogs were abashed, and let go of Rex, intending to fight with their human assailants. But they had no time to make the change. Seeing that he must follow up his advantage, Tug charged again, and fairly put the startled brutes to flight by the combined force of his yells and his blazing bayonet, backed by Jim and his terrible hatchet.

When the boys saw that the dogs had really run away, they turned to look after their own brave ally, but he was nowhere to be seen, though the blazing stump lit up the whole scene of the battle.

"Why, where's Rex?" they asked one another, and called and whistled. Could he have fled into the forest? Impossible. Hark! was not that a faint whine?—and another?

"Do you think he can be dying, and has hid himself in the brush?" asked Jim. "They say wounded animals do that."

"Looks like it," Tug admitted. "Here, *Rex*!"

A more distinct yelp, as though the dog was in pain, came to their ears, and they began to search in all the shadowy places.

"Poke up the fire a bit, Jimmy—let's have a little more light," Tug said.

Jim hastened to follow out this suggestion, and in doing so entered the little thicket which I have mentioned between the shoulder of rock and the log. Suddenly he pitched almost headlong into a dark hollow. He drew back hastily, but as he did so, parting the bushes, he heard Rex's yelping come plainly up from beneath the ground.

"Hello! Rex has fallen down a hole," he exclaimed. "Come here, Tug!"

Sure enough, there was the mouth of a pit, how deep they could not tell, though they could see the Newfoundland's eyes shining at what did not seem so very great a distance.

"Why, Rex, old fellow, are you hurt?" they said; and the dog answered by a short bark, which ended in a pitiful whine of pain.

"Get the lantern, Jim; we must try to see what kind of a place this is; and look out where you step. This is a cave country, as I told you awhile ago. You may fall through 'most anywhere in this darkness."

The lantern was brought, and tied on the end of a pole with a handkerchief. Rex began to utter a series of peculiar, short, sharp barks when he saw the light descending, and they knew he was dancing about by the way his eyes moved.

When about twelve feet of the pole had been lowered the lantern rested on the bottom, and by its faint glow Rex could be seen standing on his legs and apparently not much hurt.

"There's something else down there that Rex seems to bother himself about a good deal," reported Jim, who was lying down and peering over the edge. "Move the lantern this way a little. It looks— Oh, Tug, it's a man!—it's Aleck, and he's dead!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### THE SPRINKLING-POT.

**S**PRING, Spring, you darling thing,  
Look out with your sprinkling-pot;  
Drop your showers upon the flowers,  
But don't wet little Tot.

### FEEDING THE HEN.

**W**HEN Henny penny staid at home,  
She had enough for six;  
When naughty Henny dared to roam,  
They chased her back with sticks.

So all good chicks must mind her fate;  
If on a sweet spring day  
They wander through the garden gate,  
They may come home this way.

buildings badly wounded, but as yet no one has died. We expected instant death, and were so thankful when it was over, and we were safe, that we could not have murmured at the destruction of our property. The Methodist church is all in ruins, and the parsonage is a ruin. Every man can drive a hammer as at work to-day trying to set on roofs before it rains. There have been some killed by the cyclone in our country, but none in town, and it seems like a miracle. All the best timber in the path of the cyclone was uprooted, and felled and bars blown away. But my letter is getting too long, so I thought the little readers of *Young People* would like to hear about it, and if you think so, please print it.

HELEN L. F.

I read in the daily papers a description of that appalling wind-storm, and wondered at the time if any of my children were exposed to its fury. I print the accompanying note from Helen's mother.

Helen's letter contains a truthful account of the terrible cyclone, which has visited us, and which simply baffles description, coming as it did with its peculiar grinding noise, its funnel shape, its boring auger-like movement, and its terrible destruction.

POINT-TO-POINT, TEXAS.

I live on a large ranch in southern California. My father has a stock ranch, and I ride about half the time. Two weeks ago I went eight miles over the mountains to look for a stray heifer. I found her, but she was so wild and fierce I could not have her longer than a few minutes.

I was coming down a steep mountain. I turned into the road, and overtook one of father's teams. The rain had washed the roads away. Out of the road the ground was very slippery. The team kept going faster and faster. One wheel-horse fell down, and the rest dragged him.

The trailer was so frightened he did not know what he was doing and I caught him. This is not the first accident, nor the last either. I have a pretty colt that I broke myself; her name is Fanny, and she is one year and a half old; she is large, and a fast trotter. The other day she bucked me off; I was on bare-back, though. She was very quick, but don't try to throw me now.

Another day I caught ten calves down the coast. The boys are putting in grain. I went and staid two weeks there, and cooked for them. They were glad to see me, for they never cooked any dinner; they ploughed all day heavy.

At night the coyotes barked and yelled all around our camp. One coyote makes as much noise as six noisy dogs. You could hardly hear him if you were in the canyon. The coyotes and little tawns in the sand hills. We had a pet deer, and his name was Major. He was a beauty, but one night he died. He ate anything, but liked snails and milk the best. Which deer are young they have light spots on them, and the wild animals can not scent them. When they are about six months old the spots come off, and then they are called "red deer." The grass here is very pretty now. We never have snow, and seldom ice or frost. I have seen snow only once in my life. I thought it was cold, but it was not.

In my mail to take home, and I was surprised to find, when I reached there, only a few straws floating in water. I am thirteen years old, and like the *YOUNG PEOPLE* very much.

FLORENCE A. C.

MERRICK, CANADA.

Not long ago I observed a letter from a little girl in California, telling about a cyclone. We all thought it was dreadful. I have never lived in a country where they have such horrid winds. We are ninety-five miles west from Montreal, in a cozy little village on the coast of the Gulf of Mexico. The water is clear as crystal. Opposite the village there is an island, where we cross in row-boats, or we can take the ferry, and go across and back for five cents.

We go in the morning, have our lunch, and stay all day, coming home in the evening. It is a splendid place for teaching, reading, swimming, and sailing. I am a little girl living in Louisiana. On the banks of the Red River there are large cotton plantations. The cotton begins to open in August, and from September on, the landscape is very beautiful. A great many of the places on the river were overwashed, and as we live in the hills we did not have all the fun that Charles H. H. had. We have a great many kinds of fruit up here in northern Louisiana. The apple, peach, pear, and plum are the principal ones. The grape, walnut, hickory, and blackberry, peach, plum, and persimmons, and chinquapin grow in the wild woods.

GLEN SPRING, LOUISIANA.

With all this nice fruit I would like to have some of the fine skating and sleigh-riding that some of the little boys and girls write about. We had some ice skating here, but it was not thick enough to stand on. My sisters, a little boy that lives here, and myself, used to go to the skating rink. A few days to the northwest of the house there is a low place that fills with water after a rain, and to-night the frogs are in the water. I think it sounds so lonely.

Have any of you sent for Vick's *Floral Guide* that was in the *Young People*? I went to get it to-day, and mentioned HARRIS'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I expect also to send for some of Vick's flower seeds, as I am very fond of pretty flowers. I admire almost every garden that grows; in fact, I love nature in all its various hues and forms from the gigantic oak, "the king of the forest," to the timid violet that hides itself in the face of a flower.

Well, the "Stuck Bolt's Fat" and "Bottles" very much. That was just like the boys, wanting to get into the fair without paying, but I think I should have let Charley, Harry, and Ralph in to help. I wonder how their concert ended? I am impatient to get the next number to find out.

We are trying to write in a new way, by just letting the two fingers of the right hand touch and the elbow a little elevated, so my words run in every direction, and I can not keep them straight. Good-by.

EVA K.

## FOUR DAYS ON AN ISLAND.

It was on the morning of August 16, 1888, that two boys, Tom and Ernest, went to play on the river. The tide was high and the current very strong, and we were longing for a boat and a row. But we had to content ourselves with pulling in an old boat that was stuck in the mud. It had been floating down the stream in five minutes if we had not saved it. We got some nice chocolate creams as our reward.

That afternoon our mother and our mamas if we might go on a cruise. They said we might, if a certain young minister who was staying at the hotel would go with us. On Saturday morning we called this gentleman, Mr. Matthews, if he would go; he said he would. Tom's brother Will also was to go with us. We started on Monday morning on our way to the island. Tom's mother got an old horse (thirty-five years of age) and a wagon from the hotel, and Tom and Ernest rode in that to where we were to join Will and Mr. Matthews at the island.

We will describe the place where they are going, an island on the Upper Delaware, four miles from Dingoes, and four miles from the river. It is called the summer. Opposite the island is Van Aken's house, and the famous Cave Bank is one mile below, and one mile below is another large island. Now we know how the boys are situated.

After some difficulty we all reached the island. But no sooner had we got there than it began to rain, so we had to get up a tent. We commenced to put up our tent, which was constructed by cutting two fork-like sticks, which we planted in the ground, and then we stretched the canvas over the straight pole, which went from fork to fork; then we stretched the canvas across the straight pole, making the front in the shape of a triangle. The rain had nearly stopped by this time, so we had our lunch.

In the afternoon two men who were hunting game on the island, and they told us where we could get a good spring of water, and the boys went to get a pail of good water, and our visitors left us. Then we made our table and a fire-place. Then Mr. Matthews told each of us what we were to do. Ernest was to wash the dishes; all were to join in catching fish and other work; Will was to clean the fish; Mr. Matthews and Tom were to do the cooking. We had a good day and put up the bottom of the tent, and we had blankets to lay over it for our beds. For supper we had broiled squirrel, potatoes, and coffee. After supper we went into our tent, and Mr. Matthews told us stories and showed us tricks. We had a good night's rest.

The next morning was very pleasant. We soon caught a few fish for our breakfast. Soon after breakfast we went out on an exploring expedition. In the afternoon Mr. Matthews and Tom went out by themselves to look for some fish. We went over to the Van Aken house for some milk. He started at half past five, and never got back until seven o'clock. Mr. Matthews was very much frightened, but as Will took the boat, he could not go after him. He got stuck on a sand bar, and had a hard time to get off.

Next morning Ernest's sister came up with a party of girls and boys, and they stayed for a day on the island. While there they were stung by hornets. They soon left. We all laughed heartily at their misfortune. That night we burned a fire.

Thursday was the day for going home. But before we broke up camp Tom and Ernest went to visit the Raymond Kill. They had a very good time, and a Tom's father came for us. Tom went in the wagon, Will, Ernest,



THE LITTLE MOTHER.

Now, hush-a-bye, dottie, and put down your head:

It's time little girls were all safe in their bed. And I've been so drowsily busy to-day, I am half asleep now, and you're dust full of play.

Please hush-a-bye, baby, my own precious pearl, Shut up your eyes tight, like a love of a dir.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

**A**MERICAN Ornithologists' Union. My older boys and girls can easily read this long name, but the little ones will have to spell it out. Then they will say, "Please tell us what it means." It means this, little readers. A number of gentlemen have formed themselves into a society or club for the purpose of watching the ways of birds, and they want everybody to help them, so that they may collect all the useful facts about the dear feathered friends that they possibly can. Observers all over the country are wanted, just such bright-eyed observers as my girls and boys, to watch the robins, mocking-birds, bluebirds, wrens, redstarts, martins, swallows, chickadees, bluebirds, finches, juncos, and a host of other birds, to tell when they appear in the spring, what sort of nests they make, when they fly away in the autumn, and whatever else may be noticed about their habits and their songs.

Also the date at which the first frog is heard, the first tree-toad heard, the dates of the flowering of various plants, etc.

Those who wish to receive circulars giving full information may apply to Dr. C. Hart Merriam, Chairman of Committee on Migration, Locust Grove, Lewis County, New York.

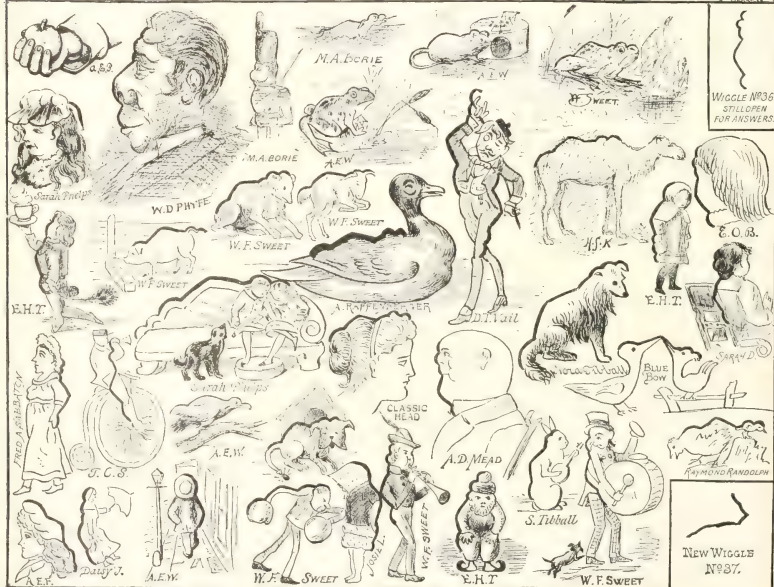
The Postmistress hopes that you will all read and think about this paragraph.

NORTH, NORTH CAROLINA.

I am nearly ten years old, and live in Newton, North Carolina. I attend Catawba College, and my papa is one of the teachers. A friend sent me *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*, and I thought I would write to you about the awful cyclone that struck our town last evening at six o'clock. The winds were as loud as a man's voice, and the hurricane was fearful, but it lasted but a minute. The college was unroofed, and some of the tin carried half a mile—some is hanging in trees and some piled on the ground in the yard. Papa's house and thirty-five or forty other dwellings are unroofed or in utter ruin—some felled to the ground, and some beyond repairing. Many of the people were taken down under the fallen







# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 235.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Tuesday, April 29, 1884.

Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 per Year, in Advance.

## THE SIEGE OF TARRYTOWN.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

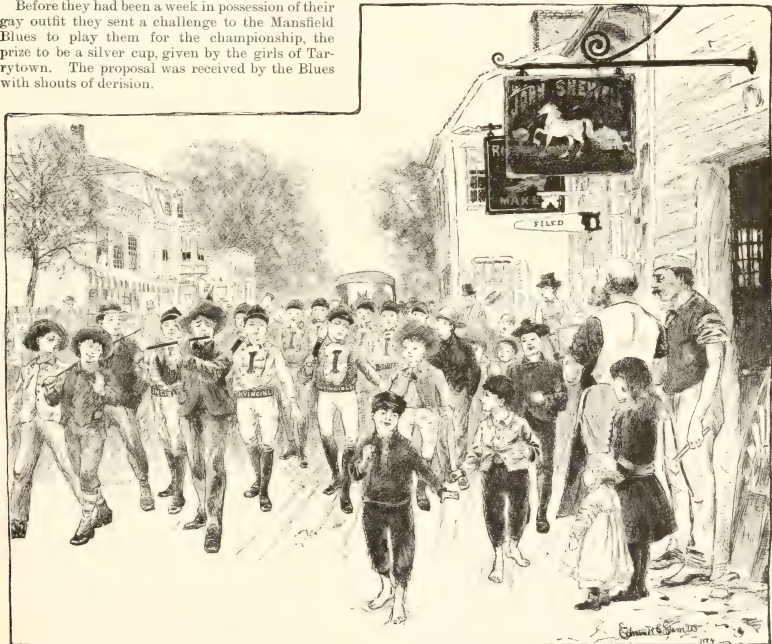
I.

THE trouble began with the base-ball match. The Tarrytown Invincibles had a new uniform, red caps, gray shirts, and deep orange stockings, making them look wonderfully like a set of young Dorking roosters.

Before they had been a week in possession of their gay outfit they sent a challenge to the Mansfield Blues to play them for the championship, the prize to be a silver cup, given by the girls of Tarrytown. The proposal was received by the Blues with shouts of derision.

It was Ted Hamilton that brought the challenge to a meeting of the Nine held in his father's barn.

"Look here, fellows!" he said, holding up a long yellow envelope, bearing the stamp of the Tarrytown cracker factory on one corner. "What you s'pose the Tarrytown Invincibles are up to now? Want to play us for the championship!"



"LO! THE CONQUERING HERO COMES."



All sorts of whistles, scoffs, and jeers greeted the announcement.

"What's the prize?" inquired Bob Kingston, in the first hull.

"A silver cup, to be given by the girls of Tarrytown," read Ted, adding, in scornful tones, "I reckon it's the mug Johnny Farr eats his crackers and milk out of."

"What we want of a silver cup?" demanded Will Blanchard. "We've cut our teeth; the Invincibles better keep it."

"No fun at all beating such a set of babies," said Jack Fuller.

"That's so, fellows," admitted Ted; "but then, you see, we want to play somebody, just to keep ourselves up, and there's nobody else now the Caxtons have broken up. Really, seems to me it would be a good idea to take these young chaps in hand and teach 'em a thing or two."

"So I say," put in Larry Howe; "and we can present the cup to somebody—orphan asylum or something."

"All right. But they must come down here to play. Their ground ain't worth anything."

"Sposin' they won't come?"

"Well, we might split the difference, and play on the Fair Grounds; that's about half-way."

"That's fair," decided the Blues.

The following day the challenge was accepted, and the Invincibles agreed to the conditions.

But when, on the appointed day, the little yellow-legged troop appeared, followed by a motley crowd of boys, and led by a fifer, who played "Lo! the conquering Hero comes," it was almost too much for the courtesy of the Blues, who were on hand to receive them.

It is not within the province of my story to describe the game that followed. Suffice it to say that, as it progressed, the disgust of the Blues was gradually exchanged for astonishment, and at its close they found themselves badly whipped by the "babies" they had despised.

Now, in anticipation of a very different result, the Blues had resolved to show their good manners by treating their beaten rivals with royal generosity. A committee had been appointed to escort them over town, and show them the two grand attractions of Mansfield—the Soldiers' Monument and the old Town-Hall. The one was a monument of the civil war, and the other a relic of old colonial times, still bearing under one weather-beaten gable the marks of British bullets, where a raiding party had vainly tried to shoot down the Federal flag that flaunted over their heads.

This old Town-Hall was the glory of Mansfield. To be sure, the village had left it quite on one side, but that was the fault of the railroad, which was not thought of in old colonial times. A Mansfield boy might forget to go after the cows, to bring in wood, or split kindlings, but never would he forget to boast of the Town-Hall, which kept its honorable scars in spite of wind and weather.

It may easily be imagined that the members of the committee of escort were not in an amiable frame of mind, but they fulfilled their duties to the letter. The lunch on the barn floor was a decided success, and so were the speeches that followed.

But at the Soldiers' Monument the Blues began to flag, and when the pitcher of the Invincibles asked some innocent question, Larry Howe retorted by calling him "Babby."

This might have broken the peace, but fortunately the threatened storm passed over. When they reached the Town-Hall it was growing dusk, and the bullet marks under the gable were not quite so plain to be seen as the nose on your face, in spite of Jacob Fuller's assertion to that effect.

"Don't b'lieve they're bullet-holes 'tall," said Gray, of the Invincibles, tipping his short neck at such an angle that his red cap fell off, and was immediately stepped on—by accident.

"You don't, hey?" demanded Sam Andrews. "Well, that's about as much sense as I should expect from a cracked pitcher. Mebby you think they're fly-specks."

The "crack pitcher" of the Invincibles made no reply, except to say,

"Come on, fellows; I'm goin' up to see."

"Do, if you dare!" said Larry, who had been intrusted with the key.

The whole troop rushed pell-mell up the stairs to the gallery. Larry threw open the door to the belfry, and the Invincibles followed their leader up the rickety ladder, and out into the square inclosure from whose beams the bell had once swung. Some of the boldest of them mounted into the gaping window-frames, and dangled their yellow legs outside.

Unfortunately for them, the historic gable was at the other end of the building. But the dauntless pitcher declared his intention to crawl out there over the roof, and immediately proceeded to put his purpose in execution.

He scrambled like a monkey along the steep slope, where the ridge-pole and the curled-up shingles gave him a tolerable footing. Some of the Blues from below felt themselves turning giddy as the venturesome youth slowly projected his head beyond the edge of the roof.

"No!" he shouted. "Just what I told you! Them bullet-holes? Not much!"

"What be they?" screamed the Invincibles from the belfry. "What made 'em?"

"Woodpeckers, yellow-hammers," answered Gray, turning cautiously to retrace his steps.

This was too much for Mansfield flesh and blood. Moved by one impulse, the Blues rushed down the ladder, and locked the door behind them. On the landing of the gallery stairs they sat down to consult.

"Open the door," demanded the Invincibles.

"Not till you apologize," said Larry, savagely. "Woodpecker holes, indeed! Just wish you'd been up there when them woodpecker holes was made."

## II.

So the siege began. The Invincibles were plucky, and disdained to beg, and, besides, they had decidedly the best of the situation as long as daylight lasted. They amused themselves by making sarcastic remarks about the town in general, even proposing to set fire to the old hall.

Half an hour passed.

"Tell ye what," said Larry; "let's 'point guard and keep 'em here all night. Three stand at a time, and the rest go home."

Nobody objected. The guard was appointed by drawing cuts, and the first set was promptly put on duty—Jack Fuller, Larry Howe, and Sam Andrews. Only two of the remaining six were on hand—Ted Hamilton and Lonny Rowe; but they agreed to notify the others, three of whom were to relieve guard at ten, and the other three at one, the last guard to softly unlock the door at four, and leave the prisoners to their own sweet will.

"Hi! there they go! going off to leave us!" shouted an Invincible from the belfry, as Ted and Lonny passed down the road. There was a rush against the door, followed by a laugh and "No, you don't, Invincibles," from the guard outside.

"We're all right," retorted Gray; "just as soon stay overnight in yer old woodpeckers' nest as not."

The Invincibles had the advantage of numbers. Nine boys can keep each other in countenance through very trying circumstances, and they sang and whistled, while the three guards, having exhausted every available topic, listened in silence to impromptu serenades which Mat Hanford, who had a big brother in college, manufactured for the occasion.

The long gallery grew darker and darker, and the hall below was absolute blackness, for the windows had been



boarded nearly to the top to protect them from lawless slingers of stones.

The guard gradually contracted their beat, and finally sat down on the landing at the top of the gallery stairs, where a little square of moonlight fell on the dusty floor. The boys in the belfry showed no signs of weariness, but sang more noisily than ever:

"Oh, the ocean waves may roll  
And the stormy winds may blow,  
While we poor sailors go skipping to the tops,  
And the land lubbers lie down below,  
And the land-lubbers lie down below."

"Must be 'most midnight. I bet the fellows have gone to sleep and forgotten all about us," whispered Larry, glancing over his shoulder, and moving so as to bring his back against the wall.

"Ted Hamilton 'll stick by us," said Sam; "but I'm awful tired, that's a fact."

The little square of moonlight disappeared, the hall was absolutely dark, and the boys in the belfry were silent.

"Gone to sleep, I reckon," said Jack.

No answer. Silence in the belfry; silence in the gallery; only by-and-by a sound like a snore—in fact, like three snores in different keys.

### III.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when Ted Hamilton made his appearance without the relief guard, the young soldiers having found it impossible to get leave of absence upon any excuse whatever, and the presence of Larry and Sam being sternly insisted upon at home. Jack was, however, permitted to spend the night with Ted, who decided that they two could attend to the siege. As he approached the Town-Hall he gave a low cautious whistle. No response. Another and another, from the very foot of the stairs, brought at last three absurd toots in reply, as if the mouths of the whistlers had been for some time out of practice.

"Bet you were all asleep!" said Ted, turning his lantern upon them.

"I wasn't," said each boy, promptly, but with a suspicious look at his companion.

"Well," said Ted, "the other boys can't come; but I'll stay if Jack will. Aunt Mary doesn't care."

"I wish we hadn't begun it," said Jack, doubtfully. "They were our guests, and it was awful mean to serve 'em such a trick."

"They deserved it," said Sam.

"No difference if they did."

"Well, if we back out now, we shall have to apologize," said Ted, ruefully.

"Don't care; I'll apologize, and then go up to Tarrytown and thrash the lot of 'em," said Jack, starting up. "I'm just about dead, anyway."

He started quickly for the belfry, and the rest followed. The belfry door was shut, but what was that written on it in the red chalk with which the tally was kept? The boys stared hard, and finally read:

"Good-by dear friends. It was woodpeckers."

Ted jerked open the door. A lot of burnt matches lay around it, and the lock had been neatly cut from the decayed old post.

"That's what they were up to when they made such a row singing," said Sam.

"Must have come out and gone down the stairs when we were—"

"I tell you I wasn't asleep," said Larry. "I may have just—kind of—not really—"

"Well, they're gone, and I'm mighty glad," said Jack.

And so they all were, except the boys who had staid at home. They talked very bravely about what would have happened or not happened "if I'd been there." But then, you see, they were *not* there.

### BETTINA MAZZI\*

BY EDWARD IRENEUS STEVENSON.

"O'H! who will scale the belfry tower,  
And cut that banner down?  
All broken is the Austrian power;  
They gallop from the town;  
And surely 'tis an idle taunt,  
With this day's victory gained,  
To let you painted falsehood blount—  
The very sky seems stained!"

So spoke the Duke: around he glanced  
To see that each rank heard;  
But every eye was on the ground,  
No single soldier stirred;  
The shattered belfry timbers shake:  
That highest spire of all  
Beneath a dove's weight might it break,  
And sevenscore feet down-fall.

Each thought: "Cut down by hand that flag?  
Foolhardy were the deed,  
When one three-pounder snaps its staff  
As breaks a withered reed!"  
But just as silence grew to shame,  
And none would lift his face,  
A sunburned child, her face aflame,  
Stood forth before his Grace.

She courtied; gave a hasty glance  
To where the flag flew high,  
Then, stammering, she said, "My lord,  
May I—have leave—to try?"  
"You, child?" he mocked. "By Mars, you come  
To school these veterans grim.  
And your reward?" "Those two fair plumes  
That shade your beaver's brim."

Loud rang his laugh. "So be it! climb!  
The plumes are yours—if won."  
She darts across the street as fleet  
As swallow in the sun;  
The church door clashes at her back;  
She rushes up the stair—  
Against the sky, in the belfry high,  
See, see her standing there!

And now she slips up to the leads;  
The crowd all hold their breath,  
Higher and higher slow she mounts,  
One step 'twixt her and death.  
Along that narrow dormer's edge,  
Up to the broken ball;  
Oh, shattered joist and splintered beam,  
Let not the brave child fall!

And now she grasps the slender staff;  
Then slowly, gently, see!  
The flag begins to sink. Good cord,  
Do thy work faithfully!  
The pulley turns—the rope runs smooth—  
Down, down the gay folds glide  
Along the quivering pole, until  
They hang her hand beside.

Close gathered—look! she cuts their bond,  
Her scissors flashing fair;  
Then lightly pushed from where she clings,  
They drop, plumb, to the square;  
But no man thought to raise his cheer  
Until—oh, blessed chance!  
They see her clamber down, and safe  
From the church steps advance.

Ah, then, what shoutings came from all,  
To honor such a deed!  
Up the old street at the Duke's side  
She rides his pacing steed,  
Her homespun apron filled with crowns,  
The Duke's plumes in her hair;  
What man shall say a little maid  
Can never do and dare?

\* It is related that immediately after the battle of Solferino a detachment of the Italian force passed through a town near the field of the day's victory, and discovered that the enemy's colors, abandoned or forgotten in their panic, were still flying from the old church. The spire had been nearly demolished by the cannonades. In reply to the thoughtless challenge of the leader to "climb up and cut down the flag," after the soldiers had shown their general unwillingness to risk their lives on the tottering structure, a little peasant girl, Bettina Mazzi by name, undertook it successfully. She received a rich reward from the spectators, as well as the only thing she had asked for on attempting her feat—the long ostrich plume—which the leader wore in his military chapeau, and by which her rustic little fancy had been greatly struck.



A LITTLE FAMILY.

## ELEPHANT-SHREWS.

BY ARTHUR LINDSLEY.

**E**LEPHANT-SHREWS! Are they not curious little animals to be so called? For you must not imagine that they take their name from being of great size: it is just the other way.

If you magnify this picture a little more than twice, it will show you the natural size of the animal, so you can see that they are little bits of things. And only think of the name by which they are known in books of natural history! I will write it out for you, though I do not believe you can pronounce it—*Macroscelidus proboscideus*.

There is a name for you, almost as long as its tiny owner himself. And you shall see how it comes to be given to him, for these long scientific names almost always have a meaning, and are given because of their meaning. *Macroscelidus* means having long legs, and *proboscideus* means having a long nose, or proboscis.

Now there is a group of little mouse-like animals, some of which are found in various countries, all having slender pointed heads, and these are known as *shrews*. This particular shrew, from his remarkable legs and snout, has received the name which I have given you; but in English we call him elephant-shrew, because of his long nose.

If you were to ask me why the name of shrew was given them, I could not tell. But one thing I do know—the common meaning of shrew is a woman with a very bad temper; and that these little animals are very cross and ill-tempered there can be no doubt. They are constantly given to fighting, and the famous naturalist Mr.

Bell tells us that if two are put in a box together, it will only be a very little while before the weaker one is killed and perhaps half eaten up by his fierce little companion.

Singularly enough, the little elephant-shrew shown in the picture lives only in the region where elephants live, or rather where elephants did live. There are several species of *Macroscelidus*, which are all natives of Africa, and this species which we have in our drawing lives only in South Africa, and in the part called Cape Colony. Only a few years ago elephants were abundant there; but they have been hunted so much to obtain their tusks for ivory that now there are scarcely any to be found within the whole colony, and the few that are left are driven far back toward the very border. But the little fellows, their brother long-noses, the elephant-shrews, have not gone, for no one has thought of disturbing them. There is no money to be made by hunting and killing them, and so there they are, plenty of them, still.

Cape Town, on Table Bay, is the chief town of the colony, and it has been for more than two hundred years; but just outside the town, between it and the foot of Table Mountain and the Devil's Peak, two great mountains close at hand, all about on the level ground you can find the burrows of these little elephant-shrews. Yet so shy are they, and so quick in their movements, that unless you are very watchful and very skillful it will be a long time before you catch one, or even see him.

Look at the picture closely, and you will notice two very remarkable features—the long nose from which he takes his name, and the very long and strong hind-legs. One of them is down on all four of his feet, but they do not move in that way when they are in a hurry. They stand on the hind-feet, as the other one is shown, and spring away two, three, or five feet at a leap, and so quickly that they seem rather like little brown birds flying than like what they really are. In color they are not like our common mouse, but of a very rich brown, becoming reddish on the sides and white beneath. The tail is long and slender, and the nails of the hind toes are very long.

Their strange nose is just like the snout of other animals, only that it is so long. The nostrils are at the end of it, as usual, and perhaps it helps them in searching for food, for they move it about, and seem to *feel* with it.

Their burrows are very peculiar, and one is shown to you here in the picture. I do not know any other animal which makes such a burrow, though very many dig burrows to live in, and have a little room or chamber for a nest at the end. But this *Macroscelidus* digs *straight down* for a distance commonly of four to seven inches, and then turns sharp off at a right angle a little way, bends up an inch or two, and then digs out a round place three or four inches through. Here they make their nest of soft grass, etc., and as comfortable a place they have as any shrew could ask. I think the artist has put two babies in the cradle of this family. What do *you* think?

We have no elephant-shrews in America, but we have shrews, and it is possible that you may see them. But if you do, it will most likely be in this way: if you live in the country, and have a cat that likes to hunt around in the fields, every now and then you may find that she kills a mouse and *will not eat it*. Look closely: it is not a mouse; it is a shrew; it has a *long nose*; its name is *Sorex*.

My cat Budge is a great field hunter. Budge often kills shrews, and always brings them in, so as to be praised for what she has done. Then she lets them be thrown away. Her mice and birds she claims.

## THE ICE QUEEN.\*

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

RESCUED AGAIN.

HOW to get down into the pit was now the great question. Guided by the light of the fire steadily eating its way into the butt of the log in spite of the storm, they cut down a small tree and lopped off its branches in such a way as to make a rude ladder. Though they were in so great a hurry this was slow work with their dull hatchet. Lowering it carefully into the pit until its end rested firmly, Jim held the top, while Tug went down, took the lantern, and approached the motionless form, whose face Rex was licking. The instant the light fell upon the face he saw that it was the Captain's.

"It's Aleck!" he called out. "Come down."

"Is he dead?" asked Jim, as he scrambled down the break-neck ladder.

"No," said Tug, who was kneeling by the lad's side.

"His face is warm, and I can feel his heart beat. He's only stunned. Where's that brandy Katy sent?"

"It's in my overcoat pocket upon the ground—I'll get it." And Jim scrambled up the hemlock trunk, fearless of a tumble.

"Now pour a few drops between his lips," said Tug, when the boy had got back, at the same time lifting Aleck's head upon his knee. "I wish we had some water. Get out."

This last was addressed to Rex, who was in the way; but it also accomplished the boy's wish, for, in starting back, the dog stepped into a pool of water that lay upon the bottom of the cave. So crystal clear and quiet was this little pool in this lone and silent chamber of rock that even when they knew it was there, and were dipping the water up with their hats, they could not tell by lantern-light where its edge was, or how near were their hands to the surface, until they felt its icy chill against their knuckles.

The dashing of this cold pure water upon his face, and a few drops of the spirits, served to awaken Aleck very speedily, though at first his ideas were much confused.

"Where am I?" was his first utterance, as it has been that of thousands of others in like case, and several minutes passed before he was able to sit up and talk to them.

"I suppose you fellows—" he began to say, presently, in a stammering sort of way, "would like—to know—what I was doing—down here."

"Well, Captain," said Tug, who would have liked to dance a jig, but was afraid to, and could only hug the dog to express his joy—"well, Captain, we don't want to be impertinent, Jim and me, nor what you might call *inquisitive*,

in regard to what ain't none o' our business; and we hope we're not intrudin' on you here; but if you are willing to explain one or two matters, we'd be glad to listen."

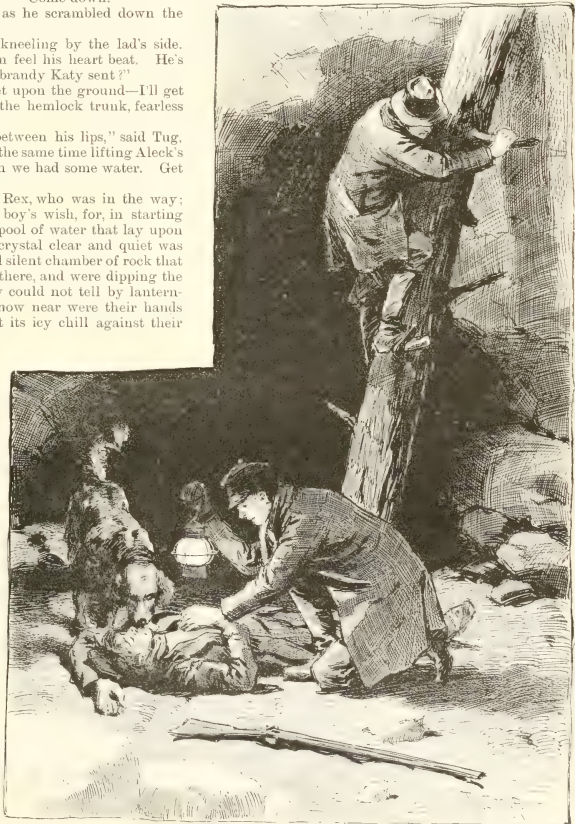
"Why, I got so tired tramping round in the storm—that when I got to that brush heap—and rocks—out there, I thought—I thought—I'd go up in the woods—and camp. So I came up along that big log, and stepped off—and that's the last I remember. But I know I've a frightful headache, and I wish I was home."

"Home! Where? In Monore? That roof was sheltering other heads. In Cleveland? That seemed farther away than ever. The fisherman's cottage? Ah, Katy would make *that* a home to the wounded lad, if only they could get him there!

"Do you think you could walk?" Tug asked, anxiously.

"Yes, if I was out of this, and could get warm."

"Well, there is a fire up there, and this ladder is not



"IS HE DEAD?" ASKED JIM.

\* Begun in No. 217, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

long. Drink the rest of this brandy; I know you hate it, but it's only a trifle, and it will give you strength for your climb; and then you can rest a bit, while we get the dog out. *Heave, ho!*"

To do this, Tug went half-way up the ladder, and Jim handed up his shaggy companion, after which Tug lifted him to where he could scramble out.

Then Aleck, by slow stages and with much help, reached the top, and was wrapped in overcoats, while he sat by the fire until his chilliness was gone, and he had eaten some of the food Katy had sent. This done, he felt able to begin his journey homeward. While he waited, Tug went into the pit to bring out the gun and the lantern. Standing on the brink of the black water, he tossed a pebble, but failed to strike the opposite wall. Then he hurled another with all his strength, and, after a time, heard it splash in the water. How far away lay the other end of the cave, or to what depths underneath this cavern-like cave-floor descended, he never knew. He realized how narrow had been the escape of all, and the strange coincidence by which they had been led to this spot, and had discovered the hidden mouth of the pit; and he thanked God for all their lives.

The dull gray of the dawn was lighting up the driving rain, the slushy snow, and the drenched and dripping trees, when the weary boys, supporting their almost worn-out leader, crept down the rough hill, and approached the little cottage. Katy had seen them coming, and stood waiting in the door, looking herself as though she had not slept much that sad night.

"Oh, Aleck!" was all she could say, as she threw her arms around her brother's neck, "must you always be the one to get hurt for us?"

"I hope not, sis," he said, with a smile, and sank, exhausted, into a bunk.

Then with quiet swiftness the girl heated water, washed the wounds in Aleck's head, and hastened to boil the corn-meal mush and the coffee, which were the best she could give them for breakfast. Meanwhile she told how she had passed the night, making her story so bright, and bustling about so cheerily, that she did more to restore the tired boys than, in her absence, all their pulling off of soaked boots and stretching upon soft mattresses of springy boughs would have done.

"After waiting a long, long time—it must have been until after midnight," Katy began the story of her night—"I had dropped asleep in my chair before the fire, when I was waked up by something scratching at the door. I knew in a minute it was those dreadful dogs, and I was awfully scared. I'd have liked to have got under the bed, only there wasn't any bed, and so I—what do you suppose?—I got the butcher-knife and a big stick, and climbed up into the top berth. They growled and grumbled around the door, and scratched and butted at it, and every little while one or two of them would stand upon their hind-legs and look in at the window with their horrible green eyes. Ugh! I don't want to go through another such a night!"

"Nor I!" exclaimed all three of her listeners in chorus, each thinking of his own separate experience.

"Passed unanimously!" cried Katy. "Now come to breakfast."

### CHAPTER XXX.

#### PEEDING UPON A NEW BOVE.

THE warm rain continued all that day and the next night, while the boys rested, except that Tug went to his set line and brought back a fine pike of about six pounds weight, which gave them a good dinner. By the next morning the snow had nearly all melted away, and the sun shone warm, while great glistening pools of water lay spread out upon the ice. It was evident that the long-delayed January thaw had come at last.

The disappearance of the snow brought several things to light that they had not seen before. Bits of iron and general rubbish appeared about the door. A heap of snow which they had thought concealed a boulder exposed by its melting an old flat-bottomed skiff, turned upside down, and under it lay a torn sail, with its mast. Behind the house Tug found several articles he thought "might come handy"; among the rest a short piece of lead pipe, which he seized upon at once. Then, while Aleck and Jimmy walked out to look at the traps, Tug built a hot fire, and went to work at making bullets of the lead. He melted his old pipe in a piece of tin, which he had hammered into a spoon, and dropped the molten metal into cold water. The bullets, or shot, were not all of the same size, and were more pear-shaped than round; but by whittling and hammering they did very well, and in two hours he had a handful.

"Now," said he, with a vengeful tone in his voice, "just let me get a shot at those ornary curs!"

Later, Aleck came back, reporting no birds, but bringing a small pickerel.

"But I saw another flock of cross-bills, and I'm going to take my 'pitchfork' and go after them," Jimmy added, eagerly; and at once went out, while Katy put on her hat and started for a short walk.

"Aleck," said Tug, when they were alone, "I have wanted a good chance to talk with you about the fix we're in. I feel sure that, snug as we are, it's no good to stay here."

"How are we going to get away? Our boat is useless for ice travel, now that the sledge is gone, even if we save her in decent condition, which we must see about this afternoon."

"I have been looking at that little scow down on the shore. She is big enough to carry us in water, and I believe we could put a couple of low runners on her bottom, so as to move over an ice-field. Come with me and have a look at her."

So the two lads went down to the old boat, and looked her carefully over, discussing all the repairs she would need, and how they could make them.

"But why don't you think we could stay here longer?" Aleck asked, after a time.

"Because," his companion replied, "we have almost no ammunition and almost no fishing-tackle. In a week from now we should have to live wholly on what we could catch in fishing and by traps, and we get so little now that I think it foolish to risk it if we can get a chance to escape. I reckon it'll freeze up hard again in a few days, but for the last time this winter. Probably the ice'll break up partly in the next thaw, and after that, you know, come the long stormy months of spring, when our boat wouldn't keep afloat with four people in it during a journey across the lake. If we can't get away over the ice before the next break-up, I believe we're goners."

"It can't be very far to the mainland; but the weather has always been so thick I never could see far to the southward," Aleck remarked.

"It's clear to-day," said Tug. "Let's go up on the high point and take a look."

Inspired with hope, the two comrades, forgetful of everything else, hastened up the hill-side, and soon reached the pinnacle of rocks that formed their lookout.

The air was clear, the sky cloudless, and the first glance southward showed them, faint upon the low horizon, yet distinct enough to be unmistakable, the long dark line of the mainland. Between them and it all lay white, mixed with blue—a plain of ice covered with thin patches of rain-water. They could not see more than eight or ten miles; but in no direction except on the northern horizon (toward the centre of the lake) was there any sign of open water. They hoped, and this helped them to believe, that between them and the shore lay an unbroken plain of ice.



"If that is so," said Aleck, "and it will only come on cold before it snows, we could skate right across."

"Take us a couple of days, you'll find," Tug replied.

"Pshaw! it can't be more than twenty miles."

"Yes, but we're not so strong as we were when we started. We've none of us really had a square meal for a fortnight, and some of us have been knocked on the head, you know, and that don't help a man any."

"At any rate, it will be best to get ready right away."

"That's my ticket," Tug replied. "By-the-way, can we see the *Red Erik*? Oh yes, there she is—all right, I reckon."

"Yes, she appears to be."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## PIANO PRACTICE.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

IN the beginning of this little paper I want to make one thing very clear. Its purpose is not to teach, but only to help the student, by giving examples of the methods employed by the most successful foreign teachers; the means used when young by famous pianists to acquire flexibility, steadiness, and what is commonly called "style"; and in this way to encourage the student struggling with what may seem to be mere drudge's work.

Scales, studies, exercises! Do you not hate the words even if you "love music"? But think what they lead to when properly managed, and think that all these dull sounds, these tiresome movements of hand and wrist, mean one day power over those wonderful passages in music to which you listen awe-struck when some one who has reached the goal produces them upon the piano.

But even practice is not everything. The method is the really important part, and young people who feel just what this really means may do more in ten minutes' work than others may do in five hours'. For, using the hand, or even one finger-joint, carelessly or unskillfully, may cause the student to contract so bad a habit in touch or tone that neither time nor toil can remedy it.

Perhaps it may occur to some young people that such skill can not be acquired without a thoroughly skillful master; but while I would recommend to every student a constant course of instruction, yet very much—nay, more—may be done without teaching, if the art of practicing is looked into by the student himself. No teacher can do all, and the best proof of this is how differently pupils of the same master will work and perform.

I remember one day, on going to my own teacher, I was compelled to wait some fifteen minutes, until the pupil preceding me had finished her lesson. Now it seemed to me that, with the work of a lifetime, I should never be worthy of all the care and attention he bestowed upon any pupil, but this young person played everything in direct defiance of his most careful teachings. Again and again he would lift her middle finger with a, "So, so!—put it down this way." At such moments mademoiselle, who was a very pretty German girl, would yawn or glance about the room, banging away again at whatever scale or exercise she had in hand, entirely forgetful that her master's first principle was that the lifting of each finger should be closely studied, and its weight on the note calculated carefully.

The proper mode of lifting the fingers will soon become a habit, but it never ought to be considered merely as a mechanical part of the playing. I have heard that Liszt, whose playing is celebrated for its lightness and delicacy, used to practice imaginary exercises in the air, bringing his fingers down in space exactly as though he felt the keyboard before him. Chopin, who also played with exquisite feeling, was given to practicing his fingers on any piece of metal or board that he could find, and on one occasion, having no piano at hand, actually learned one

theme in a work he was studying on the back of an old writing-desk. If men so great as these felt the necessity of such practice, ought not the beginner to realize its advantages?

Some American ladies, who knew nothing of music, and who were at a foreign hotel, were much puzzled by the curious behavior of a famous pianist who sat opposite them at table. This gentleman, with the most absent-minded expression which you can imagine, would keep the five fingers of one hand or the other in perpetual motion. They concluded finally that he must be insane; but evidently there was some method in his madness, as he moved the fingers with such an air of delicate calculation. It is true that he is noted for such absorption in his art as to make him eccentric, or he would certainly have reserved his dumb practice for private occasions, yet that he considered it so necessary is only another proof of its usefulness.

The use of a dumb piano is certainly not advised by the best masters, and this exercise of the fingers is recommended entirely with a view of making them supple and trained in touch; but the dumb piano is a hindrance, as the student is by its use apt to lose the power of producing exactly the correct degree of sound.

The best masters of to-day advise extreme patience and perseverance, and, above all things, repose. The most approved method, I believe, is that which holds the hand carefully poised at a natural height from the keys, the knuckles slightly sunk inward, the most careful attention being given to the thumb and middle finger. The fourth and fifth fingers are now being really treated with scientific care by good teachers, whereas it was formerly supposed a very difficult matter to govern them with ease. Masters of to-day have discovered that they can be put into training quite as readily as their companions, if the proper means be used.

The father of the celebrated Wiecks devoted much time and thought to the consideration of the best means to strengthen these fingers, and he declares that one of the surest methods is in the very slow practice of scales or exercises, *one hand at a time*. Besides this, he recommended practicing, a great many times a day, for a few minutes at a time. Five or ten minutes, ten times a day, is far better than an hour's continuous practice.

Again, he and other well-known masters, both abroad and in this country, strongly oppose remaining at the piano when the hands are overtired. Leave work, and go to something which has in it no mechanical effort.

Clara Wiecks (Madame Schumann), when a child, studied in the most patient and gradual way, and her father interested her, almost as if he were telling a story, in the way he taught her the simple notes between the bass and the treble. Under no circumstances was she allowed to do too much, and, as I have said, the same method is pursued by the best masters to-day.

You will perhaps think it impossible that several teachers of the same rank could differ in their ways of teaching, but this certainly is the case. Among the best, however, you will find the same principles, and that to be at all successful you must think out for yourself all that you are taught.

A young girl who went to a famous master abroad played as a trial piece an *andante* of Beethoven. She was somewhat alarmed when Mr. — said, "You play that differently from the way I would teach it, in regard to expression." "Oh," she answered, readily, "I would much rather play it your way;" but to her surprise he said, calmly, "Not at all: as long as you have good musical instinct, it is better for you to think it out, taking your view as to the meaning; that is, if you are willing to take the trouble to *find a meaning*. In this way you add something entirely your own to the work you are interpreting."



PUSSY'S SUPPER-TIME

## WALKING FISHES.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH

**I**T is quite a common thing to say that a fish can't climb a tree, and in saying this people feel very sure that they will not be contradicted. The fisherman, too, who has waited for an hour or so without getting a bite is apt to think that if the provoking things would only come ashore he'd catch them fast enough. But he would as soon expect a cow to fly.

There are fishes, though, that do come ashore, and even climb trees; but they seem scarcely worth catching, as they are only six inches long, and full of bones. Yet they are quite an article of food in India, where they are found, and the sacred river Ganges contains a plentiful supply of them. They also inhabit other Indian streams and pools, which in that hot country often get dry. The little anabas always knows that when the water lowers it is time for them to take to the land.

It is not their intention to stay there, however, but only to look for a deeper pool or stream; and although apt to take the very early morning or late evening for this purpose, for the sake of the moisture as well as the coolness,

they have sometimes been encountered on a hot dusty road at mid-day. "Fish out of water" they certainly were; but though out of water in one way, they were not in another, as we shall see.

Fishes do not breathe water, but air; but their gills must be kept wet to enable them to breathe it. It is not necessary, however, that their bodies should be covered by water; and the anabas is prepared for life on dry land by a singular arrangement on each side of the mouth, which holds water enough to keep the gills moist for some time. Every time the fish opens its mouth the water enters these cavities, and when it is needed on land this water can be made to trickle slowly over the gills, and keep them in the right condition for breathing.

The feet of the anabas are spikes, or spines, which grow out from the fins and tail, and help him over the ground, as well as in climbing trees. There seems to be no very good reason for their going up trees, as they live on water insects; but they are said to do it by first fastening the spines nearest the head in the bark, next crooking the tail and fastening the spines that grow from that, and then loosening the head and throwing the body forward. All this may be considered one step, as the whole performance has to be repeated until the ambitious fish has climbed as high as it chooses.

A Danish gentleman, M. Dalford, who made a study

of the ways and habits of the anabas, states that he has seen it in the act of ascending tall palm-trees, and that he has captured specimens which have crawled to a height of five feet above the surface of the ground.

The natives of India, who often find these fishes some distance from any water, and bring them to market alive, believe that they fall from the sky, as some people in this country believe that the little toads found so plentifully after a summer shower come down from the clouds.

It seems very convenient for any animal to be able to live both in and out of water, and the pelicans and other great birds with huge bills that are so plentiful in India probably think so. It is certainly convenient for *them*, as they are very fond of fish, and sometimes have to stand for a long time on the bank of a stream before they can catch enough to satisfy them.

But the poor little anabas would tell a different story. One of those greedy gobbling birds must be made very happy to see the fishes (such handy mouthfuls!) thickly sprinkled in the damp grass, like chestnuts after a hard frost; and how the queer travellers will dig away with fins and tail to get out of their enemy's reach! Perhaps this is the time when they take to climbing trees.



THE LITTLE MOTHER.—FROM A PAINTING BY J. E. MILLAIS.

## THE GREAT CAVE.

BY JULIA K. HILDRETH.

"WHERE have they all gone?" inquired Lucy Bartlett, reaching up to pull the white blossoms from an apple-tree that was just then in full bloom, and speaking to Fannie, the hired girl.

"Why, you see, Miss Lucy," said Fannie, raising her head from her work, "your aunt came in early this morning, and asked your par and mar to go with her to that pit or cavern that old Mr. Adams was telling us about."

"How I wish I had staid at home to-day!" said Lucy, regretfully.

"Don't fret," answered Fannie. "They will be back



soon, for they have been gone ever since nine o'clock this morning."

"Did they take anything to eat with them?" asked Lucy.

"No; I think not," replied Fannie. "But Mr. Adams took ten candles, and matches enough to last a week, I should say."

Lucy stood by the garden gate in silence for a few moments. The sun was low, and the shadows of the tall trees lay across the road with bars of golden light between.

Presently she said, "I will walk a little way into the wood and meet them, Fannie."

"Very well," replied Fannie; "but don't get lost."

"Oh no," said Lucy. "I know the way."

As Lucy went out of the gate Fannie observed that she had a large book under her arm, so she said,

"Shall I take your book into the house, Miss Lucy?"

"No, I thank you," replied Lucy. "Kate gave it to me to-day, and perhaps I shall have time to look at it before they come."

Lucy walked slowly along until she reached an opening in the wood that led to a path which she knew the party must take. Then, seating herself under a tree, she opened her new book. It was quite thick, and filled with engravings. She examined all of these, and even glanced at two or three stories, but still there were no signs of the party.

The cave which Lucy's parents had gone to visit was then but little known, although it has since become almost as celebrated as the Mammoth Cave.

After a while Lucy concluded to walk on a little farther. So she moved along slowly under the trees, stopping every now and then to listen. Soon she had left the road and her home far behind. When she reached the open country again the sun had set, and a new moon and one large star shone brightly in the west. But there was no living thing in sight except one little gray hare, which kicked up his heels and scampered off at her approach.

Lucy had heard such wonderful accounts of the extent of this cave, its large chambers and narrow passages, that she now grew anxious, and thought perhaps her friends had missed the right direction, and it might be a long while before they returned. So she hurried up to the opening, and stretched her neck and strained her eyes, but all to no purpose: there was nothing to be seen but darkness.

She called aloud, "Where are you?"

A voice, which seemed to come from the very end of the cave, answered,

"Where are you—are you?"

"Mamma," cried Lucy, joyfully.

"Mamma, mamma, ma-ah," said the voice, dying away slowly.

"It is only an echo," said Lucy, sorrowfully.

As Lucy wandered backward and forward before the entrance of the cave her foot struck against something soft on the ground. Picking it up, she found it was a brown paper parcel tied with a string. On unrolling it she was surprised to find that it contained a number of candles and several boxes of matches. Lucy took the string in her hand to tie the parcel up again, but gave a little cry of fright as she looked closely at it. It was not a cord, but a long strip of calico of a very peculiar pattern.

"Oh!" cried Lucy, aloud, "this is a piece of Fannie's new dress. These must be the candles that she gave Mr. Adams!" Lucy counted them over with trembling fingers. "Nine candles! Then they have had only one with them all this time." Lucy began to cry, and whisper to herself, "They are lost! they are lost! Perhaps they have fallen into one of those dreadful ponds full of

blind fishes that Mr. Adams told us about. I *must* go and find them."

She lighted one of the candles, and tying the ends of her apron around her waist, placed the other candles and matches in it, and walked boldly into the dark cavern.

The single candle flared and flickered, and shed only a very faint light upon the rough stones of the cave. In a little while she came to a narrow passage with two openings, one on the right and the other on the left. Now she became dreadfully worried and puzzled, for she could not determine which of these to take.

Lucy turned back and looked at the main entrance of the cave. A narrow stream of moonlight penetrated a little way within it, and lay like a silver thread along the ground. This made Lucy think, "If I only had a big slice of bread I could sprinkle the crumbs behind me as Hop-o'-my-Thumb did; or if I only had some paper!"

Then she remembered her new book, and taking it out hastily, began to pull the leaves from it, and tear them into small pieces. These she scattered along the ground.

"Now," said Lucy, "when I find mamma, papa, and aunt, I can lead them right home."

On she went boldly, and this time she neither turned to the right nor left, but kept on until she came to a great vaulted chamber, hung with snowy crystals that sparkled like frost. Although everything around was strange and beautiful, Lucy did not stop to look, but walked on, sprinkling the scraps of paper as she went.

She passed through many long passageways and great rooms, and at last she began to feel as though she must be walking right into the centre of the earth.

After a while her candle burned down so low that she was obliged to light another. This made her think that she must have been walking a long time, and, besides, she now began to feel very tired.

As she lighted the second candle she was surprised to hear a rippling sound close by. Looking down quickly, Lucy saw a wide stream of water directly before her, and at the same time she perceived something white at her feet. Picking it up, she found that it was her mother's handkerchief. This alarmed her so that she sat down near the edge of the swift, dark water, and began to cry.

Lucy put her candle in a crevice of the rock by her side and looked hopelessly about. The once thick and beautiful book was almost used up; the covers flapped loosely in her hand, and now this stream barred her way. What could she do?

At that moment her eye fell upon a distinct foot-print in some sand upon which the light shone.

"That is ever so much bigger than mine," said Lucy, looking at it closely, and drying her eyes. "I am sure it must be mamma's, and she has *not* fallen into the pond, for the toe points the other way."

She crouched down on the ground near the mark, and pressed the handkerchief she had found to her face. A faint perfume of violets still clung to it. This and the footstep together made her feel as though her mother must be near.

She sat very still for a little while, with her eyes closed. Presently her weary little head fell forward upon her breast. She was asleep.

Lucy slept a long while: in fact, all night. When she awoke the candle had burned down, and she was in perfect darkness. She felt in her apron for the matches and another candle, but before she could find them a slight sound startled her. It grew louder and louder, and presently she heard what seemed to be a number of people advancing. Then she heard a voice say:

"How many days do you think we have been in this dreadful place?"



And another voice answered: "I am sure I do not know; but it seems a long, long while."

Lucy tried to scream, but her voice died away without a sound. Then a third voice said, "Be careful: move slowly."

Although all three voices sounded strange and hollow, Lucy had recognized them, and knew also that they came from the other side of the stream. She sprang to her feet with a loud cry.

"Mamma! papa! aunty! Stand still!—do stand still!"

"It is little Lucy!" cried her aunt, in a horrified voice.

"Do stand still!" pleaded Lucy; "there is a great deep river right before you."

"My darling, where are you?" sobbed her mother.

"This is terrible," said her father, in a low, sad voice. "How came you in the cavern, Lucy, and who is with you?"

"I came to look for you, papa," answered Lucy, "and I am alone."

"Alone!" cried her aunt and mother in concert.

"Yes," replied Lucy, "and I found the candles Fannie gave Mr. Adams. Wait a minute and I will light one."

Lucy kindled a match, and a faint light gleamed through the darkness. She could not see her friends across the stream, but they could perceive her, and also the danger which they had just escaped.

"My little girl," said her father, "hold the light up, and I will swim across, and bring you to this side."

"Then we can all starve together," said her aunt.

"Oh no, aunty," said Lucy; "we shall not have to starve, because I know the way out."

"Are you sure?" asked her father, in surprise.

"Certain," replied Lucy, "for I tore a big book up, pictures and all, and sprinkled the pieces on the ground in a long streak from the opening of the cave to just where I am now. When I picked up mamma's handkerchief I found that the book was almost used up. Then I sat down and cried, and I guess I went to sleep."

"Was there ever such a darling?" said her mother.

"Where did you find the handkerchief?" asked her father.

"Where I am standing now, papa," said Lucy.

"Then it is plain to me," replied the father, "that we have been at that side of the stream some time during our wanderings. If you will walk along your side of the water, Lucy, we will follow on this side, until we find the place where we crossed."

Holding her candle high above her head, to give as much light as possible to the people on the other side, Lucy walked slowly by the side of the black water, until she came to a place where the rock formed a natural bridge over the stream. In another moment she was clasped in her mother's arms.

After she had been kissed and praised by each one in turn, her father said,

"Now, Lucy, take us home, for we are all hungry and tired."

"Yes, papa," said Lucy, running forward. "Come, mamma; come, aunty."

She held the candle close to the ground, and moved quickly onward. The track of paper lay along the ground like a narrow white ribbon, and led them safely to the entrance. But before they reached it they were joined by Mr. Adams, who came from a dark corner, rubbing his eyes, and looking very much bewildered. He had just awakened from a long nap.

Lucy learned that he had only missed the candles when the light in his lantern grew dim. He went to look for them, telling the party to remain where they were until his return; but the light went out before he reached the opening, and he had lost his way.

He said that "Lucy must add him to her list of rescued people, for he felt sure he would never have found his way out in the dark."

In a little while the tired party found themselves standing on the sun-lit grass before the cave in which they had passed such a dismal day and night.

As they hurried home through the woods they were met by a number of neighbors who had started out in search of them.

When they heard what Lucy had done they called her the smartest and bravest little girl in all Virginia, and carried her home in triumph.

## NOVELTIES IN KITES.

BY A. W. ROBERTS.

**I**MAGINE a kite fifteen feet high and twelve feet wide that took nearly twenty-seven yards of the lightest of unbleached muslin to cover its immense frame! This frame was made of hickory poles that had undergone a thorough seasoning during the previous winter to make them light and less yielding. After the muslin was securely sewed on to the frame a thin coat of boiled linseed-oil, previously mixed with a "dryer," was applied to the muslin.

I generally prefer to use a coating of this kind, the same as is used for balloons, as the oil sheds all moisture, and in case the frame of the kite becomes broken the covering is seldom torn. It can be rolled up for future use, and is always safe from the attacks of mice and insects. This kite of mine was of the diamond shape, which I am told is the favorite shape for all kites in Germany.

The captive line consisted of 15,000 feet of the best Manila cord, and the tail—oh, what a deal of trouble we had to secure enough old trousers, coats, jackets, and sheets, and even carpet rags, out of which to manufacture a tail that would keep this huge kite steady after we once got him up!

The first voyage we took with "Giant" (that was the name we gave him) was on Long Island Sound in a light-built fishing-boat containing three persons. Of course we had to first raise the kite on the mainland; then two of us fastened the winding end of the cord to our bodies, and slowly advanced toward the shore, where our boat was fastened. Near the bow of the boat we had rigged up a sort of windlass or reel which worked with a crank at each end, and it was all that two of us could do to wind Giant in when a stiff breeze began to blow. In fact, there were times, when a very strong wind suddenly sprang up, that Giant would have got the best of us had we not taken the precaution to fasten what we called a "tip cord" to the top of the kite. This "tip cord" I will explain further on.

Of course every boy has read or heard about the great Benjamin Franklin and his wonderful bow-kite—how he raised it just at the beginning of a thunder-storm, and how by means of it he conducted electricity from the clouds. To accomplish this wonderful experiment, a point of wire was attached to the kite, which was made of silk, and the end of the captive cord was tied to a key. The electricity passed down the hempen cord, and became stored in the key.

When the first suspension-bridge—the one that preceded the structure that now connects the two shores of the Niagara River—was built, the question arose how the first wire should be conveyed across, as no boat could live in such turbulent waters. At last the suggestion was made by Mr. Ellet, then the first engineer in our country, that an attempt should be made to convey the wires by means of kites. The experiment was tried. The kite carried a line across, and to this line a rope was attached. To the rope a wire was fastened, and thus was conveyed the



FIG. 1.

first wire that ever held a bridge across the Niagara River. Mr. Ellet's bridge in the end proved unsuccessful, and a more satisfactory structure was built later by Mr. Roebling, the famous engineer whose name has been immortalized by the wonderful bridge that now spans the East River, and connects the two great cities of New York and Brooklyn.

The boys of not so many years ago were limited in their choice to a few simple forms of kites, but nowadays the fashions or styles of kites vary more or less every year, and there may be found in the large toy-shops an endless variety of forms more or less grotesque, simple, or ingenious. There are Japanese, Chinese, French, folding, and collapsing kites. The cheap factory kites of the prevailing American form (the "three-sticker") can be purchased for one cent apiece, but in a great majority of cases they do not hold together for any length of time. It is much better to make your own. There is no little quiet satisfaction and enjoyment in being your own kite-maker.

Just think of a fourteen-thousand-dollar kite! Well, it is a fact. I know of a kite that cost a friend of mine even more than that very large sum of money. This was the way it happened: An inventor got up what he called a folding kite, and my friend purchased the patent and began manufacturing them on a large scale. The frame of this kite consisted of six movable strips of tin which worked in a curious sort of a tin box that caused the strips of tin to spread out like the ribs of an umbrella, and form a perfect three-sticked kite. This very ingenious kite was placed on the market, and was selling very well, until one day an inventive Frenchman came along with another patented folding kite, which was so simple, durable, and extremely light in its construction that it drove the previous folding kite out of the market, and my friend lost over fourteen thousand dollars on his tin kite. In Fig. 1 I have given an illustration of this ingenious but unsuccessful kite, showing it as it looks when partially closed.



FIG. 2.

#### THE PARISIAN PATENT FOLDING KITE.

This kite is patented both in France and in this country. In form it is like a three-sticked kite when expanded, but it has only two sticks, as shown in the illustration (Fig. 2). The long upright stick, which is of thoroughly seasoned white pine, is fastened to the cross stick at the point of intersection by a pivot on which the long stick turns, so that by slightly bending or bowing the upright stick its pointed ends enter two small wire staples, and expand the kite. When the owner wishes to roll it up, the upright stick is bowed, and the top and bottom parts of the kite are turned backward, thus allowing the ends of the stick to slip out of the staples. The upright stick is turned on its pivot till it occupies a position directly over and on a line with the short cross stick, thus forming a roller on which the covering of the kite can be rolled or folded up the same as a map. All the work on these kites is very thorough; they are covered both with glazed muslin and paper. A paper folding kite twenty-one inches high costs ten cents.



FIG. 3.

#### THE SAILOR-BOY KITE.

This is one of the handsomest of all fancy kites, and the most easily made. The frame, as shown in the illustration (Fig. 3), consists of a number of thin and flat strips of well-seasoned white pine.

These strips are bound together where they cross one another with strong linen thread. The bent piece that forms the head and the sides of the hat can be either willow or split rattan. The dotted lines in the illustration show the positions of the frame cords, and give to the kite the sailor-like form. The hands and feet consist of pieces of cardboard. At all points where the frame-pieces are fastened with thread plenty of glue should be applied to bind the frame together so firmly that not the least sagging of the paper covering can take place from the loosening of the frame sticks. The best paper for this kite is a moderately heavy white paper, such as the best illustrated newspapers are printed on. Tissue-paper will not do, as it is too thin to receive the painting in water-colors that is required to represent a sailor boy (Fig. 4).



FIG. 4.

#### THE RUSSIAN KITE.

The materials of this kite (Fig. 5) are much the same as those of the sailor kite. The arms and legs are made of pink paper-muslin or heavy tissue-paper, and are kept expanded where they join on to the kite by means of circles or rings of split rattan, which are fastened to the frame (Fig. 6) by a number of fine cords. When the kite enters a strong wind-current the arms and legs become inflated, and constantly assume different and conical positions.

#### TIP-CORDS.

A tip-cord should be made of the strongest and best fishing-line, and fastened to the upper part of the frame of the kite. It was a very delightful experiment the first time we tipped Giant over, head-first, just as he was about to carry us at fearful speed through the water. All we had to do on such occasions was to suddenly let out the captive cord, and then pull hard on the tip-cord, and the result would be to incline the top of the kite toward us, thus reducing the pressure of wind, and, as a result, the pulling or towing strength of the kite.

#### BALLOONS AND PARACHUTES.

One of the most charming experiments with kites is the releasing of tissue-paper parachutes and rubber balloons (Fig. 7) from the captive cord after the kite has attained its greatest height. This is done by means of what I call a "touch string," which is held in position by a section of looped wires, as shown in the illustration. The best and cheapest wire for this purpose is that used by florists for stemming flowers. After having obtained a hundred yards of this wire, round loops are formed every few yards apart by passing the wire once round a lead-pencil or a smooth and round pen-holder.

This looped wire should be securely fastened by one end to the captive cord at a distance of some fifty feet from the kite, thus becoming a part of the captive cord. For this reason care must be taken when selecting the wire that it is strong enough to bear the pull or strain of



FIG. 5.

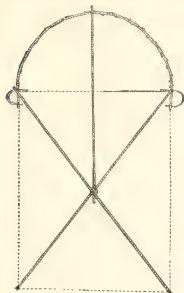


FIG. 6.

the kite, and at the same time is not so heavy as to bear the kite down.

The other end of the looped wire is joined on to the remainder of the captive cord. Through the loops of the wire the touch string is passed and *loosely* held in position. Here and there a loose knot is tied to the loops to prevent the rubber balloon from drawing the string through the loops and escaping before the kite has attained its greatest height.

The touch string can be made with either grocers' white cotton string or white darning cotton. This string is saturated in a very weak solution of saltpetre (a lump as large as a hazel-nut is sufficient for a tumblerful of water). Saltpetre is very cheap, and can be purchased at any drug-store. After the string has thoroughly dried it is passed through the loops of the wire, as shown by the dotted line in the illustration.

The balloons and parachutes have a fine wire attachment, to which is fastened short loops of touch string; through these loops the long touch string also passes. As the touch string slowly burns away after it is ignited, the balloons and parachutes are set free, and are borne away out of sight.

To the wire attachment of the balloons and parachutes notes and messages are fastened, addressed to the finders, requesting them to open a correspondence with you. By this means you can find out how many miles the balloons have travelled, and also make the acquaintance of young people miles away. The notes should be the thickness of foreign note-paper.

#### PAPER MESSENGERS.

These will afford a great deal of amusement. They consist of circles of stiff paper, in the centre of which small holes are punched. These holes should be a trifle larger than the thickness of the captive cord on

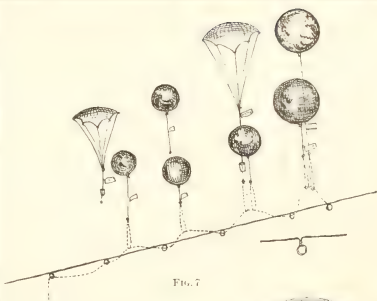


FIG. 7.

which the messengers are to travel. I make mine for my young friends in large quantities, and always have a good supply on hand. First I cut out a number of perfect circles of stiff writing-paper; to these I apply brilliant colors; after which I make a straight cut with a knife through the paper to the hole in the centre. Along both edges of the cut I apply a thin coating of mucilage, which is left to dry. When attaching these messengers to the captive cord of the kite all that is required is to place the messenger in its position on the cord, and then moisten the gummed edges, and unite them with narrow strips of thin paper. In the illustration (Fig. 8) the dotted lines represent the strip of paper, and the solid line the place where the paper circle was cut from the outer edge to the small hole in the centre.

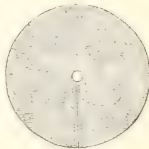


FIG. 8.



A SOLEMN WARNING.











### "OUT-OF-DOORS!"

THIS is the watch-word now, little folk. Winter is vanquished, and "Out-of-doors! out-of-doors!" should be your cry. That is what the grand jubilee all around this page means. Anywhere in the sunshine—fishing, rowing, sailing tiny boats, playing tag, or making mud pies.

Ask Mamma to let you wear strong plain dresses which will not tear too easily, and which, when soiled, may be washed, and look as bright as new. Then away with you to the fields and lanes.

Go to the barn and hunt for eggs. Peep into the long grass, and maybe you will find a bird's nest; but do not disturb the pretty thing, nor touch the dainty treasures which are lying within it. Peer close by the fence corner, and find the first wild flowers hiding themselves from sight, but making the air sweet.

If you live in the city, take your hoops and skipping-ropes and go to the parks, or trip along the broad sidewalk.

It seems to me that I have some time met all these little people in the pretty picture which makes a border for this page. Where could I have seen them?

There is Captain Robert playing his flute, and marching at the head of the procession, with little Maid Marian, Bessie, Lancelot, and darling Pussy Tiptoes following gayly on after the music.

There is Jeanie giving her ducklings their first bath. They take to the water fearlessly, and swim off as proudly as full-grown ducks.

The cute little grandmother with spectacles on, crying,

"Kitten, naughty kitten.  
Don't disturb my mitten,"

is surely our own little Elsie. And who but Arthur is tired of good bread and milk, and pouts to get plum-cake?

Half a dozen babies,  
All playing tag,  
Take care, tiny tots—  
Down goes Mag.

And here are Jack and Jill. They expect to catch a trout. But it seems to me that their brother Sam has tumbled into the brook, and must be fished out, or else his splashing and dashing will frighten the other fish away.

Fresh air gives children good appetites, and paints their cheeks with roses. It makes them sleepy when night comes, and ready to go to bed. In the morning they are ready to be up when the chickens fly down from the roosts, and being strong, happy, and well, of course they are sweet and good.



# HARPER'S

# YOUNG PEOPLE

## AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 236.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Tuesday, May 6, 1884.

Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 per Year, in Advance.

### "LEFT BEHIND."

Or, TEN DAYS A NEWSBOY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"TOBY TYLER," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," "RAISING THE 'PEARL,'" ETC.

#### CHAPTER I.

PAUL'S INTRODUCTION TO NEW YORK.

HE was a stray boy, with a very strange story. The two

ragged boys, one of whom had a bundle of papers under his arm, and the other the outfit of a boot-blackslung over his shoulder, thought that at the best he was stretching the truth to an alarming degree, even though his manner appeared to bear out what he said.

He had met these two boys at the corner of Cortlandt and West streets, in New York city, and had stated his case to them, believing that they could tell him what to do. This was the story he told:

The family, consisting of his father, mother, sister, and himself, had come from Chicago for the purpose of sailing in a steamer—which one he was unable to say—for Europe. They went directly from the cars to the pier, and had gone on board the huge vessel which was to be their home while

crossing the Atlantic. After they had been there some time, and he could see no sign that the steamer was about to start, he had asked his mother's permission to go on deck for the purpose of making the acquaintance of a boy about his own age, whom he had seen when they first came on board. The attempt at making the acquaintance was so successful that in five minutes they were firm friends, and in as many more had laid all kinds of plans for future enjoyment.

Both the boys claimed to excel in the art of mumblety-



"HE SHOWED THEM TO PROVE THE TRUTH OF HIS STORY."

peg; but unfortunately neither one had a top with him. Then this one who was telling the story proposed that he should go on shore and buy two, while the other remained to inform the absent boy's parents where he had gone.

He had had some difficulty in finding a top to suit him, and he thought that he must have spent at least an hour in the search. When at last he had procured two good ones—and he showed them to prove the truth of his story—he was nearly as long again in finding his way back to the steamer. Not knowing the name of the vessel, nor the line to which she belonged, he was obliged to visit each pier in succession in order to find the right one.

Then, when from the appearance of the buildings opposite he knew that he was back again to the point from which he had started, he learned to his dismay that the steamer had been gone fully an hour. At first he could hardly realize that he had been left behind, while his parents had started on such a long voyage, and he could not account for the neglect of his newly made friend in not telling them that he had gone on shore, unless it was owing to the fact that he had neglected to point out his father, or to tell what his name was.

After he had fully realized that he was alone in a great city, with no means of providing himself with food and shelter, save through the medium of two very nice tops and six cents, he started in search of the depot which they had arrived at, intending to take the next train back to Chicago, providing the conductor would take his tops in payment.

But he could not find the depot, and at nearly seven o'clock in the evening he had stopped to ask advice from two boys of about his own age—neither one of them was over eleven years old—in the hope that they could straighten matters for him.

These two were very much inclined to doubt his story, until he showed the tops as proof, and even then they would have looked upon some portions of it as false had he not also produced the six cents, and with three of them stood treat all round to that sticky delicacy known as "peanut taffy."

Then they believed all he had told them, and, adjourning to a very broad door-step near by, they sat down to consult as to what it was best for him to do. To begin with, and in order that he might understand the case fully, one of the boys asked, as he struggled with the sticky dainty, "What's yer name?"

"Paul Weston," replied the stranger.

"Well, my name's Johnny Jones, though the boys call me Shiner," said the boy with the papers under his arm, "an' my chum here's named Ben Treat. Now you know us, an' we'll call you Polly, so's to make you feel more's if you was at home."

Paul was not certain just how far this nickname would go toward making him feel at home; but he did not venture to make any remark, preferring rather that his own condition, and how he could better it, should be the subject under discussion.

Johnny Jones told him at once that his idea of trying to get home by the cars, without money enough in his pocket to buy his ticket, was an impossibility, for he and Ben had tried riding on the cars without paying for it, even a short distance, and had always come to grief because of either the conductor or the brakemen, whom they looked upon as the natural enemies of boys. It was useless, therefore, to think of getting to Chicago in that way; and Johnny appealed to Ben to decide whether he was right or not.

"It's jest as Shiner says," replied Ben, rubbing the end of his nose thoughtfully. "You couldn't get as far as Newark in a week, less you walked, an' you'd better not try it."

"But what shall I do?" asked Paul, in such distress that even the candy failed to soothe him.

"I don't see but one way," said Johnny, gravely, as he took the lump of sweetness from his mouth, lest it should dissolve while he was not able to give it his undivided attention, and he thus lose a portion of the treat. "You'll have to stay here till yer earn money enough ter pay for a whole ticket."

"But how much will that be?" asked Paul, astounded at the careless way with which the boy spoke of such an undertaking.

"I don't know; but it'll be a good deal. We'll find out ter-morrer." Then Johnny turned his attention to the candy again.

"But I can't earn any money;" and now Paul was on the verge of crying.

"Of course yer can," replied Ben, decidedly. "Yer can sell papers like Shiner does, or yer can get a box an' go inter the same bizness I'm in. Ef yer smart yer'll git three or four dollars a week, 'cordin' to the weather."

Paul opened his eyes wide with surprise as this enormous amount was spoken of, and he almost forgot his grief in the visions of wealth that floated through his brain.

"Shiner an' I hain't got much money in our pockets," continued Ben, "'cause we're buyin' some real estate, an' we put it all in that 'bout as fast as we git it; but we can patch up an' lend you enough to start with, an' you can pay it back when you git the chance."

Surely Paul thought he was fortunate in having made the acquaintance of two boys who were so well off in this world's goods as Ben and Johnny, and his position did not seem nearly as bad as it had half an hour ago, even though it was nearly dark, and he had no idea where he should sleep that night.

He did not know, any more than his newly made friends did, that by telling his story to the police he would be taken care of until his relatives in Chicago could be telegraphed or written to, and he believed that he must depend upon his own exertions to get home. Therefore he eagerly accepted the generous offer.

"But where can I live?" he asked, as the thought came to him that even though a chance for making himself rich had suddenly presented itself, he was still without a home.

"Didn't Ben tell yer that we'd been 'vestin' our money in real estate?" asked Johnny, almost impatiently, and speaking rather indistinctly because of his mouth being so filled with candy. "We've got a place we bought of Dicky Spry, an' you can stay with us if you pay your share."

Paul was willing to go into any extravagance for the sake of having a home, provided his two tops and the three cents still remaining of his wealth were sufficient to make the first payment. This he told his friends.

"Shiner didn't mean that you was to pay it right down," said Ben, quickly. "After you get to makin' money for yourself all you've got to do is to buy your share of the things."

As that was only just, Paul agreed to it, and Johnny, who had by this time finished his share of the dark-colored mixture that was by courtesy called candy, started off to dispose of the papers he still held under his arm, while Ben led Paul away with him.

"Johnny has got to 'tend right up to biz," said Ben, in a half-explanatory way, "or else he'd get stuck, you know."

"Would he?" asked Paul, in evident alarm. "Who would stick him?"

Ben looked at this young gentleman from Chicago in surprise, and then pity. He could not understand how any one, and more especially a boy, could be so ignorant of the meaning of one of the most common words of slang. At first he looked as if he was about to reprove



such ignorance; but he evidently thought better of it, for he said, instead:

"I mean that he'd be stuck by havin' a lot of this afternoon's papers left over on his hands, an' he couldn't sell 'em to-morrow, you know."

Paul really looked relieved to find out that no worse danger threatened Johnny, and as he walked along with Ben the latter said:

"Yer see, Shiner would have been about through work if we hadn't met you, an' fooled away so much of our time. Now it 'll take him quite a while to sell out, an' so you an' I might as well go down to the house. I've had a pretty fair day's work, an' I'll get up such a supper as 'll make Shiner's eyes stick out more'n a foot."

Just then they were opposite a grocery store, and he went in to begin the work of making his companion's eyes stick out. It was with the air of one who felt able to purchase at least half the store contained, in case he should want to, that he ordered half a pound of bologna sausage, a pound of crackers, and two candles. He was also very careful to see that he was given full weight.

Paul was a little mystified as to what share the candles could have in extending Johnny's eyes; but he thought it better to await the course of events rather than to ask any questions.

When Ben had been served, and there had been quite a delay in paying for the articles, owing to his inability to count his money three times and have it amount to the same sum each time, he came out and completed his purchase by buying a quart of pea-nuts at a stand near by.

"There!" Ben said, with evident satisfaction, as he gave Paul one of the bundles to carry, "I guess when Shiner gets home, an' finds all these things, he'll think we're havin' a reg'lar party."

Paul agreed very mildly to this assertion, for he had not been accustomed to look upon such an assortment as much of a treat, and already he began to have vague misgivings as to the value of the real estate Ben had spoken of so proudly.

To the poor boy, tired as he was from the walking he had already done, and the excitement through which he had passed, it seemed as if they would never reach the place which Ben called home; for his guide turned up one street and down another until he was quite worn out.

"That's the place jest ahead there," said Ben, in a cautious whisper, as he halted at the corner of a street, and pointed to a small yard in the rear of what seemed to be a warehouse. "That's the place, but we've got to look out that nobody don't see us."

Paul believed that his companion referred to the building, and he was surprised to find it so large, yet why they had come around to the rear was more than he could understand.

"Now you keep right behind me, an' you come quick," said Ben, as he looked carefully around to assure himself that there was no one in sight.

Paul followed the directions carefully, wondering why one was obliged to use such precautions in getting to his own house, and Ben led the way, not into the building, but over the fence and down into the yard, where were stored empty boxes and barrels of every description.

As if he was perfectly familiar with the way, Ben went among the boxes, to the farther end of the yard, where there was a hogshead and a large packing-case close together. He pulled the case a few inches aside—for it had been placed directly in front of the hogshead—and whispered, "Get in quick!"

Paul obeyed, hardly believing that this could be the real estate his companions had spoken of, and Ben followed him, pulling the box against the hogshead again in a way that betokened considerable practice.

When one of the candles was lighted, and stuck into an empty ink-bottle that served as candlestick, Paul was able to see the interior, and he stared at it in surprise.

The case was evidently used as a place in which to keep their food, and as a sort of general store-house, for an old coat was lying neatly folded up in one corner, and opposite it were several tin cans, all showing more or less the marks of age, and in a battered condition.

The hogshead had been lined with old newspapers, and from the fact that quite a quantity of straw covered the bottom, it was easy to see that this was the sleeping-room.

"There!" said Ben, triumphantly, "you can stay here, an' live off the fat of the laud, jest as long as you want to."

And Paul never realized that, if he had tried, he could not have hidden himself more completely from those who might be searching for him than by thus sharing the fortunes of these two Arabs of the street.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## MY CAMERA.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

I HAD a birthday last week. When I woke up in the morning I found right by the side of my bed a mahogany box, with a round hole on one side of it and a ground-glass door on the other side. I thought it was a new kind of rat-trap; and so I got out of bed and got a piece of cheese, and set the trap in the garret, which is about half full of rats. But it turned out that the box wasn't a rat-trap. Mr. Travers gave it to me, and when he came to dinner he explained that it was a camera for taking photographs, and that it would improve my mind tremendously if I would learn to use it.

I soon found out that there isn't anything much better than a camera, except, of course, a big dog, which I can't have, because mother says a dog tracks dirt all over the house, and father says a dog is dangerous, and Sue says a dog jumps all over you and tears your dresses a great good-for-nothing ugly beast. It's very hard to be kept apart from dogs; but our parents always know what is best for us, though we may not see it at the time; and I don't believe father really knows how it feels when your trousers are thin and you haven't any boots on, so it stings your legs every time.

But I was going to write about the camera. You take photographs with the camera—people and things. There's a lens on one end of it, and when you point it at anything, you see a picture of it upside down on the little glass door at the back of the camera. Then you put a dry plate, which is a piece of glass with chemicals on it, in the camera, and then you take it out and put it in some more chemicals, the right name of which is a developer, and then you see a picture on the dry plate, only it is right side up, and not like the one on the ground-glass door.

It's the best fun in the world taking pictures; and I can't see that it improves your mind a bit—at least not enough to worry you. You have to practice a great deal before you can take a picture, and everybody who knows anything about it tells you to do something different. There are five men in our town who take photographs, and each one tells me to use a different kind of dry plate and a different kind of developer, and that all the other men may mean well, and they hope they do, but people ought not to tell a boy to use bad plates and poor developers; and don't you pay any attention to them, Jimmy, but do as I tell you.

I've got so now that I make beautiful pictures. I took a photograph of Sue the other day, and another of old Deacon Brewster, and you can tell which is which just as easy as anything, if you look at them in the right way, and remember that Deacon Brewster, being a man, is



"I DID GET A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE."

smoking a pipe, and that, of course, a picture of Sue wouldn't have a pipe in it. Sue don't like to have me take pictures, but that's because she is a girl, and girls haven't the kind of minds that can understand art. Mr. McGinnis—Tom's father—don't like my camera either; but that's because he is near-sighted, and thought it was a gun when I pointed it at him, and he yelled, "Don't shoot, for mercy's sake!" and went out of our front yard and over the fence in less than a second. When he found out what it was he said he never dreamed of being frightened, but had business down-town, and he didn't think boys ought to be trusted with such things, anyway.

I made a great discovery last week. You know I said that when you look through the camera at anything you see it upside down on the ground glass. This doesn't look right, and unless you stand on your head when you take a photograph, which is very hard work, you can't help feeling that the picture is all wrong. I was going to take a photograph of a big engraving that belongs to father, when I thought of turning it upside down. This made it look all right on the ground glass. This is my discovery; and if men who take photographs could only get the people they photograph to stand on their heads, they would get beautiful pictures. Mr. Travers says that I ought to get a patent for this discovery, but so far it has only got me into trouble.

Saturday afternoon everybody was out of the house except me and the baby and the nurse, and she was down in the kitchen, and the baby was asleep. So I thought I would take a picture of the baby. Of course it wouldn't

sit still for me; so I thought of the way the Indians strap their babies to a flat board, which keeps them from getting round-shouldered, and is very convenient besides. I got a nice flat piece of board and tied the baby to it, and put him on a table, and leaned him up against the wall. Then I remembered my discovery, and just stood the baby on his head so as to get a good picture of him.

I did get a beautiful picture. At least I am sure it would have been if I hadn't been interrupted while I was developing it. I forgot to put the baby right side up, and in about ten minutes mother came in and found it, and then she came up into my room and interrupted me. Father came home a little later, and interrupted me some more. So the picture was spoiled, and so was father's new rattan. Of course I deserved it for forgetting the baby; but it didn't hurt it any to stand on its head a little while, for babies haven't any brains like boys and grown-up people, and, besides, it's the solemn truth that I meant to turn the baby right side up, only I forgot it.

## THE PLOT OF PONTIAC.

BY FRANCIS S. DRAKE.

THE long contest between England and France for the right to rule over North America, which lasted seventy years, and which brought untold misery upon the hapless settlers on the English frontier, was at last brought to an end. England was victorious, and in 1763 a treaty was made by which France gave up Canada and all her Western posts.

With the exception of the Six Nations, the Indian tribes had fought on the side of the French, whose kind and generous course had won their affection. But the claims to the country which they and their forefathers had always possessed were utterly disregarded by both parties. Said an old chief on one occasion:

"The French claim all the land on one side of the Ohio, and the English claim all the land on the other side. Where, then, are the lands of the Indian?"

The final overthrow of the French left the Indians to contend alone with the English, who were steadily pushing them toward the setting sun. Seeing this, and wishing to rid his country of the hated pale-faces, who had driven the red men from their homes, Pontiac, the great leader of the Ottawas, determined—to use his own words—"to drive the dogs in red clothing" (the English soldiers) "into the sea."

This renowned warrior, who had led the Ottawas at the defeat of General Braddock, was courageous, intelligent, and eloquent, and was unmatched for craftiness. Besides the kindred tribes of Ojibbewas, or Chippewas, and Pottawatomes, whose villages were with his own in the immediate vicinity of Detroit, a number of other warlike tribes agreed to join in the plot to overthrow the English. Pontiac refused to believe that the French had given up the contest, and relied upon their assistance also for the success of his plan.

All the English forts and garrisons beyond the Alleghanies were to be destroyed on a given day, and the defenseless frontier settlements were also to be swept away.

The capture of Detroit was to be the task of Pontiac

himself. This terrible plot came very near succeeding. Nine of the twelve military posts on the exposed frontier were taken, and most of their defenders slaughtered, and the outlying settlements of Pennsylvania and Virginia were mercilessly destroyed.

On the evening of May 6, 1763, Major Gladwin, the commander at Detroit, received secret information that an attempt would be made next day to capture the fort by treachery. The garrison was weak, the defenses feeble. Fearing an immediate attack, the sentinels were doubled, and an anxious watch was kept by Gladwin all that night.

The next morning Pontiac entered the fort with sixty chosen warriors, each of whom had concealed beneath his blanket a gun, the barrel of which had been cut short. His plan was to demand that a council be held, and after delivering his speech to offer a peace belt of wampum. This belt was worked on one side with white and on the other side with green beads. The reversal of the belt from the white to the green side was to be the signal of attack. The plot was well laid, and would probably have succeeded had it not been revealed to Gladwin.

The savage throng, plumed and feathered and besmeared with paint to make themselves appear as hideous as possible, as their custom is in time of war, had no sooner passed the gateway than they saw that their plan had failed. Soldiers and employes were all armed, and ready for action. Pontiac and his warriors, however, moved on, betraying no surprise, and entered the council-room, where Gladwin and his officers, all well armed, awaited them.

"Why," asked Pontiac, "do I see so many of my father's young men standing in the street with their guns?"

"To keep the young men to their duty, and prevent idleness," was the reply.

The business of the council then began. Pontiac's speech was bold and threatening. As the critical moment approached, and just as he was on the point of presenting the belt, and all was breathless expectation, Gladwin gave a signal. The drums at the door of the council suddenly rolled the charge, the clash of arms was heard, and the officers present drew their swords from their scabbards. Pontiac was brave, but this decisive proof that his plot was discovered completely disconcerted him. He delivered the belt in the usual manner, and without giving the expected signal.

Stepping forward, Gladwin then drew the chief's blanket aside, and disclosed the proof of his treachery. The council then broke up. The gates of the fort were again thrown open, and the baffled savages were permitted to depart.

Stratagem having failed, an open attack soon followed, but with no better success. For months Pontiac tried every method in his power to capture the fort, but as the hunting season approached, the disheartened Indians gradually went away, and he was compelled to give up the attempt.

In the campaign that followed two armies were marched from different points into the heart of the Indian country. Colonel Bradstreet, on the north, passed up the lakes, and penetrated the region beyond Detroit, while on the south Colonel Bouquet advanced from Fort Pitt into the Delaware and Shawnee settlements of the Ohio Valley. The Indians were completely overawed. Bouquet compelled



"THE LONG-LOST CHILD WAS RESTORED TO THE MOTHER'S ARMS."

them to sue for peace, and to restore all the captives that had been taken from time to time during their wars with the whites.

The return of these captives, many of whom were supposed to be dead, and the reunion of husbands and wives, parents and children, and brothers and sisters, presented a scene of thrilling interest. Some were overjoyed at regaining their lost ones; others were heart-broken on learning the sad fate of those dear to them. What a pang invaded that mother's breast who recognized her child only to find it clinging the more closely to its Indian mother, her own claims wholly forgotten!

Some of the children had lost all recollection of their former home, and screamed and resisted when handed over to their relatives. Some of the young women had married Indian husbands, and, with their children, were unwilling to return to the settlements. Indeed, several of them had become so strongly attached to their Indian homes and mode of life that after returning to their homes they made their escape and returned to their husbands' wigwams.

Even the Indians, who are educated to repress all outward signs of emotion, could not wholly conceal their sorrow at parting with their adopted relatives and friends. Cruel as the Indian is in his warfare, to his captives who have been adopted into his tribe he is uniformly kind, making no distinction between them and those of his own race. To those now restored they offered furs and choice articles of food, and even begged leave to follow the army home, that they might hunt for the captives, and supply them with better food than that furnished to the soldiers. Indian women filled the camp with their wailing and lamentation both night and day.

One old woman sought her daughter, who had been carried off nine years before. She discovered her, but the girl, who had almost forgotten her native tongue, did not recognize her, and the mother bitterly complained that the child she had so often sung to sleep had forgotten her in her old age. Bouquet, whose humane instincts had been deeply touched by this scene, suggested an experiment. "Sing the song you used to sing to her when a child," said he. The mother sang. The girl's attention was instantly fixed. A flood of tears proclaimed the awakened memories, and the long-lost child was restored to the mother's arms.

## THE EMPEROR'S GOLDEN PIPPINS.

BY ELIOT MCCORMICK.

**W**HETHER the pippins were called golden because they were yellow or because they were precious I do not know.

I do not know, either, whether the Emperor was really fond of them. The forester said that he was; and every autumn, or rather every other autumn—for the tree bore fruit only once in two years—the apples were carefully picked, and sent off to the royal palace at Berlin. Around Friedmansdorf nobody doubted that the Emperor ate every one, not sharing them even with the Empress Augusta or the royal grandchildren.

As the apples grew large and ripe the forester's sons, Fritz and Paul, watched them by day and night, turn and turn about, with Bismarck, their great dog. No one could steal the apples, Fritz declared, so long as they were by, and so long as Bismarck remained the biggest and ugliest dog in the village. Fritz, however, forgot that Paul was not so watchful as himself, and that there was one boy with whom Bismarck was on the best of terms.

Everybody said that Hans Schmidt, the blacksmith's son, was a bad boy; and as Hans certainly did a great many bad and foolish things, I suppose they must have been right. No one knew, however, how bad he was, or that he could do so wicked and daring a thing as to steal the Emperor's

golden pippins. And yet that was what Hans had meditated doing for a long time.

It was the forester's favorite remark which first put the idea into his head. "Do you see that tree?" the forester was accustomed to ask visitors. "That is the Emperor's American apple-tree. It is the only one of its kind in Europe, and the apples are worth as much to me as twenty marks apiece. Only they are never sold; they are barrelled up, and sent to the Emperor at Berlin, and his Imperial Majesty eats one every night before going to bed."

Hans, with the rest of the villagers, never doubted this story for an instant, and really imagined that by taking the apples to any shop in Berlin he could get the price which the forester set upon them. The tree was not a large one, but there were easily a hundred apples on it, and twenty times one hundred would be—how many? Hans was not a quick scholar, and it took him some time to figure out that if he sold all the apples at that price he would make 2000 marks. With that sum he would go to America and buy a whole orchard of the same kind of trees.

Hans had no difficulty in finding what night Paul would be on guard, and it did not hinder his plans any that Paul had been kept awake all the night before by a bad toothache. When Hans drew cautiously near, in the gray dawn of the morning, Paul was lying under another tree, some distance off, sound asleep. Bismarck wagged his tail as Hans came up. There was a sort of sympathy between the two: both were ugly, and both were supposed to be bad.

Throwing down his coat to catch the apples as they fell, Hans swung himself up into the boughs and began to pick the tempting fruit. "Twenty marks!" he said to himself as the first apple dropped on the coat below; "forty!" as the next one fell; "sixty!" when the third joined its companions; and then Hans's mental arithmetic gave out, and he went on picking without regard to the increasing value of the golden heap. Such as he could not reach he knocked off with a stick, until by-and-by, excepting two or three on a top branch, the tree was stripped.

Then Hans got down to gather up his spoils. He did not need a basket or a bag, for had he not pockets and sleeves to his coat, and pockets also in his trousers? And by using these convenient receptacles might he not turn his garments into a bag? At any rate, that is what he proceeded to do, and presently he fairly bulged with apples. Not only were his jacket sleeves and trousers pockets filled, but his shirt front was also stuffed, while those that remained he tied up in his pocket-handkerchief, making a bundle so large that he could scarcely carry it.

All that now remained was to get the apples to Berlin, and sell them at the forester's price. There were 109 of them; that would be 2180 marks. Not even the Rothschilds, Hans thought, could be as rich as that.

But so far from going to Berlin with his treasure, Hans did not get twenty yards away from the tree. For as he sneaked off into one of the least-trodden alleys that led into the deeper forest, he met face to face the forester's son Fritz. At that moment also Bismarck came running up, barking as furiously as though he were the most active and watchful dog in the world.

Fritz gave a quick glance from the bag in Hans's hand to the tree. "Ah," he cried, seizing the boy by the collar, "miserable thief! you have stolen the golden pippins. Where was my brother? Paul! Paul! while thou didst sleep, Hans Schmidt has robbed the Emperor's tree."

Paul rose with a start, and Bismarck lifted up his voice and howled, as if protesting that he had been a good and vigilant dog. Fritz was too much occupied, however, with his prisoner to mind either the dog or his brother.

"Come along," he said, threateningly, dragging the boy by his collar; "I'll take you first to your father, and let him see what you've done. Then you'll go to jail."

It was not far to the blacksmith's shop, which stood at



the edge of the wood, but Hans wished it were farther. For the first time he realized what he had done. He had been, he knew, a thief. The father had never done a dishonest thing in his life, and wanted his boys to grow up honest too. What would he say when he knew that his son had stolen the Emperor's golden pippins?

"Herr Schmidt," cried Fritz, rudely, "your son Hans has stolen the apples from the Emperor's tree."

The blacksmith looked as though he did not quite understand the news.

"What is that, Hans?" he said, slowly. "It is not true that thou art a thief!"

But Hans began to cry.

Paul held up a sleeve of the coat, which he had thrown down at the foot of the anvil, and an apple rolled out.

The blacksmith bent his head.

"My son a thief!" he cried—"my son a thief!"

Hans dug his fists in his eyes. "It was to go to America," he sobbed. "The forester himself said they were worth twenty marks each. With that I could buy a whole forest of such trees in America, and then Wilhelm and I need not be soldiers."

Fritz laughed again, as he drew Hans toward the door.

"Thou wilt never be a soldier, Hans," he said. "Thou wilt serve the Emperor with a chain around thy foot, and a ball at the end of it. Come, now," urging the boy with a more vigorous pull, "we must go to my father's. You had better come too, Herr Schmidt, though it will not do any good."

So the blacksmith went sorrowfully along with Fritz and Hans to the forester's. And in an hour or two it was known all through the village that Hans Schmidt had been sent to jail in Berlin for stealing the Emperor's golden pippins.

After his father had gone away, Paul wandered into the forest, with Bismarck at his heels, both looking equally miserable and dejected. He had not realized it at first, but it was his fault that the apples had been stolen. Paul felt mean when he thought how ready he had been to accuse Hans. He and Hans had been playfellows, and Hans had fished him out of the canal once when he might have drowned.

If he had not slept, they would still be on the tree, and it would be his fault if his father should lose his place, and they should all go to jail. Indeed, that seemed not unlikely. But what could be done to prevent it? It was an offense committed against the Emperor himself. No one but the Emperor could pardon it. A bright thought flashed into his brain. He would go to Berlin and see the Emperor.

He had never been to Berlin in his life, and had not the least idea where the Emperor lived. But he had a tongue in his head; he could ask the way. And he could tell the Emperor how it was his fault that the apples had been stolen, and ask that he might be punished instead of his father and—Hans. Yes, instead of Hans.

So, ordering Bismarck back—it would never do to take so ugly and fierce a dog into the Emperor's palace—he started out bravely.

In less than three hours he had entered Berlin by the Brandenburg Gate, and made his way to the statue of the great Frederick. And there too must be the palace—the great building to the right.

But around the base of the statue stood a number of people, most of whom were waving pieces of paper wildly in the air. Paul could not imagine what they were about, and wondered if all of them were crazy. But as no one else was near, he ventured to speak to one of them who seemed less violent than the rest.

"Can you tell me," he asked, "how I can see the Emperor?"

The man stared, but did not stop waving. "See the Emperor! How can a boy like you see him, when I've

been trying for thirty years, and haven't succeeded yet? Ha!" he suddenly exclaimed. "He sees us!" and then all the people waved their bits of paper even more frantically than they had done before.

Paul wondered what it all meant. He looked curiously at one of the windows of the palace, and saw behind the sash, partly obscured by the curtains, the figure of a man. "You don't mean to say—" he began.

"Yes, I do," shouted the man; "it's the Kaiser himself. And he will send an officer out presently. If you've got any petition, take it out and wave with the rest of us. Every one helps."

Paul's heart beat hard and fast.

"But I haven't any written," he cried. "I didn't know about this."

"Go write it, then," the man exclaimed; "there's a shop yonder where you can get paper and ink."

Paul ran as though he had wings to his feet, and in a moment was supplied with paper and ink at the shop. What it all meant he did not yet understand.

"What am I to do?" he asked, helplessly, of the woman who kept the shop.

"Ah!" she said, readily taking in the situation, "you want to write a petition? Very well! Address it 'To his Imperial Majesty Wilhelm III., King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany,' and then go on and tell him what you want just as simply as you can."

There was no time to lose. Paul followed her instructions until he finished the address. Then without waiting to choose his words, he told how, while he neglected his duty, the golden apples had been stolen. "But it was not Hans's fault, your Majesty," he wrote, "nor the fault of my father, the forester. If I had been awake, the apples would not have been stolen. And so I pray do not take away my father's place nor punish Hans, but punish me, for I am the real thief."

When he had finished, Paul was afraid that he might be too late. But no; the people were waving their hands as wildly as before. Presently they gave a shout, as the door of the palace opened, and out came a uniformed officer. Paul held his paper out with the rest. It was so small: would the officer notice it?

Every one bowed low as he approached, but Paul feared that if he bowed the officer would not see him, so he tried to make himself as tall as possible, and looked the great man in the face. The officer stopped a moment, pleased perhaps with the manly look of the lad. "Well, my boy," he said, "what is it that you want?"

"That the Emperor will send me to jail, sir," he said.

The officer stared. This was a most unusual request.

"What!" he exclaimed. "What did you say?"

"That the Emperor would send me to jail, sir, in place of Hans Schmidt, who has stolen the golden pippins."

"The golden pippins!" echoed the officer, more puzzled than before.

Paul nodded. "Yes, sir," he said, "those that grow on the American apple-tree in the forest of Friedmansdorf. My father is forester there, and while I slept the apples were stolen. It was not my father's fault. I had no business to sleep—that is all."

A ray of light dawned on the officer's mind.

"And rather than have your father lose his place you will go to jail. Is that it?"

"Yes, sir; that is it. It is all here in the petition."

The officer took the paper, and slowly stroked his beard.

"That is very strange!" he said. "You had better come along with me."

Paul followed the officer across the broad Platz to the door of the palace. Passing through the wide halls, he found himself at length in a spacious room, where he was bidden to take a seat. Others were waiting in the same room—elegantly dressed officers, distinguished-looking gentlemen, none so poor as himself—who looked curi-



"MY SON A THIEF" HE CRIED—"MY SON A THIEF!"

ously at Paul as he perched himself on the edge of a luxurious chair. Paul did not have long, however, to wait. Presently his conductor came for him again, and ushered him out of this apartment into another and smaller one adjoining, where there were only a few gentlemen. One, who was very tall, very straight, and very old, held in his hand a paper, which Paul recognized as his own.

"This is the boy, sir," said the officer, respectfully.

The old man eyed Paul sharply, but not unkindly, from underneath his shaggy eyebrows.

"And so you neglected your duty, and went to sleep?"

Paul turned crimson. If it had seemed wrong to him before, how much worse it looked now!

"Yes, sir," he faltered. That was all he could say.

"And you want to be punished for it?"

"I don't want my father to lose his place," stammered Paul. "It was my fault, not his."

"And what became of the apples?"

"Oh, my father has them. They were not taken away."

"Then they were not stolen at all."

"Well, sir, they were picked."

The old gentleman hesitated a moment.

"What kind of apples are they?" he asked, absently.

"Why, sir, they are the Emperor's golden pippins. He eats one every night, you know, before he goes to bed."

Every one in the room smiled. Paul did not see why.

"And are they good?"

"I do not know, sir," said Paul. "I never ate one."

"And yet the tree has grown in the forest for years! Has no one in Friedmansdorf ever eaten one?"

"No one, sir. They are always sent by my father to the Emperor here in Berlin."

"And your father has all which the boy picked?"

"Yes, sir, every one."

"And you wish to be punished in the boy's place?"

Paul hesitated a moment. He had no business to have slept. Hans had pulled him out of the canal. If Hans were punished, Herr Schmidt, who had always been kind to him, would be heart-broken. If Hans got off, he might learn from it never to steal again, while as for himself—well, he deserved to be punished anyhow. "Yes, sir," he cried, bursting into tears.

The old man laid his hand on the boy's head. "Go home, my lad," he said; "there is no harm done; no one shall be punished. Only do not sleep again; and tell the boy—I will see that he is set free—that he must not steal."

How he got out of the room and back to Friedmansdorf Paul never knew. He had a dim recollection of thanking the old gentleman, and following the officer once more through the halls, and walking as in a dream back over the road he had trodden in the morning. But he was not quite sure—not sure even that he had been to Berlin, until that evening Hans appeared at the cottage, and told them sheepishly that the Emperor had sent word to the magistrate to let him go free.

The forester heard Paul's story with grave surprise.

"Thou must have seen the Emperor himself," he said, in a tone of awe, when Paul had finished.

But Paul shook his head. "Oh no," he said; "it was not the Emperor. The Emperor would have sat on a golden throne, with a crown on his head; and this was only a man like thyself, father, except that he was older and taller. And, besides, he did not know anything about the golden pippins."



ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 426.



## ST GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

O H, Mamma! Arthur cried, just look  
At this in my new picture-book!  
It's all about some awful fight  
Between a dragon and a knight.

That's brave St. George, who, stories say,  
Did once a fearful dragon slay.

How was it?—tell me, Arthur cried,  
With open mouth, and eager-eyed.

In Egypt, stories tell of old,  
A fiery dragon made his hold  
By a great city, and spread fear  
O'er all the region far and near.  
His feet were armed with mighty claws,  
And flame and smoke breathed from his jaws;  
He had great scales upon his back  
To shield him against all attack;  
His eyes did like a furnace glow,  
And where he breathed no grass would grow.  
He was so terrible and strong  
That every one who passed along  
The road near which his cavern lay  
The monster seized and bore away.  
For miles outside the city gate  
He made the country desolate,  
And all the land a waste became,  
As if it had been swept by flame.

So worse and worse the terror grew,  
Till one sad day the dragon flew  
Above the city, and declared  
(For he could speak), None shall be spared,  
Unless you send me, every day,  
A youth or maid to be my prey.

Then wailing rose on every side;  
The dragon could not be defied;  
And youths and maids cast lots to know  
Which victim should be first to go.

It falls on Sabra fair, the king's  
Own daughter, and the city rings  
With lamentations. Pure and sweet,  
They lead her through the mourning street.  
When, hark! a bugle sounds without;  
The watchman sends an answering shout:  
A strange knight at the city gate!  
Perchance a champion, not too late,  
Who this fell dragon comes to slay.

Throw wide the gate without delay!  
The king commands—'tis quickly done.  
In rides the knight, and sure the sun  
Ne'er shone upon a goodlier one!

The mournful story soon is told:  
The way! exclaims the warrior bold;  
Show me the way; a Christian knight  
Has naught to fear in such a fight.

A valiant English knight was he,  
A very prince of chivalry,  
Who, for great deeds of valor famed,  
St. George in after-times was named.  
Alone—he asked no help of men—  
He sought the dragon in his den;  
And back, before the fall of night,  
He rode victorious from the fight;  
On saddle-bow, all dripping gore,  
The dragon's ghastly head he bore.  
They placed it, joyous and elate,  
A trophy o'er the city gate.

Once more the country bloomed; again  
The busy ways were thronged with men;  
And often was the story told  
Of how the Christian warrior bold  
Slew the great dragon in his den.

The story finished, Arthur said:  
Mamma, are all the dragons dead?  
I wish I was just such a knight,  
With dragons all around to fight;  
How quick I'd track them to their den!  
I might have been Sir Arthur then.

Ab, child, the mother softly said,  
Her hand upon his curly head:  
The world has many a dragon Wrong;  
And when my boy grows big and strong,  
I hope he'll be a valiant knight,  
A foe to wrong and friend to right.

I suppose so, was the slow reply;  
That sounds big too; but, Mamma, I—  
I'd rather be a real knight,  
And with a real dragon fight.  
You know, I s'pose; but I don't care,  
I believe there's some left yet somewhere;  
And when I get to be a man,  
I'm going to find 'em if I can.

S. S. C.

## A TRAP FOR FISH.

BY ALLAN FORKMAN.

MANY of the boys and girls who live near the sea-side are interested in making and stocking aquariums, and many, no doubt, have experienced the same difficulty which I did when I used to stock aquariums myself.

I always found that the scoop-net which we use to catch the fish with is good enough for certain kinds of minnows, but there are others which are too lively or too shy to be caught in that way; so I set to work to devise some plan for their capture. I claim no originality for this trap—it is hundreds of years old; but as it answered my purpose better than anything else, I used it. The way I made it was as follows:

I took a piece of wire netting about three feet square, and bent it so as to form a tube three feet long and about one

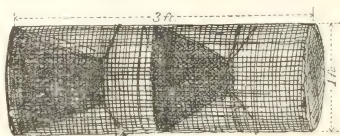


FIG. 1.

foot in diameter (Fig. 1). I then took two other strips of wire netting, three feet long at the top, one foot wide, and two feet at the bottom (Fig. 2); these I bent into funnel shape. I sewed one funnel in about the middle of my cylinder, and another in one end, as shown in Fig. 1, strengthening them in their position with strings from the small ends to the sides of the cylinder. The other end of the cylinder I closed with a piece of strong bagging, so sewed on that there was a space left at one side which could be untied when I wished to empty the trap.

The manner of setting the trap is as simple as its manufacture. A handful of clams or mussels, crushed so that the minnows can get at the flesh, is thrown in between the first and second funnels. The fish, little crabs, small

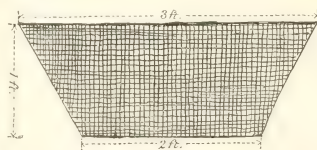


FIG. 2.

eels, and the like, go in, and when they try to get out they find it much easier to swim through the second funnel than to find the small hole in the first. I have had several of these traps, or "pots," as the fishermen call them, in operation at one time, and have caught as many as half a bushel of small fish in one night.

The trap can be made by making a frame of hoops and lath, and covering it with mosquito netting, but it is not as desirable as the fine wire, being more easily torn.



## THE ICE QUEEN.\*

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

## KATY TAMES THE WILD DOGS.

WHEN half-way down the hill on their return they saw Katy, who had been at the beach, wave her handkerchief, and turn to come and meet them. At the same instant they caught sight of wolfish figures stealing along among the rocks and bushes at the base.

"The wild dogs!" both exclaimed, in the same breath, and both felt their blood stop flowing for an instant, for in a minute or two more Katy, unconscious of her danger, would meet the brutes, and indeed she must do so before they could get there to help her.

They shouted to her, as they hurried at full speed down the rough ledges; but she did not hear or did not understand them, and then they lost sight of both her and the dogs behind some bushes. A moment later they saw her again, but with what surprise!

The girl stood in the middle of a smooth grassy flat, facing the three dogs, which were gathered in a little group, the largest one in front, only a few feet from her. They were all silent, and the big one was stretching his neck forward, and debating whether he dared go closer to the girl's outstretched fingers. Katy caught a glimpse of the boys, and quickly raised her right hand, as though signing to them not to advance; but she never took her eye off the animals, nor ceased to speak to them in coaxing tones, while she held out her left hand beckoning them to come nearer. Thus far this had had no effect. The big leader of the pack could not make up his mind to trust her, though as yet he showed no disposition to attack.

"What shall we do?" Aleck whispered to Tug, in an agony of suspense. "She can't keep that up long. Let us rush in."

"All right," Tug whispered back. "But we must get a stone or a club! 'Twon't do to go at 'em empty-handed."

Clubs were not handy, but each took a heavy stone in his hand, and began a stealthy advance. At that same instant they saw the largest dog begin to wag his tail slowly, while one by one, as it were, the hairs upon the back of his neck were lowered. The lads halted, and watched the scene with astonishment and anxiety. Katy still spoke coaxingly, and at last took a gentle step forward. The dog, though suspicious, still wagged his tail. She quietly walked backward three steps, and sat down upon a boulder—an action which the young dogs imitated by sitting down themselves.

"Good dog! fine fellow! come here; come, Tiger," she said, over and over, changing the name every time in hopes of hitting some one that might have been this mastiff's before he was an outcast. Finally, as she sat there with her eyes fixed steadily on his, and beginning to feel very tired, the dog's big square face suggested a picture she had seen of a general just then beginning to be famous in the annals of war.

"Why, General!" she called out, in confident tones. "don't you know me? and don't you want a bone? Good old General!"

The dog looked at her intently for a moment, and there was a puzzled look in his eyes. The name, evidently, was familiar to him. He moved a step forward, and Katy knew instantly that she had hit it. His ears dropped, and he walked slowly up to the girl, and laid his great head, big as a tiger's almost, in her lap, while

his followers came nearer and nearer to her by slow advances.

"Well, I declare!" muttered Tug, in utter amazement, while Aleck was too astounded to say even that much. "I'm 'fraid we shall spoil that very pretty tea party unless we sneak round the other way; and I 'low two or three bullets in the gun would do no harm."

But their first movement was heard. The mastiff raised his head, lifted his mane, and sprang with a hoarse growl toward them. Katy was terribly frightened, but kept her presence of mind.

"General!" she commanded, sternly, "keep quiet! come back here, sir!" and the great dog, growling and showing his teeth, stopped his course, and slowly returned to his mistress.

"Boys," the girl called out, when she saw this, "go right along, and pay no attention to the dogs. When I see you safely near the house I'll come. Don't be alarmed for me."

"Come on, Tug," said Aleck; "the sister knows best."

Just before they reached the door they turned and saw her walking slowly toward them, the huge lean mastiff close by her side, quiet and submissive, while the whelp, that had never known, as the older dog had, what it was to have a human master, straggled along behind, apparently in great doubt whether his respected parent had not lost his senses.

Tug made haste to enter the house, and quickly appeared at the window with his gun at his shoulder, ready to shoot if the mastiff showed any signs of treachery; but he did nothing of the sort. Forty yards or so from the house, however, he declined to go any farther, and Katy, without once looking round, walked steadily on to the door, where her brother caught her in his arms, almost at the point of fainting, for the strain upon her nerves had nearly exhausted her strength.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

## ABANDONING THE ISLAND.

AFTER luncheon the three boys went over to inspect their old boat, and came back toward evening, bringing the oars, some straps of iron that had guarded her keel, the drag-ropes, and one or two other things. They had succeeded in pulling the boat ashore, but she was too badly damaged to be of any further use to them.

The next three days were passed in busily shooting and fishing, and in putting runners on the scow. These runners were simply strips of board which they had taken from the house, about fourteen feet long—the length of the boat's bottom—and four inches wide. With the iron from the sled runners and from their own boat they shod these boat runners rudely, and strengthened the frame.

During this time the dogs had been almost always within sight, and their near approach during the night would frequently awaken the sleepers in the cabin, Rex, of course, quickest of all. Katy was sure that if the animals could have been fed they would speedily have become tame; and when Tug proposed to shoot them for food, everybody protested, at least until they should be in a worse strait than now. Nevertheless it was probably fortunate for the mastiff family that it kept out of gun range, for Tug had rather less sentiment about him than the rest.

The departure took place upon the fifth day after Katy's taming adventure. The day before had been very cold, and during the afternoon a heavy wind had brought hosts of birds, so that they captured twenty snow-flakes, and shot over thirty cross-bills, red-polls, and other small-fry. These were placed on the roof as fast as obtained, where they froze solid, and thus kept fresh. This made Katy very happy of all, for she alone knew that everything was gone

\* Begun in No. 217, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

except about two messes of coffee and one potful of corn-meal mush.

"Now if we could only catch a big fish, we should be fixed grandly," said Jim, as he went out to look at the lines. When he came back, however, he wore the long face and empty hands of disappointment, but left the line in hope of taking something during the night.

At sunset the gale went down, the stars glistened like gems, and the frost showed no signs of ceasing. By the light of a great fire of drift-wood on the beach the little scow was partly loaded, and then all hands went for the last time to their mattresses of hemlock boughs. What was ahead they had little notion, but they were now used to peril, and eager to begin their journey.

Jim's early visit to his set line the next morning yielded him one small pickerel, while the traps gave a solitary snow-bird. These, with some other feathered mites, Katy cooked, while Aleck and Tug finished the packing. It was not a bad breakfast, you may think, for shipwrecked persons, but try it once for yourself—fish fried in bacon

until the fishermen of the next summer came and took them off, for, after all, they knew no different way of acting so long as they remained dogs, and therefore could not be blamed for their savagery, even though it was needful that our heroes should resist them.

The ice was in good condition, and they made fair progress, so that by noon the dusky line of the mainland was plainly visible ahead.

At last Jim called out that he couldn't skate another stroke, and threw himself down, utterly "done for." Aleck called a halt at once, and began to build a small fire—for fuel had not been forgotten. Nobody understood how fatigued they were by the unwonted exercise in their weak condition until they found that an hour's halt seemed of little account, and decided to make it two. After that they went on slowly and lamely until near sundown, by which time the island had almost disappeared, and the mainland was growing distinct. Then they camped, stewing snow-birds for supper, and making a big corn-meal cake, which was baked in the skillet.

Lastly, beds were made up on the cargo, underneath the canvas, and all slept as well as they could.

The next day several hummocks stood in the way, and just about noon they came to a channel of open water about a mile wide. It was not rough, and they slid their boat over the edge of the ice without any difficulty.

"If we had only known enough to have made us a good boat of this shape before starting, we should have got along much better," Aleck told them, and they all agreed with him, talking it over while they picked a few small, lean, and very cool bird bones for luncheon before beginning the ferriage.

The load sank the weak scow so deeply that the water ran into cracks in her side despite their calking, and as they were afraid to embark the whole expedition, two trips were made.

This was slow and freezing work; and when finally all had got across, and had skated on about a mile, everybody was so cold and tired and sore that a camp was made under the shelter of a tall hummock. Aleck comforted the pride of the younger ones, who worried over their exhaustion, by telling them it was because they were so nearly starved. But this was poor consolation, they thought, so long as there seemed no chance for any increase in their supplies.

"Now," he remarked, "see what we have for supper to-night—two snow-birds and a small piece of corn-bread apiece. That would not make a full meal for one of us. If any accident prevents our getting ashore to-morrow, I don't know what we shall do, for we have only enough food for breakfast."

"That's roughest on me," said Tug, "for breakfast is my strong point. If I can have only one meal a day, I want to take it in the morning."

"That 'll be your fix to-morrow, I guess," was the gloomy rejoinder.

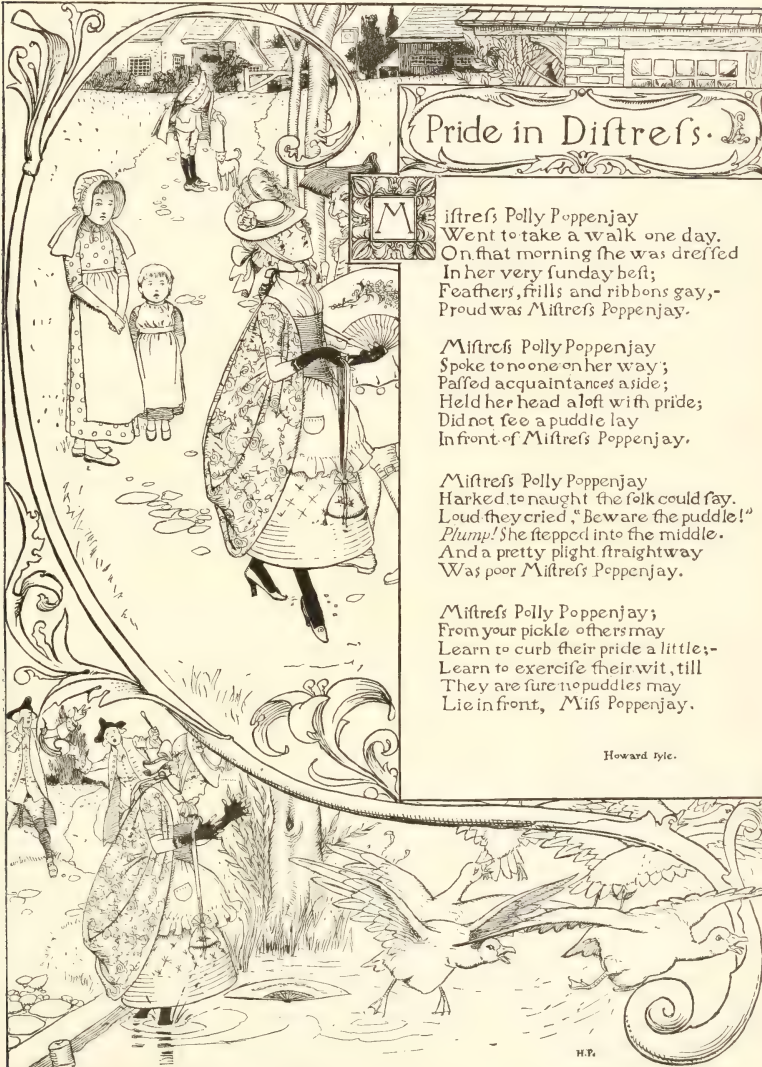
[TO BE CONTINUED.]



REPAIRING THE OLD SCOW.

grease, some fragments of stewed snow-bird, and weak coffee. No bread, no butter, no potatoes, no green relish, no hot cakes, no anything except pickerel and weak coffee! But they thought it the best meal they had had on the island; and after a hasty washing and stowing away of dishes, they buckled on their skates, took their familiar places at the drag-ropes, and with a cheer started southward, steering by the compass.

Their old enemies came rushing down the hill-side as the expedition took up its march, and stood upon the beach, seeming greatly astonished at the departure of the people at the cottage. Rex barked an angry farewell, which caused them to race out upon the ice as though to punish him for his impertinence; but they stopped short of shot range, greatly to Tug's disgust, and presently turned and trotted back to land. The last that was seen of them they were crowding about the deserted house, trying to push their way into the door, or to break through the glass of the little window. I have no doubt they succeeded; and I hope, despite their ferocity, that they managed to exist



## Pride in Distress.

**M**istress Polly Poppenjay  
Went to take a walk one day.  
On that morning she was dressed  
In her very Sunday best;  
Feathers, frills and ribbons gay,  
Proud was Mistress Poppenjay.

Mistress Polly Poppenjay  
Spoke to no one on her way;  
Passed acquaintances aside;  
Held her head aloft with pride;  
Did not see a puddle lay  
In front of Mistress Poppenjay.

Mistress Polly Poppenjay  
Harked to naught the folk could say.  
Loud they cried, "Beware the puddle!"  
Plump! She stepped into the middle.  
And a pretty plight straightway  
Was poor Mistress Poppenjay.

Mistress Polly Poppenjay;  
From your pickle others may  
Learn to curb their pride a little;  
Learn to exercise their wit, till  
They are sure no puddles may  
Lie in front, Miss Poppenjay.

Howard Lyic.



## GRANDPA'S PICTURE AT YOUR AGE.

Here it is upon this page.  
Little grandpa at your age.

Rose-bud on the velvet coat,  
Ruffles open at the throat.

Cheek and chin, and eyes of blue,  
Somewhat like a book of you.

Granddaddy, when he was young,  
Had, like you, a merry tongue.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

MISS ANNE, NEW LONDON, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

MY DEAR ANNE, FRIENDS: We had such a charming time in our little school on the afternoon of Easter-Sunday that I must tell you of it. The little church, which is so tiny it looks like a room for size, with a chance not much larger than a large hall still looks so cheerful and was very sweet and lovely that afternoon with its wealth of fresh flowers, most of them wild ones, and brought by the scholars, who seemed so pleased to be needed in the service of the little church. There were many varieties and some of them so lovely that I would be very glad if I were botanical enough to tell you about them. There were some white flowers of large shape, that had, with the tender green leaves, large clusters of pinkish-white flowers about the size and shape of a snow-drop. These were perfectly lovely, as was a pure bright blue (not blue) iris, that was so fragrant the whole church was filled with its perfume.

We had the usual evening service, and then Dr. R. read the Gospel for the day, from the twelfth chapter of St. John, and then talked to them, explaining the Resurrection. We then sang the hymn,

"The strife is o'er, the battle done,  
The victory of life is won," etc.

The chorus is "Hallelujah! hallelujah!" so the Sunday-school call it always the "Hallelujah hymn." After this we read out the names of the scholars and their attendances since Christmas. It was pleasant to find how very regular the attendance had been, quite a number not having been away at all, and still more had lost only one Sunday. We had a card for every one, the best scholars getting the prettiest and largest, and then we had books for the good scholars. The cards and almost all the books I had saved from Christmas, knowing they would so much enjoy the prizes at Easter, and we like to mark out the seasons as they come. It would need an eloquent pen to paint a word-picture that would make you see the smiling faces that came up the little aisle as their names were called. Two pretty white girls, who come two miles, had failed to get their cards for the Sunday before winter. They were so happy to receive, and well deserved, the gift of a pretty prayer-book and hymnal in a case—one red and the other gray. Another was happy with a pretty Bible with clasps. Some had story-books, nicely bound, and *Kate Greenaway* and *Captain Jack* for the little ones. I can not tell you all, and perhaps you are now tired; but I must tell you that our little A. Fred got a nice prayer-book, with the print large enough for him to see; it had a red ribbon to mark the places, and a pretty little book that was a happier old daisy in the State than he was that day. Then there are three little girls, all nearly the same size, beautiful, that are good little readers, and have each a little book that gives us unconsciously a great deal of amusement. They were just delighted with their gifts, and could only think of one thing that would be nicer, and that is to have a new singing class that meets twice

a month. A good many young people will enjoy and, we hope, be improved by it.

We have also started a sewing school. A friend sent us thimbles and a few spools of cotton, but as so many come, and seem so glad to learn to sew, crochet, etc., we shall be very glad to have you send us some pieces for them to use. They seem so willing to sew, and are so industrious, that our hope is to piece enough quilts to give one at Christmas to every family that comes to Sunday-school. They all need to be taught to sew and do nice work, and seem so glad to learn, and their mothers are very anxious to have them, they will come and help sew and make the "Sunday-school quilts." So if you, dear young people, who have already helped me to everything I have said, will send me some more pieces, etc., for this work, I shall be very glad indeed.

The only other thing I need is some very easy, simple readers. Every year we have new readers. We have some discouragements, of course, but, on the whole, we have enough encouragement to make us feel that we are doing good, and we hope that in the end one little corner of the world will be better for it. Many thanks to you all for the generous help you have already given me, and, with love to you all, I am very truly your friend,

Mrs. Richardson.

BENSON, VERMONT.

To-day my mother was telling me of an incident which she saw, and I thought it worth recording. Her cat was a great hunter. One day she caught a chipmunk up before the house, and was tormenting it as cats will torment their prey. And we hoped that in the end one little corner of the world will be better for it. Many thanks to you all for the generous help you have already given me, and, with love to you all, I am very truly your friend,

J. HAWLEY A.

I have often thought of the above incident, and queried was it reason or instinct which caused the squirrel to feign himself so much hurt as to be unable to move. I wonder if you know what the insect was. Perhaps it was a caterpillar whose little ones hunger to be fed with amusing and instructive stories. We all, from papa to baby, welcome its visits.

MARY A.

Mrs. A. will pardon the publication of her letter, as she represents a great many mothers. Thanks to the bright lady who has so pleasantly told about the clever chipmunk and his happy escape

SPRINGFIELD, N.Y.

I have taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* from the beginning of this year, and I think it is a very nice paper. I get it every week. I am now nine years old. I have three dolls—Mary, Jennie, and Belle. Mary is twenty-three years old. I have a sister and a brother, Fanny and Johnny.

CARRIE W. N.

The following essay does credit to its youthful writer, who has shown much industry in studying his theme:

## THE CATACOMBS.

I suppose nearly everybody has heard of the Catacombs, but do not know whether everybody has understood what they are. Catacombs are subterranean places, or places, where they bury the dead. Those of Egypt, from their vast size and extent and elaborate workmanship, are probably the most remarkable. The most ancient of these are the Theban Kings, the mummies around Thebes being mined by a very large number. It has been estimated that, when mummies were used, not less than four million mummies were entombed in the Catacombs of Egypt.

The Catacombs of Rome are also very remarkable, being immense galleries, which now extend under the seven hills of Rome. The Catacombs were crowded with people who could not live in the city. During the persecution of the Christians under Nero and other Roman Emperors these places were used as sanctuaries by the plebeians, and during the persecution of the Christians under Nero and other Roman Emperors these places were used as sanctuaries by the plebeians, and during the persecution of the Christians under Nero and other Roman Emperors these places were used as sanctuaries by the plebeians.

The Catacombs of Naples are larger than those of Rome. In the seventeenth century they were buried in places for people who could not live in the city. During the persecution of the Christians under Nero and other Roman Emperors these places were used as sanctuaries by the plebeians, and during the persecution of the Christians under Nero and other Roman Emperors these places were used as sanctuaries by the plebeians.

W. H. C.

NEW YORK CITY.

I am a little girl, and have taken your paper all this winter; I like it very much. As soon as I get enough numbers to make a good-sized book I am going to have them bound. I am very fond of reading the letters from the little girls, and I thought I would like to write one, and see how it looked in print. I have a pet cat, and an very fond of her, so I will write all about her. She is white, with a black band across her eyes, and her ears, so I call her very pretty. She is very nice and gentle, and never scratches or bites. I have heard of many naughty cats that would scratch and bite little birds, but I don't think mine would ever scratch or bite if it were cooked. I heard of a cat that would sit in a chair and hold up a paper and pretend to read, and I thought I would like to see how she would do if I have tried it with mine and she always jumps down and runs away. I once dressed her up in my doll's clothes, and you don't know how cunning and funny she looked. I once tied a piece of cloth on her fore-paw; she went around on three legs, never trying to put the other one down, as she seemed to think she could not. I shall never do it again, for I don't think she liked it. I have her with me in the country in summer, and the boys will throw stones at her just to tease them. Can you think my boys will do these things? I think cats must be much nicer than boys; don't you?

E. L. M.

The naughty boys you speak of can not have read the Post-office Box. I prefer boys to cats, though I confess that some boys are very much too fond of thoughtless play. A boy who amuses himself by throwing stones at pussy, or by annoying a little girl, is very unmanly indeed.

NEW YORK CITY.

I am twelve years old, and have taken your paper for nearly three years, and like it very much. I go to school, and have only two more classes to go through, and have a little cat named Nellie, and when I come home from school, as soon as she hears my voice, she comes running to me. We have a mocking-bird, which has not sung much since she came home from school, and is stuffed. We have two canaries. We have a great many pretty plants in the house during the winter, among which is the cactus, which is very pretty; it looks like a head of cabbage with stalks of pretty pink flowers growing out of it. I have passed HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE'S printing house in going over the Brooklyn Bridge. I am going to send you a receipt, and I am afraid my letter is too long. I am the only daughter, and long very much for a little sister. With love to the Postmistress, I remain your constant friend,

CARRIE M. T.

LEWISTOWN, MICHIGAN.

Do you think the boys and girls would like to know how we make maple sugar out here in Michigan? My cousin Fred makes it, and sometimes I go in the woods and help him. First we tap the trees (hard maple) by making a hole in the north side of the tree, about three-fourths of an inch deep; under this we drive a spout, so as to lead the sap into the bucket. When the buckets are full, we take them to the house, and pour the sap into a barrel, and take it to the camp, which is quite a large shanty, built of boards; an arch in one end and a lot of dry wood in the other. We sometimes have to stay and boil far into the night. Fred has papers to read, and it is quite pleasant there. One night I was out alone, and I asked my cousin where he was. When the sap is all boiled and quite thick, he takes it home, and my aunt cleanses it, and boils it again till it will grain, and it is turned into pans to cool. I wish you could see it when it is made. The nicest things about it is when we are invited over to eat the warm sugar.

ANTHONY E. L.

I am very glad when my boys tell about what they are doing, or what is being done by others in their neighborhood. This maple-sugar letter is really so sweet that it makes us wish we could enjoy the fun of sugaring off in the woods as some of you do who live where the maples grow.

PETERSBURG, RUSSIA.

I am sending you a story I made up, and I hope you will print it.

One evening in the sultry month of August I was sitting in the hammock on the piazza, when I heard a faint and low music, very sweet. It came nearer and nearer; the music was so lovely that I jumped from my seat and ran down the gravel-walk to find where it came from. When I had gone a little way I saw a very old, shabby little door about four inches high, and to my surprise I found I could get through it. I opened the door, and what do you suppose I saw? The most beautiful garden I ever saw. There was a large sign in gold over a gate of flowers at the entrance, with these words written in silver, "Entrance to Fairy-Land." I stepped into the garden, and saw a young man in a blue suit was searching under some tall calla lilies. I stubbed my toe, and fell flat on top of a rolly-rolly little blue flower. The young man saw me and rubbed his eyes with his fists, and then, glar-



ing at me, he said, "Where did you come from, girl?" I was so scared I did not know what to say, so I stood perfectly still and said nothing. Presently he said, "I should like to know if I could know better than to wake a person up so roughly. I only wish you could be waked up that way." At that moment I felt myself going round and round, and opening my eyes I found I had rolled out of the hammock on to the grass.

My brother said the music I heard was the frogs; but I think he was mistaken.

I wish Emily M. Young would write me soon.

MADELINE F. S. (13 years old).

WE live on a farm. I have two sisters and one little brother. We have fine sport riding the horse, driving the cow, and the pig, and the hare, hunting eggs, and gathering wild flowers; I wish I could send you a bouquet. My sisters and I take turn about washing dishes and helping mamma with the cooking. We each have a room to keep in order. Sometimes, when mamma is not well, we get up and get breakfast. We went to school all week, and it is vacation now. Mamma reads us many books. An aunt and uncle have kindly given us *YOUNG PEOPLE* for two years. We all, including papa and mamma, enjoy it very much, and think it "The best Queen" one of the most interesting stories ever read.

I am your little friend, JULIA G. O.  
You are useful little housekeepers.

I am a little girl ten years old. I have never written before. I enjoy reading the letters so much. I have three black kittens. I can not tell them apart; they are very pretty, and have the prettiest blue eyes. I have a bird too, a white hen and rooster, and a little bantam that I like. I would like to stay out of school today, and perhaps will have to do so to-morrow, because I am sick.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—When I was a little girl I made a kaleidoscope, and thinking perhaps some of the young people would like to make one too, I send them the directions. Take three strips of glass five inches long and one inch wide; place their edges together so the three strips form a triangular tube; bind these fast with three pieces of strong twine. The twine should be placed so a piece of white paper, which should be placed so it takes the place of the ground glass in the store" kaleidoscope. Over the other end of the tube fasten a piece of white cloth with a button hole in it to look through. Now wind from end to end over the tube, covering all excepting the two ends, black dress braid, or any black stuff cut in strips; fasten each end of the twine tightly, and all you have to do is to drop bits of colored glass in the tube, and then look through the hole and see a different figure every time you turn the kaleidoscope.

*YOUNG PEOPLE* is enjoyed very much by my mother, who is sixty-eight, and myself, especially Mrs. Lillie's story of "Nan," which we have read many times.

A great many thanks to the kind lady who tells you so clearly how to make something which will delight your eyes.

My home is in Langdon, a beautiful little town of seven miles from St. Paul, the capital of our State. We have a pretty pond near here, called Lake Flora, and in summer-time the frogs sing all the time; my mamma says they are singing to tell you a letter from their friends who live in the past our house, and the mail-bag is hung on a post, and is caught by an iron arm attached to a car. I am eight years old. Papa owns a watch and a clock. I wear this all alone; and I like it.

Your little friend, MAUD E. M.

Indeed, I read it with ease.  
This is a fast age. Just think how amazed our grandfathers would have been had they imagined that a mail-bag could be caught, as yours is, on the fly, by a whirling train!

ANNA FOXES, COLORADO.  
My little brother Freddie takes *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and we all love it dearly. I am a little girl of just eleven years. I have been thinking some time of writing you a letter, but I think it would be splendid to have one printed. I live away up in the Rocky Mountains, 13,000 feet above the level of the sea. We have lived here one year, and the only children I have to tell you are Fred and Sunday-school nor day school, though we hope to have school next summer. Fred, Mamie (my mamma's sister), and I recite our lessons to our aunt and uncle. The summer-train is pretty lovely here; the mountains are covered with such pretty flowers, and we have lots of fun scrambling for flowers, gathering flowers and hunting mineral specimens. I would very much like to have a bouquet of flowers to my little friend Howard W., who takes this paper—he lives in Washington, but I cannot tell you the distance is so great that they would be spoiled before they

could reach him. I have no pets except my doll, one dog, Prince, and a dear little black cat, Harry. We have very long, long winters here, and I wish we had more snow here than we have. We have had here for many years. Our children love to be in the winter is snow-shoeing. We go out every evening when it is not snowing, and go away up to the mountain, and oh how I wish you could see us flying down as fast as a train of cars would take us! Even my little sister Mamie, who is only six years old, can go on snow-shoes as well as some of the grown-up persons can. The picture in *YOUNG PEOPLE* of a Lippon snow-shoes just exactly looks like papa when he is packing meat for us to eat, only my papa is ten times handsomer than our little sister. The snow-shoes are just like the same as we use. Well, I fear you are getting tired reading my letter, although I have not told you half about my Rocky Mountain home. Freddie, Harry, and myself send love to you. I am your little friend,

LILLIE C. S.  
I hope both a Sunday and a day school will have been begun for you before long. Meanwhile you have the bright, flowery summer days to look forward to, and you will enjoy them.

NEW BRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.  
I have a little brother named Morris; he will be five this April. I go to the grade school, and study geography, arithmetic, spelling, reading, writing, language, drawing, and music. We have three examinations in a year, and have two already. I stood at the head of the class. Our school commences at nine in the m-rning; at half past ten we have fifteen minutes' recess, and at twelve we go home. In the afternoon it begins at two, and is dismissed at four. We do not have recess in the afternoon, so we make the best of our recess in the morning. My teacher's name is Miss C. and she is very pleasant. Our principal's name is Mr. T. There are five grades in our school.

ALICE L. C. (11 years old).  
I have a little Kentucky country girl, and I never have gone to school more than five or six months. We have large families of children, and many grandpa, aunts, uncles, cousins, papa, mamma, and six children. My little cousin takes your nice paper, and we all enjoy it, old and young. We also take the *YOUTH'S COMPANION*. I have such a nice little dog, Rags; he will speak when he wants to get on my lap. I have a chicken named Daisy. I have six wells, and one thirty years old; she was given to me by a friend who has large some babies. She don't look much like a French doll. Some of them might have been sent to the fair for sick dolls.

ANNA A. W.  
I should look to that old dilly with a great affection, for she would remind me of one I used to know somebody about the time when yours had her first birthday.

FRAMINGHAM, MASSACHUSETTS.  
HARPER'S *YOUNG PEOPLE* was given to me for a Christmas present, and I like it so well that I thought I would write you a letter, and perhaps have the pleasure of seeing it in the Post-office Box. I have one little sister, Ruth, who is very cunning, and she is sometimes naughty; but she is a very good girl. My mamma is in bed, but I think she will get better soon. I have not a great many pets; a large yellow cat and two birds are all I have. My kitten's name is Fox; rather a funny name for a cat, but I like it very much and affectionate. He used to sit on my papa's shoulder when he was milking, and we liked him so well that when we moved away from home he was with us. One of my birdies mated with a male bird, and laid three eggs and hatched one, which lived; and she mated again, and laid three eggs and hatched one, and the brood was all gone, as the other bird was taken away. We think she is a very smart bird; her name is Jennie. I like the story of "The Ice Queen" very much, and also "The Fair for Sick Dolls."

MARY G.

POOR CIRCLE, MINNESOTA.  
I began taking *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* last year, and soon saw how very much I had missed in not subscribing to it before. I enjoy reading the letters from everywhere, and thought perhaps you'd like to hear from the Western wild where I have always lived. I was born in southern Minnesota, just twelve years ago, and I play on the piano. I have a good school here; in fact, Minnesota is second to none in its public school houses and normal schools. But I, for one, wish we didn't have to go to school; it's more fun to play and read. Friday I had to read a piece, and I took Jimmy Brown's "Lightning Experiments." It brought the house) school down. We have a good organ in school, and somebody plays a march every morning for us to march by. We also have a library of standard books, among which is the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, and it cost over a hundred dollars. I wish we had a school to go to school is practicing; I have to practice an hour every day on our piano. Do you believe in making boys musicians? I have two pets, one of which is a horse that feels so fine she's had

to run away. The other pet was a Christmas present. I'll send you a sort of riddle that mamma wrote, that you may guess what a sweet pet it is.

With bolts so firm and bars so strong  
Secure the house was fastened tight,  
And yet a robber cunning bold,  
Came in that cold and stormy night.  
We felt quite safe from robbers bad,  
So with most honest souls we slept;  
And how he came and whence he came,  
Is mystery profound, profound.  
He seemed to take our jewels rare,  
And with a look of scorn to prize,  
And yet from all of us he stole  
What is more precious than our eyes.  
In ancient dress, and e'en unarmed,  
He stole our hearts, and all our joys.  
Sweet winning ways and cunning wiles—  
With which he stole our hearts, our hearts.  
What shall be done with robber bold?  
Pray tell us—tell us, you can.  
Shall we not keep, and try to make  
Of him a useful, noble man?

If this letter is published, I'll tell you in my next "what I know about" Indians and cyclones. I live in the cyclone-swept district of Ind.

MARK D. F.  
The boys want you to write again at once and send the answer to your riddle; also tell what you please about Indians and cyclones. I'm sorry you do not like to practice, but glad to hear that you do so nevertheless.

SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.  
I am a boy nine years old. I have two pets—a cat and a dog. My cat is a monster, and his name is Tim, and my dog's name is Gaffney. He is not at home now; he is at Haddam, Connecticut, and is being trained to hunt. He is an Irish setter, and sometimes I hit him a four-legged Irishman. I do not go to school now, for my brother has the scarlet fever; he is three years old. At school we have a morning recess of fifteen minutes and an afternoon recess of ten minutes. My teacher's name is Miss Ellen S., and I am in the fourth grade.

ROBERT N. I.  
Thanks to Alice H. S., Grace G., F. W., John W. M., Laura T., Eva F., Robert A. C., Florence W., Lillie W., Willie F. H., Albert N. L., Alexander K., Jessie R., Emma A. H., Kate M. S., Bertha B., Mary D., Russell P. R., and A. R. P.

#### PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS

No. 1.  
TWO PUZZLES.  
1.—A letter. 2. A verb. 3. Something to eat. 4. A verb. 5. A letter.  
2.—A letter. 2. To eat. 3. Something which grows. 4. A cooking utensil. 5. A letter.  
G. W. VON ETTA.

No. 2.  
TWO ENIGMAS.  
1.—My first is in lion and also in leopard.  
My second is in flock, but not in shepherd.  
My third is in under, but not in over.  
My fourth is in violet, but not in cover.  
My fifth is in silver, but not in gold.  
My sixth is in timid, but not in bold.  
My seventh is in battle and also in war.  
My eighth is in knife, but not in saw.  
My ninth is in early and also in late.  
My whole is a well-known and beautiful State.  
G. E. D.  
2.—First in chair, but not in bear.  
Second in hair, but not in heir.  
Third in glove, but not in mitten.  
Fourth in kite and also in kite.  
Fifth in moon, but not in star.  
Sixth in mood, but not in bar.  
Seventh in man, but not in child.  
Eighth in fair, but not in mile.  
My whole is of use to us all the year.  
Whether the weather be foul or clear.  
HARRY FRICK.

#### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 225

No. 1.  
Butter. South. Hero.  
No. 2 —  
R  
O  
F  
R  
O  
N  
N

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Eureka, Steele Penn, Marion Birch, Lou M. Williams, Jessie C. Henderson, F. H. Gambling, F. H. B., Harry R. Pyne, Harry Besnick, S. M. Fechenberg, Mary and Myra Vile, Daisy Greene, The Good Art, Mrs. J. M. Peck, and M. E. Edith Peck, and Richard and Rosie Clark.

[For Enigmas, see No. 2 and 3, page 400.]



### THE PUSSY PUZZLE.

ADD 65 to this Pussy-cat,  
And see what you can make of that.

### WHO WAS HE?

BY L. A. FRANCE.

HE was born in a small town in Saxony in 1483, four hundred years ago.

His parents were poor peasants. His father was a miner in the Thuringian Forest. His mother carried their supply of wood home from the forest on her back. His parents obliged him to go out to beg, and often punished him severely. Until he was thirteen he with his school companions earned his bread by singing songs from house to house. He was then provided for by a relative, until his father, whose circumstances had meanwhile improved, was able to send him to the university at Erfurth.

His father intended him to be a lawyer. He had a powerful intellect, and devoted day and night to his studies; yet he was fond of company and gay companions. He was warm-hearted, and had many friends. He was a poet, and was also intensely fond of music.

One day, as he was coming from his home with a friend, a storm came up, and his companion was killed by a stroke of lightning. He was so impressed by the accident that he became a monk in the Augustinian convent, devoting himself to fasting, penance, and the most arduous duties.

In 1510 he visited Rome, and discovered that what he had believed a pure religion was a hollow mockery. He discovered much wrong-doing among the leaders of the Church in that city. He was a man of great force of character. When he became convinced a thing was wrong, danger to himself could not keep him from speaking against it, and for the right. He published books against the Pope, and was driven from the Church.

He was called before the Emperor, and commanded to retract what he had written. He refused to do so, and was ordered to return home until his fate should be decided upon.

His friends saw he would be condemned, and resolved that he should disappear. On his way to Wittenberg, as he was passing through the Thuringian Forest, a party of armed, visored men seized him. They carried him to Wartburg Castle, where he was kept in safety. He went by the name of Ritter George. No one knew what had become of him except the few who had undertaken to protect him. After all danger was over, he returned to his work.

He married Katharine von Bora on June 13, 1525.

He died in February, 1546.

### THE LEVERET AND THE KITE.

A FABLE.

BY FRANK BELLEW.

A LEVERET, one day, bounding across a pasture, suddenly came upon a strange and hideous object such as he had never before beheld. While he stood riveted to the spot with fear and surprise, two boys came into sight.

One of them pounced on the hideous object, and the Leveret, as he ran away, heard him exclaim, "Ho! Charley, here's the Kite."

When the Leveret reached his nest he cried out to the old Hare, his mother, "Oh, mother, mother, I have seen a Kite!"

"Then let us all be truly grateful that you are alive and safe," replied the mother; "for those Kites are blood-thirsty and wicked things, who think no more of killing and devouring a young Leveret than you or I would of eating a head of clover."

"Oh-h-h-ugh-h!" cried the little Hare, trembling. "I am glad I ran away. I thought it must be a wicked thing, it looked so ugly, with its great big eyes as large as my head, and—"

"My child! my child! do not indulge in such exaggeration," said the mother.

"But they were, ma; and it had great big sharp teeth, and a tail as long—as long—oh, as twenty cows' tails!"

"Levy!" continued the parent. "Just as I am rebuking you for exaggerating, you add to your ill behavior the sin of untruthfulness. I have seen Kites, and know perfectly well what they are like. Their eyes are not so large as our own, and their tails not much longer; and as to teeth, they have none at all, but only a sharp hook at the end of their nose, with which they tear honest folk to pieces. I am grieved to see this spirit of exaggeration, and in order to check it shall punish you severely." Saying this, she began to cuff the poor little Leveret soundly about the ears.

She was, however, soon stopped by a hoarse voice, and looking up, beheld an old Raven, who thus addressed her:

"Stop beating that little thing. I have heard all your conversation, and know very well that the Kite your son speaks of is a very different sort of thing to the one you are thinking of. It is made out of paper and sticks and string by human children, and they fly it in the air by means of a long piece of twine."

"But I never saw or heard of such a Kite in all my life."

"Very likely not," retorted the Raven. "But that only shows your ignorance."

The old Hare's ears dropped, and she slunk away to her nest, heartily ashamed of her conduct.

MORAL.—We should be very sure of the meaning which others attach to their words before we sit in judgment upon them, lest we do them grievous wrong, or perhaps expose our own ignorance.



"HIS EYES LIGHTED ON A STRANGE AND HIDEOUS OBJECT."

# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 23.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Tuesday, May 13, 1884.

Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 per Year, in Advance.



A FAITHFUL FRIEND.



## SHE HAD NEVER SEEN A TREE.\*

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

THEY took the little London girl from out the city street  
To where the grass was growing green, the birds were singing  
sweet;

And everything along the road so filled her with surprise,  
The look of wonder fixed itself within her violet eyes.

The breezes ran to welcome her; they kissed her on each cheek,  
And tried in every way they could their ecstasy to speak,  
Inviting her to romp with them, and tumbling up her curls,  
Expecting she would laugh or scold, like other little girls.

But she didn't—no, she didn't; for this crippled little child  
Had lived within a dingy court where sunshine never smiled,  
And for weary, weary days and months the little one had lain  
Confined within a narrow room, and on a couch of pain.

The out-door world was strange to her—the broad expanse of sky,  
The soft green grass, the pretty flowers, the stream that trickled by;  
But all at once she saw a sight that made her hold her breath,  
And shake and tremble as if she were frightened near to death.

Oh, like some horrid monster of which the child had dreamed,  
With nodding head and waving arms, the angry creature seemed;  
It threatened her, it mocked at her, with gestures and grimace  
That made her shrink with terror from its serpent-like embrace.

They kissed the trembling little one, they held her in their arms,  
And tried in every way they could to quiet her alarms,  
And said, "Oh, what a foolish little goose you are, to be  
So nervous and so terrified at nothing but a tree!"

They made her go up close to it, and put her arms around  
The trunk, and see how firmly it was fastened in the ground;  
They told her all about the roots that clung down deeper yet,  
And spoke of other curious things she never would forget.

Oh, I have heard of many, very many, girls and boys  
Who have to do without the sight of pretty books and toys,  
Who have never seen the ocean; but the saddest thought to me  
Is that anywhere there lives a child who never saw a tree.

## "LEFT BEHIND,"†

## OR, TEN DAYS A NEWSBOY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"TORY TYLER," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," "RAISING THE 'PEARL,'" ETC.

## CHAPTER II.

## STARTING IN BUSINESS.

THERE was a look of delight on Ben's face as he saw  
his companion examining their home so carefully,  
and each moment he expected to hear an exclamation of  
surprise at the very comfortable manner in which they  
lived. But since, after waiting some time, no such exclamation  
was heard, he asked, a trifle impatiently,

"Ain't it a stunner?"

Now Paul did not really think the place merited any  
such praise. In fact, he was very much disappointed, and  
he compromised the matter by saying:

"I should think it might be real kind of comfortable."

"Kind of comfortable!" echoed Ben, angrily. "Well,  
I don't know anything about Chicago; but if you know of  
any fellers there that have got any better place than this,  
I'd like to go out an' stay two or three months with 'em."

"Well, you see, I don't know much about it," said Paul,  
conscious that he had hurt his kind-hearted friend's feelings,  
and anxious to make amends in some way. "I've  
always lived in a regular house with father and mother, so  
I don't know how boys do live that haven't got any home."

"You'll see how they live before you get back to Chi-

cago," said Ben, grimly. And then he added, in a softened  
voice, "I'd like to know how it would seem to have a father  
an' a mother, an' a house to live in."

"Didn't you ever have any, Ben?"

"No"—and the boy's voice trembled now in spite of himself—  
"I don't s'pose I ever did. Me an' Shiner have been  
livin' round this way ever since we can remember, an' I  
reckon we always lived so. We used to sleep round  
anywhere till Dickey Spry got a chance to run a stand  
over'n Jersey City, an' then he sold us this place for fifty  
cents, an' I tell you we've fattened right up ever since we  
had it."

The conversation was taking such a sorrowful turn  
that Johnny's entrance just then was very welcome. Paul  
stood very much in need of some cheerful company to prevent  
the great lump that was growing in his throat from  
getting the best of him.

"Well, you are goin' it strong!" exclaimed Johnny, as  
he closed the door by pulling one portion of their house  
against the other. "Why, this is 'bout as good as a 'lectric  
light, ain't it? I tell you we shall be just as snug as  
mice when winter comes, for this candle makes the place  
so warm."

Johnny's idea of the heat from one candle could not be  
a correct one if he thought that their house would be as  
warm in January from it as it was then in August. But  
January was so far away that no one thought of starting  
an argument on the subject.

Ben brought forward the dainties he had bought, and  
although Shiner's eyes did not stick out as far as he had  
said, there was enough of pleasant surprise in his face to  
satisfy Ben for the outlay he had made.

"Now this is what I call livin' high," said Johnny, in a  
choking voice, as he tried to eat pea-nuts, bologna, and  
crackers all at the same time. "Seems like we'd had  
a reg'lar streak of luck ever since we bought this house,  
don't it?"

"It was a good trade, that's what it was, an' it's lucky  
for Polly that we had it, or he'd have found out the difference  
in huntin' round for a place to sleep."

Poor Paul! he was doing his best to eat the portion of  
the feast that had been set aside as his, but, hungry as he  
had been, he found it difficult to swallow because of the  
lump in his throat, that kept growing larger and larger every  
moment, and which seemed to be doing its best to force  
the tears from his eyes.

He thought of his parents, and his sister, who were  
probably going further away from him each moment,  
grieving quite as much, if not more, because of his absence,  
than he did himself, and when he realized that he might  
never see them again the tears would roll from beneath  
his eyelids. But he brushed them away very quickly,  
as if ashamed to have his companions see them, honest  
though they were.

Then as Ben and Johnny began to talk of their business,  
leaving him alone, as it seemed, the tears came faster  
and faster, until he could no longer wipe them away, and  
putting back into the paper the cracker he was trying to  
eat, he threw himself upon the straw, crying as if his  
heart would break.

Paul's hosts seemed bewildered by such singular behavior  
on his part. They could not understand why a boy who had  
had the good fortune to find such a place in which to sleep  
as they had just offered Paul should cry; and not understanding  
it, they did the very best thing for him—they let him cry  
without trying to console him, though it sadly marred the  
happiness of their feast.

The tears were a relief to Paul in more ways than one,  
for before they were done flowing he was sound asleep,  
and he did not awake to a consciousness of his troubles  
until Ben shook him the following morning.

"It's time to get up," said the boy, in a kindly tone.  
"You see, Shiner has to get down about sunrise to get his

\* An invalid child who had lived in London all her life, and had never  
seen a tree, was taken into the country, together with many others, at the  
expense of a "Tree-shair fund." She clung to one of the teachers in dread-  
ful alarm on seeing a tree, and could not understand what such a green  
thing could be. "We don't it keep still!" she said, in a paroxysm  
of terror, as the wind swayed its branches. It was only after some time  
that she could be induced to go near enough to touch it.

† Begun in No. 326, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.



papers, an' I go with him, so's folks won't be so likely to see us comin' out of here."

It was some moments before Paul realized where he was, or what had happened to so change his sleeping-room from the neat, cleanly one he called his own at home, to this very rude shelter. But when all that had occurred came back to his mind he leaped to his feet at once, striking his head against the top of the hoghead with a force that told him he must be careful to get up no higher than his hands and knees.

"You'll see now what a swell house we've got," said Johnny, when they were outside, and while Paul was still rubbing the top of his head. "We've got runnin' water near every room, jest like any place; an' you can come in here an' wash yer face with jest as much water as Astor can git."

Johnny led the way to one corner of the building where a water-pipe with a faucet jutted out from the brick-work, having evidently been placed there in case of fire, and turning the water on, the three boys scrubbed their faces and hands with the greatest vigor. But Paul found some difficulty in drying himself with straw as his companions did.

During this important ceremony the boys had been careful to screen themselves from the view of any one on the street by the boxes which they had arranged beforehand. When they were as clean as water would make them without soap, they started out of the yard at full speed, going over the fence as a rubber ball goes over any projection in its way.

Once on the street, where they were not afraid of any one's seeing them, their movements were more leisurely, and they began to discuss plans for starting their quest in business.

But the discussion was not a long one, owing to the fact that but two avenues of trade were open to him—that of blackening boots or selling papers; and when he was called upon to decide, he chose the latter, very much to Johnny's secret delight.

"Now, Ben," said Johnny, who appeared to think it his duty to look out for his guest's business education and welfare, "you'd better kinder lay round an' see that the boys don't try to come in on him the first day, an' I'll keep my eye on him too."

Ben nodded assent, and Johnny said to Paul:

"You watch an' see how I do it, after I get the papers, an' then you do jest as I do. If there is a big lot of news, it won't be a great deal of work; but if there ain't any thing very 'portant, then you've got to holler."

After this lesson had been given, and while they were walking toward the newspaper offices, Ben divided what bologna had been left from the feast of the previous evening, and also put in Paul's pocket his share of the peanuts which he had not eaten with the others.

On account of finding an early customer who wanted his boots blackened, Ben did not go with them to get the papers, but promised to meet Paul on City Hall Square, where it had been decided he should make his first venture as newsboy.

Now the boys who sell the papers do not buy their stock in the business offices, as Paul had supposed, but are obliged to go into some room nearer the presses, and where they will be out of the way of more important customers. Therefore when Johnny led him into a room lighted by gas, even though it was in the daytime, and filled by a crowd of noisy, pushing, eager boys, all wanting to be served first, Paul felt quite as much alarmed as surprised.

"It's all right," said Johnny, as he saw his companion about to draw back; "there won't anybody try to hurt you here, an' you'll get used to it after you've come two or three times."

Paul hardly believed that he should become accustomed to anything of the kind; but before they had finished their

rounds—for Johnny carried four of the different morning papers—he could look upon the scene, which was almost the same in each case, with something very nearly approaching interest.

When at last the stock was procured, Johnny divided it, giving half to Paul, and saying, as he did so:

"I'll git all the papers for a while, till you kinder git used to it, an' then you can git 'em for yerself. Now come over here on the Square, an' sing out, as loud as you know how, jest what I do."

Then, for example, Johnny began shouting his wares in a way that was more noisy than distinct, and after he had repeated it several times, selling two papers in the mean while, Paul had no more idea of what he said than if he had been speaking in a foreign tongue.

Johnny would have lost a good deal of the morning trade, which was quite brisk, in his efforts to start Paul aright, if Ben had not come along, and offered to give the beginner his first lesson.

Paul found it rather difficult to make as much noise as Ben seemed to think necessary, for the sound of his own voice frightened him; but in the course of an hour, during which time his instructor alternately blackened boots and gave him lessons, he had got along so well that he was selling quite a number of papers. His success did a great deal toward helping him fight off the homesick feeling that would come over him.

At first none of the other newsboys paid any attention to him, perhaps because they were too busy; but as trade began to grow dull they commenced to gather around Paul, until he was thoroughly alarmed at some of their words and actions.

One boy, considerably larger than he was, insisted that if he wanted to sell papers he should go somewhere else to do it, because that particular portion of the city was under the immediate control of himself and his friends.

Paul made no reply, for the very good reason that he did not know but that the claim which this boy set up was a just one, and he remained silent, which caused his tormentors to think—exactly what was the true state of the case—that he was afraid of them.

One boy, the same who had first spoken, began pushing him aside, and poor Paul, seeing at least a dozen boys, nearly all of them larger than he was, standing in threatening attitudes, looked around in vain for his two friends, who had promised to care for him.

"You want to get out of this, young feller, an' you don't want to show yer nose round here agin," said the largest member of the party, as he pushed Paul rudely aside with one hand, and with the other attempted to take his papers from him.

It was this, more than anything else, which made Paul resist, for even if he had no right to be on that particular spot, they surely had no right to take his papers from him, and, besides, they were Johnny's property, not his. Therefore he felt he should defend them all the more strongly.

He was trying to call up all his strength and will in defense of his own rights, even though he knew the struggle could not be a long one, owing to the numbers that were opposed to him, when suddenly the crowd were pressed apart at one side, and Ben and Johnny stood ready to defend their guest.

"This feller lives with us," said Ben, defiantly, as he looked fiercely at the boy who had been trying to rob Paul, "an' he's goin' to sell papers here every day. Now don't any of you forget that if you pick a row with him, you pick it with me an' Johnny."

More than one of those present knew just what Ben could do if he should swing that box around in defense of any one who was being imposed upon, and they concluded that it was not best to discuss the matter any further. The crowd fell back, and Paul was safe, for a short time at least.



"IF YOU PICK A ROW WITH HIM, YOU PICK IT WITH ME AN' JOHNNY."

Johnny had sold all his own stock out, and taking half of Paul's, the two commenced business again. They had no further trouble from those who had been so eager to drive the new boy away, and by dinner-time all the papers were sold. But Paul did not know that in every one was an advertisement setting forth an exact description of himself, together with the promise of a large reward to the person who would take him to his father at the police head-quarters.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### TOM FAIRWEATHER AT CAPE TOWN.

BY LIEUTENANT E. W. STURDY, U.S.N.

**T**OM FAIRWEATHER was disappointed in two respects on his trip from Madagascar to Cape Town. In the first place, the *Neptune* did not encounter any bad weather, and Tom saw none of those mountainous waves which his geography had told him were to be found off the Cape of Good Hope. Again, he was disappointed, if I may call it so, to find that he did not know that Cape Agulhas, and not the Cape of Good Hope, was the southernmost point of Africa.

When, in the early morning, they steamed into Table Bay, there was a light mist, and the Table-cloth, as the colonists call the white fleece-like vapor, lay on Table Mountain; but this gradually rolled away, and the city of Cape Town, backed by its grand and rugged hills, stood out clear and bright as they came to anchor. There were old friends awaiting their arrival, anxious to extend to them the hospitality for which this colony is noted. Captain Fairweather could not so soon leave his ship, but Tom was captured and carried off for a few days' pleasure and sight-seeing.

You can readily imagine that he in no wise objected to this, although, as he went over the side, he turned to his friend Jollytarre, and said, "If only you could go with me."

Tom was very much attached to this officer, who had been so kind to him, and had done so much to make his cruising pleasant and profitable. Nevertheless, he was very light-hearted by the time he reached the shore.

The first thing that attracted his attention was the number of colored people moving about. These, he afterward found, were Malays, descendants of the slaves of the early Dutch settlers, and a sprinkling of Guinea Coast men and Caffres. Among them were also a number of Hottentots. This curious name was given to the original inhabitants of Cape Colony by the Dutch settlers, probably in imitation of the clicking sounds in their language. There were lansom cabs rattling to and fro, all with black drivers and little shabby horses, and swarms of children, black and white, romping and laughing, many of them driving each other,

for playing "horse" is a great game with these baby colonists.

Tom's friends first took him to their house, where he had what he called a good "shore" breakfast, which being dispatched, it was suggested that the forenoon be passed by strolling through the town, and that after lunch a drive should be in order. They first went to the Castle, which is the most striking building in Cape Town. It is a low stone edifice surrounded by a wall and a ditch, and divided within into two courts, where are kept a small number of British troops. This castle was first built of mud by the Dutch, and in their time served admirably as a defense against the hostile natives. From there a delightful walk took them to the Botanic Gardens. On one side ran a beautiful oak avenue, near which was the residence of the Governor. Near by were the Museum and the Library, in the first of which Tom was shown a model of a famous diamond, called the "Star of South Africa," which was originally sold in Cape Town for \$60,000, and a few years afterward resold for twice that amount. Tom asked if there were many such found in the South African diamond fields.

"No," said Mr. Hubbard, for that was his friend's name, "there are not; but the first diamond known to have been found in South Africa brought \$2500. It was discovered by the merest accident. In 1867 the children of a Dutch farmer who lived near the Orange River were playing one day with some pebbles. Another Boer in passing by noticed that one of the pebbles seemed brighter and heavier than the rest; he asked the children's mother to sell it to him, but she refused pay for such a trifle, and gave it to her neighbor. This man carried his pebble to Cape Town, where every one laughed at the idea of its being valuable. Finally it was seen by a geologist, who pronounced it an undoubted diamond. It weighed twenty-one carats,



HOTTENTOT MAN.

and the Govern-  
or bought it for  
\$2500. From this  
grew the great  
diamond fever,  
until now at the  
famous Kimberly  
mine there are be-  
tween three and  
four thousand  
Caffres at work,  
and the town of  
Kimberly, which  
has sprung into  
existence, is the  
second largest in  
South Africa. Do  
you know that

ran far into the  
mountain clefts,  
while the white  
of the leaves  
contrasted finely  
with the green  
of the fields and  
vineyards.

The vines were  
dwarf plants,  
and only grew  
to the height  
of gooseberry  
bushes, a par-  
ticular species  
found to answer  
best.

Tom became  
talkative under  
the effect of this drive.

He began to ask questions. Said he, "Please tell me, Mr. Hubbard, why the vineyards are called Constantia."

"Oh, that was the name of a pretty daughter of one of the early Dutch Governors, who called his farm after her. We are going to a Mr. Cloeté's. You will see written upon the stone gateways, 'Cloeté's Constantia.' Constantia has come to be a general term for the especial vineyards in this vicinity. Mr. Cloeté's house has stood there for over two hundred years, and was built by one of those old Governors I have mentioned."

It seemed to Tom when he reached the house that it might continue to stand forever, it had such an air of comfort and strength. In the flagged hallway was a huge stalactite brought a hundred years ago from a cave in the distant ranges.

The stately drawing-room was large and lofty, ceiled with great beams of cedar, and the windows had scores of small panes of glass. Then there were pieces of rare old china and curious carved stands scattered about, which were relieved by swinging baskets of ferns and flowers.

In the wine cellar, which was not a cellar at all, but a



HOTTENTOT WOMAN.

there are annually exported from Kimberly alone over ten million dollars' worth of diamonds?"

Tom admitted that although he had read of these famous diamond mines, he was not aware that there were so many gems found there. He took another look at the model, and then searched about for other curiosities. He found the Museum and Library not very interesting, probably because he had seen many other similar institutions. What he liked was novelty—something different from what he had ever seen before.

He begun to wish for Jollytarre, who had such a way of finding out the curious and interesting phases of every new place.

But as he stepped into an open carriage with four horses, after his lunch, and was told that he was to be driven to the Constantia Vineyards, his spirits rose again, for he wished to go to that very place. A half-mile took them to a flat red road, with Table Mountain rising straight before it, and on the left a range of mountains beautiful in color and tone.

Farther on they came under the lee of the great mountain, where splendid oak avenues bordered the road, and little forests of straight-stemmed pines and the silver-tree



CAPE TOWN AND TABLE MOUNTAIN.

spacious stone building above-ground, were rows and rows of huge casks. Here a servant brought a tray of tiny glasses filled with sweet wine. There was red Constantia, white Constantia, young Constantia, and Constantia so old as to be almost priceless. In a room beyond were many relics of old Dutch warfare, and on the wall hung a map of Africa, drawn somewhere about the year 1620. It was dim and cracked with age, but very well executed, and even better filled in than the maps of to-day.

There was a long corridor next this room, and in it were kept what they called the "stuck-vats"—puncheons which held more than a thousand gallons each.

Tom certainly saw something novel then.

"Look at the ends," said Mr. Cloete. "Those doors can be made perfectly tight, but can also be removed, so that a man may walk in and clean them."

Leaving the wine vaults, they started on their way back to Cape Town. They were about half-way, when Mr. Hubbard said, "Tom, would you like to see Langalibalele?"

"I don't know," said Tom. "Who is he?"

"He was the chief of a tribe of Zulus who refused to obey the authorities of Natal; that is, he was sent for, and wouldn't come. When he was pursued, he turned and fought, but was taken prisoner and brought to Cape Town. He wished to take his family with him, but as he had seventy wives and a whole lot of children, he was allowed to bring but two wives and one man. He is living a few miles out of Cape Town at government expense, and is quite a character."

"Well, I should like to go," replied Tom; "I would like to see a real live Zulu warrior."

So they branched off the main road, and drove to see Langalibalele at his house. They found him in the veranda, sitting on a brick, looking as comfortable as possible. As the visitors came in, he walked quietly into the house, took off his old felt hat, and with great dignity and deliberation sat down in an arm-chair. He was very ugly, and nearly seventy years of age. One of his sons, as black as ink, was with him. Mr. Hubbard gave the old man a piece of tobacco, which he seized with great delight, and hid away exactly like a monkey, lest his son should wish to share it with him.

The old chief is always sending orders for the rest of his family to join him, but they send back word that they are working for somebody else. That is what Langalibalele wishes them to do for him, for it would be very undignified for him or his son to touch a spade or a hoe.

When they parted from the old Zulu they drove directly home, and Tom, after thanking his hosts, returned to the *Neptune*.

On his way the boat passed close to a mail steamer, on board of which there seemed to be some confusion.

He stopped to see what it was, and learned that a number of Caffre laborers were to be transported to another part of the coast. They had come off in a lighter, but as there was considerable sea, the accommodation-ladder had been unshipped. Now Caffres are as active as kittens on land, but are not accustomed to the sea, or to the motion of ships and boats. There was some difficulty, therefore, in getting them on board. A hog'shead had been slung and lowered into the lighter, and most of the Caffres had been hoisted up in that way, but there were a few who objected to such treatment, and the sailors urged them in vain to get into the cask. Tom arrived just in time to see the fun.

"Come along, old boy," said one sailor, grasping a Caffre; but the man held back. Jack, therefore, gave him a powerful shove, and he went into the cask head-foremost. Another was pushed gently until he tripped against the cask, and went in backward, squeezing the first one almost flat. The next man decided to step in, and another half stepped and was half thrust in.

"Hoist away!" shouted Jack.

At that moment a forgotten Caffre caught Jack's eye. He seized him by the neck; his friend Bill helped him; the man was thrown on the top of all, and went up the next moment like a spread-eagle cover to the cask.

Tom lay back and laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks; and as he stepped on board the *Neptune* he had to tell that story before he could speak of what he had seen on shore.

## MARY, TO THE GARDENER.

BY CHARA BROUGHTON.

OH, Donald, have you seen my bird?  
My heart is almost breaking.  
Each morning his sweet notes I heard,  
Half sleeping and half waking.

All day he warbled, and at night  
He sang a farewell measure;  
He was my very heart's delight,  
And now I've lost my treasure.

You're always singing, Donald, how  
Your "heart is in the Highlands";  
Oh, do you think *his* heart was in  
His own Canary Islands,

And that he's flown to that fair land,  
Where now he sings for pleasure—  
To— What's that hidden in your hand?  
Oh, welcome back, my treasure!



## HOW GRANDMOTHER KILLED THE BEAR.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

FIRST among the pleasures of our childhood was a visit to grandfather's. Like other children, we were very fond of listening to stories, and grandfather was a famous story-teller. Most of the stories he told us were true ones—narratives of life and adventure in the wilderness to which he had moved to make a home for himself and grandmother shortly after they were married.

Here is one that he told us one evening as we sat about the old-fashioned fire-place.

"I don't remember that I have ever told you how grandmother killed a bear the first year we lived in the woods," he said.

We had heard the story a dozen times, but of course we all cried out, "Tell it, grandfather." His stories would bear repeating better than some stories I have heard since then.

"When I first moved into the woods," began grandfather, smiling into the eager faces of the group about him, "we had no pastures to keep our cattle in. All the fields we had were the little 'clearings' where the house stood, consequently the cows had to run in the woods, and get their living there. We had a cow called Dolly. We used to give her a lick of salt almost every night at milking-time, and her fondness for it generally brought her home, thus saving me the trouble of searching through the woods for her. But once in a while she got lazy, and staid where she happened to be when night came.

"I guess Doll's going to camp out to-night," said mo-



ther, one evening in September. 'She ought to have been here an hour ago. I don't hear her bell.'

'Dolly didn't come home that night, nor the next day, and we began to get frightened about her.'

'I'm sure she's mired,' said mother. 'Dear me! what'll we do without her?'

'Like enough she's got along with some of the cattle from the other settlement,' I said. 'We had some neighbors about five miles away, and their cattle ran in the woods, and I thought it quite likely Dolly had found them and concluded to put up with them for the sake of having company.'

'I can't help thinking she's got into one of the swamps, and can't get out,' said mother.

'I guess I'll take a tramp through the woods and see if I can find any tracks,' I said, and started off about sundown. I went through the corn field, and when I got to the edge of it, next to the woods, I found a good many hills all trampled down, and the ears broken off and scattered about. I examined them, and saw that they had been gnawed and chewed up by some animal with powerful jaws. I knew that a bear had made a raid on my corn field, and I made up my mind that I would take my gun, after I got back from searching for Dolly, and hide in the corn field, and see if I couldn't surprise the bear when he came again. I felt sure he would be coming back, for bears are fond of green corn, and one taste of it makes them crazy for more.

'I searched for Dolly until it got to be dark, and found no tracks less than two days old. She was mired, as mother feared, or had gone off to the other settlement, it was quite evident, for she had not been in the places where she usually fed.'

'I started for home. I went toward it, as I supposed, but I failed to reach the clearing after I had walked far enough, I was sure, to be there. Then I knew that I was 'turned round,' as they say when a person loses his reckoning in the woods. I couldn't tell which way home was. It was a cloudy night, and there were no stars or moon to help me out of my difficulty.'

'I kept on, hoping to strike the trail that would take me out of the woods. But I did not find it for a long time. At last, however, I found the path Dolly had made, and I started homeward. That must have been about midnight. I knew mother would be worrying about me, for she never liked to have me out in the woods after dark.'

'As I came near the corn field I heard the brush of which the fence about it was composed crackling sharply, and just then the moon shone out faintly, and I saw an enormous bear making straight toward me. I was frightened, and sprang for the tree that stood nearest. It was a beech with thick branches, and I had hard work to pull myself up through them. I wished they were fewer as I struggled to get among them; but when I got there I was glad there were so many of them, for I felt satisfied that they would help keep the bear back if he attempted to climb after me.'

'He had seen me, and came straight to the tree, growling. He walked about it, with his head turned up toward me. Then he came to it, and put his fore-feet up against it, as if he meditated coming up after me. I stamped about among the branches, and yelled at him, and pretty soon he got down, and began walking about the tree again, growling all the time in a threatening way. I could see that he was a very large animal, and it made me shiver to think of what might have happened if I had not been quick enough to get up the tree, and out of his reach.'

'I thought he would get tired of staying there after a little, but he seemed determined to make a night of it, and kept up a steady march about the tree. He knew I was his prisoner, and he was determined to give me no chance to escape. I cut a good stout limb, and trimmed

off the branches, thus making quite an effective weapon if he should attempt to come up after me. The end of it I made sharp, so that I could use it as a spear as well as a club.'

'By-and-by he did attempt to climb the tree. I found then that my sharp-pointed club came handy. I thrust it down through the branches, and stabbed it into his face, and struck him on the paws and legs. This, with the thick tough branches, was more than he could contend against successfully, and he slid back to the ground, growling and snarling with rage. If he could have got hold of me then, he would have made short work of me.'

'The sky began to grow bright in the east, and I was glad to see the day breaking, for I felt sure the bear would soon go away, and I was worn out with fatigue and excitement. And I felt worried about mother. She had never been left alone before all night, and I knew she must be frightened half to death.'

'All at once I thought I heard some one call my name. I listened. Pretty soon I heard it again. 'William! William!' It was mother's voice, from the direction of the corn field.'

'The bear heard it too, and turned his head that way, and stood there snuffing the air and growling. I was terribly frightened then. If he should take it into his head to attack mother, there was no possible chance of her getting away.'

'Go back!' I cried. 'I'm all right; I'm treed by a bear, but he can't get at me. If he sees you, he'll be likely to come for you. Go back to the house as quickly and as quietly as you can. I'll be sure to come as soon as it gets to be daylight, for he'll leave then.'

'Where are you?' called out mother, who had not understood half I said, and then I turned faint with fear as I saw her coming through the corn.'

'Go back! go back!' I cried. 'There's a bear here, and if you come farther, he'll see you, and you'll be killed. Go back! go back!'

'But I've got your gun,' answered mother. 'Can't I shoot him?'

'Don't try it!' I cried, in terror. 'Go back!'

'The bear sniffed the air for a moment, and then started for the corn field.'

'He's coming!' I screamed. 'Run for your life!'

'But mother didn't run. I saw her dodge behind a big stump, about which some bushes grew. The bear climbed the fence, and started straight toward the place where she was hidden.'

'Oh, she'll be killed!' I groaned; and I dropped from the tree and started after the bear, hardly knowing what I was about.'

'Bang!' went the gun that mother had brought with her. The bear gave a wild snarl of pain and rage, sprang into the air, and then dropped on the ground in a heap, where he lay kicking and twitching about in what I knew was his death-agony.'

'You made a good shot,' I called out to mother. 'He won't be likely to try any one again;' and then I felt so weak in the reaction from the excitement I had gone through in the last few minutes that I had to sit down on a log. I trembled all over, and mother said I was as pale as a ghost when she came to me.'

'That bear weighed six hundred pounds, it was estimated by the neighbors, when they came to see the game mother had brought down. He was very fat, and we got oil enough from his carcass to make light for our use all that winter. His skin we used for a rug for the baby to play on, and it was better than a carpet.'

'I told mother never to start out in search of me again. She was fortunate enough to make a good shot that time, but the next time she might fail. And that is how your grandmother killed the bear.'

So ended grandfather's story.



### THE KITE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN EARNEST TRIFLER."

**I**F in a tree-top  
His kite chance to stop,  
With its new-fangled  
Tail entangled;

Or if the light flyer,  
On a journey still higher,  
With a telegraph wire  
Conspire;

Or if the gay thing  
Should break from the string,  
And to regions remote  
Should float;

Or if a church pinnacle,  
A steeple, or finical  
Vane, or some other thing  
Cripple its wing—

The owner regains  
Its mangled remains,  
Or breaks his own limb,  
So help him!

But if over the wall  
It chances to fall,  
And a girl straying by  
Happens to spy  
It nigh,

The owner, in fright  
At its terrible plight,  
"Twixt her arm and her waist  
Embraced,

Is suddenly struck  
By his miserable luck  
Quite utterly dumb,  
Ah, hum!

### THE WALRUS AND HIS HOME.

BY ARTHUR LINDSLEY

**S**TRANGE-LOOKING family group, is it not?—father, mother, and baby. Do you remember that comical young couple in your *YOUNG PEOPLE* last October, the young gull and the young seal, who were having such an angry discussion, while the old mother seal looked on, but said nothing?

Well, here we have another mother and her baby, and a right loving time they seem to have of it. Kissing one another, I should say they were, only I do not believe that lips like those were ever made for any such purpose. But I dare say she is as fond of him as though he were handsomer. Snuggly tucked up the little fellow is, and perfectly contented with his hard rock for a cradle.

And where do you suppose it is? Away off to the north, almost to the North Pole, so to speak, you must go before you can find rocks with groups of walrus lying on them as you see those in the picture on the next page. In May of last year I told you a story of "The Lost Boat of '37." That boat, which had been frozen for thirty-five years into ice which had never melted in all that time, was north of Hudson Bay, and I went on that same voyage more than five hundred miles further north still, and yet I saw only two or three walrus, and I have never seen a group of them such as you see in the picture.

But I will tell you a story of walrus-hunting just as it was told to me. I showed this drawing to my old friend Captain Perkins, the whalerman of whom I have spoken to you before. I knew that he had probably had more experience with walrus than perhaps any other man in the United States. The picture aroused his interest at once.

"Well, well, there you go again with your baby pictures! Don't you recollect the one you showed me of that old bowhead whale and her baby, and how I had to spin you a yarn about it? And you know I showed you my left arm, all smashed to pieces as it was on the Northwest by a blow of her flukes. Now just look at this right one!" and off came his coat, and rolling up his sleeve, he showed me a huge and ragged scar below the elbow, reaching nearly to the wrist. It looked as though some large thing had been driven through the flesh completely, and then torn out sideways, tearing the arm fairly open.

"That is a terrible wound, Captain Jim. The crushing of your left arm must have been a small matter compared with it."

"Yes, it was pretty ugly. But then, as I told you the other time, I hadn't nothing to say. It served me right. I ought to have knowed better. It was what I got for meddling with a walrus pup and his mother up in the arctic!"—



"SEA-HORSES."

that is the way the Captain always pronounces arctic—"and I will reel off the yarn for you, though it only shows what a fool a man can make of himself.

"It was on the 9th of August, '52, that the *Eliza Min-turn*, with Jim Perkins for captain, sailed through Behring Strait on her way north. We cruised here and there, looking for whales, and by the time we struck the ice, which we did on the 1st of September, in latitude 70° 46',

we had got three right-whales, making us 274 barrels. Just at that time we hadn't seen a whale for a week, and we was beginning to feel kind o' restless.

"My first officer, Mr. Alden, came up to me as soon as the lookout at the mast-head hailed the deck that he saw ice. 'Captain Perkins, what do you say? Whales has been mighty skase of late. I hain't seen ile enough for ten days to grease my boots. Supposin' we should shove



in there alongside of the ice, we might pick up a sea-horse or two, and every barrel counts, you know."

"This seemed to me a good idea. I gave the orders, and as we got near to the pack Alden went up with a glass, and hailed me that two 'hosses,' as he always called them, were asleep on the ice close to its edge.

"He was soon on deck again. 'Captain Perkins, we can get 'em both, but we had better take two boats. They are on a little point, and we can paddle up from the two sides without waking 'em at all, and get a lance into both before they can start.'

"This sounded well enough, and I decided to do it. I took my boat, and the mate his, with their crews. We pulled in easy together until we were within about two hundred yards, when I ordered Mr. Alden to go up on the port side of the point, and I would take the starboard. We were to paddle as still as possible right up against the two. This would give the mate and me each of us a blow with a lance, for one animal was about ten feet from one edge of the ice, and the other the same distance from the edge on the other side.

"Now there is no doubt but we should have come out all right and killed both them walruses, and that without trouble, if Mr. Alden had obeyed orders. He was to time himself so as to strike the ice when I did, but he was so anxious to get the first blow that he ruined everything.

"I saw in a minute that he was coming up too rapidly. I made him a signal to slow down, but he did not do it, and the only thing I could do was to start my own boat quicker. This made a slight noise, and the old cow raised her head just as the mate made a spring for the ice, while my boat was still as much as ten feet away. With a snort she made a bound for the water, knocking the pup clear from the ice as she did so.

"I was so angry to see her get off that way that I just acted from passion, and did what I knew I ought not to do. I saw the pup's head come up for a moment, and my lance was through his body quicker than a flash. But the blow was not fairly given before I was sorry for it. I knew I should have trouble, and without looking to see where it would come from, my lance was up again ready to strike.

"And I needed to be ready. A walrus on land or ice is almost as clumsy as a fish out of water, but in swimming I never saw anything quicker. Their strength is so terrible that they almost seem to fly. As I drew back my right arm with the lance I saw that old cow within six feet of me, *in the air*, or at least so it seemed, and the men in the boat said that her whole length was out of the water with the fury of her spring. It was their common boast all the rest of the voyage that 'Cap'n Perkins killed a sea-horse a-flyin'.' For my blow was as quick as her own motion, and when she struck the boat she was dead. My lance went through her brain, and her tusk went through my arm at the same instant.

"But the going through the arm was only a small part of it, for the fury with which she came, and her enormous weight, fairly tore it out, and the whole flesh was ripped off the bone from the elbow to the wrist.

"I am not much of a chicken, as you know, but I fainted that time from the pain and the loss of blood, and I know nothing of our getting back to the ship, nor of anything else for several hours afterward. I knew enough, however, before night to give Mr. Alden such a rating as he never got before, and has never forgotten since. His disobedience of orders almost cost me my life, and it left my arm useless for a year."

"A wonderful escape you had, Captain Jim, and your 'baby' experience with both whales and walrus is something you will not easily forget. I have seen accounts of walrus gathering in companies and attacking boats. Do you believe that those stories are true?"

"I have never seen any such thing. I have always found them very much disposed to git away rather than to

fight, unless one was wounded, or, as in this case, it was a mother fighting for her young one. They have been hunted so much for their oil and their ivory of late years that they have grown very shy. Speaking of their ivory, I have very often seen tusks nearly twice as long as those in this picture; some of them weighed over fifteen pounds each, and were twenty-five inches long."

## THE ICE QUEEN.\*

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

AN ASTONISHED FARMER.

THE next day's run was a slow one, for the ice was bad in many places, and several hummocks had to be thoroughly explored before a crossing-place could be found. But they kept up their courage, and the shore came nearer and nearer, until they could see that they were entering a great "bight," and that one mass of land toward the left, which they had taken for an island, was really a headland; so they shaped their course for it. They could see that a little house stood near the beach, hemmed in by the leafless woods. Toward this cottage they made their way, and its owner evidently saw them coming, for a grizzled old man, helping himself with a cane, hobbled down to meet them as they approached the beach.

"Wa'al, I declare!" was the farmer's exclamation, as he stared at the strange-looking party invading his shores. "Who be ye? and where did ye come from?"

They began to tell him, and at every sentence his "Wa'al, I declare!" was thrown in to show the astonishment with which he listened. At last he seemed to recollect himself.

"Ye mus' be about beat out—an' cold too. Come into the haouse an' git suthin' to eat. They ain't nobody to hum, but I low ye can find suthin' to eat."

*Something!* Why, my dear reader, they found in the buttery and milk-room and cellar of that little house on the shore a dinner which they believed never was equalled. They ate and ate, laughing and almost crying by turns over their good fortune. Meanwhile the old gentleman gossiped on.

"My wife," he told them, "has gone down to the Port to see darter an' her husband for a day or two. They wanted me to go down to the Port too, but I'd rather be to hum, an' I told mother I 'lowed I'd be more comf'able stayin' long with the cow an' chickens."

"What is this Port you speak of, sir?" Aleck asked him. "What? why, Port Linton, to be sure. Don't ye know where that is? Oh, I forgot! ye're lost, ain't ye? He! he! Wa'al, Port Linton is a town on the railroad, and also on the shore to the west'ard o' here, or leaseways to the s'uth'ard, 'cause we're out on a p'int here, an' the Port is up at the head of the bay, behind the big ma'sh."

"Can you let us stay with you to-night? To-morrow we'll go on to the Port."

"Oh yes, ye can stay, an' welcome. But ye'll have to double up some, 'cause I ain't got four beds."

Their rich supper and deep sleep and hearty breakfast made a new crew of them, and the next morning they were eager to get on. When they were ready to go, Aleck thanked the kind old farmer heartily for his hospitality, and asked how much he should pay him for their entertainment.

"Oh, I don't want nothin'—nothin' at all," he said. "Ye're what they might call mariners in distress, an' I jist helped ye as well as I could. I ain't done nothin', an' I don't want no money."

"Oh, but we have eaten so much, and made you so much trouble, I won't feel right unless you let us pay you."



"Wa'al, if ye feel so, I 'low a dollar would be about right. I reckon ye didn't hurt me more'n about that's worth."

Surely this was little enough, but the farmer was entirely satisfied, and said he was sorry to say good-by.

They swung along over the ice in good style after leaving the farmer's cottage, and the buildings and ice-bound shipping of the village were soon in plain view. There was the end of their troubles, so far as the present was concerned; but they were not a great deal nearer Cleveland than when they started, and thoughts of the future began to fill their minds.

They were to be helped in this respect, however, in a way they could not have dreamed of, and the help was now approaching in the shape of a skater who came on toward them with swift strong strides.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### "THE TIMES" CORRESPONDENT.

As this skater approached they could see that he was a tall young man wearing cap and gloves of seal-skin, and altogether seemed to be what Tug pronounced him, under his breath, "a swell."

He slackened his pace as he came up, and then, seeing the boat they were dragging, and the queer appearance of the whole party, he stopped short, raising his hat to Katy.

"What kind of an expedition is this?" he said, pleasantly, but with his face full of curiosity.

"I'm 'fraid we ain't any too scrumptious," Tug replied, "but you could hardly expect it, I s'pose, secin' we've been a month or more on the ice."

"A month on the ice! How? Where?"

So they told him, each one talking a little, but making a short story of it. He did not interrupt, as the old farmer had, but kept his eyes sharply fixed upon each speaker's face.

"That's a mighty good story," he said. "What are you going to do now?"

"We shall go on to my uncle's in Cleveland right away—that is, if we have money enough to take us there."

"I suppose you wouldn't object to earning a little more money?" the stranger remarked, in a questioning tone.

"Nothing would suit us better," Aleck rejoined. "Do you know how we can do it? My name is Aleck Kincaid, and this promising youth here is Thucydides, otherwise 'Tug,' Montgomery. This is my sister Katy, and the Youngster is my brother Jim."

"I am Harry Porter," the young man announced, shaking hands with them all, "and I am glad to get acquainted with you. Now sit down a minute, and I'll make you a proposition. I live in New York city, and am on the staff of *The Times*, but am out here for a few days on a visit to my father. Your adventures would make a capital story for what we call a 'sensation' in my newspaper. Do you think you could write it in good shape?"

"I'm afraid not, sir," Aleck said. "I've never had any faculty in that direction; but I could make you an automatic brass valve if you wanted it."

"Could you? That's more than I could do. Well, now, you see you have the facts; but you must make use of my training to put them into readable shape, so that the story will be worth money to some newspaper. I can see how two or three very good articles can be made, and what I propose is this: You come to a boarding-house kept by a friend of mine in Port Linton, and stay there as long as is necessary to tell me everything. Then I can write it all in a connected story, and we'll divide the profits. I'll pay your expenses in the village."

"But supposing *The Times* shouldn't want to print it?"

"I'll take care of that," Mr. Porter replied, in a confident way that showed he had no doubt on that point.

"But we would have to wait a good while to get the

money back, wouldn't we?" Aleck asked. "And we want it now worse than we ever shall again probably."

"Ye—es, that's a difficulty," Mr. Porter admitted, slowly. Then he thought over it a minute or two in silence. "I'll tell you what I'll do," he said at last, "and I think I shall be safe. I estimate that you can give me facts enough for ten or twelve columns—say ten; and that for this 'special and exclusive' they will pay me twenty dollars or more a column. So if you are willing to take one hundred dollars for your information, I'll run the risk of getting that back and another hundred on top of it for the labor of writing it out. What do you say?"

"I say that we shall be very glad to do it if you think you are not cheating yourself."

"That's *my* lookout," said the newspaper man. "And now, Miss Kincaid, if you will allow me to pull your rope, I think we should all regard it as a pleasure to draw you the rest of the way."

Katy demurred, but all the boys insisted; so she unstrapped her skates, and took her place in the boat. Mr. Porter folded his fur-trimmed coat about her, saying he should be too warm while skating to wear it, and they set off gayly.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### A HAPPY CONCLUSION.

THE plan thus made upon the ice was fully carried out. Mr. Porter gave Tug twenty-five dollars and Aleck seventy-five—the latter "for the family," as he said. The old boat was disposed of, and their few remaining goods were packed up and sent on to Cleveland by freight.

When this was all attended to, the four adventurers—yes, *five*, for Rex was not forgotten—feeling themselves already famous in New York, and hence throughout the world, took the train for Cleveland, and reached their uncle's house in time for dinner. They were all heartily welcomed, and told their adventures again and again, until they got so tired of being "trotted out" that Tug one day said he almost wished he had never left the island.

This lasted only a few days, however, for they were all anxious to relieve their hospitable relatives of the burden of their support, and it was not long before they succeeded. Aleck and Tug found profitable work to do. Katy was eager to go to school, and so gladly accepted an invitation to stay with her aunt and help her in her sewing before and after study hours. Jim roomed with his brother, and went to school also, acting morning and evening as an office boy for a lawyer to whom Mr. Porter had given him a letter of introduction.

To prepare themselves for these different stations used up all of their little stock of money, but by close economy they came through without any debt; yes, even with some money left—just nineteen cents among them all! To this Tug's pocket contributed nothing, but he was happy. "There's one great comfort in being 'dead broke,'" he told them. "You know precisely where you are, and that matters can get no worse. You are ready to begin all new again."

That was what they all felt, and each one knew that though he had no money, his feet were planted firmly on the first round of the ladder which might lead to prosperity if steadily climbed.

With this satisfactory state of things the story might end. But twenty years and more have passed since that hard winter which made their journey to the island and escape from it possible—twenty years in which no such hard winter has been seen again.

Aleck is manager and part owner of a manufactory of gas fixtures and brass fittings in Pittsburgh, and Jim is his cashier. Tug lives in Cleveland, where he is busy as an inventor, and expects some day to be made rich by his improvements in railway brakes and in oil-pumping machinery. But nobody addresses him as "Tug," except his



"WA'AL, I DECLARE!"

wife (whom he calls Katy) and little boy, who never tires of hearing how papa and mamma and Uncle Aleck got adrift on an ice-floe in Lake Erie.

THE END

#### AT THE KIRMESS.

BY SHERWOOD RYSE.

IT was like a peep into fairy-land to visit the Metropolitan Opera-house in New York a few days ago, when the Kirmess was in progress.

What is a Kirmess? Well, from what I saw, and the few remarks which a young friend attired as a Tyrolean Shepherdess favored me with, I think it is some kind of a country fair.

"Kirmess?" said my little Shepherdess. "Oh, it's lots of fun! You have booths, don't you see, and sell things, and get lots of money for them—dollars and dollars! Each nation has one. There's Holland, and there's Sweden, and there's Spain, and there's— Oh, there's Dottie Smith!" Whereupon my Shepherdess darted off as if she were Little Bo-Peep, and Dottie Smith were one of her lost sheep.

Yes, there was Holland, indeed, and there was Spain and the other countries, represented by their booths, all arranged very prettily, but with utter disregard for geography. Here was Turkey in the middle of a large ocean of vacant floor, as if it were an island. Russia and Germany were near neighbors, as was proper; but how America came to be placed in a corner between Russia and Spain I can not imagine. But I suppose they don't study geography in fairy-land.

Of course our own country should be the most interesting of all, and at the Kirmess it certainly was so. It was represented by a little farm-house, surrounded by a yard in which were a pig, a hen (labelled "Rabbit"), with a brood of chicks born about five o'clock yesterday, a turkey, stuffed, and other creatures common in a true American barnyard. There was also a small live monkey, which, with the parakeet, represented South America.

The booths were beautifully decorated, and inside them ladies in characteristic costumes were selling various pretty things at prices which would ruin the richest of us if

we were obliged to do all our shopping at the Kirmess. In one of the booths—that of Sweden—Christine Nilsson, the wonderful singer, the "Swedish Nightingale," as she has been called, was selling rose-buds at five dollars apiece, and found plenty of customers, for sweet charity's sake.

On one side of the dancing floor was an orchestra composed of eight boys, who, besides playing delightfully, made a very picturesque group, for they were attired and grouped after a celebrated picture representing the great musical composer Mozart surrounded by his orchestra.

But the most beautiful of all the spectacles at the Kirmess were the fancy dances by a number of girls and boys whose ages wandered all the way from six to twelve. First they had a dance of shepherdesses;

then a squadron of Swedish cavalry, in gorgeous uniforms, performed a national dance. After this came other dances also characteristic and beautiful.

The most amusing of all was that in which Little Red Riding-hood, the Enchantress, and the Wolf took part. The Enchantress, who was a pretty little girl of eleven, appeared first on the scene, and was supposed to enchant the ground. Then Red Riding-hood came forward in a pretty red cloak and hood. While she was dancing, a fierce Wolf appeared, making sounds horrible enough to frighten Red Riding-hood into fits.

Suddenly the Enchantress comes back, and the Wolf is greatly frightened in his turn, and runs back to his den. In the mean time Red Riding-hood has come under the spell of the Enchantress. She waves her magic wand, and, behold! Red Riding-hood is Cinderella, and she dances as Cinderella must have done in the fairy tale when she enchanted the young Prince.

This brought the dancing to a close, and the young performers mingled with the gay crowd, and the business of the Kirmess went on again.

And now it may be asked, What was all this for? why this gay scene? Was it all for pleasure's sake only, and in order that they who danced and we who looked on should be amused? No, it was not all for pleasure.

Every great city has its great charities, its asylums, and its hospitals for the sick and crippled. New York has many, but it needs more; and the ladies who got up this splendid entertainment did it for the benefit of the Skin and Cancer Hospital, so that people who are suffering from these terrible diseases may have a place where they can go and be cured.

And it was for these poor people Cinderella danced and the Wolf chased Red Riding-hood. Children can do much for charity even by their own efforts. Have not their hoarded pennies endowed the YOUNG PEOPLE Cot in St. Mary's Hospital? They can not, of course, build hospitals alone, but they can assist in such work, and every step that the light-hearted, light-footed dancers took at the Kirmess will bring some relief and comfort to some weary sufferer in the hospital for the benefit of which the festival was given.





## THE MERRY MAY.

What do you see in the rose, my child?  
What do you hear it say?  
Does it whisper that God on the earth has  
smiled,  
And sent us the merry May?  
Merry, merry May—  
We are glad for the merry May.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

REMSERTON, PENNSYLVANIA.

We are two little cousins. Jennie's papa has been in Washington Territory all winter, but we expect him home every day, and with him many curiosities—a museum of 800 or more of mounted animals from the Pacific coast. Jennie has a tabby cat that opens all the doors that have latches. We went to the woods yesterday, and found our first spring flowers. We know the little girls in the South gathered their first flowers long ago. Susie's papa has a steam mill near the Susquehanna River, about sixteen miles from here.

SUSIE AND JENNIE C.

How interesting your museum will be!

To match the cleverness of Jennie's cat, here is a story which Sadie tells about her dog:

DEAR POSTMASTER, This morning the cook was cutting up some meat on a low table in the kitchen, and I suggested that we should have the meat there and see if our shepherd dog would touch it. So we went out, and then went quietly around to another door and looked through the crack. Sport smelled around the door a little, to see if there were any scraps there, and then he looked at the meat for about a minute. I suppose he was thinking whether it was right to take it or not; he evidently decided it wasn't, for he gave a long sigh, and then went out of the door. Wasn't he good? Sometimes we drop something on the floor, and he will never even smell it till we tell him he may have it. SADIE.

OAK KNOLL, GERMANY, ALABAMA.

It is a long time since I wrote you a letter, but I've read every paper and every letter each week, and think *Young People's* is nicer than ever now. Last Friday Mattie S. came home from school, and spent the night with me, and on Saturday Annie S. drove over in her phaeton. We all went first to a lovely great spring, and the first thing we did was to get a drink of water. Then we crossed the creek on a log and went up the mountain, and when we got to the top we sat down and ate all our lunch up except a few crackers, and it was only ten o'clock, and we had come to spend the day. Then we came down the mountain, and gathered lots of violets, wind-flowers, and spring beauties. We then went to the spring and put our flowers in water, and then we went to fish in the creek. I caught a little fish, and Annie caught a craw-fish. Well, pretty soon we got tired of fishing, and we played Indian all the rest of the time, and went home at four o'clock. We had a splendid time.

Now I must tell you something about my little sister, who is five years old, but we all call her Baby. There are little farkers in the world, always say "done" for "did," and talk so funny, and mamma is very particular about Baby's not imitating them. So one day, when it had been raining all day and had stopped in the evening, I said, "Oh, mamma, it's done raining," and Baby, who had been crying all day and night, said, "Oh, mamma, it's done raining," and then that night, when we were in bed, I told

her something, and she said, "Yes, I *knowed* it," and I said, "Oh, Baby, *knowed*." What ought you to say?" "Well," she said, "I can't say *did*." And when I told mamma in the morning, she said it was fun enough to tell the little mistress about it, and I thought I would write. Your little friend,  
JULIE V. G.

Bless the Baby!

CHICKSEE, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

When *Young People* comes we all wish to get it and read it at once. We all like the *Queen's* very much. My brother thinks Jimmie Brown's stories are splendid. We have had a great snow-storm here lately. One evening it snowed and lighted, and the next morning we had seven or eight inches of snow on the level. Some people think this is the "far West," but we have as good schools, churches, and public buildings as there are in many of the Eastern towns. I have a brother and sister, but no pets at present, as our bird died lately, and our dog was stolen. I have tried some receipts, and succeeded very well.

ELFIE A. R.

NEEDHAM, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am a little boy eight years old. I thought I would write to you, as I never have done so. I will tell you about my pets, as other children have. I had a pet cat, and she had some little kittens, and I liked to play with them. Then she had two more, and because I took them out of their bed they ran away. We caught a little live mouse, and we kept him, and he was a funny little mouse; but one night he got away, and we have not seen him since. I like "Raising the Pearl" and "The Lee Queen."

WINTHROP B. A.

I fear Winthrop grew very tired waiting and watching to see his letter, but here it is, dear boy.

ORISKANY, ILLINOIS.

The board which we cover our cistern curb with is not wide enough, and to-day it was not put on very well, and one end looked as if it would slip in. After a while we saw that the board was gone. We looked in the cistern, and there it was, and one of our young roosters was standing on it. He must have jumped on top of the cistern, and his weight made the board fall in. He got out very well, but he was very tired, and he was right, but how to rescue him was the question. We thought we could let a pall down, and we were afraid it would frighten him and he would jump into the water. We tried to get him, but he didn't get frightened at all, but it didn't do any good. So my big sister reached her hand down and pulled him up by the tail. He said, "I was very tired, but to bring him into the house to dry him, for it is February, and we were afraid he would freeze. I think he was very sensible to stand so quiet, for he had flopped around he nearly have been drowned. Good-by for this time.

ROBERT F. A.

WALLESA, GEORGIA.

I am a happy little girl eight years old. I live on the Etowah River, and sometimes the water rises over our orchard and spring. The name of our place is Wallessa. My grandfather named it after an Indian chief who lived here before the white people came to this country. There are three Indian graves on the place. I have two sisters and one brother. We go to school at home. I study reading, spelling, geography, grammar, history, and arithmetic, and take lessons on the piano. I would like to know some of the children's favorite studies. I have a little classmate named Clara; she walks to school two miles every morning. We ride on the donkey, and play with the puppy and cat. I have books, dolls, and one thing my mamma gave me for my birthday, for a Christmas present. My teacher calls me her "little comfort."

M. M. E.

DAYTON, OHIO.

My only pet is a canary; it is tame, and we let it out of the cage nearly every day, and it will be where the family are. One day I went to school and forgot to put it back in the cage, and there was no one in the room, as mamma had gone to school. My little brother, who is seven, and I am in the Fifth Reader. My studies are reading, spelling, writing, drawing, geography, grammar, mental arithmetic, singing, and fun. My sister and I both take music lessons. Your loving little friend,

NELLIE G. N.

EAST WINDSOR HILL, CONNECTICUT.

I have a brother two years older; his name is Roger. He says he is auntie's naughty darling. I am seven years old. I go to school every day, and I love my teacher. I write in the No. 3 writing-book. It has been very foggy here. Two of papa's friends got lost on the river and were killed and slain one night. My sister Maude is afraid of cats; I am not; I chase them. Papa has

lots of cows and bossy calves. I can milk Daisy. Good-by.

WILLIE G.

Willie, boy, don't chase poor puss!

SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA.

I have spent the last year very pleasantly visiting my relations in this nice sea-side resort. We have had a very mild and wet winter, but it is clear now, and while the birds are building their nests the flowers are blooming profusely. I never saw such beautiful calas or geraniums as those which grow here, and the golden poppies grow so thick on some of the hills that they can be seen at a distance of several miles spread out like a great yellow sheet. I went to the beach in February, and the climate is so mild that bathers go in the surf every day in the year. When in San Francisco I had the good fortune to make one of a party that the ladies of the hotel sent through the Chinese quarters after night. We visited many of their shops, restaurants, and bakeries, and saw the opium dens, pawnbroker's shop, the idols at the Joss-house, and the people hung over the alleys. While at their theatre we heard the most terrible screeching, known as Chinese music, and though I could not tell what the play was about, I knew it was intensely interesting from the antics of a little Chinese boy, who was continually grinning at me and gesticulating toward the stage.

WILLIE D. V.

How I would like to see those golden poppies!

SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA.

I have just had a birthday, and am ten years old. One of my presents was a large French doll. It has large brown eyes and light hair, and cunning little bisque hands. I have a very nice thing of its size when I tell you that it wears mine and my sister's baby clothes. My mamma is making it some white short dresses. I call it Fanny. I have a very nice and smart pet cat. Every Saturday I invite some little girls to come and look on it with me. I have some pets, as most of the other girls and boys have. The first flowers I have planted are magnolias and poppies. Good-by.

MAY A. T.

Pansy is a pretty name for a pretty dolly.

ST. JOHN'S FARM, NEAR WATKINS, TENNESSEE.

I am a little boy eleven years old. I have a pet dog, and his name is Gipsy. I have two brothers and one sister. My papa has a large vineyard. He is having a large barn built.

VICKY A. L.

ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY.

I am a little boy nearly seven years old. I can write some, but not well enough to write a letter, so my auntie is writing this for me. I have been very sick, and have not been to school for six months, but I am better now, and am going for a walk the first warm day. I wish it would hurry up and come, for I am so tired of staying in the house. I have two pet pigeons and a canary. My brother takes *Young People*, and I like to have the stories and letters read to me, especially the letters, which I like best of all.

JIM.

I hope my little friend Jim is as well as ever by this time.

PLAINVIEW, ILLINOIS.

I thought I would like to write a letter to the Post-office. I would like to be one of your friends. The 4th of February mamma gave me a birthday party; it was thirteen years old. I invited my Sunday-school class and teacher, and also my Sunday-school teacher and a number of other boys and girls. I received a number of nice presents.

My sister Gracie told you of the cyclone, and I can tell you something more about one that happened in my family. While my sister Gracie was lying in the meadow, in November, that had been mowed and raked over in July, she found a gold bracelet that belonged to Miss Fennell R., and had been left on the floor of her mother's house. She lived about a mile southwest of our house. She was very glad to get it. It was not so nice as when new, but it was a very nice one. I was very sad to see it. I would not think so if it were yours. Papa is quite busy trying to improve our home. It was much injured in the cyclone. But we must not look on it.

Mamma, sister Mary, and myself belong to the Good Templars' Lodge, and I belong to the Presbyterian Church. I am a farmer's daughter. I can milk the cows, feed the chickens, cook, and wash dishes, and do anything in the way of house-keeping that any little girl of my size can do.

KATIE M. C.

One bit of a message in your letter, Katie dear, I have kept as my message, and I am very glad that you told it to me though I prefer not to print it for everybody else to read.

SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA.

My funny little sister has written a letter and "made up" a "Chinese Fairy Story" for you, which she has told to me, and I want to print it. The little dear has "made up" stories, usually fairy stories, and songs (composing words





## A FOOLISH LITTLE MAN.

BY M. E. SANGSTER.

THERE is a little man  
Who might be very wise,  
If half the time the stupid tears  
Were not in both his eyes.

There is a little man  
Who might be very strong,  
If half the time he did not fret  
Lest things were going wrong.

There is a little man  
Who might be very bright,  
If half the time he did not shut  
The sunshine out of sight.

## HOME-MADE TOPS.

THE diagram Fig. 1 shows the materials for making a balancing top that will spin upon a string or the edge of a knife.

A is an empty blacking box with a hole cut through the centre of both parts the size of the thinner part of a spool. B is the spool; one end is whittled down, and pushed through the

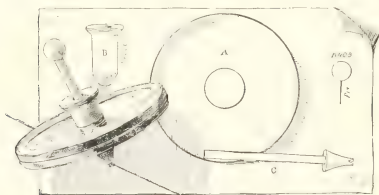


FIG. 1.

hole until it projects about half an inch beyond the under side of the box. The peg must be made in the form of a straight cylindrical stick or spindle two and a half inches long, and ending in a conical piece about half an inch long and half an inch in diameter at its larger end, with a notch in the smaller end, as shown by diagram C. The top should be weighted by

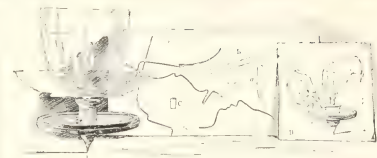


FIG. 2.

pouring melted lead into the blacking box before putting it together.

Fig. 2 is another style of top made in the same manner as that described in Fig. 1, only that the peg (a), which is about one inch long, is stationary. D shows how to spin the top by using the long stick, B, which is withdrawn when the cord is unwound.

If pieces of wire bent as shown by Fig. 2 be inserted in the hole in the spool before the top is set spinning, it will look as if a transparent cup and saucer were balancing on the top. Should

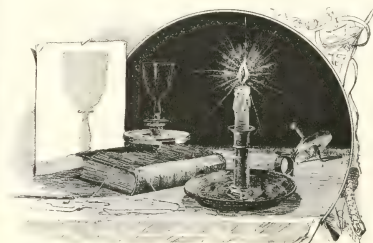


FIG. 3.

the wire that you use not stay in the spool, a small piece of wood (C) with a hole through it will keep it in place.

If a light be placed on one side of the top and a piece of paper on the other (Fig. 3), the light will throw a shadow on the paper in the form of a glass.



THE BASHFUL BABIES. DRAWN BY M. L. D. WATSON.

# HARPER'S

# YOUNG PEOPLE

## AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 234

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Tuesday, May 20, 1884

Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 per Year, in Advance



"IT IS DICK FELTER'S WHITEFOOT, AND HE IS RUNNING AWAY."

"A LITTLE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING."

BY AGNES CARR.

"RHODA. Debby, here is a piece of news for you," said Mrs. Winter, as, holding an open letter in her hand, she entered the bright, sunny dining-room, where her two elder daughters were briskly clearing the table.

"What is it, mother?" asked Debby, from the depths of the china-closet, while Rhoda paused on her way to the kitchen, the tea-pot in one hand and a dish in the other.

"Your aunt Deborah Beecham is coming for a visit, and will be here to-morrow afternoon."

"Wonders will never cease!" exclaimed Rhoda.



"But what brings her to East Haddam now?" asked rosy-cheeked Debby, from the closet.

"This is what she says," and Mrs. Winter read aloud:

"My doctor has ordered me to the seashore for change of air, and I thought, my dear niece, that you might be willing to lend me one of your daughters for a few weeks. I need a companion, and it would be a nice change for the girl herself, as the sea-side town I am going to is said to be very pleasant. I shall be glad to make the acquaintance of my great-nieces, and will select the one to accompany me after seeing them. I shall therefore drop in upon you on Wednesday afternoon by the three-o'clock train.

"Your affectionate aunt, DEBORAH BEECHAM."

Plain and straightforward, just like herself," said Mrs. Winter, while the eyes of the girls sparkled with delight.

"How lovely!" exclaimed Rhoda. "It will, indeed, be a delightful change from this humdrum village. She surely ought to take me, as I am a famous nurse."

"But I am named for her," said Debby, "and certainly deserve a treat after bearing such an ugly name. Besides, you know, my beef tea is celebrated."

"You are both good housekeepers," said their mother, with fond pride, "and accomplished as well."

"I shall practice up my music," said Rhoda, "and make a batch of sponge-cake to-morrow morning."

"And I," said Debby, "will sacrifice two of my pet chickens, and bring out all my sketches and Kensington-work to adorn the parlor and best bedroom."

"But can't I do something?" asked thirteen-year-old Polly, who until that moment had remained silent, being engaged with pen and ink in transforming a bunch of yellow and white marguerites into funny daisy grandmothers with frilled caps, and quaint little faces. "I shall love Aunt Deborah as much as any of you."

"Oh, you are a little good-for-nothing!" said Mrs. Winter, good-naturedly, "and only a child; so we don't expect much of you."

"But I would like to see the great blue sea; it must be grand—much larger than Pike Pond, I suppose."

"A trifle," laughed Rhoda; "but Aunt Deborah wants some one to take care of and amuse her, not a young tear-cake like you. So, Pollywog, think no more about it, but get a towel and come help me wipe the dishes."

Slowly Polly obeyed, thinking how horrid it was to be just in her teens, and a good-for-nothing, and how perfectly lovely to be grown up, play on the piano, work peacock-feathers and cat-tails on tidies; and, above all, go on trips to the sea-shore with kind old great-aunts.

The next day was a busy one in the Winter household. Rhoda and Debby flew about, as their mother expressed it, "like chickens with their heads off," while Polly was sent on numberless errands up and down stairs, and round to the village store, and called upon to whisk the eggs and dust the parlor, all of which she accomplished with unruffled temper, although the work brought her no praise.

But at last all was done, the house in "apple-pie order," the "Rococo Waltz," Rhoda's newest piece in a conspicuous place on the music rack, while Debby surveyed with pride her crewl blackberries and sunflowers, which shone on sofa and chair back.

"Now, Polly," said Mrs. Winter, "take the two-quart pail up to Oldham's pasture, and fill it with 'black-caps' for tea. They will be delicious covered with cream."

"Oh, mother! must I?" and the tears started to Polly's blue eyes. "I wanted to have on my white muslin and blue sash, and go with Rhoda to meet Aunt Deborah. She will think I don't care anything about her."

"Nonsense!" said her sister; "you will see her at supper, and we must have the berries. Just think of all Debby and I have done this morning!"

"Can I wear my new hat?" asked Polly.

"No, dear," said her mother, "your old one will do

very well, and you can carry the green umbrella, for it will be hot crossing the lots."

Now, if there was one thing Polly despised more than another, it was that old umbrella, the "family roof," as it was generally called, and she made a little face at the ancient article as she took it from behind the door, and with one envious glance at her sisters, in their cool summer dresses, started off for Oldham's pasture.

"Good-by, sweet Polyanthus. Be sure and get a good dishful," called Debby after the retreating figure in its scant gingham gown, and then settled herself on the shady piazza, ready to welcome the expected visitor, while Rhoda set forth for the railroad station.

Polly, it must be confessed, was something of a "tom-boy," and she scaled the fences between the village and Oldham's pasture as easily as a squirrel; but as she trudged along under the protecting "family roof," her mind was full of the coming Aunt Deborah. "I wonder," she thought, "if she will wear a plum satin, like Mrs. Judge Peterson, or a yellow feather in her hat, like Miss Alvira Fry; for mother says she is rich, and was very kind to her when she was a girl. I like her for being good to mamma, and will get her the very nicest black-caps I can find. My, what big ones!"

The last exclamation was called forth by the sight of the berry bushes bending beneath their weight of fruit. Polly set to work with a will. But the pail was large, and the little girl's hands were badly scratched and the sun far toward the west before it was filled up to the brim, and she could turn her face homeward.

"I must hurry, or I will not have time to dress before tea," said Polly to herself; but after crossing two fields and climbing three fences, she was obliged to sit down and rest, for the pail of berries made her arm ache, and the large umbrella was very heavy. She had scarcely dropped, however, on the soft grass, when far up the road she spied a cloud of dust, from which presently a bay horse emerged. With ears laid back, he was coming at a rapid pace down the turnpike, dragging after him a rickety-looking buggy that swayed dangerously from side to side, and in which Polly could discern a small black figure clinging helplessly to the sticks that supported the top.

"It is Dick Felter's Whitefoot, and he is running away!" she exclaimed, starting to her feet. "And, oh dear, the lady will surely be killed!"

There was no one else in sight, and on came the frightened animal, threatening every instant to dash the wagon to pieces, when suddenly, directly before him in the dusty road, appeared a great green object flapping up and down like an ugly bug of tremendous size. This was something entirely new in Whitefoot's experience, and surprise made him gradually slacken his speed. Slower and slower it grew as he approached the queer-looking thing, which he was afraid to pass, until he came to a stand-still right in front of the "family roof," which Polly was vigorously opening and shutting with all her might and main.

"Let me out! oh, let me get out!" pleaded a weak voice from the bottom of the wagon; and the frisky horse, having had his run, seemed quite satisfied to remain quiet when Polly caught him by the rein. Then she assisted a gentle little old lady, with soft gray curls, to alight. She was half fainting, and turned so pale, that the girl hurriedly tied Whitefoot to a tree, and then ran to dip her handkerchief in a little brook that ran through the long grass near by, and tenderly bathe the white face.

"Thank you," said the old lady, as she began to recover; "but how did you stop that dreadful beast?"

"With the old green umbrella," said Polly, simply. "I have read of stopping horses that way, and couldn't think of anything else to do."

"You are a dear, brave little girl. The boy who was driving was thrown out a mile back, and I could not have kept in much longer."



"What startled him?" asked Polly.

"A lad on a bicycle, I believe, but I was too frightened to notice much."

"Well, he has quieted down now, and if you will get in, I will drive you to my home in the village, where you can rest before going further."

The old lady objected timidly, but she was unfit to walk, and was finally prevailed upon to do as Polly said. Polly, with the now celebrated "family roof," mounted by her side, and with much pride drove old Whitefoot, who looked rather ashamed of himself, down the village street.

Mrs. Winter, Rhoda, and Debby were surprised indeed when berry-stained Polly drove up to the gate. But the young driver was more amazed when her mother exclaimed: "Why, Aunt Deborah! how came you here?—we had quite given you up." Then she discovered that the soft-voiced lady she had rescued was no other than their expected relative.

Explanations followed, and it seemed that Aunt Deborah had made a mistake, and left the train at West instead of East Haddam, where she had been forced to hire a country youth to drive her the four miles between the two places. Her nerves were badly shaken by the runaway, but she kissed her youngest niece very fondly, and even glanced gratefully at the old umbrella.

Tea was soon served, when Debby's chicken and Rhoda's sponge-cake graced the board, but the "black-caps" were missing, they having been forgotten, and left to "waste their sweetness" by the road-side. But Aunt Deborah accepted all apologies very kindly, and smiled contentedly over her apple sauce at Polly.

Mrs. Beecham proved to be a perfect visitor, making herself at home at once, sympathizing with Mrs. Winter in all her household trials, listening to Rhoda's music, admiring Debby's handiwork, and giving a helping hand to all. But what she seemed to enjoy most was the twilight hour, when the family gathered on the woodbine-covered porch, and Polly sang simple songs and ballads in a voice as sweet and clear, though as untrained, as a wild bird's. So two weeks glided by.

"Must you really go in three days?" asked Polly, sadly, one evening, as she cuddled up to Aunt Deborah, and laid her head in her lap.

"Yes, darling; but if mother has no objection, I would like to take you with me."

The rough brown head came up with a start, and two blue eyes were very wide open as Mrs. Winter, who sat by, asked, "Do you mean it, Aunt Deborah? Our little Polly is very sweet and lovable, but we have looked upon her as a sort of merry good-for-nothing."

"A girl who remembers what she reads, and has the presence of mind to put it in practice, is just the one I want," said Aunt Deborah, patting the eager face upraised to hers. The next moment she was almost suffocated in Polly's vigorous embrace.

Rhoda and Debby were certainly disappointed, but were somewhat consoled by well-chosen gifts from their great-aunt, and kindly refrained from saying anything to damp the pleasure of the little girl, who was in the wildest spirits. Debby only remarked, "What a travelled Polly-wog it will be!" as she fitted the natty blue flannel travelling suit.

But there was a lump in Polly's throat which she had to swallow hard to hide, when for the first time in her life she bade good-by to the home folk, and started off behind the puffing iron steed. New scenes, however, soon diverted her, and when at last she stood on the hard smooth sand, and saw the glorious breakers come rolling in to break in curling foam at her feet, she clasped her hands in rapturous delight, exclaiming,

"Oh, Aunt Deborah, it is wonderful! every wave seems an ocean princess with a white feather in her hair, and I am so glad you thought I was good for something."

## CAPTURING A TIGER.

ONE day about Christmas, 1883, a Chinaman came into the city of Singapore, in India, in great haste, to report that a tiger had fallen into a pit which had been dug as a trap. A purchaser was soon found for the beast, and six Malays started out to bring him to the city.

The first thing done was to rig up a strong beam over the mouth of the pit. Next there was prepared a strong double basket of green rattan, one end of which was open, while the other was closed, except a little hole.

The planks covering the mouth of the pit were then slightly separated, a strong rope with a noose on one end was lowered, and slipped over the tiger's head in spite of his resistance. This done, the end of the rope was put through the basket, entering at the open end and passing out through the small hole opposite. It was then carried up over the beam, which left the basket standing mouth downward over the pit.

When all was ready, the word to haul was given, and the disgusted tiger was lifted up and drawn head foremost into the basket, which fitted him as an extinguisher does a candle end. As soon as he was well in, the Malays swiftly laced withes across the open end, leaving nothing but the tiger's tail protruding.

The basket was now carried to the road, where a cage was in readiness to receive the royal captive. Against a doorway made by drawing up four iron bars the end of the basket was lashed, after which the lacings were cut. The tiger was now free to back out of the strait-jacket of a basket in which he had been carried, but he was unwilling to move, until he had been started by prying his hind-legs backward with levers.

Thus admonished, he made a frantic rush outward to the rear of the cage. The Malays were quick, and in an instant the door bars were dropped, and the tiger was safe.

All that remained was to cut away the basket and to remove the noose from the tiger's neck. He was very violent at first, but when curtains had been placed over the cage he became quiet, and was carried to the city and placed aboard the steamer without any accident.

## SPIDERS.

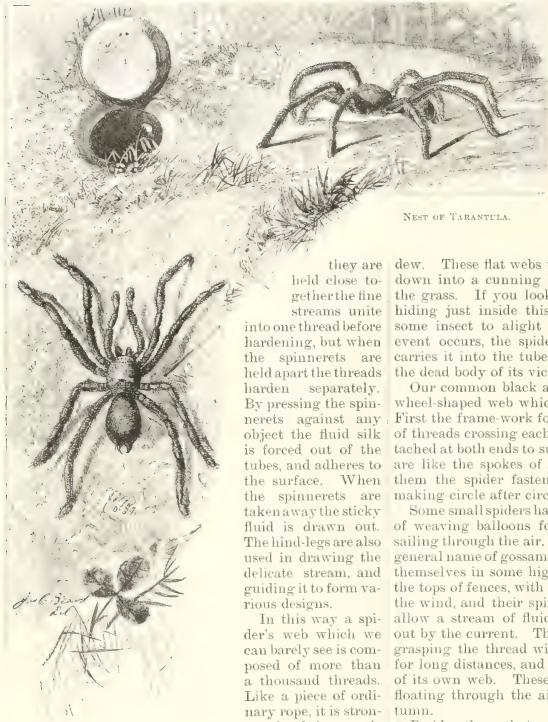
BY SARAH COOPER.

ALTHOUGH spiders are shunned and despised, they are, in northern countries, mostly harmless creatures, quietly pursuing their work of destroying insects.

Spiders are found in all parts of the world, being most numerous in warm countries, where they are large and poisonous. They have a singular fancy for resting with their heads downward, and instead of living in pairs, they prefer to live alone. The females are usually larger than the males, and they show no good feeling toward the mates, eating them if they get a chance. In some cases, however, they live peaceably together for a time.

The two divisions of the spider's body are easily seen. They have four pairs of legs, ending in hooks, which may be seen in Fig. 1. Near the mouth are hooked mandibles, which contain a slit for throwing out a poison to kill their prey. They have from six to eight eyes, which are grouped together on the top of the head. The higher kinds of spiders have a heart and blood-vessels. They breathe by air-sacs and tubes, and have what slightly resembles a brain.

Spiders are provided with three pairs of "spinnerets" for spinning their webs, the last pair often extending behind the body like two prongs (Fig. 2). On examining these spinnerets we shall find them covered with tiny points; from each of these flows a stream of gummy fluid, which hardens into silk when it reaches the air. The movable spinnerets are under the control of the spider, and when



NEST OF TARANTULA.

they are held close together the fine streams unite into one thread before hardening, but when the spinnerets are held apart the threads harden separately. By pressing the spinnerets against any object the fluid silk is forced out of the tubes, and adheres to the surface. When the spinnerets are taken away the sticky fluid is drawn out. The hind-legs are also used in drawing the delicate stream, and guiding it to form various designs.

In this way a spider's web which we can barely see is composed of more than a thousand threads. Like a piece of ordinary rope, it is stronger for being made up of small cords, but notwithstanding this

the silk is too delicate to be of service to man, and all attempts to weave it into cloth have failed.

Some spiders use their webs as traps to catch their prey, and those that live in holes or underneath stones generally line their hiding-places with web. Nearly all spiders inclose their eggs in a silken cocoon, and carry them on their backs or deposit them in some safe place. The young spiders remain in the web until they have grown to a considerable size, when the mother sometimes tears open the web, and the baby spiders may be seen swarming over her, as in Fig. 3. When the time arrives to wean them from her back the mother shakes or kicks them off, with her feet, and they scamper away to begin life by themselves. Two thousand young spiders have

been found in one cocoon.

When feeding her babies the mother holds a nice plump fly or some such dainty morsel, while the little ones gather round and suck the

dew. These flat webs that are so familiar to us all slope down into a cunning little tube which leads off among the grass. If you look closely you will find the spider hiding just inside this tube, and watching intently for some insect to alight on its snare. When this happy event occurs, the spider runs out, and seizing its prey, carries it into the tube, where the juices are sucked, and the dead body of its victim is cast away.

Our common black and yellow garden spider weaves a wheel-shaped web which is really a work of art (Fig. 4). First the frame-work for the wheel is made by a number of threads crossing each other at one point, and firmly attached at both ends to surrounding objects. These threads are like the spokes of a wheel, and upon them the spider fastens a spiral thread, making circle after circle.

Some small spiders have a fantastic habit of weaving balloons for themselves and sailing through the air. They pass by the general name of gossamer spiders. Placing themselves in some high position, such as the tops of fences, with their heads toward the wind, and their spinnerets open, they allow a stream of fluid silk to be blown out by the current. The spider then makes a spring, and, grasping the thread with its feet, is carried by the wind for long distances, and completely surrounded by a mass of its own web. These little fairy balloons may be seen floating through the air almost any fine day in the autumn.

Besides those that mount into the air, there are some spiders which even live in the water. The curious water-spider makes a bell-shaped cocoon of silk under the water, and fastens it to the leaves and twigs of growing plants. As the spider is an air-breathing animal, its young ones must have a supply of air, and the patient mother displays the greatest ingenuity in obtaining it. She floats upon the surface of the water until in some way a bubble of air forms upon her abdomen; this she holds either by her hind-legs or by the long hairs on her body, and sink-



FIG. 2.—SPINNERETS OF SPIDER.

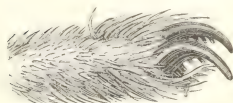


FIG. 1.—FOOT OF SPIDER, MAGNIFIED.

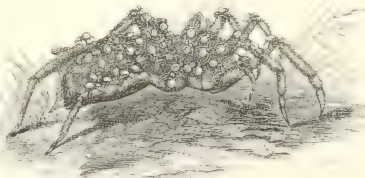


FIG. 3.—FEMALE SPIDER WITH YOUNG ONES.



FIG. 1.—GEOMETRIC WEB OF GARDEN SPIDER.

ing rapidly underneath her cocoon, lets go of the bubble, which of course rises into the little bell. In this way bubble after bubble is stored away until the bell is filled with air.

The tarantula, or trap-door spider, lives in warm countries, and digs for its nest a hole in the ground two inches or more in depth. The hole is neatly lined with real raw

silk, and covered with a most ingenious lid that fits tightly into it. How do you suppose the spider manages to make this circular lid of the exact size, and then fasten it on with a silken hinge? The top of the nest is first covered with a web of the proper shape, on which is placed a small quantity of earth; over this is spread another web, then more clay, so that the lid is composed of layer after layer of web and fine clay, which harden into a thin, stiff mass. The webs on one side are attached to the edge of the nest to form the hinge.

When the lid is closed it looks so exactly like the surrounding soil that these nests are not easily found. The concealment is completed by a cunning habit of covering the door with moss like that which grows around it. When in its nest the spider holds on to the door so tightly by its mandibles and fore-feet that the lid can not be raised from the outside.

## "LEFT BEHIND:" OR, TEN DAYS A NEWSBOY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"TOMMY TYLER," "MR. STEPHEN'S BROTHER," "RAISING THE 'PEARL,'" ETC.

### CHAPTER III.

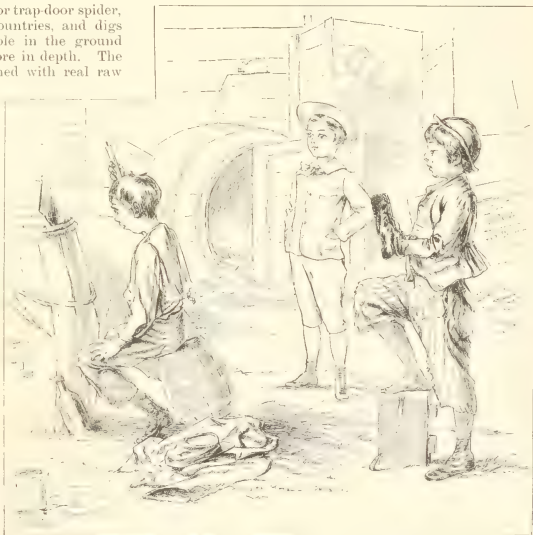
#### MAKING ACQUAINTANCES.

THE first day's work at selling newspapers was particularly hard for Paul Weston, and more than once it was necessary for both Ben and Johnny to interfere to save him from what might have been serious trouble with that class of newsboys who made it their business to drive any new-comer away.

And it would not have been a very long or difficult task to force Paul to retire from the business if he had not had these two friends, so experienced in the ways and hard corners of street life.

According to the judgment of both Ben and Johnny the best course which Paul could pursue in order to reach his friends in Chicago was to earn sufficient money by the sale of papers to pay his fare to that city. It is true that a wild idea of writing to some of his relatives had crossed their minds; but it had not assumed any such shape that they thought of speaking about it to him.

Never once did it occur to them that by keeping him within their world they were most effectually hiding him from his parents. They were doing their best to aid him, and even if it was the worst thing they could do, they were none the less friends to him so far as they knew how to be.



"PAUL LOOKED ON WITH THE GREATEST SURPRISE."

In order to cheer the sorrowful boy as much as possible, they resolved on having such a feast as they allowed themselves only on extra occasions, and that was to go to a cheap restaurant where a whole dinner could be bought for fifteen cents. To them it was a rare treat; but, greatly to their disappointment, Paul did not enjoy it as they had expected he would.

The afternoon papers were purchased, and even though their new friend was so wholly unacquainted with the business, and they were obliged to spend much of their time in defending him from the assaults of the more evil-disposed of their calling, trade was very good.

The reckless expenditure of forty-five cents for dinner had been made up, and when the day's work was over they had a clear profit of forty-three cents, which, to say the least, encouraged them in their good work.

Instead of going directly to the home that Dickey Spry had founded, after their day's work was over, Ben proposed that Paul should be introduced to some of their mutual friends, in order that his change in life might be made as agreeable as possible. Then came the question whom should be honored by the first call.

Ben was in favor of visiting Nelly Green, whose mother kept a fruit stand on Chatham Square, and who was always to be found acting as clerk, while Johnny was anxious to visit a mutual friend by the name of Mopsey Dowd, who had risen from boot-black to the proud eminence of owning a pea-nut stand near Fulton Market.

There was quite an argument as to which one of their friends Paul would be most pleased to meet, and each one held so strongly to his own views on the matter that the question was only settled by the agreement to call on both.

Mopsey Dowd's place of business being nearer the corner where they held their consultation, the three concluded to go there first, and Paul was considerably interested in this work of making acquaintances.

The traffic at the ferry was still quite brisk, and Mopsey was selling his goods as rapidly as though he had advertised to close out his entire stock below cost.

Between the intervals of waiting upon customers and turning the roaster to keep the nuts from burning, Ben related Paul's story to the pea-nut merchant. Mopsey was so much interested that he not only favored Paul with a great deal of his attention, but insisted on giving him a large handful of the very best and warmest nuts.

Mopsey even went so far as to make Paul an offer for the two tops that had caused him so much trouble. But owing to a sudden rush of customers the proposed trade was broken off, and the visitors took their leave, promising to call again at some time when they would be less liable to interruption from a pea-nut hungry public.

Then the three started for Nelly Green's place of business, taking a roundabout course to get there, for the purpose of avoiding the crowd. By doing this they met another acquaintance, whom they were rejoiced to see, even though he was a creditor. This was none other than Master Dickey Spry, who had earned his last name because of the quickness of his movements.

Master Spry was leaning against a lamp-post in an attitude of deep dejection, and was looking down into the gutter as if he expected to see some help arise from thence to aid him in his trouble.

Dickey was not noticed them when they first came up, and it was not until Ben touched him on the shoulder that he appeared to hear what they said.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Ben, anxiously. "You look as if somebody 'd stole yer an' carried yer off. What's up now?"

"Busted," replied Dickey, mournfully, and then he began studying the gutter again.

"Busted?" echoed the two boys in the same breath. Then Ben asked, eagerly, "You don't mean to say that you've gone up failed?"

"That's jest it. I trusted out as much as thirty cents, an' then I got Tim Dooley to tend stand for me this forenoon. When I come back I couldn't find anything but the stand, an' that, you know, I hired. All the nuts an' Tim had gone off."

The boys were so upset by the news of this misfortune that it was some time before Ben could ask, "But can't you find out where Tim is?"

Dickey shook his head. "I've been lookin' everywhere, an' I can't hear nothin' 'bout him, an' I can't make any of their fellers pay what they owe me, so I'm all cleaned out."

Ben looked at Johnny inquiringly for an instant, and when that young gentleman nodded his head, he said,

"Well, we owe yer twenty cents that ain't due yet, Dickey, but we've got 'em, an' we'll pay it to yer now."

"I don't want it," replied the unfortunate tradesman, "an' I didn't say what I did to make you pay me. If you fellers will let me own twenty cents' worth of their house, I'll be all right, for then I'll have a place to live, an' I kin get back in the boot-blackin' bizness agin."

It would be crowding rather close to put four into the hogshhead, but matters could be arranged by turning their store-room into a bed-chamber, and Dickey's request was granted without the slightest hesitation.

"We're goin' round town awhile," said Johnny to the bankrupt merchant, "an' you'd better come along with us."

Dickey shook his head very decidedly. He had no desire to mingle with the world while his loss bore so heavily upon him, and he was so anxious to go directly to the home he had once sold that no persuasion could make him change his mind.

After promising to return early, in order to cheer him in his troubles, the boys continued their way to Chatham Square, where, by good luck, both Nelly and her mother were found seated behind a huge basket piled high with peaches and pears. They were sure of having a pleasant call, for Mrs. Green could attend to the customers while the daughter entertained them.

Nelly was rather bashful before this strange boy, who was dressed so well, and seemed to have so little in common with the society in which she moved; but after Ben had given her an account of Paul's circumstances, the case seemed entirely changed, and she was even more polite to Paul than to her other friends.

Johnny and Ben told everything of interest that had happened since they had seen Nelly last, and concluded the story by an account of Dickey Spry's misfortunes.

Nelly seemed unusually anxious to know how they could all live in the rather narrow quarters, and after some conversation, disclosed the reason of her sudden interest by informing the boys that since they had called last her mother had moved, and that their home was larger than before.

"We've got two rooms that we sha'n't use," continued Nelly, speaking quickly in her excitement, "an' mother thought perhaps you or some of the boys would come up an' board with us. We'll make it just as pleasant for you as we can, an' it won't cost you much more than it does the way you live now."

Paul looked up with an expression of pleasure on his face, for the nearer the hour of retiring approached, the more distasteful and lonely did the hogshhead home seem.

"Mother says that she'll board you an' see to your clothes an' do your washin' for two dollars 'n' a half a week, an' I think it would be awful nice for us all to live together."

The boys thought so too; but they also thought of their hogshhead, which seemed so cheerful to them, if Paul did not like it, and for a moment there was a feeling that they would not like to leave it. Then there arose before them the vision of a "regular home," wherein some one would care for and minister to their comfort, and the advantages of living in a hogshhead seemed very few indeed.



"We'll come," said Ben, decidedly, for he made up his mind that he should accept the proposition.

Then he led the others away very quickly, as if he had some plan in his mind, as, indeed, he really had.

"We'll go home an' fix up, an' then we'll take the eyes right outer them, for they think these are the only clothes we've got."

Johnny was delighted with Ben's idea of startling Mrs. Green and her daughter by the splendor of their raiment, and the two walked so fast in their eagerness to begin dressing that Paul could hardly keep pace with them.

When they reached the hogshead they found the ruined Dickey already there, busy laying plans for the rebuilding of his shattered fortunes.

It was in vain they urged him to accompany them on their call; to all their arguments he had but one reply, and that was to the effect that he did not believe in their plan of boarding.

"It's jest nothin' more'n less tryin' to put on airs," he said, impatiently. "Anybody 'd think you expected to be 'lected aldermen by ther way you're swellin' round; an' old Mother Green 'll be tickled 'most to death when she sees what fools you're makin' of yourselves."

In fact it did look just a little as if they were "swellin'" considerably. Ben blackened Paul's, Johnny's, and his own boots until they would have answered for mirrors, and then he attended to his own toilet.

Johnny had red hair, which was quite coarse and would stick out in all directions; but on this occasion he reduced it to subjection by applying the unburned end of the candle, until it clung tight to his head. His freckled face had been scrubbed, and his hands were almost clean.

But it was upon his costume that he depended for the greatest effect. His other coat was certainly very short-waisted and very long-tailed, but this last defect was remedied by one of the skirts having been cut off at least six inches shorter than the other. His vest was the same he wore when at work, but by pinning the collar over he changed its whole appearance. The trousers were unaltered, save that the lower portions had been fringed by long usage, and he deeply mourned the utter absence of a neck-tie. But he consoled himself with the thought that the invitation had come at such a late hour that Mrs. Green and Nelly would understand that his funds were low, and overlook the omission.

Ben was clad in quite as startling a fashion, but in exactly the opposite way. Johnny's coat was long, very long, while his was so short as to make it look as if it had originally belonged to a boy about half his size. His vest was buttoned snug to the chin to conceal the dirt on his shirt front, while his neck-tie was made of the very narrowest and most brilliant red ribbon that could be found.

Paul looked on with the greatest surprise, and when his friends announced that they were ready he followed without a word.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## BONNIBEL.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

**I**T is early in life's morning with our little Bonniel:  
Oh, the sunbeams and the flowers, how they grow!  
There is not a bud or blossom but she finds and loves it well,  
Whichever path her dainty feet may go.

Her companions are the birds and the clouds that float above—  
Oh, the birds and clouds that fly so fast together!  
And her little heart sings daily its happy song of love,  
In the joyous time of childhood's summer weather.

Oh, ye hours of morning, haste not to flee away,  
With all your careless freedom and delight,

Leave our Bonniel a child in the sunshine yet to play,  
Ere the coming of the noontide—and the night!

## WHERE THEY WENT, AND HOW THEY GOT THERE.

BY WHYTE MCKAY.

I.

"**C**OME, boys, it's nearly seven o'clock. We ought to have started for home half an hour ago. The tide 'll be against us now, and make us late for supper."

As he spoke, Harry Ruston wound up his line and glanced toward the west, where already preparations were being made for a glorious sunset. He was the owner of the *Elf*, the stanch, roomy row-boat that had been rocking gently at anchor in the bay all the afternoon. He had brought his two cousins, Phil and Walter, who were visiting him, out to fish for sea-bass, and their evident enjoyment of the sport had tempted him to remain off the banks later than usual.

Now, having placed his tackle in the locker, he bent forward to take in the anchor. At the same instant a wandering puff of wind passed by, and, "Oh, Harry, there goes your hat!" cried Walter.

"I'll catch it," replied Harry, as he leaned still farther over out the gunwale.

But the tide was too swift, and the boy too eager. He lost his balance, there was a splash, and the curly head of the *Elf's* captain disappeared beneath the ripples of the bay. Only for an instant, however. Harry was a good swimmer, and as soon as he came to the surface again struck out for the boat.

But the strong ebb tide that had whirled his hat so speedily beyond his reach was hard to fight against.

"Quick! fling me the blade of an oar!" he cried to his cousins.

Phil did his best to obey, but in the excitement of the moment forgot to keep hold of the other end, and what was worse still, missed his aim. The oar struck the water three inches beyond Harry's clutching fingers, and the swift current bore it out to sea.

"The painter! the painter!" then screamed poor Harry. His clothes clogged his efforts, and he was growing weak.

The tie-ropes were entirely distinct from the anchor, and luckily was also a long one.

Walter snatched it up, and flung out the end of it with all his might. Harry caught it, and a few seconds later was pulled, drenched and spluttering, into the boat. But the oar had already drifted out of sight.

"And now we must take you home to dry as fast as our legs, or rather our oars—" Here Phil stopped short, then finished, in an altered tone, "Oh, Harry, we've only one oar left!"

"Can't we steer against it?" suggested Walter, who was busy clearing a space for his cousin to drip in.

"But we haven't anything to steer against it with," replied the latter between his chattering teeth. "If the *Elf* only had a rudder! Maybe I can scull, though. Give me the oar and let me try."

Phil handed it over, and Harry stood up to test his skill; but as there was no rowlock in the stern, he was obliged to make one of his hands answer the purpose, which left him only one arm to work with. However, he splashed the water about wildly for a few minutes, and then a laughing shout from Walter reminded him of the fact that the *Elf* was still anchored.

"Well, we are a brilliant crew!" exclaimed Harry, as he dropped the oar—fortunately in the boat. "But, anyway, I don't believe I could scull the two miles back home against this tide, anchor up or down."

"But won't it turn soon?" asked Phil, hopefully.

"Let me see," answered his cousin, trying to make out the figures on his watch, for the sunset glow had now faded away. "It's about a quarter past seven. The ebb only began about an hour ago, so it won't be flood till after midnight."

"Let's stay just where we are, then," said Walter. "Perhaps a boat 'll come along pretty soon and give us a tow."

After some further discussion an agreement was made that the time until midnight should be divided into three watches. Phil took the first watch. Harry and Walter settled themselves as comfortably as possible in the stern, and soon dropped asleep.

Phil never could tell how long he sat there looking out anxiously on every side.

Now and then he could make out a sail in the far distance, and once he thought he heard the thud, thud of steam-boat paddles. But no boat of any description came anywhere near the spot where the *Elf* was anchored, and Phil at length began to nod himself. He tried hard to resist the drowsy feeling, and then decided that he had better rouse one of the others to take his place. But before he knew it he was sound asleep.

## II.

He was awakened by the motion of the boat, which now seemed to be rocking and pitching in a terrible gale.

"Oh, Harry," he cried, waking the other boy, "do you think the anchor will hold us?"

His cousin moved carefully forward, put his hand over the side, and, catching up the cable, discovered to his horror that he could pull it in quite easily.

"Boys," he exclaimed, in a frightened voice, "the rope's broken, and we've been scudding out to sea for goodness knows how long!"

Walter, who had waked up just in time to hear this announcement, felt a strange sensation in his throat, and Phil cried, desperately: "Can't we do anything? Must we let ourselves go?"

Harry had dropped down on the bow locker and buried his face in his hands. If he had only started for home when he first decided that it was time, perhaps this would not have happened.

Suddenly Walter gave a shout. "Oh, fellows, look there!" he cried. "Isn't that a ship's light?"



"THE LION COMES."—F.



A PAINTING BY FRANZ VERHAS

"Yes, and it's coming this way, too," broke out Harry, springing up, to be immediately knocked down again by a sudden pitch of the boat.

"Do you think they'll see us?" added Phil, in a voice that he could scarcely keep from trembling.

"Can't we signal to 'em some way?" proposed Walter, excitedly, feeling in all his pockets. "Here, I've got some matches."

"But what can we light?"

"Suppose we set fire to our handkerchiefs," and Harry whipped out his.

With nervous fingers Phil held the match under his hat, struck it on the thwart, and waiting until it flared up, was about to apply it to the handkerchiefs, when the straw rim of the hat caught the blaze.

"Good!" exclaimed Harry; "that's better than the handkerchiefs. Keep it down, Phil, till it gets a good start."

Phil did so, and two seconds later half the hat was in flames.

"I'm afraid it don't make a big enough blaze," said Phil, anxiously.

"Yes, yes; the ship's coming about again!" cried Harry. "Look! she's aiming straight for us. You can see the red and green lights both."

On came the brig—for such it proved to be—the spray flying back in white sheets from its bows. And now the boys began to yell with all their might.

"Look out!"

"Pick us up!"

Luckily the man on the lookout had sharp ears and a ready arm. Quick as thought a rope was flung out into the darkness. Harry grasped it, and braced himself to resist the shock when the strain came.

But the sailors paid out slack enough to prevent

an accident, and presently the *Elf* was hauled alongside. But now another sailor leaned over the rail, and began jabbering away at them like a South American monkey, as Phil expressed it. He—the sailor, not the monkey—held a coil of rope in his hand, and Harry thought he understood what was expected of



them. So he screamed out, "Yes, yes," nodded his head, and when the rope was thrown, caught and gave the end of it to Walter; the men then pulled him up.

In this manner all three of the boys were taken on board the ship, which was not a very large one. The crew was composed of not more than half a dozen men, not one of whom appeared able to speak a word of English. The captain tried his best to understand and be understood, but his very eagerness seemed to make the big words all the bigger.

"I wish I knew where the ship is bound," remarked Harry, as the boys obeyed a sign which they finally managed to comprehend, and went down out of the wind into the cabin. "You see, we must have been pretty far out when we were picked up, and I've lost all my bearings."

"I heard one of the men say 'Du bist,'" put in Walter, "so I guess they're all Germans. And perhaps I can find out what you want to know, Harry. I studied a little of it last winter, and now I remember the word for 'where.' It's *wo*."

"Wo, *wo*?" he began; then in a moment of inspiration happened to think of the German for "Mr." or "Sir," and added, "*Herr-woher?*"

At this the captain smiled, and answered at once, in his gruff voice, "Hamburg! Hamburg!"

"Hopes and havings, fellows!" exclaimed Walter, turning to his friends, "we're off for Germany! He says the ship's bound for Hamburg. What will we do?"

"Oh, if we only could make him— Can't you ask him to land us somewhere in America?" cried Phil, looking as horrified as if Hamburg was part of the Cannibal Islands.

"But are you sure he understood what you asked him, Walter?" demanded Harry.

"If he didn't, why didn't he shake his head, instead of saying 'Hamburg' twice over?"

"Well, I never expected to get a free passage to Europe," observed Phil, with an attempt at a joke.

"I guess you won't find much freedom about it," returned his brother. "I shouldn't be surprised if they'd make us work our way by scrubbing the decks and climbing up the masts to take in the topsails."

"But we won't submit," broke out Harry. "As soon as it's daylight we can make it understood that they must signal to the first ship we see bound west, and have us transferred. It isn't very long to morning now, so I move we try to get some rest."

So the boys stretched themselves out in a corner of the cabin, and for the second time that night one after another fell asleep.

### III.

Harry was the first to wake up, and this time he was roused by the rumbling of wagon wheels and the tinkle of street-car bells.

"Phil! Walter!" he cried, turning over to shake his cousins. "Here we are in Hamburg."

"Sailed there in a night," muttered Phil.

The three rushed on deck, and, sure enough, there lay the brig moored at a city wharf.

"It can't be possible," murmured Walter. "We couldn't have crossed—" Then chancing to lift his eyes, he broke off into the joyous shout, "Look there, fellows!"

Harry and Phil followed the direction of his finger, and behold! the Brooklyn Bridge!

"We must telegraph home right off," exclaimed Harry, after they had recovered from their amazement.

"I'll do it," cried Walter. "I'm the only one with a hat. Then I'll come back here for you, and we can take the Pockwackett boat at ten."

Without waiting for an answer, he leaped ashore and hurried off down South Street. When he returned he found Harry and Phil superintending the removal of the

*Elf* to an express wagon, which they had hired to transport it to the steamboat.

"I made the captain understand," said Harry, as they all three walked off together, "that he was to keep the bass for picking us up."

The boys luckily had money enough among them to pay their fare back to Pockwackett, which place they reached just twenty-four hours after they had left it to go fishing.

"And almost been to Hamburg in the mean time," laughed Harry, when they had told their story at home.

As soon as an opportunity offered, Walter consulted a German-English dictionary, and discovered that *woher* means "from what place?" The rest of the crew joked him unmercifully about the mistake for weeks afterward.

"I don't care, though," Walter would repeat; "I was only one word out of the way."

### A FOLDING CANVAS CANOE.

BY THE REV. A. W. PIERCE.

THIS is a boat of extremely simple construction, and quite within the power of any boy of ordinary mechanical skill. It costs about five dollars, weighs less than thirty pounds, and can be folded into a package six inches in diameter and fourteen feet long. It is very strong and springy and will stand any amount of bumping about among rocks and snags, as I can testify from experience. When on land you have only to turn it bottom up to keep out the rain, and raise it at the ends a little, so as to let in the air. There is nothing to get out of order. The frame will last a number of years, and the cover will last for three or four years at least, and is easily renewed when too old.

The boat is an invention of my own, and *not* patented, and I now offer it as public property. I have built four of these canoes of different sizes and models, but I shall give you the plans for a boat fourteen feet long, twenty-eight inches wide, and one foot deep.

I give careful drawings and measurements for every part. You can not fail to succeed if you follow them. Here is the bill of materials as it cost me, although I have built one for less than four dollars.

8 yards of 40-inch duck @ 30 cents.....	\$2 40
8 ash rods, 14 feet×1 inch square.....	40
2 ash rods, 4 feet×1 1/2 inches square.....	10
12 feet pine plank, 1 foot×4 inches.....	25
8 feet spruce, 6 inches×1 1/2 inches.....	25
28 feet No. 15 iron wire.....	20
2 pieces of tin, 7 inches×15 inches.....	10
Material for paint.....	75
Blacksmith-work.....	55
	\$5 00

There are four things to be made for the hull. I will describe them in the order in which they should be made: First, the poles; second, the cross sections; third, the wires; fourth, the canvas-work.

#### THE POLES.

To make these you must have sawed out at the mill eight square rods of one inch square and fourteen feet long. These should be of ash, clear straight grain, and free from knots or other defects. They need *not* be planed. Besides these get two ash rods each four feet long and one and a half inches square.

Begin by planing them *all* on any two adjoining sides just enough to get a true surface to work from. When this is done, fix your plane in the following way, and you will save yourself a great deal of trouble.

Get two strips of hard wood—say from the head of a flour barrel. Let them be about the length of your plane, and three or four inches wide, having one straight edge each. With a few brads tack one of them on each side of the plane, allowing the straight edge to project *beyond* the plane all along just a little more than seven-eighths of an inch. (This is to allow for the projection of the blade of the plane.) The plane will now measure the rods for itself, and will make them of a uniform size. Now take the eight long rods and plane off the other two sides of each till the plane ceases to take hold.

Then plane off the four corners of each, being careful to take off an



equal amount from each corner. It will help you to hold the rods still and to make them stand on edge if you fix three nails into the work-bench in such a way as to bend the rods in a curve.

After you have thus made the rods eight-sided, go on in the same way and plane off the eight small edges until the rods become quite round and even. Now rub them down with coarse sand-paper or scrape them with glass until they are smooth. Now take the two four-foot rods, and, changing the guides on your plane, work them down in the same manner until they are one and a half inches in diameter. Lay them all aside for the present.

#### THE CROSS SECTIONS, FIGS. 3 AND 4.

For making the sections, floor, seat, and backboard, you will need a plank of some light kind of wood, such as white pine, cypress, or poplar. It should be good, straight, and clear stuff, free from knots and other defects, twelve feet long, one foot wide, and one-half inch thick. Saw off two pieces, each one foot wide and two feet three inches long. Now take a piece of stout paper about one foot wide and two and a half feet long; fold it evenly down the centre, so as to be about a foot square; then mark off on it accurately the shape of the half section A, Fig. 3. Let the dotted side coincide with the folded edge of your paper, and draw a straight line along the upper edge of your paper and perpendicular to the folded edge. Lay off the dotted lines parallel to it, and at the proper distances below it. These are merely to guide you in your work. Now on each of these lines measure out the proper distance to the mark *a*, as shown in the figure.

Then with these marks for centres draw the little semicircular notches one inch in diameter. These must be accurate, but the longer connecting curves, which should now be drawn, need not be so exact. The little horns of the semicircles should be about half an inch wide, and the long curves between should curve in a little over half an inch. Now cut out the paper carefully, and unfolding it, you will have the complete pattern for Section A, with both halves alike.

Take a similar paper and trace in the same way the pattern for Section B, Fig. 4, taking care to observe the slight difference in its dimensions. Lay these papers on the two boards, and having traced them, saw them out, leaving, however, the large openings in the centre to be cut out after the irons have been put on. Round off thoroughly all the edges and corners, so that they may not be liable to chipping. Mark the places for the irons, and have the blacksmith put them on as follows.

The bands should be of hoop-iron half an inch wide and about one-tenth of an inch thick. They should bend over the top, and run down the front and back alike, and should have four small rivets put through and through in each, as shown in the figure.

When these are on, saw out the centre part, and boring a gimlet hole diagonally in each top corner, insert an iron peg of some kind about one-eighth of an inch in diameter and about two and a half inches long. It would be best for it to have a small smooth head, and to project about a half-inch.

#### THE WIRES, FIGS. 2, 9, AND 10.

From a bit of wood one and a half inches thick cut two circles, each being three and a quarter inches in diameter on the one face, and two and three-quarter inches in diameter on the other face; that is to say, the edge will have a slant all around of a quarter of an inch. Bore two gimlet holes in each block at three-quarters of an inch each side of the centre, being an inch and a half apart, as in Fig. 9.

Get twenty-eight feet of No. 15 copper-covered, or, better still, of galvanized iron wire. It is about one-tenth of an inch in diameter. Do not use smaller wire.

Cut it in two pieces, one being thirteen and a half feet long, and the other fourteen and a half feet long. Bend each one at the centre in such a way as to pass through the holes in the blocks and fit down neatly. Pass the blocks on to the wires, little end toward the bend, as in Fig. 2.

In working with the wire it should be measured and bent *once* for all, as it ruins it to bend and unbend it.

Now take your two ash rods, four feet long exactly, and, beginning at three inches from each end, sharpen the ends down gradually until at the tips they will be a half-inch in diameter.

Now exactly four inches from each end bore a straight gimlet hole through, taking care to have both holes in a line, and going through in the same plane.

Lay out the wires and the two rods as shown in Fig. 2, and making a bend at the proper place, pass the wires in a horizontal direction from the outside in through the holes *b* in the rods, and bring the ends around neatly to *c*. But first cut little grooves for the wire to fit in, so as to leave a level surface. Now remember the length of the two wires at the end A from the inner side of the block to the hole *b* in the rods must each be exactly five feet and three-quarters of an inch, and at the end B exactly five feet and six and three-quarter inches.

Wrap the space from *b* to *c* neatly with stout waxed twine, just as you would wrap a bat handle, except that just at the tips of the rods you should leave uncovered a little triangular space between the wires large enough for the iron pegs on the cross sections to pass through neatly. The object is to have the whole distance between the two blocks just a trifle shorter than the longest pole in the boat.

Next get two pieces of tin each seven inches wide and nine and a half inches long at the top and fourteen and a half inches at the bot-

tom, and marking a line three-quarters of an inch from the ends, make two rows of holes with an awl, as in Fig. 10, so that when you roll the tin in shape like a cuff, the edges will lap and the holes will coincide. Now lace them together neatly with small wire. Prepare the other tin in the same way. Lay these all aside for a while, until you have made the next part, which is

#### THE CANVAS-WORK, FIGS. 5, 6, 7, AND 8.

Get eight yards of what is sometimes called "wagon duck," because it is used by farmers to make wagon covers. It is a light canvas, and is forty inches wide. You must have this width in order to keep all the seams above the water-line, which is an immense advantage. It costs from twenty-five to thirty cents a yard.

Cut it into three pieces, making one fifteen and a half feet long, one four and a half feet long, and one four feet long. Take the four-foot piece, and cut it right down the centre so as to make of it two pieces each four feet long and twenty inches wide; then cut each of these diagonally from corner to corner, making altogether four triangles four feet long and twenty inches wide at one end. Now sew them on to the longest piece of canvas, following carefully the measurements given in Fig. 5. Take a plain seam half an inch wide, and always use coarse thread. You can do all of this canvas-work on the sewing-machine.

After these are sewed on, cut the whole down to the shape shown by the heavy line in Fig. 5. The dotted line is only to show the original form.

Next take the four-and-a-half-foot piece, and from each edge of it cut a strip four and a half feet long and one foot wide. This is so that each may have one good edge. Fold up these two strips with the cover, and lay it aside until farther on.

Now cut the piece which was left into four strips, each four inches wide and four and a half feet long. Lay two of these one on the other, and run little seams across them, as shown in Fig. 6. Run the first seam one inch from the end, then a space of one and three-eighths inches, then a space of five inches, and so on alternately. Double-stitch the first and last seams. Make up the other two strips in the same way, except that where you had five inches before, you will have four and a half inches now. (See Fig. 7.) In all your work measure carefully, and mark out with pencil lines.

Next from the waste scraps which you cut from the corners of the largest piece of canvas cut four pieces of the shape shown in Fig. 8. They are to be six inches wide and twelve and a half inches long on top and sixteen inches long at the bottom. Lay two of them one on the other, and sew seams across them as shown by the dotted lines in the figure. Run the first seam three-quarters of an inch from the edge, and the next one exactly one and three-eighths inches from that one. Use this distance for each pair of seams, but leave a space of half an inch at the bottom between each pair as shown. Double-stitch the first and last seam (*d* and *e*). Make up the other two pieces in exactly the same way, and you will now be ready for

#### SETTING UP THE FRAME.

Lay your eight long poles in a row. Take the two canvas bands, Figs. 6 and 7, and push the rods through the small holes. Slip the bands along until the shorter one (A) is four feet and nine inches from one end of the poles, and the longer one (B) is five feet and three inches from the other end, measuring to that edge of each strip which is toward the centre of the poles. Then on each end put one of the canvas caps, Fig. 8, to hold the poles together in order at the ends.

Now, tying a bit of string temporarily around the poles a few inches from each end, put in place the two cross sections, Figs. 3 and 4, placing the smaller section (A) at the inner edge of the band A, and the larger section (B) at the inner edge of the band B. Place each pole in its proper notch, and tie a piece of twine across at each section to hold the two top poles tightly in place.

The frame will now look something like a cradle. Turn it over gently bottom up. Get some one to help you, and press down the poles at each end until they touch the floor, holding them tight in a round form. See that they are all even at one end, and then you will find that they project unequally at the other end. Mark how much to cut off from the longer ones to make them equal to the others. Saw them off accordingly, and round off all the ends a little. Of course you will take care to have each of the four poles on one side equal in length to its corresponding one on the opposite side. Now remove the sections; lay the poles in a round bundle, first having placed *inside* of them the wires, Fig. 2, taking care to have the short end (A) of the wires at the short end (A) of the poles. Hold the blocks in place against each end of the poles (you will find that they will just cover them), and slip on each end one of the tin caps, Fig. 10. The pointed part of the big end of the caps is to be on the under side of the boat. Drive them on well, and boring some awl holes through the tin into the blocks, fasten the caps on with long tacks. Where the small end of the tin projects beyond the blocks, slit it down in several places, and bending it over, fasten neatly to the face of the blocks.

Now put in the sections again, each in its place, and drawing the wires apart, slip the little triangular holes over the four iron pegs. Of course in putting in the sections you always place them in near the centre, and then slide them along to their proper places. See that they are plumb, and adjusting the bands more accurately, fasten the bands to the two top and two centre poles with pin-heads, one in each. The



band should lie on the side of the sections which is toward the ends of the boat, and one edge should be just on a line with and touching the section.

The frame is now ready to be covered. If, however, the ends are not curved up enough to suit you, you can elevate them a little more by carefully driving in thin wedges one inch and a half wide under the wire at the end of the blocks.

It is quite sufficient, however, on account of the shape of the bottom, if the ends rise nearly to a level with the centre.

#### FITTING THE COVER.

In fitting the cover put all seams on the *outside*, and after it is sewed up you can turn it right side out. Lay the cover out smooth and straight; place the open frame on it right along the centre, the short end (A) of the frame at the short end (A) of the cover. Gather the canvas about the ends, stretch it well lengthwise, and wrap a bit of string around just beyond the poles to keep it on.

Now take a quantity of good-sized pins, and pin it up with an equal tightness all along. Pin in a neat straight line, and about two inches apart, right along the top. When this is done, take the two pieces of canvas one foot wide and four and a half feet long, bend the good edge of each over the four-foot rods, and inside as far as you can spare, and pin it to itself every three or four inches; then pin the rough edge to the rest of the cover, so as not to have to cut any from the *bottom* cover when you come to trim the seams. Take about a half-inch plain

seam. Pin the ends of the strip to the triangular pieces in a line with the sections, stretching well, and ripping back the old seam to that point. Use plenty of pins all through, and with anything like proper care you can make the cover fit like a glove. Now take out the sections, untie the ends, and draw the poles through without unpinning any more than necessary. Sew up the seams, running just a very little *inside* of your proper lines, but taking care to leave the tubular openings at the ends of full width for ten or twelve inches from the ends, so that there may be no trouble about the widest part of the tin cap passing through easily, and run a little hem around the ends. You had better try it on again now, and correct any little mistakes. Trim the surplus from the seams, leaving about three-quarters of an inch. Now there will remain an unfinished place at each section where the canvas projects over several inches. This should be folded in neatly in a line with the section, making a stiff hem of three or four thicknesses, and should have several lines of stitching run along it. This will quite prevent any stretching at that point. Fold it so that it will be *inside* when the cover is put on properly. Now turn the cover, put it on, and tie well at the ends, stretching as before, pin the side flaps over the four-foot rods as before, and you are ready for

#### PAINTING.

Mix together three pounds of boiled linseed-oil, three pounds of spruce ochre, and a half-pound of "patent drier," or Japan drier. Then take four ounces of common bar soap, and cutting it fine, dissolve it in a pint of soft water to a jelly, rubbing out all lumps. Pour it into the other, and mix well, also stir well occasionally as you use it. Take a little at a time on a good-sized brush, and rub it in well. Let this coat dry for two days, and then give it another. It is better to let the boat dry for a week after this, so as to let the paint *harden*.

This is a splendid water-proof mixture, and not a drop of water will come through it. You would find it very fine for water-proofing tents, etc., made of common light stuff. While your boat is drying make your

long, six inches wide, and an inch and a half thick. Mark off on it the shape of Fig. 11. Let the shaft be two inches wide at the centre, and taper down toward each end until at eighteen inches from the ends it will be an inch and a half wide. This is where the blades begin. They are six inches wide. At two and a half feet from the ends tack around a strip of leather in a cup shape, so as to keep the water from running down the shaft. Paint all except the space between the leathers with your paint. Set aside to dry, and make your door out of four and a half feet of your thin board. If you wish it to fold up, you must have it in two pieces six inches wide, hinged together, or three pieces if you wish it wider. Cut off eighteen inches for a backboard, and a piece one foot square, padded on top, for a cushion.

The floor should be properly fastened at the ends to keep it in place on the sections. To fold up the boat you simply slip out the sections—that is all; it will come right together then.

If you should wish safety-chambers in the ends of the boat, you could use small rubber bags inflated, or else make two small frames with a stick and circular piece of board for each. Cover these with canvas, sewing each seam several times. They would then be simple hollow cones. Paint with several coats of the water-proof mixture, and let them dry well. Whenever you wished you could push one up into each end of the boat. By a little ingenuity you could even make them to fold up flat for packing. In calculating their size remember that a cubic foot of empty space will support in the water sixty-two and a half pounds.



PADDLE, ETC., FIG. 11.

Take a piece of spruce eight feet

is built on an island made of blocks of stone. It is not finished, and nobody lives there: it is called the Rip-Rap. There is great fun fishing for crabs here, also bathing.

I put an exchange in your paper, and was answered by quite a number. One evening I received a letter from a girl, sending me a V nickel, and asking me to send her some plants, leaves, and flowers from here, also some fragments of the fort, which letter I have misplaced and can not find. As I do not know her name or address, I ask you to please publish this, so that she can write to me again. If you do so I will be very much obliged to you.

We have two libraries here, one for the officers and one for the soldiers. In the officers' library are some models of cannon that are as perfect as can be, even to the shot and shell. There are also many curious muskets.

There is an old ordinance sergeant here who has been in the army for fifty years. They offered to make him an officer, but he declined the honor.

Fifteen in the commandant's house, which was built in 1816. We have some bantam hens that have chicks.

Good-bye.  
From your loving  
SUE D. T., Care of  
General Tidball.

A very excellent description of the fine old fort, as I, who am familiar with it, can testify.

MERRICK, WISCONSIN.

DEAR POSTMASTER.—I am a little girl eleven years old. My sister Jennie, who is two years older than I am, wrote you a letter last July, in which she told you what a nice time we expected to have camping out, but we did not go. On the morning of the 24th of July, when we were getting ready, in emptying the oil from an oil stove there was an explosion of gas, and my hair caught on fire. My head, arms, and chest were dreadfully burned. The flames were put out in a moment, but for a long time they did not know who I was. I would live or not. I did not know how to live over three weeks, and I had a mask of lint covered with salve on my face for seven months; but now all my wounds are healed. Almost everybody knows how a little burn hurts. I know few know, as I do, how dreadful it is to be burned so badly. My sister and I have taken Young People from the beginning. I always enjoyed reading it very much, but in particular when I was sick did I like to have it read to me.

My little friend,  
I suppose some one instantly wrapped you tightly in a thick rug or shawl and smothered the flames, for you started to run. I was in doors in your agony, you would have been burned to death. I hope so dreadful an accident may befall no other of my correspondents.

JENKINSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little girl eleven years old. I go to a select school, and I study arithmetic, geography, reading, writing, spelling, drawing, and German. We have a very large dog; he is a mastiff; his grandfather belonged to the Queen of England. My brother brought him here when he was four weeks old. He will not be two years old until August. When he comes in the dining-room he can just lay his head on the table and all his four feet on the floor. My brother brought him a large basket of tobacco stems to smoke the plants in the greenhouse.

STANLEY, NEW YORK.

I took HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE (JANUARY 1892), and enjoyed it very much. Last year I did not take it, and I feel very lonely now. I have a large white cat named Jip that sings nearly all the time; a little black and tan dog that is very cute, whose name is Jip; and a green parrot that will call "Here, Jip!" and Jip will come up to

the cage. Our parrot's name is Charlie. I take music lessons, but it is not very much fun to practice.

I hope you read Mrs. Lillie's article about practicing in No. 325. I think my little girls who find practice rather tiresome would become interested in it if they followed Mrs. Lillie's advice.

MADISON, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a boy ten years old, and have been taking Young People nearly three years. I have learned very much, and thought I would write you a letter. I have not been out-of-doors since the day after Thanksgiving, because of the rheumatism. A great part of the time since then I have been in bed, but I can get up now, but can not go out of the house, though I hope to soon. I have never been sick before. I live on a farm, and in summer-time I often go fishing in the Neamung Creek. It is quite a large stream, but sometimes, when there has been no rain for a time, it is low, and we can wade across it.

J. ROSS O.

As it is some time since your letter was written, I hope you are not now a prisoner. Perhaps you learned some things while shut up in doors which you could not have learned in health—patience, for instance, and the brave bearing of pain, which is so many.

The writers of the next two letters are each thirteen years old, and both have been reading YOUNG PEOPLE for three years.

NEW YORK CITY.

I have two sisters—Emmie and Daisy. Emmie is eleven years old and Daisy is eight. We have three pets—Liso, a little Skye terrier, Tom, a cat that weighs thirteen pounds, and Dick, the canary. We have also some dogs of various kinds, and they are very old. I have been sick five years, and have been at school only two winters.

W. L.

A little maiden who has been to school to Miss Patience, I am sure, during those days of illness.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

My pets are a dog, a cat, and a parrot. The parrot does not talk very much; every night, as soon as the lumps are lit, he calls to be covered up, so that he may go to sleep.

GRACE D. C.

A sensible parrot.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

I was born deaf, and I can read, write, sew, and talk. I go to the Horace Mann school every day, and study many things. I have only one cat, and we call him Jim. He is so cunning and playful that we love him. He was given to me. He had influenza in his eyes, and they are better now. I think we shall have a dog next spring, and hens too. My papa bought me a book about English history, and it is an interesting book; we study it every week, and I hope I shall have good results.

LOUISE F. B.

JEFFERSONVILLE, INDIANA.

I am a little boy nine years old. I go to school. My teacher in his class made me write a letter for night work. I thought I would write to the Post-office Box. I saw a letter in this week's Box from a little girl who writes of the great flood of the Ohio Valley. We live in Jeffersonville. Last year we did not think the water could get into our house, but it did. We had four inches in the house, and this year we had two feet two inches. We live in a house on the upper part of the city, where the water is not so deep as in the lower part. We put our furniture up out of the water, and went to the house of a friend, and were away from home ten days. Papa and I moved over the fence in a boat, and looked in the window. There were a great many sad things happened. Two young ladies were drowned while sailing.

G. S. C.

WORMEYBURG, NEW JERSEY.

I am a little boy seven years old. I have two brothers, Joseph and Edith, and I like the youngest. We think he is the best, for he takes everything he wants. My papa writes for me, as I can not write very well. I have a dog named Dash. He is a pug dog, and he is very smart. I have posed it without help, and will sign my name, so you can see how I write.

W. D. E.

PALMISTO, FLORIDA.

As I have to write a letter for a Friday evening exercise, I think I will write you a letter. I have received sixteen letters in answer. A little boy from New Jersey has sent him a pair of blue lines with stick-balls on them, and a paper soldiers; my brother is very proud of them. The little boy's name is Willie B. We are going to send Willie some more things; we will wait for the May birds, as they make the best singers.

I am eleven years old, and live twelve miles from Shreveport. I think the spring-time in our country is the prettiest season. I wish I could



OUR MAY.

A lap full of posies,  
Of lilies and roses,  
Of lilies and roses,  
Of lilies and roses.

Has dear little May.

To each one who passes,  
She offers quite sweetly,  
A pretty bouquet.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

FOREBES, MANASSAS, VIRGINIA.

I would like to tell you something about this fort. It was commenced probably for defense in the war of 1812, but was not finished until the last of the twenties. It is made of granite, and the walls are so high as to be on a level with our second-story windows. There is a moat all around it, and on the east side there is a water battery; that is, a wall of solid masonry of about fifty arches, in which are forty massive cannon. There is a half-finished redoubt on the north side, in which is a large powder-magazine with no powder. The fort measures a mile around the parapet, at the top of the wall is called. The fort is very pretty inside, and is green all through the winter, as we have a great many live-oaks, which are evergreen. They are great curiosities, as this is the most northerly place at which they grow; they are also over a hundred years old. There are a great many large cannon here, which are mostly on the ramparts looking over the parapets. The arches, which contained cannon at first, are closed up, and the young officers live there; they are very nice places inside, being cool in summer and warm in winter. People can walk right over their heads on the ramparts and parapets. The arches we call casemates, and nearly all the officers live in them. There are about twenty buildings in the fort, including a hospital, libraries and barracks. We have a large hotel outside the fort, and it is becoming quite a resort.

This post is an artillery school, which teaches the young officers or class different things about war and things pertaining to it. They have a very interesting game here, namely, a large map and a great many differently colored blocks of wood which represent a certain number of men or divisions; they then move them in battles as if they were a real army. This is to teach them how to move the troops when it comes to real war. This is a very interesting time, as the last exercises of the class are going on; in a few days the diplomas will be presented. A new class comes every six weeks, and the members are sent away at the end of that period, to all parts of the United States.

The daily ceremonies of the fort are very pretty. First comes guard mounting at eight o'clock, in which the adjutant examines the arms and equipment of the soldiers, and then comes the inspection of the troops in the evening, in which all most of the officers and soldiers participate. This is just before sunset. There are also Sunday-morning inspection, monthly inspection, and muster.

There is a small fort out in the Roads that







ANSWER TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 432  
OF NO. 236.

To the cat I've added 65,  
And made a man, as I'm alive.

mask covers the face completely. Strips of paper or muslin of any one of the rainbow colors may be sewed upon these veils, which, being fastened only at the upper end, give a fine effect when the wearer is moving rapidly. All dominoes and skirts must match in color in each costume, and each must be made of some one of the seven colors of the rainbow, one color only to each dress.

When the guests have assembled in the dressing-rooms a march is played, and one gentleman presents himself at the door of the hall or parlor, where he must wait until he meets a lady of the same color, to whom he offers his arm. If there are more ladies than gentlemen, two ladies of the same color may take their places in the march unattended.

As soon as all have found partners they march around the hall several times, until the director asks them to halt and to stand in a semicircle at the rear of the hall. He then calls out the first color, and all who wear red dresses advance and take their places in a row in front directly before him. He calls again, one color after another, until all the guests stand before him in seven lines, the orange costumes being behind the red, and the yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet arranged each in its own line in the order of the prismatic colors.

The lines are then curved into regular form, which is easily

### THE RAINBOW SOIRÉE.

BY G. B. BARTLETT,  
AUTHOR OF "NEW GAMES FOR  
PARLOR AND LUNA."

THE following entertainment with very little trouble and expense. It is new, and will afford as much amusement as a fancy-dress party with costly and elaborate costumes. Paper-muslin, card-board, and tissue-paper are the materials required.

The best disguise for both boys and girls consists of a skirt long enough to hide the feet, and a domino or cloak with a hood to cover the hair. All wear tall conical hats made of card-board, from which a long veil falls to the waist behind, and a short veil or

done by requesting the persons who compose them to stand with their heels upon chalk marks which have been previously drawn on the floor. As it is well to have the number of each color nearly equal, care should be taken in sending the cards of invitation to indicate by the color of the pasteboard the color of the dress to be worn by the person who receives it.

After standing in line for a few moments, the whole array march down the hall, trying as they go to preserve the curved lines as well as possible. Then they face about, repeat the manoeuvre, and return to place, after which the lines are divided in the centre, and form two circles of seven lines, each, of course, having all of each color in its own circle.

They thus revolve until the director calls for them to form into large circles. This they do by stopping for a moment; each of the circles, dividing and joining again, meets the opposite one, until seven circles, each of one color on the line, are formed, the violet wearers standing closely side by side, while those in the outer or red circle have their arms extended so they can hardly touch their finger-ends. At a signal all then break from their places, and walk, promenade, or march around the room.

All may now join in a regular dance, each one choosing his or her partner without regard to color, thus forming a motley group which constantly changes like the pictures in a kaleidoscope.

### ANAGRAM.

BY LILLIAN PAYSON.

[The first and third lines of each stanza rhyme, also the second and fourth. The omitted words are all formed from the twenty-three letters omitted from the last line.]

COME, all ye lads and lassies, \*\*\*\*\*;  
A useful book I soon will \*\*\*\*;  
Which, if you read, your eyes will glisten.  
Though useful, it is never \*\*\*\*.

The writer, Paul, is very \*\*\*\*\*.  
So much so that, could we not \*\*\*\*  
His other name, one well might blame us,  
For even peasants know him well.

Kings, chiefs, and many a noble \*\*\*\*\*  
Have vied to do him honor \*\*.  
With gifts of friendship oft he's \*\*\*\*\*,  
For we believe his tale is true.

He travelled many a thousand mile, and  
Explored wild forests, hill, and \*\*\*\*,  
The inlets too, and many an \*\*\*\*\*,  
And then he gave the world the \*\*\*\*.

By reading his book you'll gain a \*\*\*\*\*,  
As many another before you has \*\*\*\*,  
Of people who live near the Arctic Ocean.  
Then read it: "\*\*\*\*\*"



# HARPER'S

# YOUNG PEOPLE

## AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 220.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Tuesday, May 27, 1884.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$3.00 per Year, in Advance.



NELLY IN THE STRAWBERRY BEDS.

### OUR LITTLE DUNCE.

BY MRS. LUCY C. LILLIE.

I.

WHENEVER our teacher, Mrs. Lane, leans back in her chair and smiles softly in an absent-minded sort of way, we girls always know she is thinking of "old times"; and if this occurs just before tea-time, one or other of us is sure to coax for a story in that pleasant hour when we sit around the centre table in her bright parlor with our fancy-work or books.

It had been rather dull one Tuesday, except for the sud-

den entrance into the school-room of a very pretty, bright-eyed lady, who would have apologized for coming in so abruptly, but Mrs. Lane followed her, saying to Miss Joyce, the other teacher, "This is an old friend—Mrs. Darrell."

And Miss Joyce, with such a pleased expression, jumped up and shook hands with the visitor, and kissed her, and said, two or three times, "Oh, I am so glad, my dear—I am so glad to see you."

Meanwhile we girls were occupied in looking at the stranger's beautiful dress, her mantle, her hat and feathers, and not a little at her beautiful and gentle face.

After Mrs. Lane had sent Miss Joyce away with Mrs.

Darrell for a few moments, and taken the teacher's place, we observed our dear principal smile in that subdued, far-off way, and we knew that she was thinking of something which we might later turn to account; and so, after tea, Milly Brown began to feel the way for us.

"Isn't that Mrs. Darrell lovely?" she began. "Was she ever a pupil of yours, Mrs. Lane?"

Mrs. Lane nodded her head, and looked full of kindly good-humor.

"Yes, my dear, a sort of pupil. I was under-teacher at a school where she was one of the little girls, and Miss Joyce was one of the older girls."

"Mrs. Darrell is very young yet, isn't she?" I asked.

"Oh," said Mrs. Lane, "she is fully thirty now, though she doesn't look it. Dear me! those days are a long time ago." Mrs. Lane gave a sigh; then added, a little abruptly, "Girls, I hope you're all busy with your composition-work."

In the disjointed sort of chorus of "Yes'm," "We're trying," Milly's voice sounded dolefully plaintive: "Oh, Mrs. Lane, I *can't* write compositions! There's no use of my trying."

Mrs. Lane smiled upon poor Milly, whose big eyes, usually so overflowing with fun, fastened themselves sorrowfully upon our teacher.

"Well, do your best, dear," Mrs. Lane said, good-humoredly. "The art of composition is not the grandest accomplishment on earth, after all, nor the most important for a little woman of fifteen. Do you know, girls, Mrs. Darrell's unexpected coming to see us has made me think of an incident of those school-days you may care to hear."

Care! Each one of us edged a little closer to the table, and prepared to listen attentively to Mrs. Lane's story. Then she began:

I was about Milly's age when I found that the reckless days of school life—the play and the romping and careless idleness—must all stop, for my father died, and there were six of us children left to mother's care. I was next to the oldest, and with all my love of fun I fortunately had some love of study, and I suppose my teacher, Miss Blakeman, saw this, for she made me a very kind offer. If I chose to work hard at school for one year longer, there need be no bills paid for me, provided the next year I could take one of the younger classes; and to make me feel independent, I was to have only half the usual salary until that year's expenses were paid back.

I well remember the rainy day this was decided upon, and how dear Miss Blakeman said to me, "Jessie, I think it would be well for you to begin at once some supervision of the younger children. There are two or three you could look after a little. Suppose you try what you can do with that stupid new scholar."

I had to laugh, for the girl in question had only been there one week, and had at every class and in every recreation distinguished herself by her ignorance; and not ignorance alone, but sheer stupidity, it seemed to us. She didn't "know enough," as we girls said, to prevent her asking the most foolish questions or saying the most foolish things. For example, on one occasion the question came up, "What is the shape of the earth?"

Nelly Darton, the stupid little girl in question, stared a moment in silence, while Fanny Joyce, at her side, and always ready for a joke, whispered something in her ear. At once Nelly's face brightened, and she said, "Oh, thank you." Turning to the teacher, she added, "*Shape of a demijohn, ma'am*," an answer which, as you may well imagine, brought a roar of laughter from the whole school.

The girls were all curious to know how or where she had been educated, since though in some ways she showed refined associations, she was certainly, for a girl of thirteen, the most ignorant specimen we had ever seen at Moore's Academy, as our school was called. She was

ready enough to answer all inquiries, though I must say she was not particularly talkative. Her father was a sea-captain, and was apparently devoted to her, but as her mother had died when she was a baby, he had never felt like leaving her long at school, and when she was not at sea with him, she had staid with an old servant living in a sea-port town, and there, of course, had been allowed to run wild, no thought of books ever hindering her in any romp or play.

So it was that when a friend induced Captain Darton to place Nelly at a good school, she was brought to Miss Blakeman's, there to mystify the girls and be mystified by them; for with all their prompt answers, their fine piano-playing, their glib talk of "ologies" and "roots" and "quantities," they seemed as strange and unnatural to Nelly as she did to them.

One advantage had come from her free life, an intense love of out-door things—a real feeling with Nature in all her moods; rain or shine alike appealed to something responsive in that childish heart, and I have seen Nelly as gay and happy dancing about in a quick summer rain as when in fair weather she had permission to go out for the first arbutus or the earliest bits of wood-anemone; and with all these things of nature she had so much in common that she learned every one of their ways and habits in the most surprising fashion. Dull about her books as she certainly proved herself to be, Nelly could tell you in eager, fluent language how the marshes down by the river grew, how the birds built their nests, when the first violets and lilies might be expected, and where the wild flowers were in sweetest profusion. Innocent and happy and fearless was our little "Dunce," as we called her, until one June day.

She had been with us nearly two months. I had attached myself to her for the purpose of "bringing her on," to use our teacher's words, and she had attached herself to me with the most fervent and enthusiastic demonstration. Not a morning but saw Miss Nell up and across fields, to look for pond-lilies or something blooming to place at my seat at table, and many of her spare hours were devoted to making the most remarkable collection of wild flowers and butterflies for my birthday; and, just to please me, she *did* try to study, and to come to me first with any very silly questions.

Meanwhile another new scholar had appeared: this time, however, the product of a fashionable city school, where the "young ladies" understood deportment thoroughly, and knew what was to be required of them in society when they left school; but with all Vernona Powers's refined manner, her "elegancies" of speech, and her perfect politeness, it took but a short time for the academy girls—a rather downright set we were, I fear—to feel that she was far from being at all well informed even for her age.

Nelly, with her brown locks flying as she ran about the gardens, her eyes dancing, and a song always ready on her lips—Nelly was, in truth, scarcely so ignorant as this elegant young person of fifteen, fresh from a famous educational establishment; yet they were at once placed in contrast. In spite of certain defects, Vernona contrived very soon to assert herself as the oracle and goddess of the school, while Nelly was its openly avowed truant and ignoramus.

The opportunity for a good laugh at Nelly seemed to fix their relative positions among many of the girls.

One day Nelly began talking of the strawberry beds, and saying she meant to learn how to take care of them, and then perhaps Job, the gardener, would let her help him.

"I suppose you know," said Vernona, calmly, but with a malicious twinkle in her pale gray eyes, "that rain is very bad for them."

This was intended not only to be funny, but to produce some surprising evidence of ignorance on Nelly's part; but the latter only said, "Is that so?" and continued her



gaze out across the garden beds, down to the river. By this time I began to know Nelly very well, and to know also that, loving the truth herself, she believed thoroughly all that was told her. Hence nearly all her seeming stupidity. It took her so long to find out when the girls were imposing upon her, or, as you girls of to-day say, "chaffing" her. I don't believe it occurred to her then to doubt Vernona's sincerity, and, strangely enough, she had for Vernona the most entire admiration. The little hypocrisies and airs of the latter failed to impress Nelly as they might have done had she been less entirely sincere and free from affectation herself. She believed thoroughly in Vernona's book-learning and talents, and revered them as something quite beyond her own power to imitate. A little later in the day it came on to pour with rain, and at the sewing circle Nelly Darton was missed.

"Where can the child be?" Miss Blakeman asked one and all; but no one knew, until Vernona, from her station in the window, called out, with a peal of laughter, "Girls! come here—just look out there."

And as we scrambled up into the windows we looked out upon as absurd and yet pathetic a sight as I have ever seen. It was raining and blowing furiously, but there among the strawberry beds was Nelly, soaked through, with the water streaming from her hair, and the wind blowing her about, yet persevering in a ludicrous object. With a large umbrella in each hand she was slowly crawling about the garden beds, protecting first one clump, then another, of white blossoms and green leaves from the rain! I can not tell you how ridiculous it looked, yet her patience, her unselfish devotion to the good of the little blossoms, touched my heart, and amidst the shrieks of laughter from the girls I flew out, hatless as was poor Nelly, and down to the garden where she was on her knees on the wet earth.

She lifted up her dripping face, her own smile shining like the sun through a cloud.

"Vernona said rain wasn't good for 'em," she remarked, with great composure, and only looking down to change the position of her larger umbrella. "Of course I can't keep it *all* off, but it helps, with two of 'em, doesn't it?" she added, proudly glancing at the big black surfaces.

I looked at rain and all, fairly dumb with despair.

"Oh, Nelly," I exclaimed, "don't you see? Why, Vernona was only making fun of you. And you, with all your knowledge of plants and flowers and birds, to be so stupid as to think rain could hurt anything that grows out-of-doors!"

I never shall forget Nelly's look. For all the absurdity of her position, her soaked little figure and dripping face, there came over it all a curious air of dignity—or was it sudden, swift rebellion? It was something I had never seen before in little laughing, stupid Nelly. She let the umbrellas fall from her grasp. I remember one of them blew down the hill, while I grasped the handle of the other. She rose slowly to her feet, and looked at me earnestly and very gravely.

"I didn't think that of her," the child said, in a low voice. "Is she making fun of me now?" She took a quick glance at the school-room windows, still crowded with merry faces, among which Vernona's was clearly defined, and oh, such a sad look came into her eyes! "I believed her just because I never had *anything* to do with strawberries; and oh!—yes, Jessie, it *is* because I'm so stupid. I believe what every one else says, because I am so sure of my own stupidity."

"But, Nelly," I urged, taking her hand to try and turn her toward the house, "you know so much about everything you care for, why won't you try and care for other things?"

Nelly, with drooping dissatisfaction and depression in every line of her figure, walked in silence at my side.

"No," she said, presently; "I can't learn figures, or

the sciences, or those things—no use in trying. I think I'll write and say I'll go home."

Perhaps something in the way we came back impressed the girls. Certainly no one said anything about the strawberry beds to Nelly, but from that day we all discovered a change in the girl. Not that she seemed more studious, but that more serious thoughts occupied her mind.

I could have told them more than showed on the surface, for Nelly and I had long talks, and gradually the fine sweet instincts of the untutored nature came to the surface. My belief that Nelly was hopelessly stupid began to melt slowly before this new Nelly—this half-shy, half-reluctant, and entirely earnest little creature, beginning to think and see and hear for herself for the first time.

But Nelly so often "missed" at class, for so long a time wrote so badly and blotted so many pages, was still so dense about so many things "every one knows," that the girls did not suspect what I knew—that the flower-fruit of her mind was slowly opening, and that she had given her whole heart and strength to the work of disciplining her wild and hitherto ungoverned character.

I was young, and I felt a great pride in helping on the work Nelly went to so hopefully. Perhaps I encouraged too strongly the idea that she was not so much changed, after all. I had an impression that Nelly would sooner or later do something "worth while," and surprise the school.

Meanwhile Vernona flourished, and, singular to say, lost none of her hold over Nelly's loyal little heart. Perhaps the gay brown eyes I liked to see so happy sometimes grew wistful as they followed Vernona in her very elegant, carefully studied movements; but if Nelly had grown wise enough to penetrate the shallow surface of her friend's accomplishments, she did not betray it in any open fashion. These quiet looks were only noticed by me. I met them often when Nelly had no idea that she was watched even by me. Vernona, so far from seeing a change in Nelly's mental life, continued from time to time to joke her about her stupidity, even to laugh when she did something really well—a fact which I think led the girls to the idea that such occasions were only chance, and the bad effect was shown in Nelly's shrinking from having her "out-of-hours" study talked of or noticed. She began to be half ashamed of any success.

One evening, just before school broke up for the summer holidays, we were all in the long school-room, when some one said, "Dear me, Nelly Darton, don't *kill* yourself at it, please."

And looking up, I saw Nelly bending laboriously over her blotting-book at her desk, writing with the effort penmanship still was to her.

Her whole mind was so absorbed that at Vernona's words she started and looked up in a bewildered way. Then she closed her book quickly, and ran out of the room, Vernona following her, declaring they should be shown what was written; but the chase proved fruitless. Vernona came back saying Nelly had taken refuge in my room.

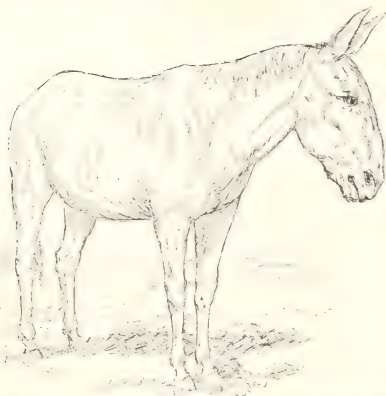
We were talking, I remember, a little later, over the prize composition for the next Christmas, and Vernona remarked in her most placid tones that *she* meant if possible to get that, as her father made a point of such things.

I own I felt sorry enough for Vernona as she said this, for it was a fact that her father was a most particular man, and that he had removed her from her former school because of her failing in his examinations of her, and that unless she did well here, her home life would be very hard to bear. It was Nelly who had told me of this, and when we were going to bed the girl said to me:

"I'm sorry Vernona's set her heart on that prize, for of course *she* can't get that." She looked at me with a little twinkle as she whispered, "Perhaps *I'll* try for it."

And I answered, laughing, "Pray do, my dear," feeling it right to encourage even such a hopeless effort.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



MEXIQUE.

## A VERY FORTUNATE MULE

BY GUSTAV KOBBE

THERE appeared not long ago in a Western journal an engraving of a mule seated in a cushioned arm-chair, with his feet on the table, reading a paper, and waited on by a soldier. This picture was a humorous representation of the good fortune which has lately befallen an army mule, Mexique by name. This mule has served his country faithfully for a large number of years, and been rewarded like a soldier who has done his duty well, with a pension—not in dollars and cents, but in hay and oats.

Like every patriot who has been through the wars, Mexique has an interesting history. The incidents of his long and useful career were duly related in a document which accompanied the application for his pension. For, according to regulations, the career of an army horse or mule is always duly recorded, there being special books furnished and kept for that purpose.

Mexique, who is now a white mule, was purchased during the Mexican war by the Quartermaster's Department in Mexico. Our army transport has always been done by mules. The army mule, therefore, is a peculiarly American animal, in addition to being a peculiar animal on his own account. He is usually on intimate terms with the soldiers, does a good deal as he pleases, and is the only living thing in the army that ever dares to treat an officer with disrespect. But properly treated by his driver, he will idolize him, and obey the slightest hint of command. When, however, driven by a new hand, a six-mule team may in the twinkling of an eye get itself, harness, wagon, contents, and teamster into a tangle to which a heap of jack-straws is a simple affair.

A part of the army returning from Mexico in 1849, Mexique, then a young and strong draught animal, was left at Tampa, Florida, for use at the regular army post there. This fact would establish his age now as being between forty-two and forty-five years, though General Sherman, as will be seen later, makes it over sixty.

During the civil war he was still at that post, afterward moving between there and Key West. Later, in 1882, the post at Tampa was broken up, and one of its batteries

(L. Third Artillery) was ordered to the Barracks at Mount Vernon, Alabama, where it arrived about Christmas-time, bringing old Mexique, among other animals.

As far as can be ascertained, this mule worked well and daily up to 1882, when, as he was one day prowling about the post at Tampa, he attacked a young colt, and was severely kicked by its mother. Since that time his spirit has seemed broken, and when he arrived at Mount Vernon he was allowed to do pretty much as he pleased.

As there are about a dozen good animals besides him at the post, no one thinks of working him. He has the liberty of the United States reservation, and it is nothing unusual to see children playing around his heels while he stands rapt in thought under the shade of a tree. Nearly all the officers or strangers who visit the post inquire for him, and once he was honored with a call from a general.

Mexique has travelled so much, that if a gang-plank or anything like it is shown him he will walk at once across it, unlike any of his companions, which usually require to be lifted on board a vessel.

Last year Major William A. Kobbé, while in command of Mount Vernon Barracks, received an order to sell at auction all unserviceable draught animals. As this would have included Mexique, the major wrote to the Quartermaster-General, asking that Mexique be retained in the service, with full rank and pay, as the officers of the post were willing to raise a fund for his support. This petition went up through various departments until it reached General Sherman.

He interested himself greatly in Mexique's welfare, and in a letter which he addressed to the War Department, referring the petition to the attention of that body, he says:

"I have seen that mule, and whether the story be true or false, the soldiers believe it was left at Big Spring, where Mount Vernon Barracks now are, at the time General Jackson's army encamped there about 1819-20. Tradition says it was once a sorrel, but now it is white from age. The Quartermaster's Department will be chargeable with ingratitude if that mule is sold, or the care or maintenance of it thrown on the charitable officers of the post. I advise that it be kept in the department, fed and maintained, till death. I think the mule was at Fort Morgan when I was there in 1842."

The Secretary of War, having considered this correspondence, issued the following order: "Let this mule be kept and well cared for as long as he lives."

The matter attracted great attention. Many societies wrote for particulars concerning Mexique and for his photograph. One of the pleasantest letters received was that from the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, of London, addressed to Minister Lowell, asking for a picture of Mexique to be preserved with the society's archives. This was inclosed in a personal letter from Mr. Lowell to General Sherman, with a copy of the London *Daily Telegraph* containing a two-column editorial on the subject.

At present Mexique is very lame, rheumatic, and feeble, though he has, of course, as much care as can be given him, and is petted a good deal in addition by all. We believe the accompanying portrait of him, taken from a photograph, is the first which has yet been obtained.

## THE PLEASURE-TRIP OF THE "POLLY WATKINS."

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

THE *Polly Watkins* had come home from a mackerel-ling cruise with a fine cargo, and as the mackerel-plump and shining beauties—were emptied out upon the wharf before the admiring eyes of a crowd of villagers and summer visitors, Captain Peter Trawley's face was radiant with satisfaction.

"Ask him now, Ben," "See how good-natured he looks!" "Now's your time," said Aleck Ransom and Tom Goldsworthy and two or three other boys, all nudging Ben with their elbows, and pushing him toward the Captain. Ben was always spokesman for the party; the boys always thought they were more likely to get what they wanted if Ben asked for it.

"Captain Peter, won't you let us take the *Polly Watkins* to go on a little pleasure-trip this afternoon? We know how to manage her."

"Oh! you know how to manage her, do you? You ain't the fellers that got aground on Plum Duff, and had to stay there all night! Oh no! twa'n't you!" said the Captain, with a great roar of laughter.

"Well, we had only just come to the Cove then; we didn't know much about sailing boats," said Ben, modestly. "but we've learned since. We've sailed the *Dancer*; that is almost as big as the *Polly*, and a great deal crankier."

"Lemmesee; that wa'n't the time she run agin a rock, and stove."

"No, she didn't; she missed the rock *just as nicely*," cried Ben.

"Well, it's good practice, mebbe, this jest missin', and there's some that says a miss is as good as a mile; but seein' the *Polly* airs my daily bread, I don't care about lettin' her to resky boys. But I s'pose I might let my Peter go with you. I like to be accommerdatin'. Where do you want to go, now?"

"A squadron of the Eastern Yacht Club is coming into Pequannicut Harbor, and we want to see it," said Ben.

"Well, there's a fair wind for Pequannicut, if it holds stiddy," said Captain Peter. "But you must be willin' to start back a good spell before sundown, because the wind dies down."

The boys readily promised, and by one o'clock they were on board the boat, waiting for Peter, the Captain's son. Peter was sixteen, and had known how to manage a sail-boat almost ever since he was out of long clothes. He was jolly and good-natured; it was good fun to go with him, although there was not so much glory as in managing the boat themselves, the boys thought. Aleck Ransom had brought a story paper in his pocket. If anything could take Peter's mind off his duty it was a story-paper. He might become absorbed in it, and forget all about the boat, and then the boys could manage it.

They found scarcely wind enough to take them out of the Cove, but outside there was "a stiff breeze" blowing, as Peter said. If it increased at all he thought they should have to take down the gaff-topsail, and perhaps take a reef in the mainsail. The boys liked to go with all

sail set, and hoped Peter was not going to be too cautious. Don Stillman said the *Polly Watkins* could carry twice as much sail as that without being in any danger in such a wind, and Don thought he ought to know, since his uncle was captain of an East India merchantman. Don didn't think these Turtle Cove fishermen knew much, anyway; they were afraid of a good wind. The *Polly Watkins* went skimming along, Peter keeping his "weather eye" out a little anxiously; but he didn't take the gaff down, so the boys were satisfied.

Peter had heard that there was to be a yacht race over in Pequannicut Harbor, and all the boys were very anxious to be in time to see it. They even thought the *Polly Watkins* might join in it; she was a fast boat, if she was a small one, and for the time she was a pleasure-yacht, if fishing was her regular business.

But when they were off Great Bear Island they saw Mrs. Simpkins, the wife of the light-house keeper, standing in her doorway, blowing on a tin horn, and waving a towel as if she were in great distress.

"Boat ahoy! Is that you, Peter Trawley?" she called, as Peter drew as near as he dared to the rocks. And she came hurrying down to the shore.

"The baby is dying—*dying!* Go over to Crawford Point quick, and fetch Dr. Tibbetts. Oh, go quick, Peter!"

Without loss of time Peter turned the boat in the direction of Crawford Point.



"PETER'S LONG ARM SEIZED HIM, AND DREW HIM INTO THE ROW-BOAT."

"It will be hard to get there; we shall have to tack all the way," he said; "but we'll do the best we can."

The boys did cast one longing, lingering look in the direction of Pequannicut; but who could think of yacht races when a baby was dying?

"All twelve of them Simpkins children are kind of unhealthy," said Peter. "It seems as if they had the whooping-cough and the measles and the mumps and all them things harder than other children; and fits too; there's six or eight of 'em has fits, and livin' all alone on that island, it's pretty hard for Mis' Simpkins."

Peter was evidently trying to make the boys forget the gay doings at Pequannicut Harbor in sympathy for the Simpkins family. And the thought of a poor little suffering baby, and its mother's white face, did come between them and the yachts, and they soon thought of nothing

but getting the Doctor to Great Bear Island before it should be too late.

The tacks that they had to make were almost innumerable. The same wind that would have carried the *Polly Watkins* skimming along to Pequannicut Harbor, as straight as the swallow flies, seemed perversely determined that she should never reach Crawford Point.

The sun was low when at last they reached the little landing at Crawford Point. Peter landed, and hurried up to the Doctor's house, which was only a little way from the shore. But he came back alone in a few minutes.

"The Doctor has gone around to Little Lobster Neck to see a man that's cut his foot mowin'," he said. "I'm goin' to run over to the Neck across lots, and do you s'pose you could manage to take the *Polly* around there, so as to take the Doctor and me aboard? 'Twould save time."

"Of course we can," cried all the boys in chorus. That way shouldn't die for any lack of effort to save him on their part. And wasn't it a stroke of good fortune that they had a chance to manage the boat!

"Keep an eye to the wind, and look to your sails if it freshens," was Peter's parting injunction.

"Just as if we didn't know enough for that!" said Don, taking the helm with assurance. "These fellows down here think nobody knows anything but themselves. Why, I could manage a little craft like this in a tornado. I wouldn't be afraid to take her to Halifax."

"Neither would I, if my uncle isn't a sea-captain," said Ben Holman, who rather resented Don's calm way of taking it for granted that he was in charge of the boat.

But the baby was dying—they could not stop to quarrel. Don brought the *Polly* round like an experienced sailor, and away they went toward Little Lobster Neck. The wind was in their favor, and the boys were confident that they should reach the Neck before Peter, going "across lots," could find the Doctor, and bring him to the shore.

The wind had freshened; it was glorious sailing.

The boat tipped so that one of her sides was almost on a level with the white-capped waves. Now and then spray came dashing over. If it hadn't been for that baby, how happy they would have been!

"I tell you, boys, this is a pretty lively wind," said Aleck Ransom. "And there is an awful black cloud over there."

"So much the better. We're going with a rush, but I'd like to go like a streak of lightning," said Don Stillman. "You ought to hear my uncle tell about being caught in a simoom."

"They don't have simooms about here, but they do have squalls," said Aleck Ransom, looking again at that black cloud, which was rapidly overspreading the sky.

"I believe you're afraid," said Don, scornfully. "I wouldn't be a coward like Peter. My uncle—"

Don's uncle was a little tiresome sometimes, and Aleck didn't like to have it suggested that he was a coward.

"Oh, go on if you want to! We'll see how brave you'll be when the boat tips over," he said.

But they went swiftly and safely on for nearly a mile, and Little Lobster Neck was in sight, and two men were to be seen putting off in a row-boat.

"They're ahead of us! We ought to have been there by this time," said Don. "This boat doesn't carry half enough sail. And the wind is dying out. Instead of a squall we're going to have a calm."

The black cloud had completely covered the sky. It seemed as if night had suddenly fallen. The wind had died out. Some sea-gulls flew screaming over their heads. The row-boat was coming rapidly toward them, and a man standing in it, who looked like Peter, was calling to them, but what he said they could not understand.

"I think he is telling us to take in the sails," said Aleck. "You had better believe it is going to blow."

"Blow! There's going to be a dead calm. I'm wondering how we shall ever be able to row the *Polly Watkins* all the way home," said Don. "When my uncle was in—"

The squall struck them at that moment. It seemed almost to lift the *Polly Watkins* out of the water and to set her down again, shivering in every timber. But she was only on her side, and Aleck had had the sheet in his hand when the wind struck her, and he pulled the sails down in about as little time as Captain Peter himself could have done it.

But the mainsail got caught on the bowsprit and hung over, flapping in the wind; and Don walked out on the bowsprit to disentangle and pull it in. He walked out very jauntily, and as if he were accustomed to walking on bowsprits every day of his life, and uttered a contemptuous "pshaw!" at the word of caution which Aleck called out to him. But another gust of wind struck the boat; she gave a sudden lurch, and over went Don into the water.

Aleck threw him a rope, but it was not long enough, and the wind was carrying the boat farther and farther away from him with every instant. Don had almost given himself up in despair, when Peter's long arm seized him and drew him into the row-boat. Peter had seen the accident, and made a desperate struggle to reach the spot, for rowing in that sea was no easy task.

The wind went down after a while almost as suddenly as it had come up, and they all got on board the *Polly Watkins*. The Doctor, who was fat and scant o' breath, had lost his glasses, and was very much disturbed in mind, Don dripping and subdued, and Peter so exhausted with his hard rowing that he had to give up the management of the boat to Aleck.

"The wind has changed, and it's going to bring the fog in, as sure as you live," said Peter.

The fog was a terror in all the region about Turtle Cove, it swooped in from the sea so suddenly, and wrapped everything in thick darkness. It was only by the aid of a compass that the most experienced sailors and those most familiar with the coast could find their way about.

"Then they won't have the yacht race, and maybe they'll stay in Pequannicut Harbor till to-morrow, and we can go over," said Ben Holman.

"They've had the race before this time," said Don, gloomily. Now that he had recovered from the fright, Don was mortified at his mishap, and not in very good humor.

"We sha'n't get to Great Bear Island very soon, at this rate, shall we?" said the Doctor, anxiously.

The baby! They had almost forgotten the baby.

"It will either die or get well before we get there," said Don, crossly. "We might as well have gone to Pequannicut."

The Doctor looked at him very severely, and Don felt somewhat ashamed of himself. Of course a baby's life was of more importance than their pleasure.

They had sailed for hours; it seemed as if they might have gone to Halifax, when at last the dark shape of an island loomed through the fog very near them.

"Here is Great Bear," said Peter, joyfully. "Now two of you boys will jump into the boat and row the Doctor over."

Don was in the boat in a minute, and Aleck followed. "I only hope it may not be too late!" said the Doctor, fervently, as he got into the boat.

Those on board the *Polly Watkins* waited and waited.

"I hope they don't think they've got to wait for the Doctor," said Peter, as his patience began to fail. "Of course the Simpkinses will carry him home in the morning."

Peter and Ben Holman shouted, but not even an echo



answered. Peter began to think that the island might be a mirage, and that they were still rowing on in hopes of reaching it.

But suddenly over the island they saw a vivid tongue of flame lapping up the fog. Ben Holman thought of enchanted islands and volcanoes and wonders of that kind.

"If that don't beat all water!" exclaimed Peter. "The light-house and the keeper's house are both built of brick and stone, but they must be afire, for there ain't anything else on the island but rocks."

Just at that moment they heard the sound of oars, and soon the row-boat came in sight with the two boys and the Doctor.

"A bright fellow you are, Peter Trawley," called Don. "If I'd lived here all my life I think I could tell Little Bear from Great Bear even in a fog."

"You don't mean to say, now, that that's Little Bear!" exclaimed Peter, scratching his head.

"Of course it is," exclaimed both boys in concert. "But we had to go half-way over it to find it out, and then we had to build a fire to see our way back."

The fire "burnt up the fog," as Peter said, and showed them Great Bear Island in its own place, and once more the boys started to row the Doctor to the island.

"Quarter past one," said the Doctor, lighting a match and holding it to his watch. "Seven hours and thirty-five minutes since I left Little Lobster Neck."

The *Polly Watkins* was so near the island that those on board could hear distinctly the conversation that took place at the Simpkinses' door. It was with great difficulty that the inmates of the house were aroused.

As the boys pounded on the door and shouted, "Wake up! wake up! here's the Doctor!" for the seventh time, a window was opened, and a man's voice said, sleepily, "Doctor? what does he want?"

"Why, for the baby?" cried the boys in amazement.

"Baby?—what baby? What's the matter with the baby?" said the voice.

"If you've brought me over here for what you call a joke—" said the Doctor, turning fiercely upon the boys.

"Joke! I shouldn't think it had been a joke to us!" cried Don, angrily. "Mrs. Simpkins sent us for the Doctor because the baby was dying."

"Oh yes, I remember," said a calm female voice from the window. "But he hadn't swallowed it, after all. I thought the baby had swallowed a button, but I found it on the floor."

"And we've lost all our fun for a baby that hadn't swallowed a button!" said Don. The Doctor's feelings were evidently too deep for utterance. He went back to the boat in silence.

The wind died out entirely, and they had to row, and it was three o'clock in the morning before the boat reached the wharf. But the boys are planning another trip on the *Polly Watkins*.

## ROGERS' RANGERS.

BY F. S. DRAKE.

**R**OGERS' RANGERS were a famous partisan corps during the old French war. Besides the regular forces employed, there were irregular or partisan bodies, composed of Canadian French and their Indian allies on one side, and English frontiersmen on the other. They acted as scouts and rangers for either army, guarding trains, procuring intelligence, and intercepting supplies destined for the enemy. Both were composed of picked men, skilled in woodcraft, and excellent marksmen. One of Rogers' companies was composed entirely of Indians in their native costume.

The Rangers were a body of hardy and resolute young men, principally from New Hampshire. They were accustomed to hunting and inured to hardships, and

from frequent contact with the Indians had become familiar with their language and customs. Every one of these rugged foresters was a dead shot, and could hit an object the size of a dollar at a hundred yards.

There was no idleness in the Rangers' camp. They were obliged to be constantly on the alert, and to keep a vigilant watch upon the enemy. They made long and fatiguing journeys into his country on snow-shoes in midwinter in pursuit of his marauding parties, often camping in the forest without a fire, to avoid discovery, and without other food than the game they had killed during their march. On more than one occasion they made prisoners of the French sentinels at the very gates of Crown Point and Ticonderoga, their strongholds. They were the most formidable body of men ever employed in Indian warfare, and were especially dreaded by their French and Indian foes.

It was in this school that Israel Putnam, John Stark, and others were trained for future usefulness in the struggle for American Independence. Several British officers, attracted by this exciting and hazardous as well as novel method of campaigning, joined as volunteers in some of their expeditions. Among them was the young Lord Howe, who during this tour of duty formed a strong friendship for Stark and Putnam, both of whom were with him when he fell at Ticonderoga shortly afterward.

Major Robert Rogers, who raised and commanded this celebrated corps, was a native of Dunbarton, New Hampshire. Tall and well proportioned, but rough in feature, he was noted for strength and activity, and was the leader in athletic sports, not only in his own neighborhood, but for miles around.

Rogers' lieutenant was John Stark, afterward the hero of Bennington. When in his twenty-fourth year Stark, while out with a hunting party, was captured by some St. Francis Indians and taken to their village. While here he had to run the gauntlet. For this cruel sport the young warriors of the tribe arranged themselves in two lines, each armed with a rod or club to strike the captive as he passed them, singing some provoking words taught him for the occasion, intended to stimulate their wrath against the unfortunate victim.

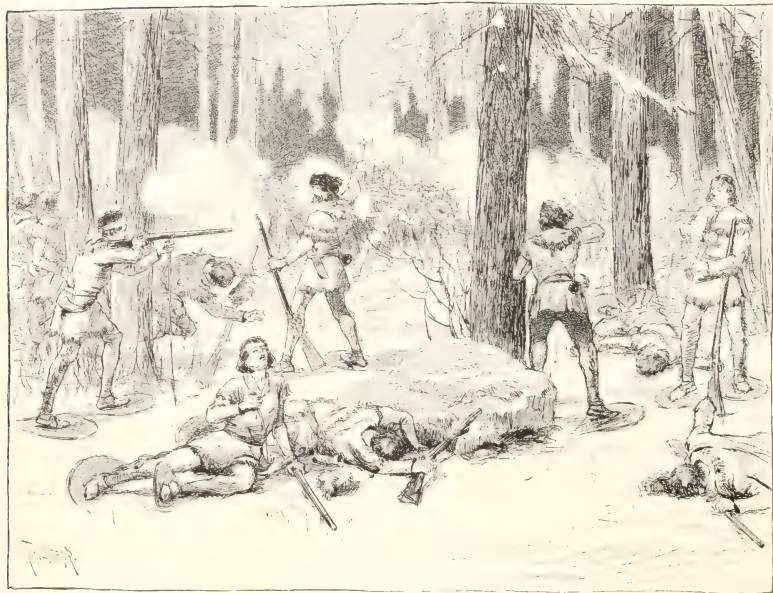
Eastman, one of Stark's companions when he was taken, was the first to run the gauntlet, and was terribly mauled. Stark's turn came next. Making a sudden rush, he knocked down the nearest Indian, and wrestling his club from him, struck out right and left, dealing such vigorous blows as he ran that he made it extremely lively for the Indians, without receiving much injury himself. This feat greatly pleased the old Indians who were looking on, and they laughed heartily at the discomfiture of the young men.

When the Indians directed him to hoe corn, Stark cut up the young corn and flung his hoe into the river, declaring that it was the business of squaws and not of warriors. Stark was at length ransomed by his friends on payment of £100 to his captors.

During the Revolutionary war Stark's services were rendered at the most critical moments, and were of the highest value to his country. At Bunker Hill he commanded at the rail fence on the left of the redoubt, holding the post long enough to insure the safety of his overpowered and retreating countrymen. At the capture of the Hessians at Trenton he led the van of Sullivan's division, and at Bennington he struck the decisive blow that paralyzed Burgoyne and made his surrender inevitable.

Skillful and brave as were the Rangers, they were not always successful. The French partisans under good leaders, with their wily and formidable Indian allies, well versed in forest strategy, on one occasion inflicted dire disaster upon them.

Near Fort Ticonderoga, in the winter of 1757, Rogers with 180 men attacked and dispersed a party of Indians, inflicting upon them a severe loss. This, however, was



THE RANGERS AT BAY

but a small part of the force which, under De la Durantaye and De Langry, French officers of reputation, were fully prepared to meet the Rangers, of whose movements they had been thoroughly informed beforehand. The party Rogers had dispersed was simply a decoy.

The Rangers had thrown down their packs, and were scattered in pursuit of the flying savages, when they suddenly found themselves confronted by the main body of the enemy, by whom they were largely outnumbered, and of whose presence they were wholly unsuspecting. Nearly fifty of the Rangers fell at the first onslaught; the remainder retreated to a position in which they could make a stand. Here, under such cover as the trees and rocks afforded, they fought with their accustomed valor, and more than once drove back their numerous foes. Repeated attacks were made upon them both in front and on either flank, the enemy rallying after each repulse, and manifesting a courage and determination equal to those of the Rangers. So close was the conflict that the opposing parties were often intermingled, and in general were not more than twenty yards asunder. The fight was a series of duels, each combatant singling out a particular foe—a common practice in Indian fighting.

This unequal contest had continued an hour and a half, and the Rangers had lost more than half their number. After doing all that brave men could do, the remainder retreated in the best manner possible, each for himself. Several who were wounded or fatigued were taken by the pursuing savages. A singular circumstance about this battle was that it was fought by both sides upon snow-shoes.

Rogers, closely pursued, made his escape by outwitting the Indians who pressed upon him—such at least is the tradition. The precipitous cliff near the northern end of Lake George, since called Rogers Rock, has on one side a sharp and steep descent hundreds of feet to the lake. Gaining this point, Rogers threw his rifle and other equipments down the rocks. Then, unbuckling the straps of his snow-shoes, and turning round, he replaced them, the toes still pointing toward the lake. This was the work of a moment. He then walked back in his tracks from the edge of the cliff into the woods and disappeared, just as the Indians, sure of their prey, reached the spot. To their amazement, they saw two tracks toward the cliff, none from it, and concluded that two Englishmen had thrown themselves down the precipice, preferring to be dashed to pieces rather than be captured. Soon a rapidly receding figure on the ice below attracted their notice, and the baffled savages, seeing that the redoubtable Ranger had safely effected the perilous descent, gave up the chase, fully believing him to be under the protection of the Great Spirit.

By a wonderful exercise of his athletic powers, Rogers, availing himself of the projecting branches of the trees which lined the rocky ravines in his course, had succeeded in swinging himself from the top to the bottom of this precipitous cliff. It was a fortunate escape for him, for if captured he would surely have been roasted alive.

In this unfortunate affair the Rangers had eight officers and one hundred men killed. Their losses, however, were soon repaired, and they continued to render efficient service until the close of the war.



WASHING DOLLY'S CLOTHES.



## A TERRIBLE SENTINEL

BY DAVID KER

"BLACK panthers? Yes, there are plenty of them in this country, but we don't often visit them, and I'm afraid that when they come to call upon us, we're rude enough to do our best to shut them out."

So spoke, with a sly smile on his broad fat face, Mynheer Van Koop, a jolly old Dutch merchant of Batavia, the capital of Java. The guest who was keeping him company at dinner that day was Lieutenant Percival Hart, a young English officer, just come over from Singapore to Java on leave of absence, with letters of introduction to the old merchant, who welcomed him to his country house with true Dutch hospitality.

"I should like of all things to meet with one of them," said the young lieutenant, eagerly; "such a skin as that would be well worth having."

"Hum!" said old Van Koop, with a meaning shake of his gray head; "the skin of a black panther is certainly a very pretty ornament, Mynheer Hart; but you must remember that, if you meet him alone in the forest, there is always a chance of the panther getting *your* skin instead of your getting *his*."

"Pooh!" cried Hart, who privately thought himself a first-rate sportsman—an opinion with which his brother officers did not altogether agree. "With a good rifle in his hands, a man ought to be a match for anything that walks, if he only keeps steady."

"Ay, if he does," answered the Dutchman, quietly. "But when one of these beasts jumps down upon you from behind, and makes its teeth meet in your neck before you can even cock your rifle, how are you going to 'keep steady' then? If you'll take an old man's advice, Mynheer Hart, you will leave the black panthers alone."

It was pretty late before they went to bed, and Hart felt little inclined to sleep. The night was almost as warm as the day had been, and what with the heat and with all this exciting talk about wild beasts, the young officer had never been so restless in his life.

At last he could stand it no longer. He jumped out of bed, and, wrapping himself in his cloak, made his way along the passage to a door that opened on to the veranda.

Here he found himself much more comfortable, especially as a light breeze was just springing up from the sea, which cooled him famously. After sitting for about half an hour, he was just starting back to his room when a fearful thought struck him. Where *was* his room?

Where, indeed? The passage was as dark as a coal cellar, and all the doors seemed exactly alike. Every one was probably asleep by this time, and he had no light, and no means of getting one. He was just making up his mind to go back and sleep on the veranda, when his foot struck some hard object, and, stooping down, he felt a large earthen water jar.

"Hurrah!" said he, joyfully. "I remember now seeing one outside my door. Now I'm all right."

But apparently he *wasn't* all right even now, for, dark as the room was into which he went, there was just light enough to see that it did not look like his own. Where was his bed, which had stood close to the door? and where was the table that had been beside it?

Muttering an angry exclamation, the lieutenant was turning to leave the room again, when he caught sight of something which stopped him short as if he had trodden upon a rattlesnake. The door had swung to, revealing, as it did so, two large yellow eyes glaring at him through the darkness, and behind them, by the faint gleam of moonlight between the slides of the Venetian blinds, he could just distinguish a huge, dusky, shadowy mass.

The poor lieutenant's blood ran cold as he remembered Van Koop having told him that the black panthers often came into the houses at night, and that he had once found

one of them creeping along the veranda, and shot it dead in the very act of springing upon him. Bitterly did he now repent of his idle boasting at the dinner-table and his wish to meet with a panther. He *had* met with one, sure enough, and now his only wish was to get away from it as fast as possible.

But what was to be done? He had no weapon or defense of any kind. The monster was between him and the door, while it could reach the window with a single bound should he attempt to escape that way. At that time of night there seemed to be no chance of any one coming into the room, and to shout for help would probably bring the panther upon him at once.

All at once, in the midst of his terror, he recollected having read or heard that these beasts do not attack any creature until it begins to move. A frail chance, no doubt, but it was the only one he had. Crouching down upon the floor, and making himself as small as he could, he remained as still as a statue, holding his breath.

How long he sat cowering there he could never have told; but suddenly he thought he heard the monster's paws rustle, while its head seemed to move as if it were just about to spring upon him.

Just at that moment his ear, sharpened by terror, caught the sound of a footstep outside the door. Hardly knowing what he did, and quite forgetting, in his fright, the risk of startling the panther into springing upon him, he gave a shout for help that made the silent house echo.

Instantly the door opened, and in came Mynheer Van Koop himself, clad in a light dressing-gown, and looking as cool and comfortable as if no panther were within a hundred miles of him.

"What's the matter?" asked he, surveying his guest's agitated face by the light of the candle which he carried.

The lieutenant seized his arm with a grip like the claw of a cockatoo, and pointing to the crouching monster, was just beginning to falter out his explanation, when he was interrupted by a roar of laughter from his host, so loud and hearty that it seemed to shake the whole room.

"I really beg your pardon, Mynheer Hart," said the Dutchman, as well as he could speak for laughing; "but really it is rather funny that you should have been kept prisoner here all this time by a *stuffed* panther, with eyes of yellow glass!"

The poor lieutenant was utterly confounded; and although he remained several months longer in Java he was never heard to speak lightly of black panthers again.

## HOW TO CATCH A WATER-TURTLE.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

SOME time ago, while spending the summer in the country, I began the pleasing amusement of making an aquarium. I used various methods to procure the inmates of the great glass box which I had made for the



purpose, and was successful, except that I could not get a water-turtle. There they would lie on logs in the pond sunning themselves, but the moment I came within reaching distance, plump they would go into the water. At last I took an old soap box, and after carefully removing



one end I nailed on the cover. I then fastened the end to the cover by hinges, so that it would swing inward, and after throwing in a few bones and scraps of meat, I sunk the box in the pond, close beside a big log where the turtles were accustomed to sun themselves. I put a heavy stone on the box, so as to keep it steady, and awaited the next morning for developments.

Here I may say that this trap takes advantage of a peculiarity in the nature of the water-turtle, namely, if there is a log or stone that he can not get under, that is just the place that he wants to get; and I calculated that the slight resistance offered by my swinging door would be just enough to make the turtles determined to get into my box. The next morning when I went to my trap I found several turtles of all sizes, from one tiny yellow-spotted fellow, or mud-turtle, not larger than a half-dollar, to an ugly great snapper as big as your hat, and so ill-tempered that I let him go again, glad enough at having got rid of so troublesome a visitor. After that I set my trap several times, and caught a number of turtles. The smaller ones furnish a charming addition to an aquarium, and the larger ones, if properly dressed, make a capital stew.

## "LEFT BEHIND."

### OR, TEN DAYS A NEWSBOY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"TOBY TYLER," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," "RAISING THE 'PEARL,'" ETC.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### A GREAT SCHEME.

IT was not a long walk from the hogshead home to the house which Mrs. Green proposed to turn into a place where meals and lodgings could be procured on a limited scale; but neither Ben nor Johnny lost any opportunity of stopping to gaze in at the lighted windows that served as mirrors, in order to make sure that their attire had not been disarranged in any way by their rapid walk.

But they did ring the bell at last, and when Nelly came to the door there was no mistaking the fact that their appearance was striking in the highest degree; for the girl stood regarding them with so much astonishment that it was some time before she could invite them to walk in.

After the embarrassment caused by their costumes had passed away in a degree, although Nelly did not seem to have recovered from her surprise during the entire evening, Mrs. Green proceeded to the business on hand by showing the boys two rooms, furnished with no pretensions to elegance, but as neat as they were bare, which she told them she would let to four boys at the moderate price of two dollars and a half each per week, including meals and washing.

To Paul the difference was so great between that place and the one they were then occupying that he was anxious to go there at once, and the others were quite as eager as he was. Ben was sure that he could induce Dickey to make the fourth in that perfection of boarding-houses, as he knew it would prove to be, and in case he should not succeed in convincing Master Spry that it would be better for him to live there rather than in his hogshead, he promised to use all his eloquence on Mopsey Dowd or some other equally desirable party.

It would not be a difficult matter to move, for two coats rather the worse for wear and three old tomato cans were all the property they had to bring; Paul's tops, which were all the baggage he had, could be carried in his jacket pocket without any trouble.

When they got back to the hogshead that night, and

told Dickey of the important change they were about to make, he read them a very severe lesson on the sinfulness of extravagance.

But it was both time and labor thrown away to try to induce him to make the fourth of Mrs. Green's boarders; he positively refused to listen to the scheme, after it had been repeated to him once, and the conversation was ended by his buying back his old home at the original price, agreeing to pay ten cents each week, as soon as he should be once more firmly established in business.

On the following morning Paul went about his work quite as if he had been accustomed to that sort of thing for some time, and owing to the fact that the papers contained an account of a terrible railroad disaster, trade was remarkably good with him and Johnny, and bad with Ben.

When dinner-time came Paul and Johnny had cleared two dollars and ninety cents, with a fair prospect of making as much more in the afternoon, since additional particulars of the accident were received hourly.

Ben had only made thirty cents; but he and Johnny had always been in partnership, dividing equally the profits of both, and the same arrangement held good after Paul was taken into the concern.

It was decided that Ben should give up his business of boot-blackening that afternoon and sell papers with the others; so he carried his box to a friend who had a fancy-goods stand in the doorway of an unoccupied store, where he left it until he should finish his day's work.

Each paper that Paul sold that day had the same advertisement offering a reward for any tidings of him, but since he never looked at what his wares contained save to read the head-lines in large letters that gave him an idea as to what he should cry out, it did him no good.

They continued the trade in news until half past seven, and then hurried for the last time to their hogshead, where they found Dickey Spry eating his supper of crackers and cheese.

The process of finding out exactly how much they had made was a long and difficult one for both Ben and Johnny. Each time they counted it over it was with a different result, and when they were very warm, almost angry, and quite positive that the fault of the difference in reckoning was in the money itself, Paul took it upon himself to find out the amount of cash on hand.

Four dollars and eighty-three cents was the grand total of their earnings that day, and all hands were pleasantly surprised by the prosperity that had beamed upon them. Of course they could not expect such a result except on days when the papers contained some important news; but business would be sure to be good on the following morning, because then all the details of the accident would have been received, and after that perhaps Ben's business would have an impetus given it by some friendly shower.

At the end of the week they would owe Mrs. Green seven dollars and a half for the board of the firm, and Ben's proposition was unanimously adopted that they pay four dollars of that amount in advance, retaining the eighty-three cents as a working capital for next day.

Ben attempted to take quite an elaborate and affecting farewell of Master Spry, but that young gentleman refused utterly any more than the ordinary expressions of a parting.

"You'll be back here in less 'n a month, wantin' to live here again," he said, as, seated in the farthest corner of the hogshead, he looked out frowningly at their preparations for departure. "You can't swell very long at the rate of two dollars 'n' half a week, an' you'll be glad to crawl in here again."

Each of the three boys took a tomato can, while Ben and Johnny carried in addition the coats in which they had arrayed themselves the night before, and in this manner they started for their new boarding-house.

They were late; but Mrs. Green, knowing of the activ-



"'FELLERS! DO YOU KNOW WHAT WE CAN DO UP HERE?"

ity in the newspaper market, had expected they would be, and had made her preparations accordingly.

Paul felt wonderfully relieved at being able to wash himself with soap once more, and to have a towel to use, while it seemed as if Ben and Johnny never would make themselves ready to go to the table, so interested were they in the very "swell" thing of combing their hair before a looking-glass.

"I tell yer it's high," said Ben, emphatically, as he took up the towel, and then wiped his hands on the skirts of his coat lest he should soil it—"it's high, an' if we keep on at this rate we shall jest spread ourselves all over the block before we get through with it."

Johnny shook his head sagely, still unable to stop combing his hair in front of the glass, as if he wondered where all this luxury would lead them, while Paul contrasted this poorly furnished room, which his companions thought so magnificent, with what he had been accustomed to at home.

Mrs. Green succeeded in getting her boarders away from the contemplation of their surroundings by reminding them, in a very forcible voice, that everything would be spoiled if they waited much longer; and Ben and Johnny were in a dream of surprise during the meal, which was, as Ben afterward told Mopsey, "one of the swellest dinners ever got up in New York city."

After they had eaten as much as they wanted—and it seemed as if they never would get enough, so good did it taste—Nelly showed the boarders over the house, which was above a store, and which consisted of two floors, divided into five rooms, and an attic of which no use could be made except as a store-room, because of the fact that it was hardly more than five feet from the floor to the roof, and but partly finished.

Ben had been highly delighted with everything he saw,

Paul had expressed neither surprise nor pleasure, and Johnny had not been enthusiastic until he saw the attic.

The moment he was taken there, a gigantic idea seemed to have come to him very suddenly, and he stood in the centre of the place almost too much excited to give words to the thoughts that crowded upon him.

"'Fellers!" he cried, and he repeated it twice before he could say any more—"fellers! do you know what we can do up here?"

Now it is possible that both Ben and Paul could have thought of very many things they could do in a space as large as that attic; but since they did not know what Johnny referred to, they shook their heads negatively, and waited for him to tell them what it was that had so excited him.

"We can jest fix things up here, an' have a theatre—a reg'lar theatre, an' make more money than—than—well, all we want."

And then in a very excited way he went on to tell them just what could be done to transform the place into as beautiful a theatre, save in one or two unimportant details, as could be found in the city.

Nelly stood by looking first at one and then the other of the boys in mute surprise, while Paul, delighted at the idea of making a large sum of money at one bold stroke, thereby saving him all the weary days of waiting and working before he could return to his home, listened attentively.

Ben agreed in all his partner said, but he advised that Mrs. Green be consulted about the scheme before they went very far in deciding as to what work they would be obliged to do in order to transform the place from a rather dreary-looking attic into a theatre.

It then occurred to Johnny that Mrs. Green might ob-

jeet to such a plan, and he hastened down-stairs to consult with her at once.

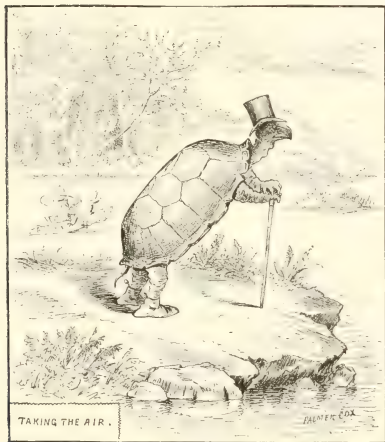
After considerable argument, during which he set forth as prominently as possible the enormous amount of money that could be earned, of which she should have a fair share, Johnny succeeded in gaining Mrs. Green's consent to the plan, and then the boys went to bed, almost too much excited at the prospect of being managers and proprietors of a theatre to be able to sleep.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### THE FROG AND TURTLE\*

BY MRS. G. F. WATSON.

A TURTLE came out on a rock one day,  
To get the air and sun,  
A poor old frog lay off in the bay,  
Looking forsaken and lone,  
But he never thought, in his simple brain,  
That frogs were small and turtles great,  
That he had no house or land of his own,  
And that made a difference in their estate.



And so he lay and blinked in the sun,  
As thankful as any frog could be,  
For he'd yet to learn the gulf that lies  
Twixt people of high and low degree,  
And he thought a very small thought indeed,  
That the turtle might now be waiting to speak,  
So to give him courage to open his shell,  
He made all haste, and with smiling cheek  
He hopped and hopped and hopped again  
Close to the rock where the turtle lay,  
Till his breath was gone, and he almost wished  
Himself back again in the lower bay.  
And now, with the very best intent,  
He gave the biggest kind of a jump,  
And came in the most impressive way  
Down on the sprawling turtle plump.  
"I beg your pardon, I only meant  
To inquire after your health to-day,  
But I find I'm not so young as I was,  
And hopping has taken my breath away."

\* A pathetic little letter sent us with these verses will be found in the Post-office Box.



"I wish it had, and 'twould never return."  
Said the snapping-turtle in an undertone.  
"For my part, I never could see at all  
Why you are allowed in the temperate zone;  
You don't know your place, and that's very plain,  
Or you wouldn't become so familiar here.  
I don't like your looks, or your style of dress;  
And frogs have no family, that's very clear.  
So go back where you came from again, I beg,  
And do not presume on acquaintance so;  
For how can a frog that hasn't a house  
Be able any good manners to know?"  
The poor old frog dropped down from the rock,  
Almost crushed with the bitter tone;  
And he said, to console his broken heart,  
As he hopped away to the bog alone.  
"I wouldn't be proud if I lugged on my back,  
From place to place, like a peddler's pack,  
My house and home and family tree;  
I'd rather be houseless, and homeless, and free."









## THE DISSOLVING COIN.

BY HENRY HATTON, MAGICIAN AND VENTRILOQUIST.

A WINE-GLASS is first shown, and to convince all that it is sound and perfect, some water is poured into it. Then a borrowed half-dollar is placed in a handkerchief, and while the performer holds this with one hand, with the other he brings the glass also under the handkerchief. Then he drops the coin into the glass, and the clink of the money as it strikes is distinctly heard. Yet, strange to say, on removing the handkerchief there is nothing in the glass but the water; the coin has vanished.

Where does it go? Why, into the wine-glass, and there it remains; for instead of placing a half-dollar in the handkerchief, the performer has substituted for it a piece of clear glass of the same size as the coin, which he holds concealed in his hand; and as this fits the bottom of the wine-glass and is perfectly transparent, no one can see it, and the audience suppose the coin has vanished. See!



TAKING MAMMA UPSTAIRS.

## FLORAL FIGURES.

BY FRANK BELLEW.

A GOOD many pretty and grotesque effects can be produced by using flowers, pressed or fresh, in the formation of human figures and animals. We give an illustration of a few where the pansy forms the head of a cat, an owl, and an old lady.

You draw the figure, and then color it in harmony with the colors of the pansy, and then gum the flower in its right position, or fix it there by making a small hole in the right part of your picture, and passing the stalk through it. In order to more firmly secure the flower, another hole may be made in the picture, and the stem of the flower passed through it, so as to form part of the picture, as in Aunt Flora (Fig. 1), where the stem forms the stick she holds in her hand, or the owl (Fig. 2), where the stalk forms a branch of the tree; and in the cat (Fig. 3) the stem may serve as a tail.

In order to make the color of the painted figure harmonize, some portion of color matching the leading color in the flower should be introduced into the figure. Thus in Aunt Flora we will say that the colors of the pansy are yellow and violet; you should therefore make her dress of a dark color with a violet



FIG. 1.

tone to it, and she should have a yellow ribbon round her neck. In the case of the cat the colors are deep purple and orange;



FIG. 2.

hence the cat should be painted with black markings of a purplish tone, and the lighter parts should be tawny or white, with a slight shading of orange-yellow.



FIG. 3.

# HARPER'S

# YOUNG PEOPLE

## AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 240.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Tuesday, June 3, 1884.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 per Year, in Advance.



"HE CARRIED HER SAFELY TO THE SHORE."

### "UNCLE HIRAM'S BABY."

BY SHERWOOD RYSE.

"HE would hardly do that, grandma," said Squire Weldon, leaning back in his roomy piazza chair, and smiling at his good-wife's earnestness.

"Now don't you be too sure, Robert," answered the lady, who, it was plain to see, was very much disturbed in mind over the subject of their conversation. "Those Western people have the queerest kind of notions—progressive, they call themselves; and if your nephew hasn't

shipped that blessed little innocent by express, I, for one, shall be surprised. Think of it!—the dear! with a little tag around its pretty neck. Some folks act as if they were born without a grain of sense."

"I guess it can play 'tag' all the way over; that's some comfort," said Mr. Weldon, smiling at his rare joke.

"For shame, Robert! And suppose the tag should come off!"

But this was too much for Mr. Weldon's gravity, and his outburst of merriment was only checked by his wife insisting on hearing

the most important part of Nephew Hiram's letter read over again.

"You always said, dear Uncle Robert, that you would never be astonished at anything I might do. I wonder if you will be astonished when I tell you how your long-lost nephew proposes to impose on your good-nature. I am going away to California, to be absent the whole summer, on very important business. John, my eldest boy, I shall take with me, and Ella I am going to leave with her aunts in Iowa, who are delighted to have her. My youngest boy—my 'baby,' I call him—and indeed he has but late-



ly passed his fourth birthday—I am going to send to you, in the hope that he may prove a good ambassador to repair the long neglect with which I have treated my nearest living relatives, whose kind and noble characters I have never forgotten, though we have seen each so little during a score of years and more. Will you receive my 'baby' boy and care for him? I know dear Aunt Mary has a large heart, and I feel sure she will give him a large and loving welcome. He is a fine boy for his age, and such an amiable, gay-hearted creature that I have no doubt he will be an acceptable playmate for his little cousins, whose ages I am ashamed to say I can not remember. I shall ship the boy on the 19th, and I hope he will reach you safely, 'right side up, with care.'

"There, my dear," said Mrs. Weldon, as her husband ceased reading; "nothing could be plainer. That child's coming by express, and the man doesn't even say whether by American or Adams."

"Perhaps Eve's grandma—new company for shipping babies by, C. O. D.," returned the old gentleman. But his wife treated the humorous suggestion with contempt. The matter was, in her eyes, too serious for joking.

But, notwithstanding her anxiety, Mrs. Weldon was delighted at the idea of the coming baby; and when her grandchildren came home from school and heard the strange news, they were even more excited than she was.

Robbie and Winnie were the orphan children of Squire Weldon's eldest son, and ever since their father's death they had lived at the Bower Farm—a delightful rustic home, to which their grandfather had retired with a comfortable fortune many years before. Robbie was the elder, a high-spirited, frank-hearted boy of thirteen, with much capacity for mischief, from which, however, he generally managed to come out smiling after the rain. Winnie, two years younger, was the delight of the old folks' hearts, and while she returned their tender affection, she regarded her brother as the kindest, bravest, best, and, in practical affairs, wisest, of living boys.

For some days after the coming of Mr. Hiram Weldon's letter the only topic of conversation was the expected arrival of the little waif. "Uncle Hiram's baby" became a catch-word at the Bower Farm, and as both Robbie and Winnie had eagerly told the news at school, the whole neighborhood was aware of the fact that Squire Weldon was expecting a baby by express from the far West.

But while expectation was at white heat—for several days had passed since the receipt of the letter, and Mrs. Weldon was paying a daily visit to both the express offices, to the great entertainment of the agents in charge—an accident occurred which came near turning the Bower Farm into a house of mourning, for which even "Uncle Hiram's baby" would have been but slight consolation.

On Saturday afternoon Robbie and Winnie had gone fishing in Pickerel Pond, a pretty sheet of water a mile or more from their home. As the afternoon wore away, and their success had been small, they put up their fishing-rods, and pulled off shoes and stockings to paddle about in the shallow water. Soon this sport also grew tame, and looking around for some amusement with which to beguile the hours until supper-time, Robbie chanced to think of an old flat-bottomed boat that lay half in and half out of the water at a little distance from them. When the boy proposed anything, his sister was sure to agree to it; and though she had misgivings about the boat, her confidence in her brother overcame her fears.

The boat was partly water-logged, but the last voyagers in her had left the tin kettle they had used to bail her out with, and she was soon in what the children considered good enough condition to launch. This was a work of some time and labor, and when she was finally under way, the navigators agreed that they were Indians who had launched their canoe upon the broad bosom of the "Father of Waters."

"Ugh! ugh!" said Robbie, in a language that he considered to be a very fair imitation of the Chickasaw tongue. "Ankory-tankory rope too short. Great chief make him longer. Squaw sit still in boat. Ugh!"

"No; I'm not going to be a squaw," objected Winnie. "Squaws don't have any adventures. I'm a great chief too, and my name's Painted Feather."

"All right," said the first great chief; "but you must drop that white man's lingo, and talk Injun like me. Great chiefs never use more than a few words of white man's talk; they're too proud. You shall be Painted Feather, and I'll be Roaring Buffalo. Only you must talk Injun."

This Winnie was quite willing to do, and to open the conversation she was about to remark "Ugh!" when a sudden lurch of the boat, as her brother jumped out, caused her to change it to "Oh!" which she uttered in a tone that expressed less of the indifference of a great chief than of the natural fear of a little girl who did not feel altogether at home in a rickety boat.

Robbie ran back on shore some little distance to where the anchor lay imbedded in the earth, and exerted his utmost strength to move it, but in vain. Then Painted Feather came to his assistance, and the "Injun" language was forgotten while the heavy iron refused to move. After having wasted time, strength, and temper to no purpose, Winnie suggested untying the rope from the anchor, which way out of the difficulty was so satisfactory that Roaring Buffalo resumed his use of the Chickasaw language, and volunteered the remark that Painted Feather was a "great medicine man," even if she wasn't a great warrior. Then he tied the rope to a large stone, and pushed off.

They now had about a hundred feet of line, and having gone out some little distance into "the wild waste of waters," as Robbie called it, the Indian language came more readily to their lips, and Roaring Buffalo's war-whoops resounded over the pond. A road ran not far from the shore, but so untravelled was it that not a soul was disturbed or attracted by their shouting—except one. This was a youth, who, having come down to the edge of the pond to learn the cause of so much noise, stood for a few minutes unobserved, and then continued on his way.

Meanwhile Roaring Buffalo and Painted Feather were tiring of their amusement, and when the former great chief seized the line to haul the boat back to shore he was dismayed to find that it came easily—that, in fact, it had come unfastened from the big stone on shore, and the boat was quietly setting down the current. Then he realized that they were at least twice as far from land as the length of the rope would allow, and it would have required a stouter heart than Roaring Buffalo possessed to suppress the tell-tale tremor of fear in his voice when he told his sister that the boat was loose, and their communication with land and home—perhaps with life itself—cut off. It was no "great chief," but a very frightened boy, who turned a white face upon the sister who had embarked with him on this adventure, trusting to his skill and care. Nevertheless there was something of the pride of a "great chief" in his strong disinclination to cry for help, and they might have delayed doing it until help was out of reach had not Winnie discovered a new and more serious danger in their situation.

"Oh, Robbie, the boat's sinking!" she cried. "See how deep the water is! It's coming in so fast! Oh, what shall we do?"

It was true. They had bailed most of the water out of the boat before launching her, but she was old and leaky, and they, without shoes or stockings, cared nothing for what little water had been left in her; nor had they noticed the gradual increase. Now, when it seemed as if hours must elapse before they could drift to shore or be rescued, they realized that the sinking of the boat was a question of minutes rather than of hours.



There was a ring of fear in Robbie's voice as he cried aloud for help, and the wayfaring youth who had watched them from under the trees could hardly believe it was the same boyish voice that had sent forth the defiant war-whoop of a few minutes ago. He turned and hastened to the edge of the pond.

"What's the matter?" he cried.

"The boat's sinking. Oh, help us, please!"

"Haven't you any oars?"

"No; and the rope's got loose."

"What rope?"

Robbie hauled it in, and showed it to him.

"All right. Tie something to the end of the rope, and when I tell you, throw it as far as you can to me."

Robbie looked around for something heavy to tie to the rope. An old iron rowlock was fortunately at hand, and he attached it to the rope, and stood ready to throw.

"Not yet," called the figure on the shore, who had by this time taken off his shoes and stockings, and turned his trousers up as high as he could. "Coil the rope on the stern—so," he cried, making a circular motion with his hand. "Now throw with all your might."

Robbie threw with all his might, but the rowlock fell far short of the shore. By this time the rescuer was up to his knees in water, and as soon as he saw how far the rowlock was coming he plunged forward to meet it. Owing to its sinking so quickly he had to go some distance further than where it struck the water, but in a few seconds he had caught the rope, having gone waist-deep into the water to do so. Then he began to haul in the boat; but it was very slow work. Meantime the water was gradually rising in the boat, and the strain on the rope gradually becoming harder. Robbie and Winnie eagerly watched the exertions of their timely friend, and dreaded what they expected to happen next—the breaking of the rope. But the youth on shore kept up a steady pull without jerking, and the distance between them was sensibly lessened, the more quickly as he got into shallower water.

Minutes seemed like hours to the anxious adventurers, but at last the old craft was towed into shallow water, and having fastened the line securely, their new-found friend advanced to help them out of their wet quarters.

"Well, I don't wonder the old hulk was so heavy," was his first greeting. "Half full of water! She'd have sunk in half an hour. Now, young man, I guess you can wade to shore, and perhaps I can save your sister a wetting if she'll let me carry her."

Now, under ordinary circumstances, nothing would have been more indignantly declined by this young lady than an offer from a boy not many years older than herself to carry her. But the events of the last twenty minutes had subdued her spirit, and after Robbie had been lifted out and set down in water almost up to his waist, she suffered herself to be taken in her rescuer's strong arms. Then he carried her safely to the shore. All she could say to him was, "Thank you," as if he had only helped her to step from a boat on to dry land, instead of having saved her life; and then she sat down and cried. Robbie did not cry, though he looked as if the tears were not far off, but he could not bring himself to express the gratitude and admiration he felt for his preserver.

"Don't you think you had better go home?" asked that young gentleman, after waiting a few minutes. "Your brother is wet through, and I'm not as dry as tinder myself, either."

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" replied Winnie. "If Robbie will please find my shoes and stockings—"

As they walked home the ice of new acquaintance gradually melted, and they talked about themselves and their adventure, and invited their new hero to come home with them to dry his clothes and take supper. Soon they got on the interesting topic their recent experience had driven out of mind, namely, "Uncle Hiram's baby."

"Uncle Hiram's baby!" said the older boy. "Why, what is that?"

"Oh, it's a little baby that our uncle Hiram is sending us all the way from Nebraska. It's coming by express."

"By express! Oh, that's too funny!"

Winnie would not agree to this, and after a little more talk on the subject the boy asked,

"And what is the baby's name?"

"Weldon, of course; same as ours."

"But I mean his first name."

"Oh, I don't know. Uncle Hiram didn't say. And it doesn't matter. His papa calls him 'Baby.' Little boys four years old don't want names."

"Four years old, coming by express, and isn't worth a name! Oh, that's splendid!" and he laughed again.

"What's your name, please?" asked Winnie, timidly.

"Mine? Oh, Percy George, ma'am, at your service."

"Is that all?"

"Why, isn't that enough?"

"Yes, but—"

"But what?"

"Well, it doesn't sound finished, that's all."

"What a funny girl you are! Just now you said a boy four years old didn't need any name, and then because I'm sixteen, two names aren't enough for me."

"Yes, but George isn't any sort of name to end up with, you know."

"Indeed I *don't* know. Why, it's quite common. Let's see; there was—there was—"

"Patrick Henry," suggested Robbie, promptly coming to his assistance.

"Yes, to be sure; Patrick Henry. 'Give me liberty, or—give me another name to end up with.'"

Arrived home, the two younger members of the party hastened to Squire Weldon and informed him of their adventure and their fortunate rescue; and when the old gentleman learned that the hero of the day was out on the back piazza, he went down and thanked him warmly for his noble deed—praise which Percy George felt ashamed to accept, since, after all, he had risked nothing but a wetting.

Of course he was pressed to come in, and when it was learned that he was a stranger in the neighborhood, it was insisted that he should stay all night under the hospitable roof of the Bower Farm.

While the young people were changing their wet clothes for dry ones, Mrs. Weldon drove up, having just paid her third visit for the day to the two express offices.

"Grandpa," she called out, "I've been down to that express office again, and nothing has been heard about 'Uncle Hiram's baby,' and no answer to any of our telegrams. I'm almost distracted. I've left word that they're to send up the moment it arrives, even if it's the dead of night."

Then Grandpa Weldon came down stairs and told the story of the children's adventure, and "Uncle Hiram's baby" was out of mind once more.

Before supper was over Percy George had captured the hearts of the older folks as easily as he had won those of the younger ones. He was so gentlemanly, so respectful, so frank, and so gay that the Squire and his wife pronounced him a "splendid young fellow," and a "most delightful young gentleman," while Robbie and Winnie regarded him with unmixed admiration.

It was high time for these young people to have been in bed when the maid-servant entered the room and said, "Please, ma'am, the express has brought something."

They all jumped up, including Percy George, who seemed to have caught the enthusiasm of the family about express parcels.

"Please, ma'am," continued the girl, "he says he guesses it is the baby."

"At last, Robert!" said Mrs. Weldon, gravely, as she hastened, with the others close at her heels, to the door.

But no childish figure (with a tag round its neck) met

their eager sight: only an expressman, and a trunk that he had deposited on the stoop, and for which he wished to collect fifty cents.

"The baby?" demanded Mrs. Weldon.

"Well, ma'am, if I've got any baby, it must be in this 'ere trunk," replied the man, with a grim chuckle.

"Don't be foolish, man!" exclaimed the old lady.

"The poor child would be dead. If you haven't brought that baby—"

"Please, Mrs. Weldon," said a voice which could hardly be recognized as that of Percy George, "I must beg your pardon. I'm an impostor. I'm afraid you'll be disappointed, but I'm the ba—boy you have been expecting. I didn't mean to deceive you, but—"

"You!—you Uncle Hiram's baby!" exclaimed all the voices except the expressman's. "Nonsense, young man," continued Mrs. Weldon. "No such foolishness, please;" and the worthy lady felt wrath in her heart against the youth who had but a few hours ago rescued her beloved children from a great peril.

"I'm sorry to say it's true, ma'am," said the boy. "My name is Percy George Weldon, and that's my trunk."

"Right, ma'am," put in the expressman. "'Percy George Weldon, care of Robert Weldon, Esquire, The Bower Farm, Holmedale'—that's what's on the label. Fifty cents to collect."

The mystery was soon cleared up. Percy Weldon had grown tired of railroad travelling for three days and

nights, and had determined to make the last sixteen miles of his journey either on horseback or on foot. He expressed his trunk, and failing to find a suitable horse, started out on foot, falling in with his young cousins, as we have seen, in the moment of their greatest need. On hearing that he was expected to arrive at the Bower Farm in the form of a four-year-old "baby," he determined to carry on the joke, and he had not intended to reveal his name until the following morning, for he considered that his service of the afternoon entitled him to accept the Squire's hospitality for the night.

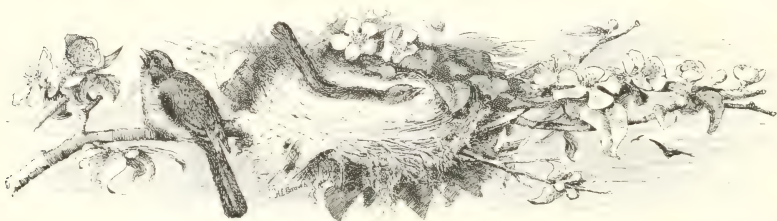
"But I can't for the life of me understand," said Mrs. Weldon, when Percy had told his story, and satisfied them that he really was "Uncle Hiram's baby," "why your father should have said you were only four years old."

"Didn't he say that I had but just passed my fourth birthday?"

"Well, but you're seventeen or eighteen, I'll be bound."

"I'm only sixteen, Aunt Mary, but as I was born on the 29th of February, I've only had four birthdays—one every leap-year. It was only papa's fun."

It was thought a capital joke. All Holmedale heard of it, and shook their sides with laughing, and neither they nor Percy George Weldon will ever forget "Uncle Hiram's baby," unless that "baby" should some day forget the delightful home he found among his new relations at the Bower Farm.



"*THERE is no cloud that sails along the ocean of your sky  
But bath its own winged murmurers to pierce its melody  
Thou so'st their glittering fans outspread, all gleaming like  
red gold;*

*And hark! with shrill pipe musical their merry courses they hold,  
God bless them all, those little ones, who, free above this world,  
Can make a soul of its own joys and rent a nobler worth.*  
—WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

## GENERAL SANTA ANNA.

BY ALLAN FORMAN

IT was my first evening at the old homestead, when just at dusk I was startled by a tap, tap on the porch outside the kitchen door. I paused in my conversation and listened. Tip, tap, tip, tap. My aunt noticed my surprise, and laughingly explained: "It's only Santa Anna."

I concluded that Santa Anna was a dog, probably a great shaggy Newfoundland, who was lying on the porch and rapping his bushy tail on the wooden floor. Later in the evening one of the farm hands came in and remarked that "General Sante Amny fell into the pig's pen, and it took me nigh half an hour to git him out."

Santa Anna must be a small dog, I concluded—a big Newfoundland wouldn't fall into the pig pen.

The next morning the cook complained that "General Santa Anna jumped into the bread pan, and I had to throw the whole lot away."

"Yes," answered my uncle, "and he went into the garden and dug up most of the early pease."

"And he drove the ducklings away, and ate up their breakfast," added the hired man.

"Well," said my uncle, after a pause, "I guess I'll have to make him into soup."

"Soup!" I thought. "Well, it clearly is not a dog." As I was wondering what it could be I heard the pit-a-pat again, and my young cousin Fred, who had sat quiet during the conversation, shouted,

"Here's General Santa Anna!"

I turned and saw coming through the door the most dissipated, bedraggled-looking rooster. He limped painfully, and I noticed that his locomotion was assisted by a wooden leg.

I gazed at him in astonishment. So miserable-looking a fowl was a curiosity on my uncle's well-kept farm; but this one, with his ragged feathers, his torn comb, his wooden leg, and, above all, a certain impudent, aggressive manner with which he surveyed the company, reminded me so forcibly of a tramp that I burst into a laugh. Santa Anna answered with a sort of mixed cackle and crow, which sounded strangely like a contemptuous laugh, and stumped off to Fred's seat, where he waited expectantly. My uncle saw my wonder, and explained

"You see, this fellow was a little chick when Fred had

scarlet fever, and one night when the hens went to roost under the shed he cut his leg on a scythe. Next morning I brought him in to Fred. We bandaged up the wounded leg, and he got well; but he was Fred's companion while the boy was sick, so that now he is a sort of privileged character, and goes and comes as he chooses.

"You see, the cut healed up, but that leg never grew any, so Fred whittled him a wooden one and bound it on. At first he fought, and tried to pick it off, but in a little while he got used to it, and now he always sleeps with his wooden leg drawn up under his wing, and that is the reason we call him Santa Anna. Sometimes he forgets himself, and tries to stand on the wooden leg, with the other drawn up. He always falls, and after he recovers himself he attacks whatever may happen to be nearest to him, evidently thinking that he has been knocked down."

Santa Anna took a most intense dislike to me, following me from place to place, and making unpleasant remarks about my dress and appearance, taking a sly peck at my feet when I wore slippers, and showing his dislike in a thousand different ways. I got used to it, but I must confess to a wicked joy when I heard of his death.

One day he flew up on the well curb. This was well enough so long as he stood on his sound foot; but in a moment of forgetfulness, or perhaps in trying to imitate the circus riders whose posters covered the fences, he attempted to stand on the wooden leg. A moment of fluttering in an attempt to balance himself, and down the well he went, screaming furiously at the well curb for tipping him over. We lowered the bucket, but of no avail; he attacked it viciously when it came in his reach, and at last, when we succeeded in drawing him up, he was dead. Fred buried him, and the hired man painted a neat head-board. Visitors are now as much puzzled as I was

on the first evening of my visit when they read on the red head-board in green letters:

HERE LIES BURIED  
GENERAL SANTA ANNA.

## "LEFT BEHIND:" Or, TEN DAYS A NEWSBOY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"TORY TYLER," "MR. STUBBS'S BESIDDER," "RAISING THE 'PEARL,'" ETC.

### CHAPTER V.

MESSRS. TREAT, JONES, WESTON, & DOWD.

THE particular circle of society in which Ben and Johnny moved was shaken to its very centre by the news which was whispered from one to the other on the day after those young gentlemen and Paul had taken up their abode at Mrs. Green's.

Early that morning the most exciting topic of conversation had been Master Spry's misfortune and Tim Dooley's perfidy. Then came the news that Ben and Johnny, since the coming of their guest, who was evidently a suspicious sort of a person, as was shown by his clothes and his entire ignorance of the slang of the street, were no longer proud of their neat little bit of real estate, but had made a change which would probably be the means of their ruin.

That they had been so extravagant as to engage rooms



"MULTIPLICATION IS VEXATION"

at a regular boarding-house, where they were to spend their substance on three square meals each day, seemed like a reckless disregard of money, and the price which they were to pay for board was stated at various sums from five to ten dollars per week.

But that was not the only bit of wonderful news. Jimmy Sullivan stated—and he was supported by several others as the time wore on—that Johnny himself had told him that they were to start a regular theatre, and had already engaged a hall, which would be converted into a first-class place of amusement as soon as possible. This would have been regarded simply as a rumor started for the purpose of injuring the credit of these young gentlemen had it not come so directly from one of the parties concerned, and must therefore be true.

Business was in a great measure given up for that day, and little knots of boys gathered at the street corners, eagerly discussing the news, which threatened to destroy the credit, for a time at least, of two merchants who were well known among the boot-blackening and news-selling circles.

It was well known by the majority of those who discussed this startling intelligence that it was only three weeks since the firm of Treat & Jones had bought a house on credit, and that there was still a debt of twenty cents upon it in favor of the now bankrupt merchant Mr. Dickey Spry. To be sure, Messrs. Treat & Jones had taken in a new partner very recently; but there were those who knew that this new boy had only brought to the firm three cents and two tops, which could not bring in any very large amount of money, even though a cash customer were found for them at once. It was very clear that this new partner was more of a drawback than a help to the firm, and the mystery seemed greater than ever.

Dickey Spry, on being asked about the matter, put on a wise air, and shook his head gravely, which was very much as if he had said that he was sorry to see two such promising boys ruining themselves as rapidly as these two were. Regarding the debt on the hogshead home he refused to say anything, save that he had bought it back.

Owing to the possibility of his becoming a boarder at Mrs. Green's and a partner in the theatrical business, Mopsey Dowd refused to express any opinion on the matter; but it was said by those who called upon him that he turned the handle of his pea-nut roaster nervously and quickly whenever the subject was mentioned.

Meanwhile those who had caused all this wonder and doubt were doing their best to sell their goods, and reaping almost as rich a harvest as on the day before. They could not fail to notice the singular actions of their friends, and also that whenever they approached three or four who were talking earnestly, the conversation would cease entirely, the boys either walking away or keeping silent until they had passed.

It caused them no little surprise, this singular behavior on the part of their friends; but there was too much money to be made for them to try to understand it then, and they continued the sale of their papers, while the others talked gloomily of their fears for the future of the rash youths who would change their positions in life by such dangerous ventures.

As a matter of fact, Johnny was the one who was responsible for all this excitement, since it was he who had told of the theatrical enterprise. He had been in such a state of excitement since he had first thought of the scheme that it was almost a matter of impossibility for him to get along ten minutes without speaking of it to some one; and when he told the story he was more apt to speak of the theatre as he hoped they could arrange it than as it would probably be.

But it must not be supposed that either Ben or Paul was indifferent to the matter. They were almost as much excited about it as Johnny was, though they were not as eager to consult others regarding it.

As has been said, trade was very good that morning, and when they went home for a lunch—which, by the way, they thought was much better than any of the regular dinners they had been buying down-town—even Mrs. Green was disposed to think that there might possibly be some chance that they could do as Johnny had proposed.

It had been their intention to call on Dickey Spry that evening for the purpose of trying to cheer him a little in his troubles; but they were too eager to accomplish their new scheme to think of spending their time anywhere but in the famous attic where they were to display their talents as actors, as well as earn so much wealth.

It was just as well that they did not keep to their original plan, for when Ben explained to Master Spry the reason why they could not keep their engagement with him, he gruffly told them that it was all right, for he had already made up his mind to go to Jersey City in search of the defaulter, Tim Dooley.

Therefore they were not troubled with any pangs of conscience because they were leaving Dickey to mourn alone while they planned the transformation of the attic, and their dinner was eaten with a quickness that astonished their landlady.

Johnny took upon himself the duties of architect, and, considering the difficulties in the way, the others were not unwilling that he should hold the office.

Master Jones found that there was a vast deal of difference between thinking of what he would like to do in the way of making improvements and actually planning how to make them. He knew that he wanted a stage at one end of the attic, but when the others waited to hear how he could go to work to build it with the limited amount of money at his disposal, he was almost at a loss to know what to say or do.

In order that they might set about their work intelligently, Nellie produced what had once been a tape measure one foot in length; but it had seen such hard usage that only about eight inches remained in good order, and with this the amateur architect set about a portion of his work which was to him very painful.

He decided first that it would be a useless waste of material to build a stage entirely across one end of the attic, since they would not be crowded from lack of room, owing to the small number of performers, and after a great amount of pacing back and forth and hard thinking, he drew two chalk lines at what he supposed equal distances from the walls.

Between these lines he measured with his fragment of a tape measure, and found that it was exactly thirty times the length of the tape. Thirty times eight inches was therefore the length of his proposed stage, or, more properly speaking, his platform, and he seated himself, with a look of care on his face, and a remarkably small piece of lead-pencil in his mouth, to figure up the grand total of inches.

He could multiply the cipher easily enough, for he was positive that the answer would be the same, however large the multiplier might be; but the question of how much eight times three was troubled him greatly.

After trying in vain to arrive at the correct result by the process of multiplication, he in his despair was about to resort to the tiresome plan of counting the number of inches on the tape measure thirty times over, when Paul astonished him by giving the result without even using the pencil and paper.

"How nice that is!" said Johnny, with a sigh of relief, as he wiped from his brow the perspiration that had been forced out by his mental exertions, and he began to realize that a knowledge of the multiplication table was very useful to a person in any line of business.

Paul further informed him that two hundred and forty inches were twenty feet; and then he proceeded with



greater confidence to calculate the width, which he decided should be six feet.

After it was settled that the platform should be raised two feet from the floor, and Paul had figured up the exact number of square feet of lumber which would be necessary to cover the proposed space, they began a serious discussion as to where the material could be procured.

Ben settled it finally that he would call upon a carpenter whom he knew, from having slept in his shop on the shavings several cold nights in the winter.

It would be necessary to have some scenery, and that Johnny had already arranged for in his mind. He had decided that it could be made by pasting old newspapers together, hanging them on strings, and coloring them with red, green, and black crayons. For this purpose stout cord was necessary, and Ben went out and bought some. Their next step was to gather up all the old newspapers they could find in the house, and Nelly set about making some flour paste, while Johnny went in search of the crayons.

Thus they made considerable progress in their enterprise that night, but it yet lacked a system, and, what was more important, money.

In order to remedy this, Johnny called for a strict calculation of the cash on hand, since they had been too busy to reckon up that day's sales.

By common consent Paul was chosen as book-keeper, so far as figuring up different amounts, whether of money or material desired, was concerned, and, thanks to his knowledge of arithmetic, it was not many moments before he informed them that the capital of eighty-three cents with which they had commenced that day's business had been increased to three dollars and ninety-five cents, a clear profit of three dollars and twelve cents.

Out of this one dollar and a half was given to Mrs. Green toward the payment of the balance that would be due on their board bill, one dollar was set apart toward building the theatre, and sixty-two cents were to be used in business the following day.

They had hardly settled these questions when Mrs. Green's voice from the floor below announced that Master Mopsey Dowd had called to see them.

If Master Dowd had had any doubts as to the desirableness of becoming one of Mrs. Green's boarders, they all faded away when he saw that attic, every timber of which seemed to be begging to be converted into a theatre.

In fact, Master Dowd was so impressed with the advantages of that place as a theatre that he did not even speak to his friends until he had paced up and down the room, dreaming of the fame that might be won there.

He was recalled from these pleasant dreams by stepping on a tack that penetrated his shoe at that place where a patch was much needed, and then he appeared to see for the first time his friends, who were anxiously waiting for him to complete his survey of the room.

"It's a stunner," he said, patronizingly, to Ben, as he seated himself on the floor, with easy grace, to remove the tack from his foot—"it's a stunner, an' we can jest set the boys wild if we can play somethin' with plenty of murder in it."

"Then you'll come in with us?" asked Johnny.

"Yes, I'll join yer," said Mopsey, looking around as if he expected to see every face light up with joy at his decision—"I'll join yer, an' I'll come here to board to-morrow."

Then, as was perfectly proper, this new partner was informed of the amount of cash capital on hand, and after Paul had reckoned that their dollar represented thirty-three and one-third cents as the share of each one, Mopsey generously counted out thirty-four cents, claiming no credit for the extra two-thirds of a cent. Thus it was that the firm of Treat, Jones, Weston, & Dowd sprang into existence.

## A CAGE FOR CANARY-BIRDS.

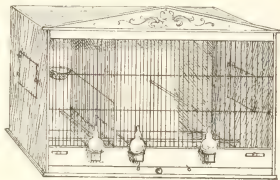
WHEN you go to the fancier's to buy your first canary, that person will hand the little captive over to you in a poor little wicker cage, and inform you that the cage is "thrown in." And so it is, in the same way as, when you buy a pound of candy, the paper bag or box is "thrown in" without charge. This cage is merely for convenience in carrying. As soon as you reach home, if you have not already provided a house for the little captive, you should lose no time in doing so.

There is always something very satisfactory about anything made with your own hands, and if you have studied the habits and tastes of the bird or other pet that you wish to build a house for, you will probably provide it a better habitation than a "store-made" cage. But to begin to make a cage without any knowledge of its future occupant's habits would be about as absurd as to build a dog kennel for a pig, or to expect Rover to feel any pride in Mr. Hog's spacious residence.

The materials required for making a cage are some pine board (about half an inch thick), plenty of wires a little longer than will show in the finished cage, some fine steel wire for fastening, glue, nails, and perhaps some pieces of walnut or other hard wood to give a pleasing appearance to the front of the cage.

If the cage is to be a "family house," it should be divided into two compartments, and so should be of a good size—say, twenty-two inches by twelve, and fifteen inches high. Measure and cut the pieces for the top and bottom of the cage, being careful to make them exactly equal in size, and then the sides, and lastly the back, which should cover but not overlap the ends of the side walls to which it will be fastened. Next you will cut the doorways in each of the side walls, and these should be four inches square—large enough to admit a hand, even with a bird in it. These doorways will be best cut with a scroll-saw, and the pieces that come out will form the doors when you are ready to fasten them on.

The walls, floor, and roof may now be fastened together, and this is done with the familiar hammer and nails,



assisted by a little glue. The glue (which should be used hot) fills up the space between the pieces of wood, and helps to keep the cage free from vermin, as well as firm and air-tight. If you have made your pieces carefully, you will be delighted with the "good job" you have made. Nothing in carpentry is more annoying than to find that pieces which seem to be "just right" will not fit "just right" when they are nailed together.

While the glue is drying you may work on the front. A strip of hard wood is nailed across the front, the lower edge of which comes an inch above the floor, so as to leave room for the false bottom to be drawn out. The strip should be two and a half inches wide, and should fit *within* the side walls, so that nails need not show in front. Before nailing, however, it would be well to provide for the feeding vessels, so cut a hole near each end of this strip about two inches wide by three-quarters of an inch



"WHAT TIME IS IT?"

high. Little square tin or glass dishes can then be easily cleaned and filled without the trouble of "fishing" them out through the door.

The false bottom is for the sake of cleanliness, and is merely a floor of wood that is slid in and out over the fixed floor. All cages should be provided with them. The front of the false bottom should be made of the same hard wood as the strip across the front of the cage, and two small brass or enamelled knobs will give it an ornamental appearance. Be careful to see that the false bottom, when in position, exactly fits the space you left for it.

The wood-work is now finished, and a very plain, unpretending house it is; but the wire will give it a habitable look, just as the glass panes give a cheerful and light appearance to an unfinished "sure-enough" house. As the cage is to have two rooms, a partition is necessary. One of the rooms—the sitting-room, as it were—is about twice as large as the other, the nesting-room; so at about one-third of the distance between the two sides of the cage you will make grooves in which the partition may slide in and out. The upper groove is fastened to the back of the cage at one end, and to the front at the other. The lower groove is fastened to the back of the cage and to the strip of wood across the front.

This lower groove should reach to the false bottom, but should not fit so closely that the false bottom can not be easily withdrawn. As for the partition itself, it need only be said here that it is made exactly like the front of the cage, which we will now turn to.

The wires are not fastened into the roof and cross-bar

of the cage, but are let into a frame which is put in position after the wiring is done. Cut the two bars of the frame for top and bottom exactly the same length, and then with a two-pronged fork mark the places where the holes are to be bored right through the bars for the wires. If you use a small enough gimlet the wires will require no fastening, for they will fit tightly in the holes; and in cutting off the lengths of wire cut them long enough to be seized with the pincers and pulled tightly through the holes. Then snip off with your pliers the pieces that extend beyond the bars. Of course you must not omit to leave little round holes for the birds to pop their heads through in order to get at the water-fountains that will be hung outside the cage, but the making of these holes must be left to your own skill as a wire-worker.

When the upright wires are fitted, cross wires—two of them, at equal distances from the top and bottom and from each other—may be fastened on with fine wire, but as the partition between the two rooms of the cage is a sliding one, of course it will not do to stretch the cross wires right across the cage: they must be made in two pieces each. When all the wire-work is completed, try your sliding partition to prove if it works properly when the front is in position, and if it does you will only need to fix up the perches before you fasten the barred front in its proper place, and the cage will be completed. It may not be a handsome dwelling even for a canary, but as you regard it with modest pride, you may say with the merry Touchstone in Shakespeare's comedy, "A poor one, sir, but mine own."

## A RIDING CLUB.

BY GUSTAV KOEBE

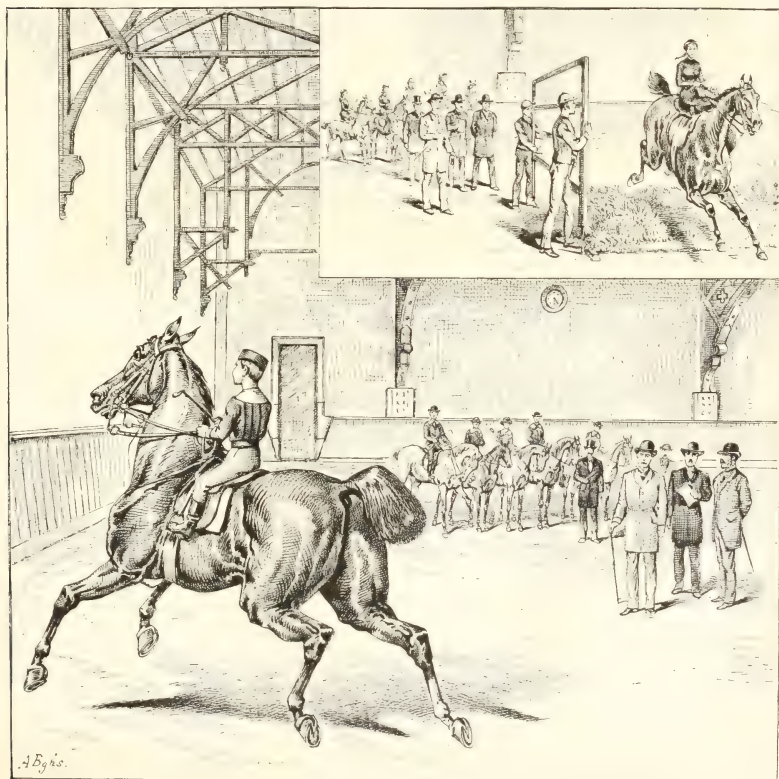
**N**EARLY all our young readers doubtless know all about base-ball, foot-ball, and boat clubs. The boys among them probably belong to one kind or another of these clubs, and when there are exciting games of ball or boat-races the girls are there to put them on their mettle. But some of the boys and girls in New York belong to a club for horseback riding, which is, of course, quite different from those spoken of, and rather uncommon.

In a city like New York, where all the winter riding is under a sheltering roof, a club of this kind needs a fine building large enough to inclose an ample space covered with springy tan bark, and to belong to it you must have a papa who, besides owning a horse, can spend one hundred dollars every year for keeping the building in order, and for the services of a superintendent and riding-masters, who keep the youngsters in order. The building

and the youngsters being thus provided for, the riding goes on very pleasantly year in and year out.

In the country, where there is plenty of free open space, or in country towns, with the fields and the woody roads near by, where there are usually plenty of horses, if the father or the big brother is willing to take upon himself the task of riding-master, clubs for horseback riding may be formed with less trouble than in cities. And yet there are few, if any, outside the large cities. In fact, the only club of the kind in these parts that I know of is the Gentlemen's Riding Club in New York.

This club consists of some two hundred and thirty-five members, and the rules forbid that more than two hundred and fifty should belong to it at one time. This is to prevent the ring from being uncomfortably crowded; indeed it would be so if only the two hundred and thirty-five who now belong to it were all to ride at the same time. But luckily they never do, so there is always plenty of room for riding in the ring. Some of the members keep their horses in the stables attached to the building, so, as the



CHILDREN'S PRIZE COMPETITION AT THE GENTLEMEN'S RIDING CLUB, NEW YORK



club-house is on Fifty-eighth Street, near Fifth Avenue, they are able to reach Central Park a few moments after leaping into the saddle. This is a great advantage of a fine spring morning. In winter too, when the streets are too slippery to ride a fine saddle horse over them, it is a good thing for members to have a chance of stabling their horses only a few paces from the ring and under the same roof.

The members, who are all grown folks, take upon themselves all the burdens of keeping up the club, but they have had a thought for the youngsters besides. For the rules of the club say that the ring may be used by the wives, minor sons, unmarried daughters, and sisters of members. You see, the children are included in the minor sons and unmarried daughters and sisters of members. There is but one limit, and that is not ungenerous: no children under fourteen are allowed in the ring after half past four in the afternoon. But this gives the children plenty of time, for they can begin riding as early as seven in the morning. Even at that early hour they will find Mr. Rossell, the superintendent, at his post, and the masters mounted in the ring.

Sometimes there are fifteen or twenty children to be seen riding in the ring at the same time. Some are walking, some trotting, others on a canter or gallop. The masters are there to preserve order, and teach those of the young people who want to learn how to ride in the most approved fashion. It was found last year that many of the boys and girls did not attend to the directions of the masters. So in order to induce the children to follow the directions of the teachers as closely as possible, prizes were offered to the best and second-best riders among the girls, and to the best and second-best riders among the boys.

The first prize for girls was a beautiful diamond and ruby scarf pin; the second prize a crop-stick, or English hunting whip. The first prize for boys was a scarf pin, somewhat plainer than that awarded to the best girl rider, while the second prize for boys was also a crop-stick. These prizes, of course, stimulated a healthy rivalry among the young riders; they listened attentively to what the masters had to say about holding the reins, and the proper position in the saddle, and followed their directions in other matters. The pupils are not trained in any fancy steps or drills, as these belong to the circus or to the cavalry service. The members of the club are ambitious simply to have the children grow up to be first-rate riders.

The judges who award the prizes let the young riders go around the ring first on a walk, then on a trot, and then on a canter. As a final test they are called upon to jump hurdles. The results of this prize riding last year were so satisfactory that prizes were again offered this year, and they are likely to be renewed every year. The prizes for this year have just been awarded, Miss Hurst having been awarded the first prize for girls, and Master Bishop that for boys; Miss Sloane and Master Wharton took second prizes.

You may think that there is something very novel in offering prizes to children for horseback riding; but this is really not at all the case. Far away back in the times of the Greeks and Romans children were admitted to the public games, and rode in dangerous and exciting horse-races, riders and horses being urged on toward the end of the race by a flourish of trumpets and the shouts of the lookers-on. They took part in each of the three kinds of riding races which were very popular in those days. There were, firstly, races with saddle-horses; secondly, races with colts; and thirdly, a race called the "calpe." This was a very peculiar performance. The rider sat on one mare, and was obliged to lead another by a bridle. Just before ending the race he had to leap to the ground, and run along with the mares until the finish. All these races called for very skillful riding, because at the finish the horses had to be guided in a circuit around a post called a goal. The closer the circuit, the more advantage to

the racer, and in rounding the goal horses that had been behind often took the lead. But it was a dangerous practice, and many a time the young riders were thrown off and badly hurt. Races in public for children would not be allowed now, and it is much better so. The offer of prizes by the Gentlemen's Riding Club goes just far enough.

## OUR LITTLE DUNCE.

BY MRS. LUCY C. LILLIE.

II.



HE feeling that Vernona had in regard to the Christmas composition prize was quite correct. It was the most valuable. Many years before a pupil of the Academy had left a certain sum of money, the interest of which was to be expended for valuable books, to be given as a Christmas prize to the writer of the best

composition on an original subject. She was to receive no aid, unless for dates, or statistics, or facts.

This prize had acquired a value quite apart from the books or the honor of receiving it. There was a flavor of *traditional* importance in it, if you understand me—a feeling that to obtain it was in some way to link ourselves with the history of the school; and so, year after year, we were wont to discuss probabilities, and when the time for breaking up drew near, the question of Christmas would be anxiously discussed. Subjects were thought out, "library permits" claimed, and, as a very good result, a great deal of reading at leisure hours induced in.

I remember one day as I went down the long, cool hallway I saw through the open library door a picture which lingered long after in my mind. Perched on top of the high steps was little Nelly, careless, as usual, in regard to hair and costume, but deep in the study of a big book. It was so unusual a sight that I could not forbear saying from the doorway, "Preparing for the prize, Nell?"

Instead of laughing, Nelly slowly lifted her eyes from the page, and, without seeming at all startled, asked, "Jessie, whose daughter is Queen Emma of the Sandwich Islands?"

I gave her this curious piece of information, and passed on; but somehow I never think of all that followed without a swift vision of Nelly in the library that July day—her eager, anxious air, her solemnly quiet little figure, the only living object in the large oak-panelled room.

And with that recollection ends anything of importance until breaking-up time came. The summer passed on as all the summers of our young days go, or ought to go, in happy out-door freedom, sense of youth and kindness, of simplicity and communion with the green things of God's earth—the time you have before you now, girls: *treasure it.*

Well, Nelly went away with her father, and returned early to school, the Captain going off upon a cruise in August.

It so chanced that the severe illness of my dear mother prevented my return to the Academy until December. It was a clear, frosty day, with snow deep on the ground and the trees hung with icicles, when I went back to R—and the dear school friends again. I need not have been surprised when, as my cab was turning in the gateway, a fresh gay voice called out, "Stop!" But before my driver could stop, there was Nelly hanging on to the step, nodding in the window, with her cheeks blooming and her eyes full of their old sweet laughter.



All that evening she staid with me, and I learned to love her more than before. It was—it must be always—simple-hearted, childish, foolish Nelly; but there had come a new dignity, the possession, as it were, of self-restraint and discipline, which made me hope the child's days of "dunce-time," as my father used to say, were gone.

But no one seemed to share my opinion; and, girls, although you must never dare criticise *your* principal, let me say a word about mine. With the kindest and best of hearts, the keenest sort of intellect, our dear Miss Blakeman was a woman of the most extreme prejudices. Those whom she liked she had faith in, and those whom she did not take to she could hardly bring herself to think as well of as they deserved. So never having cared for my little Nelly—at least having been annoyed by what she considered her stupidity—she could not see that there was any ground to work upon, and any trifling folly or fault on Nelly's part was sufficient to irritate the dear old lady, who, having once begun, never stopped sighing over her.

I found all the school excited over prize-day. According to the directions of the legacy, a committee of seven, appointed by the rector and Miss Blakeman, read the essays and sent in their opinions. The essays were signed by initials only, but in the hands of the rector was the full list of names.

Two days before Christmas the prize was given, in the presence of a distinguished company, the writer of the prize composition enjoying the pleasure of hearing it read aloud. I believe I need not tell you how many hearts fluttered between December 20th and 23d. All papers were sent in by the 14th, but it was known that the verdict was given on the 20th or 21st.

I, as a teacher now fully fledged, of course sent nothing; so it became amusing to me to watch the girls' faces when the subject was under discussion, and if possible to form some conclusion as to the result of the 23d.

Among all the girls two only seemed ill at ease. These were Vernona and my little Nelly. Vernona's disquiet was very puzzling. She seemed almost feverishly anxious, and Nelly, who roomed with her, told me that in her sleep she talked of her father's scolding her if she lost the prize, and would say, "Oh, I *can't*! I *can't*!" very hopelessly.

Nelly's fears were of a different kind. She would wail and then suddenly "go off," as girls say, into peals of laughter, look very quizzical, and on being questioned shake her head with mock solemnity, purse up her lips, and look as though she *might*, if she chose, say something very interesting.

"I do believe," said Fanny Joyce one day, "that our little Dunce has been trying for the prize."

The wild peal of laughter which greeted this speech in no way disturbed Nelly. Dear little Dunce! she actually used to declare her nickname pleased her, and with some of the girls—like Fanny, for instance—it had become a term of endearment. Even as Fanny spoke she put her cheek caressingly up against Nelly's, as the younger girl sat sewing at her side.

"I'll tell you a real secret, girls," said Nelly, comically. "I really *am* preparing a composition on 'Kind Advice to Strawberry Growers.'"

There was a long upstairs corridor at the Academy, where we used to walk up and down after tea, and that evening Fanny said to me, confidentially, "Do you know, Miss Jessie, it wouldn't surprise me one bit if Nelly Darton did or said something very clever one of these days."

"Humph! wouldn't it?" I answered, giving Fan's ear a little pinch. "You're a wise young person, Miss Joyce."

But even Fanny dared not suggest this new idea to the school.

As a usual thing Miss Blakeman took me into her confidence about all school matters, and when on the evening of the 21st she sent for me to her study I felt sure I should be told who the "prize girl" was to be—a question into

which I knew our dear old principal entered heart and soul. Instead of finding her in the usual pleasant flutter of suppressed excitement over the compliments her girls had received from the seven judges of their work, she looked distressed, perplexed, and unhappy.

Girls, you think my suggerly a pleasant place, but Miss Blakeman's was our ideal of a study. The walls were so beautifully hung with engravings and water-colors, the hangings so soft and warm, the chairs so easy, and the table covered with such a delightful medley of new books and magazines and papers. Then there was a something which went to the hearts of all of us—it meant love and truth and godliness—that was seen in the face and figure we always looked for at the table near the window, reading our minds the moment we crossed the threshold in a way which had made Nelly in her most lawless days once say, "When I go into Miss Blakeman's room I always feel that God is present, and I couldn't be wicked there."

Miss Blakeman was not at her table when I closed the door after me and spoke her name. In the twilight she was walking up and down with her hands clasped behind her—a fashion of hers when she was in trouble.

"Jessie!" she spoke very sharply, but in a low, sad voice—"I don't know what to do. Come here."

I hurried to her side, and she put both her hands on my shoulders, and looked down solemnly upon my face.

"Jessie," she said, "answer me truly: do you think Nelly Darton capable of a piece of perfect deceit?"

"No!" I almost shouted.

Miss Blakeman let her hands fall, shook her head, sighed, and turned away. "My dear," she said, very sadly, "I am sorry you are so prejudiced in her favor. I fear I must not let you influence me."

"Dear, dear Miss Blakeman," I exclaimed, "*do* let me know just what you mean! Oh, I am sure there has been some mistake!"

"I hardly feel as if I ought to tell you more now. However, go and call all the girls into the school-room. Say I am coming down there to speak to them."

I was nineteen years old, and a teacher, but I felt a genuine school-girl sort of quake and quiver as I hastened down-stairs to obey Miss Blakeman's order. It was a clear, frosty evening. I remember how the windows of the hall looked as I passed them—black against the snowy road and tall, bare trees, and the great deep blue of the heavens. It did not surprise me to see Nelly, with her usual love of fresh air and nature, actually leaning out of an open window, with her eyes turned upward, gazing at "Cassiopea's chair," which was slowly coming out in shining spaces.

"Nelly Darton," I said, in a nervous way, "shut that window. Turn around. Look at me."

The child slowly obeyed. The face she brought in, the eyes she lowered from that look up into the "starlight ground-way of the king," were pure and sweet and undefiled. As I went down the stairs, with a sort of sob in my throat, I felt, "*There is no evil there.*"

The girls one and all seemed surprised by the principal's order, though pleased. In a few moments they were in their places in the school-room, and Miss Blakeman joined us. She sat down at her desk, facing the rows of curious, eager girls. I took my own place near her and Mademoiselle Le Conte, the French teacher.

Miss Blakeman's face was very pale and stern, but I saw traces of tears in her eyes, and as she looked about at her girls I knew what she was feeling—real grief that some one of them should have deliberately deceived her.

You could have heard a pin fall. Indeed, the restless movement of Nelly's chair before the teacher spoke fairly echoed through the room. I looked at my child. The sweetness and softness of the face she had shown me upstairs still lingered. One of her dreamy, happy, silent moods was upon her. She smiled faintly back at me.



"PREPARING FOR THE PRIZE, NELLY"

"Before I speak of a very painful discovery I have made," said Miss Blakeman, in measured tones, "I want to remind you of the extreme sense of honor connected with the composition prize. It has for thirty years been recognized as a peculiar tribute to the skill and integrity of our school, and from first to last there has never been any jealousy to prevent it from making Christmas-time a cheerful and successful festival. There have never been, so far as I know, petty feelings among the girls. The winner of the prize is no doubt congratulated and fêted during the evening, but I have always felt that with *my* girls each one felt sufficient pride in the school to enjoy her companion's success.

"On this occasion, when all our friends will be here to celebrate the thirtieth prize-day, a strange announcement must be made. In returning the verdict on the compositions, Dr. Charles and Professor Meyer have written me that some one's work is not—original. Some one has—stolen her ideas, even her style, and written a composition which she had no right to call her own."

Miss Blakeman's voice ceased.

It would be impossible to say that there was silence in the long room, for, while no one spoke, a murmur passed over every bench. What I felt I can scarcely tell you. Nelly—deceit—stolen ideas—all these words fairly danced

through my brain in painful confusion while I looked at my child.

Poor little Duncie! My first feeling was that the enormity of this offense had not reached her. With all her ready sympathy, she did not know enough to see that some girl was in terrible trouble and disgrace. She sat quietly, with a little happy, peaceful look in her eyes.

Heads began to move about. A dozen girls half rose to move toward Miss Blakeman, but with a movement of her hand she quieted them, and then continued:

"Now as it is evident one among you has been guilty of deceit, I will leave it to your consciences to declare it to me, for which reason let all who have sent in compositions come to my private room, one by one. Should no one confess to the fault, I shall feel compelled, in justice to the others, to go into further particulars and to mention names, particularly as the *stolen work* has been taken by one of my girls from the other. There are two compositions on the same subject, and written almost in the same way, the only difference being that in the one case the style is peculiarly good, and the paper is signed in full. The other contains the same very beautiful thoughts and ideas, but is evidently, we all believe, taken from the first, as it is so unfinished in its way of being put together. The worst of this is that the judges had decided to give the prize to the writer of the composition I first mentioned, until at the last this second less perfect one appeared.

"My dear girls," poor Miss Blakeman continued, rising, and with a break in her voice that went to our hearts, "I will go now to my room, where, one by one, you must come to me. I can never tell you how this has pained and tried me, and I feel whoever has done this wrong must acknowledge it to me, and let us together humbly ask forgiveness where it is recorded, to be answered for one day, if not now." Miss Blakeman left us.

For a moment there was complete silence. Then the girls began to talk eagerly and excitedly, though in low tones, each one saying when and where and how she had written her composition, how utterly impossible it was that she should have borrowed any one else's ideas, etc., etc. Vernona's voice sneeringly arose, saying, "Dear me! we're none of us so very brilliant as all that."

Nelly said, confidently: "Oh, it'll turn out some stuff of old Dr. Charles. I don't believe he can read our writing. Don't let us keep Miss Blakeman waiting."

But in spite of this, when Nelly took her turn to go upstairs, the girls looked in amazement.

"You don't mean to say *you* wrote a composition?" exclaimed Fanny.

Nelly, with her hand on the door, looked back with her gay little laugh. "Why, didn't you know," she said, sobering down in a quaint way, "about the 'Kind Advice to Strawberry Growers'?"

Afterward we all talked of just how our dear little Duncie looked at that moment, for it was to be a long time before we saw her face again with that merry sweetness and joy in its expression.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# Moral Blindness:

There was an old woman, as I've heard say,  
Who owned but a single goose.  
And the dame lived over toward Truxton way,  
And the animal ran at loose.  
It cackled up and it cackled down,  
Disturbing the peace of all the town;  
Gentle and simple, knight and clown,  
From the dawn to the close of day.

Another old woman, of not much note,  
Lived over toward Truxton way,  
Who owned a goat with a shaggy black coat,  
As I've heard the neighbours say.  
And it was the fear of one and all;  
Butting the great, and butting the small,  
No matter whom, - who happened to fall  
In the way of this evil goat.

Said the first old woman, "This ugly goat  
Should never thus run at loose."  
Said the second, "I wish they'd cut the throat  
Of that noisy cackling goose."  
And so it happened when e'er that they  
Would meet each other upon the way  
They'd bicker and bicker the livelong day  
In the key of a scolding note.

But all the neighbours, great and small,  
Complained of both with grievous tone.  
From which I gather that we all  
See other's faults and not our own.



H. PYLE.





PRINCE CHARMING AND THE PRINCESS LOO

Prince Charming is here,  
With a bonnet and feather;

And sweet Princess Loo,  
In the sunny June weather

How lovely they look  
In the garden together!

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

THIS letter comes from one of our young naturalists. Could you all be as brave as she was?

LETTER BOX, ARKANSAS.

Some time ago you invited all young folk to write to find out a paper about the first birds and spring flowers. But first I want to tell you about HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. How every one likes it, both old and young. I have been a subscriber at Arkansas ever since it was published, and really think there is no paper that I know of so well calculated to interest the young as this one. I receive my copy Friday evening, Saturday I send it to the country to a poor little boy, Sunday he takes it to some little friends of his to read to them; so you see how much good one copy of the paper is doing. During the recent high water it was delayed, and it was astonishing to see how those little ones longed for it.

All around here the hills and commons are of vivid green, and the ground in some places is perfectly whitened with a little flower, *Hesperis matronalis*, and a profusion of wild violets. The little blue pansies have been in bloom in our garden for weeks. A red bird, *Agelaius phoeniceus*, is building his nest close to my window, and several little blue sparrows, or indigo-birds, are in the honeysuckle.

Dear Postmistress, I am going to relate a true story which happened to me some days ago during my rambles in the woods. I am collecting flowers for an herbarium, and go to the country quite often. At the foot of a steep hill, about sixteen miles north of this city, while walking along the margin of quite a deep gulch, I observed a brownish animal quickly retreating into a burrow; it appeared to be about the size of a mole. I pursued it, and on rolling away some fragments of rock I discovered that the object of my pursuit was an enormous spider, which, after some little time, I succeeded in catching, and have him now in a bottle of alcohol in my room. He is no less than four inches from the extremity of one foot to that of the other, and about two inches from head to tail, covered with long hair of a brownish-black color. The eyes, six in number, are minute; the mouth not discernible; but the head terminates with two hooks, and these appear to be lined with a row of minute teeth for mastication. On reaching home I was told that it was a scorpion, whose bite is very poisonous, and, as is popularly supposed, can only be cured by protracted dancing to appropriate music.

MABEL C.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—Written from a country child, and I am eleven years old. We came from Maryland, and a good many thousands to Louisiana, after brother. Harpers' Young People, which is indeed a treat to us all. We have to school near enough there to attend, but papa and mamma teach us at home, and we have plenty to do to keep us busy, and enough exercise to

make us strong and rosy. Our pets are two cats, Rob and Roy, and a little chicken we call Dixie, which is very much afraid of flowers. I must not tire you. If you like this, some time I'll write you about the beautiful flowers we have, and the colts, calves, and lambs. With love,

NANNIE M. C.

TORONTO, CANADA.

I am a French girl fifteen years old. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for two months, and I like it very much. I have studied English since I was seven years old. I can read all the stories. I liked very much "Bertie's Christmas-Box," "Three Paragons," "James's Christmas Journey," "The Feast of the Christmas Eve," and the Post-office Box.

When I saw in one of the numbers that you wish to have letters about flowers, I thought I would write you something about my little garden. It is not very large, but I have many flowers in it every year—violets, geraniums, and some periwinkles that I found in a little wood near the town. Last year I had also some white and red daisies, but they all died this winter.

I hope that my letter is not too long, and that you will print it. It is my first English letter. I shall be very happy if I see it in the Post-office Box.

MARGUERITE D.

DUBLIN, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS and all the children who read HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, I want to tell you a true story that my mamma has often told to us about some little birds when she was a little girl herself. She tamed a little chipmunk-bird. The bird used to come to the door and pick crumbs which she would throw to it. At last it would come in at the open door of the sitting-room and get from her hand. One day she heard a great twittering at the door, and on looking out there was the old mamma bird and five babies to be fed. One baby bird was bigger and more noisy than all the rest put together; its mouth was wide open all the time. If the mamma was not feeding it it would cry very loudly, so that she could scarcely hear her own well-behaved children at all. At last mamma bore out some large crumbs, and the mother bird dropped them into its mouth until it could keep no more. Mamma says some lazy bird had laid an egg in the chipmunk's nest, and so she had to care for the hungry little stranger. She seemed to be worried by its bad behavior.

I have a canary-bird. My brothers have a big Newfoundland dog, named Carlo, and three kittens. I go to school and study geography, arithmetic, reading, spelling, and writing. I am learning to paint; my mamma gives me lessons.

CARRIE F. R.

The greedy bird may have been a cow-bunting. That bird often lays its egg in another bird's nest, being too indolent to build one of its own.

A pair of birds—wrens, I think—once found a cow-bunting's egg in their nest. As they could not manage to roll it out, they just built a little

roof over it, and on this made a bed for their own eggs, leaving the other where it had been placed by the intruder.

## TWO FROGS.

A long time ago there were two little frogs, which lived in a small pond. When they were very young their mother was killed by some other boys, and so they were left orphans. Now the first thing these little frogs thought of was how shall we get a living. They had a good enough piece to live in, but what to live on? They went to get it was the thing that troubled them. Their mother was killed in the afternoon, and so they had to get their supper. They went to the old frog, and said, "Where can we get our supper?"

"Jugurum! jugurum! Go and find out for yourself," said the old frog.

Then they went to another frog, and said, "Where shall we get our supper?"

"Jugurum! jugurum!" said the other frog. "Go and find out for yourself."

So the little frogs trudged along. "Third time never fails," said the little frogs as they walked up to a little frog about as large as themselves. "Where shall we get our supper?" said the little frogs for the third time.

"Jugurum! jugurum!" said the little frog. "Come with me and I will show you."

So the little frogs went along with him. He took them to a large ant-hill, where they found plenty to eat, and on the way back they told him all about how their mother had been killed, and the little frog said that his mother had always made him take care of himself, and the little frogs thought it was a very good plan.

They went home very much pleased with the little frog and their meal. The next morning they went over to see the little frog who had helped them the night before. He was glad to see them, and they all went after their breakfast in a very merry mood. They got all their food, and were coming back when one of them proposed that they should all live together, and so they decided that they would. The new frog said that he knew a nice little muskrat hole, and he would like to live with them if he ever got a house, so they decided to take him in with them.

The next day they all went up the new companion and started out to find a good house lot. They found one at last, upon which was a sign that said, "Apply to Mr. Speckleback, 94 'Peckers' Court, for a house."

They found that was a shell drawn by two muskrats. Mr. Speckleback willingly sold it for a yellow vest, a green coat, and a lead watch. They went back very much pleased with their purchase.

In the course of a month or so the little frogs made a nice house for themselves; it had four chambers, a dining-room, and a dining room. They had a nice range and a great big furnace, and they lived very happily in their house. They had a nice shell for a carriage, and a pickered for a family horse, and a little perch for a pony, and they had a very nice time.

Then they had to find a business, and they decided to start ship-lifts. They started from their works very soon, and they built little row-boats, and sometimes a built a wharf for racing and had great times on the pond. They even built full-grown little frogs, and three or four long, and a crew of thirty frogs, and went away across the pond, which was a great thing for them. They made a great deal of money, and at last retired quite old frogs. They built themselves a nice stable, and hired a good cook. They always remembered their first supper after their mother died. Now they were happy. They had worked all their lives, and were glad to get a rest. Now they had finished, and lived happily to the end of their lives.

W. M. W.

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

My grandmother began taking this paper for me about two years ago, and now I like it more to do without it. I like to read very much. I have a great deal of time to spare, and study grammar, geography, spelling, arithmetic, and physiology, and am taking music lessons. I have a sister Franc, six years old; she spoke "The Careful Mother" at our exhibition. From YOUNG PEOPLE: her favorite pet is Tom, our cat. We live only a little way from the school-house, and on a farm three miles out from the city. We have a great many cattle and pigs, but I like my two birds better; their names are Toppie and Cattie, both having top-knots.

GAT W. P.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I can not write very well, so I will let my mamma to write and tell you how much I like to have HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I have read it very often, and it has been very full, and had to be read to and amused. My papa got two white mice, and a little friend named Nannie sent me two black mice. I have a good many mice, with ladders and a pole for them to climb, and a shelf for them to sit on, and a rope ladder and a swing. They are full of fun. My papa used to read to me, and I have a little theatre with two plays, *Goldilocks and the Three Bears*, and *Little Red Riding Hood*, and *Jack and the Beanstalk*, and I like that very much. We have a house in the country, where we have lots of pets. We have a goat named







### "JES" LIKE YOU"

BY M. E. EYTINGE

A N' dis yore little girl 's tellin' 'bout  
 A War jes' as sweet an' beautif'ul as you.  
 Her hair war like de evenin' primroses;  
 Her eyes war like de lock-pur flowers—blue.  
 An' like you's doin' now, she used to sit  
 For hours an' hours on ole brack Zeno's knee,  
 A-list'nin' to de stories dat I tole.  
 As good as any lubly chile could be.  
 But dat war nigh on twenty year ago,  
 An' lots of things is changed joun in dis worl'  
 Since den. An' you's de darlin' little girl,  
 My honey, of dat oder little girl.

### SILHOUETTE SKETCHES.

BY G. B. BARTLETT.

**A**NY number of players from six to thirty can join in this game. It can be played in the simplest manner, or, with a little previous practice, can be made to entertain a large audience.

A large sheet is stretched across the middle of any room, or between two parlors which are connected with a wide opening. It is then dampened on each side with a sponge, and the lower corners are pinned to the carpet or drawn tightly with tacks to take out the wrinkles, if any exist.

The players are equally divided, and seated in chairs placed against the back walls of each room. On the floor, in the centre of the room, two feet from the back wall, in front of each row of chairs a powerful kerosene lamp is placed. The chair which would be behind the lamp is taken away, and the space is occupied by the leader, who is provided with a board to be held over the lamp while the other side is playing. If the company is large and the rooms deep, several rows of chairs can be occupied on each side of

the sheet, but the players must always sit behind the point where the light is placed.

Each room should have a table at one corner, upon which are scissors, needles, thread, pins, several hats, caps, and bonnets, with plenty of large sheets of paper, and half a pound of putty. The head-dresses referred to may be of quaint shapes if such can be procured, but every-day styles will do as well. It is very easy to alter the shape by fastening sheets of bent paper upon them; these additions will effect an entire change in the appearance, and do not show in the shadows.

Each side first prepares a frame by cutting an oval space in a square sheet of paper, the opening being thirty inches in height and twenty-four in width at the extremes. It is very easy to cut this evenly by doubling the sheet lengthwise and then across, and when finished each frame is pinned on the cloth sheet in the middle, so that the bottom of the frame is forty inches above the floor, the space between the floor and the frame being filled by sheets of brown paper the width of the frame.

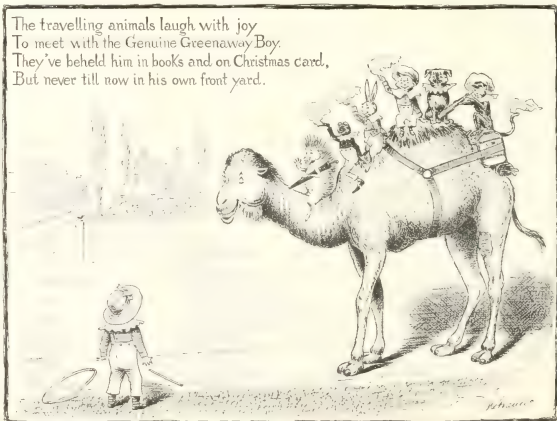
The leader of one side then begins the game by motioning one of his players to form the first sketch by taking his position opposite the frame. When ready, he calls out, "Darken," and the leader of side No. 2 places a board in front of his lamp, and a framed portrait distinctly appears upon the sheet. All the players on the side try to guess the original of the picture. If one wrong guess is called, none of the others count; but if nothing but correct guesses are heard, the leader of side No. 2 requests the one who made the sketch to leave side No. 1 and come over to side No. 2, the leader of which proceeds to show a picture in his turn.

At the end of an hour "Time" is called by either of the leaders, and the side which then has the most players is the victorious one. It is, of course, easy to guess the faces of those who have marked features if in repose, but their owners have the right to alter their expression by "making faces," and are also allowed to change the form of their chins, noses, and lips by means of lumps of putty, to add whiskers, etc., of paper, and to put on head-gear of various kinds. Thus it is very hard to tell a lady from a gentleman, or a young person from an old one.

Each player has time enough to thus disguise himself while the others are being shown, and the funniest scenes are constantly taking place, especially when the call to darken, which must instantly be obeyed, puts a stop to the most elaborate toilet preparations.

The simple game above described will assist in playing the more difficult one of Fancy Silhouettes, in which historical or fictitious characters are shown in the frame, to be guessed in the same manner. A description of this latter game will be given in a future number of YOUNG PEOPLE.

The travelling animals laugh with joy  
 To meet with the Genuine Greenaway Boy.  
 They've beheld him in books and on Christmas card,  
 But never till now in his own front yard.



# HARPER'S

# YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 241.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, JUNE 10, 1884.

Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



"BY MAIN FORCE HE WAS MADE TO KNEEL."

## INCIDENTS IN INDIAN HISTORY.

BY F. S. DRAKE.

**T**HE first European visitors to the shores of North America met with a most friendly reception from the natives. Powhatan, the Indian Emperor of Virginia, who ruled in savage state over twenty-six Indian nations, on more than one occasion kept the Virginia colonists from

starvation by sending them corn when they were almost famished. To retain his good-will a crown was sent over from England, and the ceremony of coronation was performed upon the Indian monarch. A present from King James of a basin and ewer, a bed, and some clothes was also brought to Jamestown, but Powhatan refused to go there to receive it.

"I also am a King, and gifts should be brought to me,"

said the proud monarch of the Virginia woods. They were accordingly taken to him by the colonists.

The coronation was "a sad trouble," wrote Captain John Smith, but it had its laughable side also, as we shall see. Custom required that the Indian ruler should kneel. Only by bearing their whole weight upon his shoulders could the English upon whom this duty devolved bring the chief from an upright position into one suitable to the occasion. By main force he was made to kneel.

The firing of a pistol as a signal for a volley from the boats in honor of the event startled his copper-colored Majesty. Supposing himself betrayed, Powhatan at once struck a defensive attitude, but was soon re-assured. The absurdity of the whole affair reached its climax when Powhatan gave to the representatives of his royal brother in England his old moccasins, the deer-skin he used as a blanket, and a few bushels of corn in the ear.

On the New England coast the anger of the natives had been aroused by the conduct of visiting sailors, who would persuade them to come on board their ships, and then carry them off and sell them into slavery.

One of these natives named Epanow, "an Indian of goodly stature, strong, and well proportioned," after being exhibited in London as a curiosity, came into the service of Sir Ferdinand Gorges, Governor of Plymouth. This gentleman was much interested in New England, and was about fitting out a ship for a voyage to this country.

The Indian soon found out that gold was the great object of the Englishman's worship, and he was cunning enough to take advantage of the fact. He assured Sir Ferdinand that in a certain place in his own country gold was to be had in abundance. The Englishman believed him, and Epanow sailed in Gorges's vessel to point out the whereabouts of the supposed gold mine.

When the ship entered the harbor many of the natives came on board. Epanow arranged with them a plan of escape, which was successfully carried out the next morning.

At the appointed time twenty canoes full of armed Indians came to within a short distance of the ship. The captain invited them to come on board. Epanow had been clothed in long garments, that he might the more easily be laid hold of in case he attempted to escape, and he was also closely guarded by three of Gorges's kinsmen.

The critical moment arrived. Epanow suddenly freed himself from his guards, and springing over the vessel's side, succeeded in reaching his countrymen in safety, though many shots were fired after him by the English.

In this affair the European was completely outwitted by the ignorant savage. Gorges was bitterly disappointed. Writing of it he says, "And thus were my hopes of that particular voyage made void and frustrate." And thus, we may add, the first gold-hunting expedition to the coast of Maine "ended in smoke"—from the Englishmen's guns.

For many years after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth the relations of the English with the Massachusetts Indians were peaceful. Only once was there any attempt to disturb them. To try the mettle of the colonists, Canonicus, the powerful Narragansett chief, sent them by a messenger a bundle of arrows wrapped in the skin of a snake—a challenge to fight. Governor Bradford returned the skin filled with powder and shot, with the message that if they had rather have war than peace they might begin when they pleased, he was ready for them. This prompt defiance impressed the chief. He would not receive the skin, and wisely concluded to keep the peace.

What is known as Philip's War broke out in 1675. Though it lasted but little over a year, it was terribly destructive, and it carried misery to many a hearthstone.

Philip of Pokanoket, the chief of the Wampanoags, had for years been suspected of plotting against the English.

He had resisted all their efforts to convert his people to Christianity, and had told the venerable apostle Eliot himself that he cared no more for the white man's religion than for the buttons on his (Eliot's) coat. On another occasion he refused to make a treaty with the Governor of Massachusetts, sending him this answer:

"Your Governor is but a subject of King Charles of England. I shall not treat with a subject. I shall treat of peace only with the King, my brother. When he comes, I am ready."

On the morning of April 10, 1671, the meeting-house on Taunton Green presented a scene of extraordinary interest. Seated on the benches upon one side of the house were Philip and his warriors, and on the other side were the white men. Both parties were equipped for battle. The Indians looked as formidable as possible in their war paint, their hair "trimmed up in comb fashion," with their long bows and quivers of arrows, and here and there a gun in the hands of those best skilled in its use. The English wore the costume of Cromwell, with broad-brimmed hats, cuirasses, long swords, and unwieldy guns. Each party looked at the other with unconcealed hatred.

The result of this conference was that the Indians agreed to give up all their guns, and Philip, upon his part, also promised to send a yearly tribute of five wolves' heads—"If he could get them."

As the Indians had almost forgotten how to use their old weapons, the taking of their fire-arms away was a serious grievance. Other causes of enmity arose, and at last the war began, which in its course caused the destruction of thirteen towns and hundreds of valuable lives.

Philip was joined by the Nipmucks, as the Indians of the interior were called, and by the Narragansetts, whose stronghold was captured in the winter of 1675-6. Here seven hundred of this hapless tribe perished by fire or the sword. The death of Philip, in August, 1676, ended the war. Many of the Indians fled to the West, and a large number died in slavery in the West Indies. The power of the Indians of Southern New England was broken forever.

Captain Benjamin Church, a prominent actor in this war, was the most celebrated Indian fighter of his day. One of his most remarkable feats was the capture of Annawan, Philip's chief captain. Annawan often said that he would never be taken by the English.

Informed by a captured Indian where Annawan lay, Church, with only one other Englishman and a few friendly Indians, succeeded in gaining the rear of the Indian camp.

The approach to this secluded spot was extremely difficult. It was nearly dark when they reached it, and the Indians were preparing their evening meal. A little apart from the others, and within easy reach of the guns of the party, the chief and his son were reclining on the ground. An old squaw was pounding corn in a mortar, the noise of which prevented the discovery of Church's approach, as he and his companions cautiously lowered themselves from rock to rock. They were preceded by an old Indian and his daughter, whom they had captured, and who, with their baskets at their backs, aided in concealing their approach.

By these skillful tactics Church succeeded in placing himself between the chief and the guns, seeing which, Annawan suddenly started up with the cry, "Howoh!" ("I am taken.") Perceiving that he was surrounded, he made no attempt to escape.

After securing the arms, Church sent his Indian scouts among Annawan's men to tell them that their chief was captured, and that Church with his great army had entrapped them, and would cut them in pieces unless they surrendered. This they accordingly did, and on the promise of kind treatment, gave up all their arms. This well-executed surprise was the closing event of Philip's War.



## "LEFT BEHIND:"\*

## OR, TEN DAYS A NEWSBOY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"TOBY TYLER," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," "RAISING THE PEARL," ETC.

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE THEATRICAL ENTERPRISE.

WHEN it became known among that portion of the mercantile world of which Ben and Johnny were members that Mopsey Dowd, the pea-nut merchant of Fulton Ferry, had connected himself with the theatrical enterprise about which so much had been said, the matter put on an entirely different aspect, and it was at once shrewdly guessed that he had put in the greater portion of the working capital.

There no longer seemed to be any doubt as to the success of the enterprise, and Ben, Johnny, and Paul found themselves surrounded by friends and acquaintances who were anxious to become actors. Had they supplied each one who asked with a position, they would have been obliged to give the entertainment without an audience, for all their acquaintances would have been employed in the theatre.

Meanwhile the boys continued their regular business, for they had wisely concluded that it would not do to let the theatrical enterprise interfere with what they knew would provide them a living, until it had been shown to be a success.

Ben and Johnny had forgotten their plan of writing a letter to some of Paul's friends, or of proposing that he should do it, because of the great scheme of the theatre; and if either of them thought of it after it had first been spoken of, it was only as a useless labor, since, as soon as their place of amusement was open, they would all have money enough to go anywhere they wanted to.

Business had been as good as they could have expected. Of course they did not have such a rush as they had been favored with during the first two days that Paul had been in partnership with them, because the news was not of as exciting a nature; but they had done so well that their board had been paid for a week before they had been at Mrs. Green's four days, and they had begun to think of adding to the theatrical fund.

Ben had heard of a small lot of timber which could be purchased for one dollar and a half, and Johnny insisted that each member of the firm should be called upon for an addition of forty cents to his regular investment, which demand was promptly met.

In four days the work on the scenery had advanced so well that Johnny was positive enough papers had been pasted together, and the timber was purchased and carried into the attic at once.

It was no slight work to build the stage to their satisfaction, and the four labored hard two entire evenings before it was completed.

But when it was up, they were fully repaid for all they had done, so thoroughly business-like did it look, and such a theatrical appearance did it give to the attic.

The painting of the scenery was an artistic bit of work, which Johnny was certain he and Nelly, with perhaps some trifling assistance from Paul, could do in such a manner as would delight their patrons and cover themselves with credit. Therefore that portion of the work was left entirely in their hands one evening, while Ben and Mopsey started out to call on Dickey Spry, for the purpose of consulting with him as to how they could procure material with which to build seats for their audience, for Dickey was quite an authority in such matters.

Master Spry was discovered at a feast of herrings and crackers, the banqueting hall being lighted up with one of the candles Ben had bought the first night Paul had slept with them, and which had been left behind when they moved.

Dickey was not a boy who indulged in any useless conversation, and when he saw who his visitors were, he welcomed them by passing to each a herring and a cracker, which was really more eloquent than words.

While he was eating the herring, Ben glanced around his old home in order to see what changes or improvements Dickey had made. The only unfamiliar thing he saw was a large sheet of brown paper tacked up at the end of the hogshed, where the proprietor of the place could see it whichever way he moved.

On this paper was printed the following notice, the letters having evidently been made with a chewed stick, and liquid blacking mixed with a good deal of water:

## RUNNED A WAY.

*TIM Dooley RUNNED AWAY WITH ALL THE THINGS I HAD ON ME.  
P. NOT STAND LONG. RUSH OUT, AND WILL PAY ANY FELLOW TEN  
CENTS. WHAT WILL TELL ME WHERE HE IS.* D. SPRY.

It is impossible to say what good Master Spry thought could be done by having this notice put up in his own home, where no one would see it but his own friends, who knew all the particulars; but it seemed to afford him a great deal of satisfaction to look at it.

"Hain't heard nothin' 'bout Tim?" asked Ben, after he and Mopsey had spelled the notice out with considerable difficulty, and many misgivings as to whether Jersey should be spelled with a G or a J.

Dickey shook his head, and tried to sigh; but he had such a large piece of herring in his mouth that he did not dare to attempt it.

"I don't expect I ever shall," he said, sadly, as soon as he had swallowed enough of the fish to admit of his speaking plainly. "I've offered to give ten cents, jest as I've got it there, if anybody will tell me where he is; but I don't hear nothin' of him."

Ben and Mopsey sat for a few moments in silence, as if to better express their sympathy, and then the latter asked,

"How's biz, Dick?"

"Well, it ain't so awful good nor it ain't so dreadful bad," was the non-committal reply. "I s'pose I shall git along; but I wish I could git hold of Tim Dooley, an' then I'd be pretty well fixed."

The visitors looked as if they thought it would be very little advantage to Dickey if he should succeed in finding the defaulter, and Dickey said quickly, as if they had spoken their doubts,

"If I can catch him, I'll make him pay me back something, whether he's got it or not."

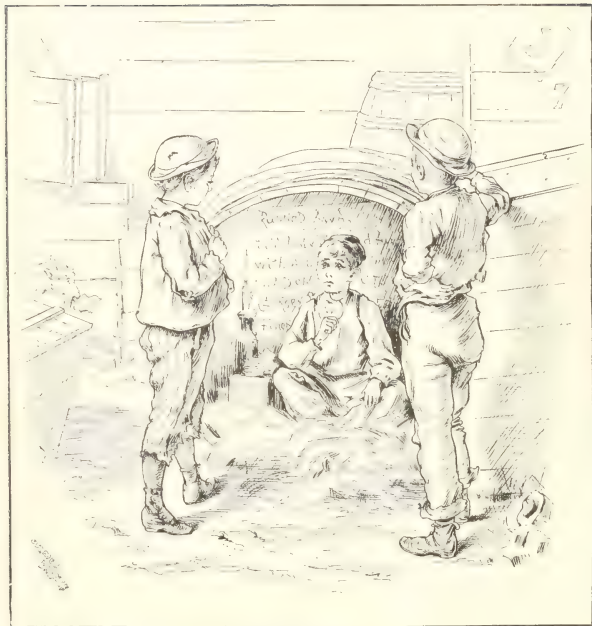
It was rather a rash assertion; but Dickey spoke so confidently that his visitors thought it best not to argue the question, and Ben concluded that it was about time to proceed with the business for which they had come.

After he had explained just what it was they needed for the completion of their theatre, during which time Dickey sat rubbing his chin and looking very wise, the two waited for Master Spry to give them the benefit of his knowledge.

It was some time before he condescended to speak; but when he did, it was slowly and carefully, to show that his mind was fully made up, and could not be changed.

"I know where there's a lot of boards that I could trade for, an' you could put some blocks under each end of them, an' have the best kind of seats. But, yer see, I've bin thinkin' that you oughter taken me inter company with yer,

\* Begun in No. 236, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.



"HOW'S BIZ, DICKY?"

for I can act all round anybody you've got in that crowd. Now I'll git all ther seats yer want, an' carry 'em up there, if you'll let me come in with yer."

It was a sudden proposal, and the two did not know what to say for some moments. It was gratifying to them, because Master Spry was very cautious in making any venture, and that he was anxious to become a partner showed that the public looked with favor upon the scheme. Otherwise Dickey Spry would have been the last boy to propose partnership.

"But each one of us has put in seventy-three cents," said Mopsey, after he had thought the matter over for several moments.

"An's'posin' I git as many as twenty long boards, an' the blocks to put under 'em, won't that be a good deal more'n that much money?"

Judging from the price they had paid for the timber with which the stage had been built, they knew that Dickey's offer was a good one, and after that young gentleman had gone out in the yard in order to allow them to discuss the matter privately, Mopsey said, as they called him back,

"We're willin' to 'gree to it an' take you in with us; but of course we've got to see what Johnny an' Polly say to it, an' if you'll come over to the house with us, we'll fix the thing right up quick."

By way of reply Dickey jammed his hat more firmly on his head, and extinguished the candle, which actions his visitors understood to mean that he would accompany them.

During the walk Ben was anxious to know where and how Master Spry was going to procure the lumber which he offered for an interest in the concern. But Dickey did not hesitate to say that he would not tell them until after the question as to whether he was to be a partner or not had been settled. If he did, they might take advantage of the information, and then refuse, after all, to admit him into partnership.

This was throwing a doubt upon their honesty; but they did not take offense at it, because Master Spry was suffering from the wickedness of a boy whom he had trusted, and it was hardly more than natural he should be suspicious.

When they arrived at Mrs. Green's, and ascended to the attic which was the scene of so much industry, they found that the amateur artists had made great progress in their work, although it was shown more by the dense coloring that had been put on the newspaper scenery than from any very fine effects.

Johnny had two wide strips of paper, that were to be placed either side of the stage, where the audience would see them as one sees the wings at a more pretentious theatre, completely covered with patches of black and green. He pointed to his work with evident satisfaction, and assumed an injured look when neither one of the newcomers understood that it was a very fine representation of a forest.

Paul and Nelly were industriously engaged in coloring two other wings with alternate stripes of red and blue; but their work was not sufficiently advanced to render it possible to form any idea as to what it was, and they refused to give any information until they had finished it.

After the coloring of the scenery had been admired, and Dickey had examined with a critical eye all that had been done, Ben stated to Johnny and Paul the proposition which Master Spry had made, declaring himself in favor of accepting it.

Of course, after the advantages of this new connection had been explained, the artists were perfectly willing to admit Mr. Spry as a partner, and he was informed of the fact, with the intimation that it was necessary to have the seats there as quickly as possible.

Dickey promised to begin his labor on the following morning. Then, while the others worked on the scenery, he described to them the success he should make as an actor, provided he was given a part which admitted of his carrying a sword and shield.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A GREAT MYSTERY.

BY F. B. STANFORD.

ALL the pupils of the North and South Grammar Schools in Highbury had been looking forward several weeks to the 10th of January. It began with a bright morning, and before nine o'clock several boys had already gathered in front of a small frame building in the middle of the town, and were anxiously awaiting in line the opening of the Young Folks' Post-office. It was the day the prizes for the best-written letters were to be distributed, and each was hoping to receive one.

As the early hours of the forenoon passed, the crowd around the building rapidly increased, and by-and-by the line was composed of both boys and girls, and extended some distance along the street. All were in the best humor, and the fun and merriment of the crowd attracted the attention of the whole neighborhood. The leading topic of conversation was of course the prizes.

"My plans are all made how to spend the money," said one rosy-cheeked girl well up on the line.

"So are mine," declared three or four of her companions at once.

"Kate was lying wide awake half the night thinking of the fixings she intends to buy," put in the brother of one of the girls. "But I reckon the boys will get the prizes this year instead of the girls."

The talk ran on in this vein up and down the line. The pupils who would probably get the prize-money in their letters, Professor Clarke (the originator of the plan and Post-master-General), and the Post-office were all discussed in turn. The Post-office was something that all the boys and girls had become thoroughly interested in. It served them in their locality in the same way that the United States mail and the several thousand post-offices throughout the country do everybody. They wrote letters to one another about anything they had a mind to, and deposited them in the little office, which was located in the central part of the town. Every other day the letters were distributed in numbered boxes, and the office was kept open two hours to deliver them.

It was an enterprise that had been arranged by the Professor for their amusement, and to encourage the pupils of the two schools to practice letter-writing. A small rent was charged for each box, and ten stamps were sold for a cent. The letters were liable to be opened at any time by the Postmaster-General, and at stated times in particular they were all opened for examination. Then the three who had written the best letters were awarded as prizes an equal division of the money which had been received during four months for the boxes and the stamps. No one knew who would receive the prizes until after the examination.

While the crowd waited, a monkey appeared at one of the office windows, and attracted much attention by his efforts to press out a cracked pane of glass and make his escape. Shortly he succeeded, and sprang out nimbly, amid a shout of laughter. He belonged to the Professor, and was an old acquaintance of everybody present. He had been forgotten by the Professor, and left in the office all night. His appearance served to amuse the crowd, and helped to pass the time, until somebody suddenly shouted that the postmasters were unlocking the office.

The line now began to move along rapidly toward the little window of the office, and the two assistant postmasters were full of business. As fast as the letters were received they were hastily torn open in search of a prize. But the prizes evidently were not among the letters first at hand. One after another walked away from the window disappointed. The excitement increased, however, with those at the rear of the line every moment. Fifty had reached the window and fallen back into the crowd

of lookers-on, then seventy-five, and then a hundred; but still the chances were all in favor of the hundred or more yet to come.

In the course of an hour and a half, when the line had diminished, without any prize being received, to the last dozen or so, the large crowd that had gathered in the region neglected all other interests to see what would happen. Everybody watched quietly but eagerly until the last of these few had reached the window. Then there was a great shout. It was found out that no one had received the prizes: *the three letters containing the money had disappeared.*

The discovery caused considerable confusion. Two boys from each school were selected by the crowd to call on the Professor at once and state the fact to him.

But the Professor could give no explanation of the mystery. The letters had all been carefully sorted and distributed in the boxes the previous evening. He had done it himself. No one except himself knew which letters contained the money, and he could not account for their disappearance. Finally, after thinking the matter over, he commissioned the boys to make an investigation in their own way.

"We'll examine the premises first," suggested Sidney Rogers, the first boy of the four who had been chosen.

"And we must keep everything a secret until we've



"WHICH HAND?"

found out just where the letters went to," suggested another, Tom Harris.

The other two, Ed Willis and Dan Mitchell, also agreed that not a soul should be allowed to find out what they were doing.

They put off further action until night. During the rest of the day they merely loitered around town separately, not to excite suspicion, and listened to the talk; for all the boys, and girls too, in town were talking about the affair.

After dark the four boys met in an alley at the rear of the Post-office, and then cautiously unlocked a back door and entered. Sidney Rogers had borrowed a dark lantern of a police officer who lived near him, and this he sprung open as soon as they were sure all the shutters were tightly closed.

"Now, then, we've got the place all to ourselves as long as we please, I guess," he said, depositing the lantern on a shelf, and drawing off his coat. "Let's get right to work."

"We ought to see first if there's any trace of burglars," said Tom. "Perhaps the windows show they've been pried open, or maybe we can find something lying around that they left behind them."

The room was not a very large one, with only two windows, and a glance could embrace all its details. There were the empty pigeon-hole boxes with the glass front, as in most post-offices, extending the width of the room, and reaching from the floor to the ceiling. Next an observer might have noticed a small air-tight stove, a rough pine table, and three chairs rather the worse for long use. Another noticeable thing was the Professor's ulster—the Professor was the most forgetful of men—which he had left hanging on a hook in one corner.

"Hark! what was that?" asked Dan, nervously.

They had all started as they heard a loud thump against one of the wooden shutters. In a moment it was repeated.

"It's the wind blowing the limbs of that tree out there against the shutter," Tom suggested, in a low tone.

"Lay low," whispered Sidney, shutting the lantern and crawling under the table. "Somebody's trying the door."

They hid themselves in the dark, and waited breathlessly a minute or two.

The door creaked again, and they listened, not venturing to whisper for several moments. It might be the wind, and it might be somebody cautiously trying the lock. They couldn't decide. The situation becoming rather tedious at length, though, Sidney permitted the lantern to glimmer forth a few rays, and they all stood up.

"What can a burglar be after here, anyhow?" asked Dan, glancing around. "There's nothing to steal, unless he's after the Professor's ulster."

"We ought to take that home to him, I suppose," said Tom, reflecting. "I guess I'll take it along with me."

Tom went ahead, with the coat on his arm, and opened the door. Nothing more formidable than a gust of wind met him, and he sprang out into the darkness, ready to face whoever might be there. "Come on, fellows," he called back to them, walking down the alley.

But those who remained behind suddenly fell on a discovery. As Sidney led the way, with his lantern flashing ahead of him, he and Dan at the same moment caught sight of a letter lying on the ice just outside the door, and on stooping down to pick it up, another also was discovered a foot or two away. They were Post-office letters, duly stamped. One of them was directed to the girl already mentioned with the rosy cheeks, and the other to a pupil who had lately joined the South School—a new boy and a stranger in the town.

"I thought we'd find something sooner or later," said Sidney, in a low tone. "Somebody's been round here fast enough, I guess."

"So I should say," said Ed. "Why didn't we think of it before? Maybe it's that new boy."

"Hide the letters in your pocket," replied Dan. "Be quick. Let's hurry away. Perhaps he's watching us now."

Dan fastened the door, and then the three ran down the alley after Tom. When they had all conferred together a few moments, it was decided to carry the letters immediately to the Professor.

They found him in his cozy study—a place where all the boys were usually glad to be invited. A large Maltese cat was lying stretched out on the hearth asleep, and near at hand on an ottoman sat the Professor's monkey blinking at the fire.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said the Professor, leaning back in his chair, after looking at the two letters and meditating some moments. "In the morning I'll send out a request that all the pupils of both schools come together at two o'clock promptly in the large hall of the North School. I shall ask all to bring the letters they received to-day to be counted. I know the number that was in the mail, and I wish to find out how many are lost. I am very glad you found these—one of them especially."

As soon as the boys were out doors they began to spread the news that the Professor wished everybody on hand at a grand mass-meeting, and although it was vacation week, before noon the next day every pupil in both schools had been notified. At two o'clock the large hall of the North School was packed. Everybody, in spite of the determination of the detectives, had heard about the finding of the two letters, and the expectation was general that something would happen at the meeting which it would be a loss to miss.

When the Professor arrived he took off his ulster, and dropped it carelessly over a chair. Then he began at once to receive the letters and lay them in piles on his table as fast as the pupils brought them up. This business was proceeding rapidly, the pupils going up in turns.

Everybody was looking straight at the Professor, watching him count the letters in his nervous way, when the monkey stealthily made his appearance at the top of the open window, and dropped in without ceremony. He had the habit of coming up the lightning-rod, and getting in now and then wherever he could, as often as he stole a chance to follow the Professor to the building. There was a broad smile and a little stifled laughter, but the Professor allowed him to seat himself in the chair with the ulster undisturbed. Then he curled up his tail as usual, and viewed the crowd of faces looking merrily at him with much composure.

The big round-faced clock in the rear of the hall ticked away about five minutes, during which the monkey quietly watched the Professor at his work, and the crowd watched the monkey. The Professor then happened to feel a draught from the window, and left his seat hastily to close it. Before he got back everybody saw the monkey spring over to the table, seize one of the letters, and bounce back to his chair, where he slipped it into one of the pockets of the ulster. The crowd roared with laughter.

"Jocko, you rascal, what are you up to?" said the Professor, good-humoredly.

Jocko scampered to an extreme corner of the platform, and began to sputter his monkey talk in an excited fashion. But he was by no means so much astonished by the turn of affairs as the Professor was when he thrust his hand after that letter and found the pocket full of letters.

"Why, you rascal of a monkey, it is you who have been at the bottom of this mischief!" he said, turning the pocket wrong side out, and emptying a dozen or more letters on the platform.

The excitement was great, and it was some time before it subsided. When it did, the Professor explained that the night he distributed the letters he had carried them to the Post-office in his overcoat pocket. The monkey was with him, and probably noticed that he took the letters out of the pocket after he hung up the coat. The little animal



was shut up in the office all night with the coat, and he had undoubtedly carried the letters out of several boxes back to the pocket from which he had seen them taken. Among those that he had taken were the three containing the prizes, one of which and another had dropped from the pocket when Tom sprang out of the door the previous night with the coat over his arm. In short, the great mystery was cleared up.

As soon as quiet could be restored, it was announced that the prize letters were for the pretty girl with the rosy cheeks and for Tom and Dan.

The detectives, you may be sure, have always kept very quiet about their suspicions.

## OUR LITTLE DUNCE.

BY MRS. LUCY C. LILLIE

III.



WAS so restless that when the girls had all gone up and returned, and there was no sign of Nelly, I ran upstairs and knocked at Miss Blakeman's door.

Her sad voice bade me enter.

"Well," I was beginning, when she burst forth with: "Oh, Jessie, perhaps we have done that poor child wrong by telling her so constantly she was stupid. That may be her excuse now for what she has done."

"Oh, Miss Blakeman," I pleaded, "what—what is it?"

"Just this," said the old lady, sadly. "It is clear that she has somewhere possessed herself of the best of all the compositions, and has written one almost precisely like it. Stupid as she is, she is *not* a fool, and could not have done it from sheer idiocy. Oh, I would rather think she had!"

I paused, too bewildered to speak for a moment. *Could* it be my little Nelly's mind had not really grasped the idea of what an original composition meant? Could it be she had done it in fun, and now feared to avow it? But no; I dismissed the first idea, remembering all our days and weeks of study and reading together, and how often I had said that my little wild flower was blooming into something sweeter than any garden rose. And the second idea!—I dismissed that also. She would have been the first to betray herself.

My dear old teacher began to lose patience. "Well?" she said, sharply.

"It is impossible!" I exclaimed. "If the two papers are alike, why credit Nelly with the deceit?"

"I proved that satisfactorily. As each girl came in I made her tell me the story, or scheme, or idea of her composition, and no one failed or faltered but Nelly. I wish you could have heard her mixed-up statements, many of them quite wrong, showing beyond a question that she had been the copyist. The other girl, from whom her ideas were taken, spoke so differently."

"And when you charged Nelly with it?" I said, almost sternly.

"That is another thing," Miss Blakeman hurried to say. "She seemed perfectly confused and frightened to death. She stoutly denied it, and then said she didn't know—perhaps she had gotten it out of a book. Of course at that time she did not know that I knew who the other girl was."

"And can you tell me?" I asked, trying to speak gently.

"Oh yes," said poor Miss Blakeman, "since she will take the prize—Vernona Powers."

"Vernona!" I think all my force of scorn was in the one word I uttered.

"And why not?" said Miss Blakeman, quickly. "Come, Jessie, don't let favoritism get *too* strong a hold upon your judgment."

I felt too sad to say much more, but I listened to Miss Blakeman. She said she had told Nelly that she would for her and her father's sake say nothing of this to any one until after the Christmas holidays; that if she would confess to her fault, and admit her sorrow and penitence, and ask Vernona's forgiveness, she would let it pass and let her begin again.

"What did she say?" I asked.

"The same thing. She had not deceived anybody; she didn't care if Vernona took the prize; she never expected to get it. She had only written the things as they came in her head, chiefly to show you how she was trying to do well. But she couldn't ask Vernona to forgive her for what she had never done."

So I went away with a heavy heart, I assure you. I knew not what to think or feel about it. I went in search of Nelly, and found her on her little bed crying her eyes out, but she would scarcely speak. Only with her arm about my neck she whispered now and then, "Papa won't believe it of me; God won't believe it." And in ten minutes I whispered back, "Nelly, if you will look me in the face and say it is not true that you borrowed one word of the composition from Vernona or any one else, I promise to believe you."

She sat upright quickly in her bed, and looked at me with streaming eyes as I spoke. Then she said, breathlessly: "It is not true—it is not true. Oh, *do* believe me!"

And down went the curly brown head again on the pillow, while I said, honestly and with all my heart, "I believe you, my child, entirely."

And since I did, how could I keep silence with Vernona after the prize festival? I rejoiced that we should so soon go away for the Christmas holidays.

The next day and the next passed in a curious, unreal fashion. None of the girls knew who was the guilty one, and Miss Blakeman decided that they should not. But Nelly's heavy eyes and languid air proclaimed that, unless she was ill, something had gone very wrong with her.

On the afternoon of the 23d she begged to be allowed to go upstairs and lie down, and Miss Blakeman, who treated her with quiet severity, gave the permission.

I remember that day so well! A wild, stormy, snowy afternoon, with gusts of wind that shook the branches of the trees, sending the flakes whirling madly over the lawns and gardens, and making us all so glad of the roaring wood fires in the great hall and the school-room, where Christmas hangings were keeping forty girls busy, every one full of joyous excitement and good cheer. I wondered, as I was tying up some boughs, whether Nelly was lying down in a cold room; and giving my work into Fanny Joyce's hands, I started to go and look for her. Just as I was about leaving I heard a group of the girls talking of Nelly, one and all of whom seemed to have decided that she was the culprit.

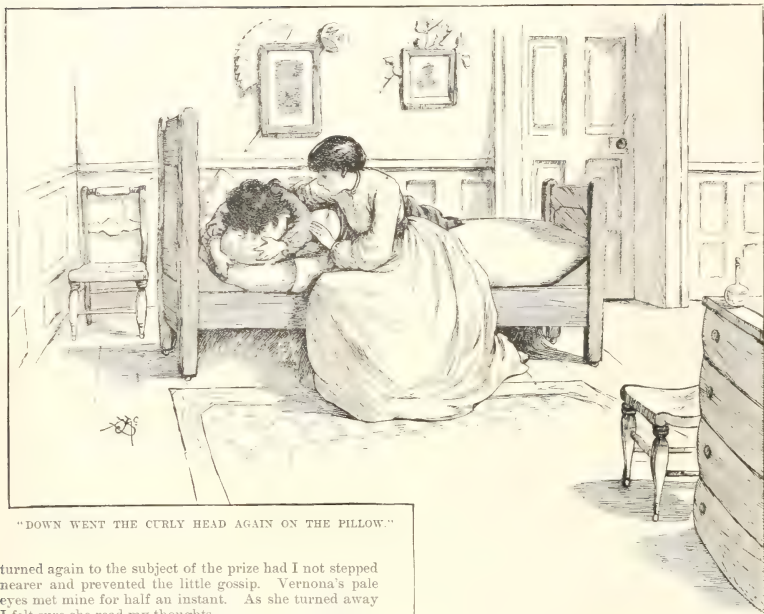
"You never would have thought she would be *mean*, would you?" said Clara Lyons, a good-humored, placid girl whom Nelly liked. "She was always so straightforward!"

"But Vernona knows all about it," Jenny Bateman put in. "She told me she could tell a very nice story if she liked; and do you know, girls, I think she is to have the prize!"

"No!"

"Oh, but *yes*, I do, and it's a perfectly lovely set of the British poets in a case. I'm not *always* behind the age."

The girls clustered about Jenny, and were pressing her to tell what she knew, when Vernona came up, still very fine-ladyish in manner, yet a trifle pale, and perhaps excited. Every one was silent, but all regarded her with an air of increased admiration, and Jenny would have re-



"DOWN WENT THE CURLY HEAD AGAIN ON THE PILLOW."

turned again to the subject of the prize had I not stepped nearer and prevented the little gossip. Vernona's pale eyes met mine for half an instant. As she turned away I felt sure she read my thoughts.

I hurried to Nelly, whom I found very chilled and worn out on her bed, and covering her up carefully. I went into my own room to get some camphor for her head.

In looking for the bottle I had to move out a chest of drawers and open a little cupboard behind them which for months I had not used. As I did so I saw what seemed to be a copy-book tumble down from a shelf, and taking it out I recognized it as one of the first poor Nelly had used; but it was only a blotter, the sheets of which were stained by impressions of her round, childish handwriting.

I took it up along with my bottle, and thinking nothing of it, went back to Nelly's room.

She saw it at once, and said, in a tired voice, "Oh, that's my old blotter!" and, so saying, began to cry.

"Why, Nelly," I exclaimed, "what is it, dear?"

"It's making me think of that horrid composition," she said, brokenly. "I used to write bits of it and hide it in my desk when I was trying to make it go straight. I had all the ideas, you know, about the birds and flowers and the sunshine in my head, but it was so hard to get them straight."

I was silent, in a bewildered way, as she continued: "Do you remember the night last summer Vernona chased me upstairs? The girls had teased me; they were talking, and I thought no one would notice my going on with my writing. I ran into your room, and threw the blotter into your little cupboard, and the next day you had that big chest moved against it, and I never thought of it, but got a new one, if you remember."

"Nelly," I said, feeling my heart begin to beat, "when was that? Can you remember?"

"Last June," said Nelly's tired little voice; "just before that time you laughed at me for asking about Queen Emma's father. I was trying to remember a queer story my father had told me about him. It came in well."

"You are sure of this, dear?" I said, gently.

"Oh yes," was the weary answer; "it was last June."

Now you can understand my feelings. I had heard Vernona boast that she had not begun to write her composition until November.

"Nelly," I said, after a minute, and wondering if a detective ever felt so startled, "give me the blotter, dear, for just a moment."

The little feverish hand held it out to me, and fell back in a disheartened way.

I went back into my own room and locked the door. Then I lighted the two candles at each side of my mirror, and holding the blotter up to the glass, looked carefully at page after page. Girls' tears rushed to my eyes. That little forgotten book was the silent testimony to my Nelly's truth.

There were the paragraphs carefully blotted, interlined, altered, misspelled, just as Nelly had labored over them; but her ideas were all there—all her own—and this had been last June!

I flew down-stairs, clasping my mute witness, and in a few moments was closeted with Miss Blakeman. Then I went upstairs, and rousing Nelly, helped her down to the old lady's parlor, whispering some words of good cheer to her on the way.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



ABE WASHING THE BIG RAM.

## WASHING THE SHEEP.

BY JOEL BENTON.

**Y**EARs ago, when I was a boy, one of the most interesting events on the old farm was the annual sheep washing. It came either late in May or else quite early in June, according to the weather and various other circumstances.

If the wool on the sheep, for instance, was not getting injured in any way, and if there was no especial reason why it should be hurried into market, there might be a delay. After the washing, the shearing, of course, soon followed, for if there was too long an interval between these two processes there might possibly be a necessity for repeating the first.

There is more than one way of washing sheep. When there is no stream or ford near by, farmers are sometimes compelled to drive their flocks a great distance. Sometimes a small spring or rivulet can be diverted into a wooden vat, and into this small receptacle they put their whole flock of sheep, one at a time. It is, however, a very inconvenient way.

On our farm a large stream, one of the most important tributaries to the lower Housatonic, curved in a pretty sweep about the house and barn, and little pens, into which the sheep were driven, were established by the various farmers along its banks.

Let us suppose, now, that it is the first week in June, and that a flock of sheep is to be washed. The flock will no doubt be in a distant pasture, perhaps a mile or more from the place fitted up for the washing. The men and boys—for the boys will not need to be called or urged to this task—will be up early in the morning, hurrying the chores along in order to be ready for this chief event of the day. If it is not the Saturday holiday, there will nevertheless be no school on that day. The boys have read the unwritten law on the subject in their father's face, and do not easily forget their privileges.

The dew is not yet off the grass when the small group of men and boys and the shepherd dog start for the hill lot or mountain pasture in search of the sheep. The boys and the shepherd dog are not long in getting the sheep in a round mass together, and the little lambs too, of which there are many. They all go on down to the open bars, huddling close together, as if none wished to be on the outer and defensive line.

As they reach the dusty highway the flock lengthens out and becomes more ragged in shape, and proceeds faster on its way. Then when they approach their destination there is usually a little feeling of rebellion on the part of the sheep against being penned up in the close quarters provided for them. It takes a great deal of persuasion from before, and shouting and command from the rear, to mass them in; but it is all accomplished after a little effort, and the high board or rail fence makes them secure.

You may suppose now a bank on the edge of the stream, or a platform erected against it, from which the sheep go down into the water. It is one man's business to catch the sheep—and this is usually done by the farmer himself—and throw them off into the water. Here a man stands, dressed for a half-day's bath, whose business it is to do the washing. On our farm it was always Abe who did this part of the work. Abe was a sturdy negro, an able farmer, and a great favorite with all of us boys.

Abe would catch the sheep, and stepping aside a little out of the way, so that another one could be thrown in, he would proceed to squeeze the sheep's fleece thoroughly all over, with his hands, a handful at a time, holding, in the mean time, the animal by the horns, and keeping its head high so that it should not be strangled or frightened by the water. There was one big ram that used to make Abe a great deal of trouble. There was always a struggle between the two, but it usually ended in Abe's getting him by the horns and holding him fast until his wool was well washed, and he looked to be quite a model of cleanliness.

The sheep doesn't enjoy the performance in the least, and keeps up a continual sighing and groaning over what he thinks an outrage. But when you see the dirty water which floats away while the process of washing a single sheep is going on, you can easily understand that the farmer finds his difficult task not by any means unnecessary.

Usually three or four men, at least, are in the water at once, each with a sheep, and when one is finished it is led carefully to the bank. But the wool is now heavy with water, and the animal finds it much more difficult to move than before, when its coat was dry. The washer assists it

to gain its feet, and when it does so he proceeds to take another, which is thrown to him.

The lambs, which are all left by themselves in another inclosure when the sheep are penned for their bath, keep up an incessant wail of sorrow, to which the sheep, both the washed and the unwashed, as plaintively respond. You can know a long distance off that this annual event is being celebrated from these piteous calls and replies.

The men, if the sheep only knew it, have a hard time too. They can not go in the water just once and then step out, but they must be in it waist deep for several hours together. It sometimes happens, too, that the water is far from warm at this season of the year, although the day itself may be.

To catch a sheep which is thrown to you in the water is not difficult, as I have said; but if you do not arrive on the spot in time, and the sheep is quite determined, it sometimes pushes through the water and gives the washer a lively chase, not infrequently escaping to the land.

The boys enjoy this and the subsequent rescue, and there is, in fact, nothing about the whole performance that they do not enjoy. Sometimes they are permitted to go into the water with a small sheep, or two boys go with one sheep, and assist at the washing: A very small boy is allowed, perhaps, to wade in a moderate distance with a lamb, and so imitate, much more to his own satisfaction than to the lamb's, the more serious work of the men.

Toward night, when the last of the flock get together, the noise and excitement among the sheep grow less, and gradually die out. They have got used to the situation. Presently sheep and lambs are all collected, the men exchange their wet suits for dry ones, and the return to the pasture is made. The march back is not as triumphant as the one of the morning, but the boys go along, and find amusement in it.

### THE STRANGER'S KISS.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE pines stood solemn, straight, and tall  
On either side the way.  
I had not seen a child at all  
That long and lonesome day.

But when the fading afternoon  
Was near the sunset's bar,  
A little girl, as gay as June,  
Came tripping in the car.

I looked at her, she looked at me;  
I moved to give her place;  
And as we chatted merrily,  
The smiles lit up her face.

The dress she wore was plain and old,  
Her little hands were bare,  
But, ah! the brightness of the gold  
Upon her curling hair!

And sweet it sounded in my ear—  
As sweet as any song—  
When, asking what she did, the dear  
Replied, "I help along."

"B——" cried the sharp conductor's tone;  
Her journey quickly ends  
In that short hour we had grown  
To feel like loving friends.

"Good-by," she said, my nut-brown maid;  
Then—only think of this—  
Both arms around my neck she laid,  
And gave a loving kiss.

And onward through the pines I went,  
Not cared how darkness fell,  
For in my heart a new content  
Came in with happy spell.

Dear stranger child, your words were true,  
And sweeter than a song;  
God's lovely work in life for you  
Is just to "help along."



## MR. THOMPSON AND THE SQUIRRELS.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

MR. THOMPSON had been out gunning all day; not that he was fond of gunning, but everybody else went gunning; and in order to be in the fashion Mr. Thompson purchased a shot-gun, some powder and shot, and a pipe. Mr. Thompson never smoked, but he had read of hunters smoking their pipes; so he bought a pipe as a part of his outfit.

After he had tramped around through the woods all the morning, and had not seen a living thing to shoot at, he became tired, and sat down under a tree to rest and eat his sandwiches, and, as he had read it was the proper thing for a hunter to do, to smoke his pipe. He sat at the foot of a large hickory-tree, and as he puffed slowly and painfully at the pipe he began to consider that hunting was not so much fun after all. His legs were tired, his hands were scratched by the brambles, and there was a big blister on his shoulder where he had been carrying his gun.

"I don't believe that there are any squirrels in these woods, anyhow," he muttered, in disgust. A titter in the tree above him attracted his attention, and he stopped to listen.

"He don't believe there are any squirrels! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Tee, he, he, he!"

"How that smoke smells! Phew! it's worse than gunpowder," came from the tree.

"I don't see how men can smoke the nasty stuff," chattered the second voice.

"Nor I. Let's drop a nut on his pipe, and put it out."

Then followed another titter, and plump down came a big walnut on the bowl of the pipe; the stem slipped from Mr. Thompson's nerveless lips, and the pipe fell on the ground beside him.

"Good!" exclaimed both voices in unison.

Mr. Thompson looked up. There, on a branch just above his head, sat two squirrels gazing down upon him with great satisfaction.

"We put your old pipe out," cried the larger one, in great glee.

"Come up here," added the second voice, invitingly.

Mr. Thompson looked up the tree, fifteen feet smooth and solid, without a limb or knot to afford a foot-hold. "I can't come up," he replied.

"Come on! come on! why not?" shouted the two squirrels in chorus. "Just stick your claws into the rough bark, and come on."

Mr. Thompson shook his head sadly, and looked down at his hands. He gave an involuntary start. His hands had grown smaller; he had grown smaller, and in place of his carefully kept white fingers and his rather small feet, of which he was very proud, were four hairy paws just like a squirrel's; his gray corduroy shooting-coat had changed into gray fur, and he was conscious of a long bushy tail which swept over his back. He shook himself for a moment to realize that the change was true; then sprang to his feet, and scampered lightly up the side of the tree.

"We told you you could come up all right," exclaimed the larger squirrel, as Mr. Thompson gained the limb.

"You look quite like a respectable squirrel," said the other.

"I say," interrupted the first, "what do you want to shoot us for? We never do you any harm, but you men are always after us."

Mr. Thompson looked very sheepish for a few minutes; finally he muttered something to the effect that he did not shoot any.

"I know," answered the squirrel, cheerfully, "you never shoot, because, in the first place, you are so much interested in what is going on on the ground that you never think to look up in the trees; then, if somebody points us

out to you, you do as you did the other day, and stop to see what we are going to do;" and the squirrel laughed again.

"Well, you see," explained Mr. Thompson, volubly, "I don't care for gunning, but I am interested in the habits of animals, and I try to study them at every opportunity."

"Interested, eh? Well, then, I think I can show you a thing or two. Come on," said the larger squirrel.

He jumped from branch to branch, Mr. Thompson following. At last they reached a tall tree, nearly at the top of which was what appeared to be a great bunch of dry leaves lodged in a crotch. But when Mr. Thompson came close to it he discovered that it was made of twigs, curiously twined together, and made into a sort of a nest.

"This," said the squirrel, "is my summer residence. You see it is strongly enough built to withstand the lighter storms of summer; then the foliage on the trees protects it as well."

"How do you get in?" inquired Mr. Thompson.

"Here is the doorway, on the southeast side."

"Why on the southeast side?"

The squirrel laughed, then answered: "You know we squirrels are very fond of sunshine, and we even go so far as to always build the doors of our houses toward the south, unless some obstacle prevents. Won't you come in?" he continued, politely.

Mr. Thompson entered. He was in a circular room about as large as a boy's head. It was lined with an abundance of dry leaves, and really seemed very cozy. He only remained a moment, however, for his guide asked him to go and see his winter-quarters.

They jumped from tree to tree until they at last came to a magnificent old oak. The squirrel scampered up, and Mr. Thompson followed close behind. Suddenly he paused. On the under side of one of the great branches was a knot-hole. The squirrel entered, and Mr. Thompson followed. They were in the hollow of the old tree. Up at one end, above the knot-hole, the hollow grew smaller, and the squirrel had used this space for storing his winter provisions of nuts and corn. At the other end, where the hollow grew larger, was a bed of dry leaves and moss.

After having admired the winter residence they started to return to the tree where they had first met. When they reached the branch they sat down to rest.

"Do you keep all your winter stores in that tree?" inquired Mr. Thompson.

"Oh no," answered the squirrel; "they are hid all over the grove. In fact— But look at the leaves where your pipe fell!"

Mr. Thompson looked. Sure enough, the dry leaves had taken fire, and a tiny tongue of flame was lapping its way toward where Mr. Thompson's game bag lay. A thought flashed across his mind. "My powder is in that game bag!" he exclaimed.

"Jump for it," replied the squirrel. "Just spring from the branch, and guide yourself with your tail."

Mr. Thompson sprang, but he did not seem to get the knack of guiding himself with his tail, for over and over he tumbled until he reached the ground, just in time to hear a terrible explosion. He lay for a moment stunned, then sprang to his feet and rubbed his eyes. There lay his game bag torn to rags. About twenty feet off was his shot-pouch. The two barrels of his gun had burst, and his whole outfit, in fact, was ruined.

He gazed sadly at the wreck. Then for the first time he realized that he was burned. He looked at himself. His coat was half burned off, and his hand was full of specks of powder from the explosion.

He picked up the scattered relics of his hunting expedition, and trudged wearily toward home. Arrived there, he tried to sneak in the back way; but it was no use: the family saw him, and he was straightway overwhelmed with questions.

"You see, I went up in a tree to talk with a squirrel, and while I was gone—" said Mr. Thompson.

"Up in a tree!" "To talk with a squirrel!" chorused the boarders.

"Yes," replied Mr. Thompson, snappishly. "Don't you suppose I know? Don't I look as if I knew?" And, with a rueful glance at his ruined equipments, he trudged crossly off to his room, and has ever since refused to speak of the matter.



### A FANTASY.

BY EVA LOVETT CARSON.

**I** DREAMED a terrible dream last night,  
A dream so real that I shudder to write.

I dreamed that I sailed far, far away  
To the home of Art (with a very large "A");  
And a country most weird and strange to me  
Was the land I sailed to over the sea.  
For Japanese fans in all sorts of manners  
Hung over that country like so many banners.  
They sprang from the ground, they hung from the trees,  
In festoons they dropped and swung in the breeze;  
From house to house they hung over the doors,  
They covered the roofs, the ceilings, and floors.  
The people there used them for carpets and mats,  
They used them for clothes and used them for hats,  
They used them for tables and chairs and beds,  
And wore them alike on their feet and their heads.  
In the garden the fans were growing in rows;  
They ate them and drank them, I really suppose.  
When I looked for the sky I was lost in amazement:  
Japanese umbrellas alone met my gaze.  
Yes, my very brain whirled and grew sick at the sight  
Of the strange decorations I saw last night.  
And, behold! when I opened my eyes in bed,  
Japanese umbrellas hung over my head.

### OUR BOY SOLDIERS

BY GUSTAV KOBBE.

**F**EW prettier sights are ever seen than the exhibition which was given on the afternoon of May 19 at the Seventy-first Regiment Armory in New York city by the pupils of the Columbia Institute.

This is one of the most popular schools for boys in our city. Its object is to give a sound commercial education

to young men and boys about to engage in business, and to prepare candidates for entrance in any college, or for the United States Naval and Military Academies. To the studies necessary to achieve this end its Principal, Professor Edwin Fowler, and his associates have done wisely in adding a knowledge of military tactics.

It was delightful to see these sturdy boys in spotless uniforms going through the tactics of the drill manual. The entire corps consists of about fifty students, of whom forty-one are privates, under the command of four sergeants, Masters B. Schmidt, O. Hebert, G. Beckwith, and E. Spencer, and five commissioned officers, Major O. L. Rogers, Captains Keasbey and Alexander, and Lieutenants L. Schmidt and Whyland.

The entertainment opened with the ceremony of "guard-mounting." The battalion, consisting of two companies, A and B, was then formed. A pair of marking flags, silk, gold-fringed, and handsomely mounted, bearing the monogram of the Columbia College Cadets, was presented to the corps by Mrs. Fowler, the wife of the Principal. This was acknowledged in a short speech from O. L. Rogers, Major of the corps, and the evolutions commenced.

One of the leading features of the entertainment was a special competition drill by Masters Romaine, Sanford, Woodward, Wells, E. and G. Lichtenstein, Smith, Stone, Smedley, Schneider, and Sills. A handsome breastplate was awarded to C. Woodward. Pretty gold badges were also awarded by the Principal to Masters Sanford and Sills, the latter being an infant hero of seven sum-

mers, whose perfection in soldierly conduct and discipline was truly surprising.

Some of the little soldiers did indeed remind one of the famous army of Lilliput. Many of them were not even grown up enough to have reached the dignity of trousers, but wore the daintier knickerbockers, with black stockings and shining patent-leather slippers. Yet they felt how important their conduct was, and each one knew that not a toe must be off the line or a little nose turned sideways, else the effect of the battalion would be spoiled.

When the word of command was given, each little soldier obeyed instantly and perfectly. "Right about face!" The whole battalion wheeled around like one man. "Present arms!" There was an even line of glistening bayonets in front of an even line of dark blue and glistening white belts and arm straps.

When the review was over, and each young soldier had done his best in rank and file, there was another opportunity for the display of well-trained feet. A dance followed. The glittering uniforms mixed themselves up with dainty muslins and shining silks, and soon military tactics and warlike attitudes were forgotten in favor of whirling polkas and mazy quadrilles.



THE COLUMBIA INSTITUTE DRILL.





WELL, my darlings, June is here again, with her lap full of roses and her woods full of songs, and her blue skies like great calm oceans, where the white clouds go sailing to and fro like fairy boats. How I love June! and how I wish we might have sixty days of her beauty instead of only thirty! Here we are now at the tenth, and the sweet, sweet days are slipping away so very fast, much as Amy's waxen beads did the other morning when she happened to break the string.

What was that I heard? It sounded like a laugh. And now that I listen, the laugh grows louder—a perfect laughing chorus. What is it, children? I like to laugh with you. Is vacation coming soon? A few more weeks of hard work, a few more examinations, and then you will have the long summer recess, when there will be no school duties to think of, but instead you may enjoy yourselves in many delightful ways.

You know the Postmistress always counts on a splendid budget of letters from the young people in vacation days. But you must all be diligent in these busy weeks of school. Then toss scraps and wave kerchiefs as merrily as you please.

The first thing I have for you is a pleasant and amusing exercise for the parlor or veranda on summer evenings.

#### THE GAME OF "ANIMALS."

Form two sides in rows facing each other. Place the scorer at the head, with the leaders' names written on a sheet of paper. Suppose the leaders be called George and Minnie. Either one may open the game by mentioning an animal whose name begins with A. Say that George begins with "Ape." After he has spoken the word he must begin to count, moderately fast, from one to ten, the story being that Minnie enters number any one on Minnie's side may name another (beast, bird, insect, or fish) coming with A, such as "Alligator," and commence counting, and so on to ten. The side which can complete the count without interruption wins that letter, and the scorer places it to its credit, and the game continues with the next letter.

Observe never to interrupt your own side. After the alphabet is gone through, the side whose list of letters is longest wins the game.

ELLA D.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—Will you please let me send a letter to the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE through your Box? I have been reading this morning the story of Jimmy and little white Katie, in No. 234, and I wish very much to tell about a plan for helping the little blind Katie.

At the school for the blind, South Boston, the plan originated, and its strongest impulse came from the unselfish, loving hearts of the little blind children there. Last summer, in vacation, these children worked, scrubbed floors, tended lawns and sewed clothes for the blind, and brought to Mr. Anagnos, the director of the school, eleven dollars and some cents, with the request that he give them to a Kindergarten home for blind children too young to be admitted to the institution.

The kingdom of heaven is like a grain of mustard seed. It is so small that the Pharisees, it kept on growing. Their teachers were, of course, interested to help, and on Washington's Birthday the girls' school held a fair in their gymnasium to swell their tiny fund. One of the teachers told me that if they could clear seventy-five dollars they should be happy. Judge of their happiness, then, when the proceeds counted.

Kind hearts have opened to the needs of the sightless babies, and the building, which will begin next fall, may be considered as in great measure the result of the Christ spirit in these child hearts, leading them, in the shadow of their misfortune, to reach out tiny hands of help to those even more suffering and needy than themselves.

Much of the outside help has come from children, little ones from far away coming to the help of their sightless brothers and sisters, day after day, and in the Kindergarten the giving of their small earnings and self-denials to make darkened lives bright.

Are there any among the readers of *Y. P.* who will send a two-cent stamp to Mr. M. Anagnos, Director of the Institution for the Blind, South Boston, Massachusetts, for a pamphlet describing the Kindergarten in these child hearts?

If you need for it, you will receive a little illustrated

book well worth reading, and from it you can learn more about the children who have helped, and those who are to be helped.

Very truly your friend,

ONE OF THE OLDER PEOPLE.

The Postmistress has read the pamphlet referred to, and found it very interesting and touching indeed.

NANKA PRINCE, GEORGETOWN.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS, My pupils like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I read them the stories Friday afternoons. The little girls seem most interested in the Post-office Box, but the boys ask every Friday if there is a "Jimmy Brown story." Last Friday my little fourth-grade pupils wanted to know if they could write a story for the box, so I told them they might each write a story of their own, and if they should do very nicely I might send the best ones to the Post-office Box. I know you would read the eagerness with which they wrote and read their stories. The class all agreed that the ones written by Gerlie C. and Lillie B. were best, and asked me to be sure to send them to the Post-office Box to enclose them just as they were handed to me. (Can you find space for them, and encourage my dear little pupils?) Thanking you for the pleasure we had in taking in your part of the treat.

I am very truly yours, MARY L. C.

Here are the stories. This is Lillie's:

#### BIRTIE'S WHITE MICE.

Birtie Fields was an only child, and his father was a rich banker. One rainy day Birtie was standing by the window, looking out at the rain, when all at once he heard a faint knock. He went to the door, and saw a poor ragged boy standing there. He asked him in, and told him to sit down by the fire, and went and told his mother, and she came down and asked him what strange little boy wanted. The little fellow wanted to sell a pair of white mice. Birtie thought they were very pretty, and asked his mother to buy him a pair. His mother bought him a white mouse, and Birtie named them Jack and Jill. Birtie's father bought a cage for the mice; in the cage a wheel was made, and in the corner a bed was made. When the mice were tame they would come and run on the table and sit on Birtie's shoulders. One day Jack hid, and Birtie poking her nose into every corner to find him, but he had come out, and the soldiers together once more.

LILLIE B.

This is Gerlie's:

#### THE ISLAND OF ST. HELENA.

I was born on the island of St. Helena. It is a small island in the Atlantic Ocean that belongs to Africa. It is mostly inhabited by negroes. It is a very hot island, and the people have frost. It has many nice fruits. Most of my aunts and uncles and cousins live there. There are very many horses there, but instead of men there are donkeys. The donkeys live on the shore, and it washes pretty shells up. The cat-fish are very poisonous, for they have a large bottle of ink, and when you catch one it puts its ink into the water. There are soldiers on the island. The island of St. Helena was once a volcano. When I left the island I was a very little girl, and I had a little brother who was at that time two years old. I left to go to Boston, where I had a little cousin and an aunt and uncle. I did not have a very pleasant trip, because we were all of full my mind, and we saw the banks at Nantucket and into the rocks, and the ship was almost broken. I was on the ocean sixty-two days.

GERLIE C.

C. HARRISON, PRINCETON.

When I hear my mamma read the letters in the Post-office Box I feel like writing one too. I can't play much now, because I have to stay in bed a good deal of my time. I like to write letters. When I do get up for a little time each day I have to go around on crutches; but I have a pretty good time. My mother let me boss all the jobs, and the little girls often come to tea with me. I have a good strong brother about seven and a half years old, much younger than I—I am nearly as big as full my mind, and we have two boys. He is now erecting a tent over our flowers to keep the sun from hurting them, and the dogs and chickens from eating them and scratching them up. I have a birdie, and my brother Tommie Tucker; and to-day a lost dog came along, and we found him. I gave him my breakfast, and if he will only keep on being lost I will give him my lunch and my supper. A boy doesn't want much to eat when he has to lie in bed most of the time. I wish, dear Postmistress, you would hurry up and get poor Paul home to sleep another night in that barrel. I am going to write letters often after this, and I hope some one will answer them.

FRANC JEWETT W.

Write as often as you please, my boy. Don't distress yourself too much about Paul; Mr. Otis will bring him safely through all his adventures.

One day last winter I was taking a stroll in a city where I was a stranger, and I found not my way back to the hotel. So I looked about and presently I saw such a handsome little fellow, with dark eyes and hair, and a face like a sunbeam, but, like you, he had something the matter with his hip, and the little man was on crutches. The children and I are always coming to see him. He is very polite, and I have his escort, and we had a charming walk and talk.

"Yes," he said, in reply to a question: "I used to go staving along just like those fellows who are playing ball over there." (It was in a Southern city, where boys played ball in January, that I met my little knight.)

"But," he said, "I don't fret about it. What would be the use? Don't say I'll be well one of these days, and I have plenty of fun as it is."

I think a brave little laddie who makes the best of things, even when he has to suffer pain, is very noble. I know there are some such among my correspondents, and I want them to feel that I keep a special place for them in my heart.

PRINCETON, N. J. J. H. A.

When I last wrote to you I was in Florida. I am now here, going to school. My uncle is a professor in the college here. I study history, reading, penmanship, geography, practical and mental arithmetic, spelling, and grammar. We have here a very good school, and I am doing very well. I will have been here just a month to-morrow. I came alone all the way by steamer from New York to St. Petersburg, Fla. I was not rough, and had a splendid journey all the way. It was the first time I ever travelled alone for any distance, and the first time I was ever in the South. The next time I go to New York I was in Texas, where we lived before we went to Florida. I was too late to see any snow here, but hope to have plenty of sleighing and skating next winter. The next time I go to New York I am going to see the Brooklyn Bridge, Central Park, and all the sights, and last, but not least, where *YOUNG PEOPLE* is printed, and call, if I may, on the Postmistress. I am at home to visitors? I am not the only one who wants to see the Postmistress. I have seen many new things here, for instance, I have seen an apple orchard full of blossoms, and I have seen a peach orchard here never saw an orange grove or blossoms, nor a Florida swamp, and pine and palmetto scrubs. There are some very fine farms around here, and Princeton is a very pretty place, but I like New York and Florida better. Were you ever there, or here in Princeton?

F. C. S.

I have been in Princeton, dear, and in Florida as well, so I know what sort of exchange you have made. We are always glad to meet the friends of *Y. P.* and to hear from you. If you happen to find me in I, shall be charmed to meet you, for F. C. S. is one of my most faithful correspondents.

WASHINGTON, CITIES BEACH, VIRGINIA.

I have known HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE a long time, but have not had courage to write before. I have been in the States for a long time, and I am about eighteen miles from here. The effects were very serious; there were six people killed, among them two boys, four girls, one fourteen and one seven. South of the boundary of the Baptist church wood. All that remains of the Baptist church are the two ends. All the churches were injured. One which was in the States, and the Papa, Monday, and heard many particulars. One little coat was taken gently up and placed in another bed, quite safe.

MARY D.

CHAMBERLAIN, DAKOTA.

I am a little girl living in the far West, and I see a great many things which when I lived farther west I never saw. I have a very fine home, Chamberlain is a picturesque little place on the left bank of the Missouri River, and north of the town is the American Creek, and it empties into the river. West of the river and north of the creek are bluffs, and on the east and south. In the river is American Island, which the town boys go to get for a park. The bank of the river is so high that the boats cannot go up and down. All the land for two hundred miles west of here is an Indian reservation. There is an Indian agency, where there are fifteen hundred and fifty Indians, and every Saturday the government furnishes them with flour, sugar, coffee, and tobacco, and also thirty-five head of cattle, which they have to take care of. The government also, some carry their part home on their backs, some have ox teams, some have pony teams, some pack it on their ponies backs, and some attach a pack train to the government agency. The government, and they weave pieces of hides across,



and lay their meat on that. It is quite a sight to see them. The Indians come across the river in summer in boats, but in winter they come on the ice, and have bull-rogs, furs, muskrats, and other things for sale. If an Indian has no team, his squaw carries all his loads (and her pappoose, if she has one) tied on her back, with something like the way to keep the child from crying. An Indian man goes carrying nothing but his pipe. Don't you think this pretty hard for the squaw? Some, however, are a little more civilized; they have some corn and more so than the rest. Most of the squaws dress in short dresses, with moccasins and leggings, and blankets summer or winter. The Indians dress as nearly like white people as possible, excepting that some wear feathers in their hats, and almost any of them, if they can, will wear beads, tin and brass jewelry, or anything else they can get on that is bright. They are quite a number of them incamped near town.

EDITH N. D.

This is a very good letter. I wish the children to notice that all savage peoples behave like these red men, and make the women do the hardest work and carry the heaviest loads. Among civilized nations, men respect women, and try to make their wives and daughters as happy and comfortable as a Christian gentleman never lets a lady suffer a hardship if he can help it.

Edmund dear, remember this, and help sister Bessie with that basket. Set a chair for mamma when she enters the room; open the door for auntie when she leaves it. Never act like the stupid, solemn-faced Indian who lets the squaw carry the loads.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

I am a little girl ten years old. I have four little sisters; their names are Lella, Mary, Leslie, and Fern, but Leslie is dead. We have a temper. They all, when we meet every day, and I call it called Lookout Band. I went walking with my teacher, Miss W., and found some flowers. Lella goes to school every day. I do not, because I have the headache so much. I have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since the first number, and I think it the nicest paper that ever was. I like the letters best of all. Lella is eight years old, and Mary is five. Leslie was two years, and Fern ten months old to-day. On Christmas I got a book and some perfume, and a doll named Pansy. Ever your friend,

MARY C.

Did you ever read a beautiful piece of poetry, entitled "We are Seven"? It begins—  
"I met a little cottage girl,  
She was eight years old, she said."  
Something in your letter, dear, reminds me of the poem.

BROOKS, MASSACHUSETTS.

We are twins of thirteen years, five months, and twenty-nine days, and like the paper very much. I suppose you think that it is the best paper in the world; our brother thinks so, but of course he is not a very good judge, as he is only seven years old. (Now my sister is going to write.) Now we will tell you about our pets. We have five—two apaches and one top out little brother; they are two turtles and two owls. I suppose you will think it very funny for us to have such queer pets. But our dear uncle who died brought them home from a far-away country, so we keep them in honor of his memory; the turtles are named Lella and Loto. Our little brother's pet is a flying squirrel that has no name. Good-by, darling Postmistress, with many kisses from your little friends.

LENA and LOUISE VAN B.

Certainly I have a very high opinion of Harper's Young People, and think your brother quite old enough to be an excellent judge, my dear twin girls.

ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY.

I am a little girl ten years old, and will be eleven in October. I like Jimmy Brown's stories better than any others. My brother and I take the paper together, and like it very much. My brother is three years older than I am. We have two pets, a cat and her kitten. The kitten is about one month old, and is very cunning. ETHEL D.

NARDEANSETT PIER, BRIDGE ISLAND.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for the last two years, and in that time it has come to me in Chicago, in Wisconsin, in Maryland, and in New York, and the sea-shore, where I take the cottage for the summer. My little sister, seven years old, loves to have me read the stories to her. I want to tell you about a wedding she had with her dolls to-day. She asked the bride if she would draw her husband's stockings, and then asked the groom if he would promise never to speak, or swear, or break his wife's heart, or give her any more Kate, but Mr. Starr. We find a great many curious things on the beach. I am always so glad when Tuesday comes and I get my HARPER. I love it very much, and I am sure but-ter-scotch after one of the Little Housekeepers' receipts to-day, and it is very nice. Now good-by.

LETIE T.

N. A. S. CO.

I have three sisters—Margaret, Anna, and Mabel; and one brother, Willie. We have only two pets—Rocky Miller, a very handsome cat, who has had the scarlet fever, and Cherry-Hop, our bird. I go to school, and have been going for six years. I was only five when I began to go, and I am almost eleven now.

A. CAMPBELL.

I am puzzled to know how a cat could have the scarlet fever. Did she take catnip tea to cure it?

WATERBURY, NEW YORK.

We are two girls that have written once before, but as our letter was not published, we thought we would try again. We both attend a private school consisting of thirty scholars. Our class studies arithmetic, algebra, history, geography, physiology, elocution, spelling, writing, and drawing. We both like physiology best. Hoping that this will be published.

MAUDE A. and CLARA G. M.

JANESBORO, TENNESSEE.

We have never written before, but we have been thinking about it a long time. I should like to tell you how we have been getting on. We have a dog and a dog named Collyie; he has what they call a watch eye. We do not go to school, as it is too far away, but we hope the country here will soon be thick with us. We are now used to live in Huron County, Michigan. It was so cold there. We would like it a great deal better here if we had a school. We are two little girls, and we have a brother and two sisters besides, but no brother. We are going to write to Nellie K. very soon; we can not write very well ourselves yet, so our mamma is writing for us. We think that a great many of the boys would like to have a stroll through the beautiful woods here, and see the big rocks and cliffs and water-falls. If any of them should ever come to Rugby, Tennessee, in the summer, we would be pleased to have them come and see us.

EDNA and MAUDIE C.

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA.

I am a girl thirteen years old. Our school takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like to read the children's letters very much. I study history, reading, writing, arithmetic, physiology, geography, word analysis, and grammar. I have about fifty scholars in our school. I live a mile from the Great South Bay. In the winter it freezes, and we have jolly times on the ice. In the summer we go bathing and sailing. Last summer I went sailing to Bellport to see the boat-race. A thunder-storm came up, and it blew very hard, and it took a great many of the boats. A sea came rolling all over the deck. When we got home we were soaked through. I have an orange, and I take much lessons. Three years ago my mamma went to England, to see her mother, brothers, and sisters, and last summer my uncle went.

ALMA P.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

Here is another of your little girl. I think you can find a place for me: I don't take up much room. I am only five years old. I am glad to see that Kittie May D., from Kansas, is well enough to write, for when my papa told me here not long ago she fell off her horse on the lawn. Mamma tells me to say that Kittie has a nice brother Willie whom the Postmistress ought to be careful from. Papa told me that the Chinese Giant; he has a very kind face. I think he must know a great deal. After looking at him, I saw for the first time Punch and Judy and their baby. I had never seen them before, and these are my presents: three beautiful books; a gossamer for my large doll, the oldest of my children; a set of jewelry for Helen, my German friend; a gold back for my baby doll; my French doll; a bottle of fine extract, and a pair of gold gloves, also some pretty cards. As I know how to print only with a lead-pencil, my sister is writing this for me, but I tell her what to say.

AGNES V. P. W.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

I am a little boy eleven years old. I have a little brother and a sister. We all go to school. Nearly all of the letters tell about the pets the boys and girls who take YOUNG PEOPLE have. I have two pet pigeons, but the one I like best is for pets. We expect to go on a farm next spring, and then I shall have lots of pets, as I am very fond of them.

JOHN G. K.

F. G. SCHUBERT, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little boy eight years old. I live in an old town. I wrote you some time ago, but it wasn't printed. I was hunting eggs in our barn last Sunday, and when I came home I found my brook my name. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE one year, and like it very much. I have a little sister five months old, named Nellie, and an older one named Bertie. My mother is writing for me, as my arm is so sore. HENRY C. F.

I am very sorry for your misfortune.

Three Cincinnati girls have sent a bright little letter. Their names are Alice, Jo, and Becky, Alice, by-the-by, is the middle girl, so far as age is concerned, and is the author of the following:

ODE TO MY BIRD.

My little bird, whose name is Bill,  
Is a jolly little fellow;  
His eyes are just as bright as beads,  
His voice is sweet and mellow.  
He can't confess he wastes his time,  
Makes a fuss when there is no need;  
Still he makes up for all the trouble,  
And I think repays me double,  
By his singing.

Thanks for favors to Mattie S. W., John A. G., A. College Girl, Robert H. P., F. Belle T., Mers G., Maud Y. W., Blanche W. L., William S., Emma Metc., Otis E. B., Walter C. P., Dora B. C., May C. D., Sydney E. W., Carrie C., Cora M. B., Granville M., Charlie C. G., Carrie C. V. D. S., C. H., Julia A., N. B. P., George I. K., E. Dean R., M. J. M., S. Lizzie M. R., Juddie L., Emmie A. H., Lily M., Ross K., Anna H. R., Allie M. C., Jessie M., Clara H. W., Bessie W., Rosamond B. R., Jennie L., Minnie L. C., Cary S., Perry C. G., Cora W., Phoebe B., W. Frank C., Nora L., Maudie H. S., Rubie F., and Mary S., Emile M., Mayence: Write a letter describing your school more fully. American boys will be interested in it.

The Postmistress is obliged to inform the children that she can not arrange for their private correspondence with each other, excepting as they express their wishes through the columns of the Post-office Box. Indeed, it will be better for you to send your friendly little messages to the Post-office Box itself for publication.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

A HALF-SQUARE.

1. An allowance. 2. Fruit of a tree. 3. A sound considered as, to pitch. 4. A preposition. 5. A letter from Annapolis.

COLEMBIA.

No. 2.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 2 letters, and am something in search of which many brave men have died.

My 6, 2, 8, 7 is a game.  
My 8, 9, 4 is to rent.  
My 4, 1, 9, 2, 3, 5 is a city in England.  
My 6, 9, 4 is to fondle.  
My 4, 5, 7, 3, 1 is a bribe.  
My 4, 5, 9 is an article.  
My 6, 2, 9 is a house.  
My 6, 2, 3, 4 is a harbor.  
My 4, 7, 6 is a toy.  
My 9, 4, 1, 2, 3 is something which soothes pain.  
My 6, 9, 3, 4, 5 is a city in Scotland.  
My 8, 9, 7 is a boy's name.  
My 3, 7, 4 is to decay.

EUREKA.

No. 3.

ENIGMA.

My first is in bake, but not in pan.  
My second in bow, but not in man.  
My third is in row, but not in swim.  
My fourth is in 9, but not in 10.  
My fifth is in show, but not in dough.  
My whole is a poet who died long ago.

FLORENCE ANDERSON (aged 7½ years).

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 238.

No. 1.—Ash, asher. Slip, slipper. Skip, skipper. Bow, bower. Brother, brother. Chest. Chisel. Cap, caper. Pay, fair. Ham, hammer. Fea, fear. Paint, painter. Boil, boiler. Eld, elder. Check, checker. Beak, beaker. Flow, flower. Cent, center. Barb, barber. Charge, charger. Sense, censor. Rock, rocker.

No. 2.—Crow.

No. 3.—Richelieu—Raleigh, India, Canary, Henlopen, Etna, Lisbon, Italy, Elba, Ulster.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Cora Zeinture, Elizabeth M. X. Ransom, Helen Abendroth, H. W. Gulager, Steele Penn, C. C. Barr, George W. Beattie, Henry M. Anderson, Arthur Montgomery, May L. Anna M. Green, Nellie Gassaway, R. E. W., Eugene Gardiner, Helen S. E. Elizabeth T., Jeanie F., Martin Payson, and M. Fletcher.

The answer to the Anagram, on page 464 of No. 238, is "The Land of the Midnight Sun."

[For Enigmas, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



### THE CAT'S SOLILOQUY.

AN open cage, some feathers fair,  
Two little maidens crying,  
And Pussy seated on a chair,  
The mournful scene espying.

Tear after tear rolls down each cheek,  
Sob after sob arises,  
While Fuss, as well as she can speak,  
Calmly soliloquizes:

"If they would keep a bird in cage,  
They should not leave it undone;  
For that's the tale in every jail  
From Panama to London.

"Their ducks and chicks they pet and feed;  
And yet I've often noted,  
They eat the very birds, indeed,  
To which they're most devoted.

"Then wherefore look so cross and sour?  
Why make this sad commotion?  
Why should not I a bird devour?  
For which I've no devotion?"

### WHO WAS HE?

BY L. A. FRANCE

HE was born in a city in Scotland on the 15th of August, 1771. His father held an office under the crown.

When he was two years old he had a fever, which caused the lameness from which he never fully recovered. To give him the benefit of country air he was sent to his grandfather's at Sandy Knowe. He spent his time there on pleasant days wandering over the knolls under the charge of an old shepherd. When he grew old enough to ride, he had a little Shetland pony, which he rode at full gallop over the hills. He was very fond of this pony, and would often bring it into the house and feed it sugar.

When he was eight years old the poet Burns said of him, "This lad will be heard of yet."

He attended the High School at Edinburgh, and received the greater part of his education there. He did not stand high in his classes at school, but was a general favorite with all the boys, who were always ready to listen to the wonderful tales he delighted to make up and tell for their benefit.

He enjoyed taking long walks, and his lameness did not prevent him from engaging in active out-door exercise and sports. He was a remarkably sweet-tempered boy. He was fond of fun, and had a great amount of common-sense and self-command.

In 1783 he entered the University of Edinburgh. When he was sixteen he had a severe sickness, caused by the breaking of a blood-vessel. He was not permitted to speak or move for weeks. He spent the time reading, and laid up a store of knowledge which served him well in after-years. He took particular delight in old legends, romances, and Border songs. He also learned Italian and Spanish. Some time later he studied law, and was admitted to the bar. He did not like the profession, was not successful in it, and at last gave it up.

He married Margaret Carpenter in 1797.

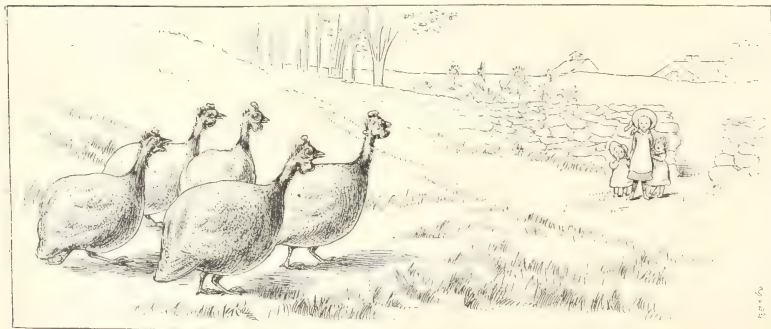
He published his first important work in 1805, when he was thirty-four years old, but had devoted a great part of his time to writing before that. His next book was written to pay off the debts of his brother Thomas. One of his books which attracted a great deal of notice was published in 1814.

He was very fond of company, and often had his house filled with guests. When asked how he could write with so many around, he replied that he usually thought over what he was going to write for an hour or two before he got up in the morning, then found it easy to put it on paper.

He had a remarkable memory, and once repeated a ballad containing eighty-eight stanzas, which he had heard but once, three years before.

He was created a baronet in 1820 by George IV. In 1826 he met with great financial losses. In order to pay off his debts he turned with renewed energy to his writing, and was in a great degree successful.

In 1830 his health failed, and he was obliged to give up his literary labors. He took a trip south, but did not receive any benefit from it. He soon returned to his home, where he died on the 21st of September, 1832.



"GO BACK—GO BACK—GO BACK!"

HARPER'S  
YOUNG PEOPLE  
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 242.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, JUNE 17, 1884.

Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



## VITTORIA.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

GREAT melting eyes, and laughing lips  
O'er which the soft Italian trips.

Lower clouds of dusky curling hair,  
Sweet dimples lurking everywhere,

An olive skin as smooth as silk,  
And pearly teeth as white as milk.

Vittoria did you call her name?  
Like victory it sounds, and fame.

On many a proud and saintly page,  
By sister fair or abbess sage,

The pretty name is shining now,  
A star that gleams from history's brow.

Come, Alice, Edith, Mary, Bee,  
And dream of Venice by the sea.

For there this dainty maid was born,  
Where white doves circle night and morn,

Where swift gondolas flash and glide  
Across the pulsing moon-lit tide.

She does not need our daisied parks  
Beneath the shade of old St. Mark's.

Perhaps, you think, she'd like to hear  
What fun you've had this very year—

How you have searched for flowers in May,  
In summer tossed the new-mown hay,

How you have climbed the mountain crest,  
And peered into the eagle's nest.

The little one will listen while  
You speak, with flitting blush and smile;

Then she will go and feed her birds,  
And coo to them in silver words.

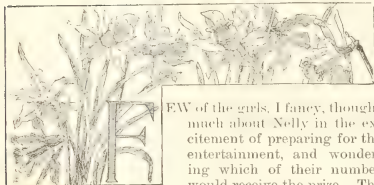
The happy languor of her race  
Is in her proud patrician face.

Venetian skies are calmly blue;  
Vittoria would not change with you.

## OUR LITTLE DUNCE.

BY MRS. LUCY C. LILLIE

IV



FEW of the girls, I fancy, thought much about Nelly in the excitement of preparing for the entertainment, and wondering which of their number would receive the prize. The rooms were filled with merry

girlish voices as the toilets for this distinguished occasion were made. You could hear the girls singing scraps of songs, calling to one another across halls, finally rushing in their white cashmere gowns here and there, gathering in eager groups, all full of the excitement of the occasion.

Meanwhile, with great difficulty—for she was so weak—I dressed Nelly in my room, and quietly got her down to Miss Blakeman's apartment, where a nice little supper was waiting for her by the fire. While she ate she looked up now and then, smiling wistfully at me, and once or twice she said some little word, and always a gentle word, about Vernona.

In the glare of the school-room, with the throng of visitors, amid the music and the general excitement, it was hardly remarked that our little "Dunce" slipped in and took her place late.

She had whispered to Miss Blakeman, "As soon as the girl has got her prize can I go upstairs again?"

And then Miss Blakeman had answered, "My dear, I have just heard that your father will be here; if you like, you may go with him into the parlor."

So Nelly took her place, straining her eyes to find her father's great form and jovial, happy face amidst the crowd of guests.

Suddenly I saw their eyes meet. Father and daughter—they were both alike! The same trustful, happy, childlike glance seemed to be exchanged between them, and Captain Darton tried by gestures to show his little daughter there was room at his side for her. But Nelly laughed and shook her head at him, and I smiled too, thinking we should have had hard work if Captain Darton had come to school as well.

At last the music was over, the usual address made, and then Dr. Charles, who had been for some time closeted with Miss Blakeman, stepped forward and said, in his usual elaborate manner:

"The composition which I am about to read to you has taken the prize under extraordinary circumstances. It has many faults of grammar and style, but it is so rich in originality of thought, so full of beauty of language and idea, that we have decided to give it the place of honor."

He took out a little roll of paper, and I furtively glanced at Vernona. She was very pale and still. Nelly, in the seat back of her, leaned forward, and I saw her lightly press a kiss on Vernona's shoulder.

The reading began. We had heard, year after year, a great many compositions on December 23, but never such a one as this. Crude as it was, a soul and heart, a delicate mind and nature, full of poetry and truth and sweetness, spoke in those simple lines. There was no attempt at flights of fancy or rhetoric. What the girl had seen and felt and loved of God's grace and bounty in the green life of His earth, its wintry gust, its quiet meadows just breaking into spring warmth and color—of that, in language that was like a child's and yet was a poet's, she wrote.

I looked at my little Nelly. I saw the strange and dreamy look come into her eyes. I saw also the same eyes fill now and then with a strange, yearning look, as though something of the mystery and beauty and peace of that "far-off country" had come to her. Girls, I am nearly twenty years older than I was that day, but I can feel again the thrill which rushed through me as Dr. Charles closed the paper, and said,

"The prize is awarded to Miss Elinor Price Darton."

I have always been so thankful that the curious solemnity of the hour was broken by the Captain's voice. He jumped up, and in a hearty, vigorous tone cried out,

"Hooray! hooray! Hip, hip, hooray!"

And inspired by this, one and all gave vent to loud applause, in the midst of which some one heard Dr. Charles say, "Where is Nelly Darton?"

There was our little "Dunce"—no longer to be so called—honored above all others in the school and in our hearts. I wish you could have seen the picture.

Nelly came forward, smiling very faintly, and stood at Dr. Charles's side while she received her little gold medal and the beautiful case of books. And from one to another flew comments on the strangeness of it all. How Nelly got down from the platform I can not tell you. A moment later she was by her father's side, showing him her medal, and talking in eager, low tones.

Girls, when Nelly grew to womanhood, and became the writer of stories and poems you have all read, she told me she often wondered *how* she wrote that composition. It seems she had often "thought at" things of the kind, but had no idea of writing them down until the spur was given by hearing of the famous academy prize. Then, little by little, she had worked it out. At last *her* kind of work had been shown her.



And Vernona? You will wonder how it had happened that her composition was put aside.

As soon as Miss Blakeman had been convinced that the original composition was Nelly's, she sent for Vernona, and between much good and loving counsel and some warnings she induced the girl to confess her deceit.

Vernona explained how she had longed to gratify her father, and how, just as she was in despair about her work, she had chanced to find a copy of Nelly's composition, and having sense enough to see its good points, she had taken them, never dreaming that the little "Dunce" could have any chance.

Poor Vernona! I believe she suffered months of misery in that one hour, and I will say her remorse was very genuine. It was not all just shame; it was in part honest penitence. She humbly told her story to Nelly, whose tender heart melted at once, and her "Never mind, Vernona; we'll try and forget it," though it brought a fresh flood of tears, had a charm in it which softened the girl's heart more than an hour's rebuke could have done.

It was impossible to resist Nelly's pleading that Vernona's fault should not be made known. What penance Miss Blakeman imposed I never knew, but at all events no one in the school but us four knew of her offense. And with her frank and sorrowful admission of guilt had come a sort of grace which certainly helped her ever afterward. I knew her many years later. Nelly was always her friend, and I can testify to her having led an honored, useful life in which I believe deceit never again took part.

As for Nelly, our little "Dunce" now, it was not possible to put her on any pedestal except in our affections. Nelly would be Nelly of old in some ways forever, but from that day forward her horizon widened. It became an accepted fact that Nelly never would be great at "ologies," at the piano, at French, or mathematics; but as time went on she grew to be leader in all the literary work of the school—our dramatist, poet laureate, and writer of special addresses; and when she went away into her own home we knew what she was, and what gifts of frank, fearless honor, in deed and word, she would bring to her husband. She had said, "*God would not believe it*," and He had not permitted her disgrace; but if He had, Nelly was one of His children who would have known that the reason as well as the result was in His keeping, and she would patiently have waited for His day.

Girls, you saw Mrs. Darrell yesterday. Did she look as though we had ever called her our little "Dunce"?

THE END

## THE COLONEL'S SNUFF-BOX:

A STORY OF BENGAL.

BY DAVID KER.

"I'M surprised that you should still take snuff, Colonel Pearson, when the practice is so completely out of fashion."

"My dear madam, an old-fashioned custom just suits an old-fashioned fellow; and, besides, I should be ungrateful to give up a habit that once saved my life."

We all looked up, seeing that one of the good stories for which the Colonel was so famous was coming.

"You must really tell us that story, Colonel," said our hostess. "I'm sure it must be a good one."

The Colonel laughed. "I don't know that it's very much of a story, after all; but if you care to have it, here it is for you:

"A good many years ago, not long after I first came out to India, I was sent to do garrison duty in one of the wilder parts of northern Bengal. The place where we were stationed was the most out-of-the-way spot you can imagine. In front, a range of high rocky hills; at the back, far as eye could reach, a great mass of dark green jungle,

thick and close as a bramble hedge. There wasn't a white face within forty miles, except my own, and that, with the sun and the mosquitoes, was not very white either. Altogether I was a kind of Eastern Robinson Crusoe, with an outpost station in place of a desert island, and thirty or forty Man Fridays instead of one.

"You would have thought this was the very last place where one could expect to meet a friend; but I had not been there a week when a man came up through the jungle whom I had not seen since we were at school together in England. So of course I gave him a share of my tent, and made him welcome to stay as long as he liked.

"Now I should tell you that among the presents that I had received on leaving England was a gold snuff-box given me by an old uncle of mine, who had commanded a cruiser in the Eastern seas, and was especially interested in everything East Indian. It was from him that I first learned to take snuff myself, which he said would be better for me than smoking. I valued the box, too, knowing how fond of it the old gentleman was, and what a wrench it must have been for him to part with it.

"One day, after a long march, we had turned in early, being rather tired. My friend was soon asleep, but I, tired though I was, could not get to sleep anyhow. The more I closed my eyes and tried to doze off, the more wide awake I was, and as restless as I could be. At last I could stand it no longer, and determined to try whether a pinch or two of snuff would steady my nerves a bit.

"I had just got out the box, which was under my pillow, when there was a rustle outside the tent, as if somebody had brushed against it in passing. The next moment the loose flap of canvas that hung over the doorway was pushed aside, and in came, not three feet from where I lay, the great yellow head, fiery eyes, and long white teeth of the biggest tiger I had ever seen in my life.

"I think it was one of Napoleon's old Generals who used to say: 'It is only a coward who says he has never been frightened.' I don't mind confessing that I was frightened that time, and very badly frightened, too. The guns were all beyond my reach, and I knew well that the first movement I made would bring the beast upon me.

"Just then a thought struck me. I saw that, after the darkness outside, the glare of the light I had kept burning dazzled Mr. Tiger, who was blinking and winking like a man just aroused from a nap. Before he had time to make a spring I flung all the snuff right in his face.

"You should have heard what a noise he made! It wasn't a roar, or a scream, or a howl, or a sneeze, but all four put together, loud enough to wake up the whole country. Away he went dashing and crashing down the hill, sending the stones and gravel flying like hail, and sneezing and coughing at every jump, fit to blow his head off. And then flash, flash, crack, crack went the rifles and matchlocks of our men below, to whom the chance of shooting a tiger was like a half-holiday to a school-boy. I could hear him still running, however, and thought he had got off; but the next morning we found him lying dead at the edge of the jungle a quarter of a mile away, with three bullets in his body."

There was a pause when the Colonel ended, broken at length by our hostess:

"But really, now, Colonel, aren't you making fun of us? Could a pinch of snuff really drive away one of those terrible tigers?"

"Well," said the Colonel, smiling slyly, "if you don't believe it, ask this gentleman opposite me, who was my tent companion that night."

"Dr. G—" echoed the whole company, amazed.

"Just so," said the missionary, with a hearty laugh; "and Dr. G— wished himself anywhere else, I can assure you. But as I was much the fatter man of the two, it's perhaps just as well for me that the Colonel was so handy with his snuff-box."



TASTEFUL EARRINGS.

## CHATS ABOUT PHILATELY.

BY JOSEPH J. CASEY.

## VIII.—THE FALKLAND ISLANDS.

**G**RADUALLY every place on the globe will have postage stamps of its own. A little more than forty years ago the idea of postage stamps for the prepayment of postage on letters was laughed at by every one. But the experiment was made in England, and now more than one hundred and fifty distinct governments use postage stamps.

In the Falkland Islands stamps were introduced in 1878. The type is represented in the stamp here given, and differs from those usually made for the colonies of Great Britain. The Falkland Islands belong to Great Britain, and in default of a special symbol for the stamps, the portrait of Queen Victoria is used; that is, the portrait of Victoria when she was much younger than she is now—when, in fact, she was a young lady, and more beautiful than at present.



All philatelists wonder why the English colonies which put the portrait of the Queen on their stamps do not use the portrait as it is to-day. But whether it is to save expense or to flatter their sovereign, only one colony—that of Newfoundland—represents the Queen of England as she is now.

The series in use in the Falkland Islands includes the following values and colors: *1d.*, claret; *6d.*, green; *1s.*, brown.

The Falkland Islands, about 200 in number, are in the South Atlantic, and lie about 250 miles east of the main-

land of South America, between the parallels of  $51^{\circ}$  and  $52^{\circ} 45'$ . A glance at any map or geography will fix the location. Only two of these islands are of considerable size. The largest is East Falkland, 95 miles in length, with an average width of 40 miles; and next, West Falkland, 80 miles long, and about 25 miles wide. The area of East Falkland is about 3000 square miles, and that of West Falkland about 2000.

In 1845 Mr. S. Lafone, a wealthy cattle merchant on the River Platte, obtained from the English government a grant of the southern portion of East Falkland, a peninsula 600,000 acres in extent, and possession of all the wild cattle on the island for a period of six years, for a payment of \$50,000 down, and \$100,000 in ten years from the 1st of January, 1852. In 1851 Mr. Lafone's interest in Lafonea, as the peninsula has since been called, was purchased for \$150,000 by a company chartered in London for the purpose of turning the island to more account.

The head-quarters of the Falkland Islands Company are now at Stanley, where their colonial manager resides, while their grazing and boiling-down operations are carried on in different parts of the islands. Stores and workshops have sprung up at Stanley, and now ships can be repaired and provided in every way better and more cheaply there than at any of the South American ports—a matter of much importance, seeing that a greater amount of injury is done annually by severe weather to ships passing near Cape Horn than in any other part of the world.

The Falkland Islands were first seen by Davis in the year 1592. A few years afterward they were visited by a Dutchman, Sebald de Wert, and called the Sebald Islands—a name which they still bear on some of the Dutch maps. Captain Strong sailed through the passage between the two principal islands in 1690, and called it Falkland Sound. From this the group afterward took its English name.

In 1763 the islands were taken possession of by the French, who established a colony on Port Louis; but they were expelled by the Spaniards a few years afterward. In 1761 Commodore Byron, on the part of England, took possession, claiming the right of prior discovery, and his doing so was nearly the cause of a war between England and Spain, both countries having armed fleets to contest the barren sovereignty. Spain yielded her claims. The republic of Buenos Ayres claimed the group in 1820, because the islands had not been actually colonized by England, and formed a settlement at Fort Louis which promised to be fairly successful. But there was a misunderstanding with the Americans, and it was destroyed by them in 1831. Finally the British flag was once more hoisted at Port Louis in 1833, and since that time the Falkland Islands have been a regular British colony under a Governor, and the seat of a colonial bishopric.

In the islands the sky is almost constantly clouded, and rain falls about 250 days in the year. The islands form essentially a part of Patagonia, with which they are connected by a high plateau under the sea.

Two vegetable productions of the Falklands, the "balsam bog" and the "tussock grass," are objects of curiosity and interest. In many places the low grounds look, at a little distance, as if they were scattered over with large gray boulders, three or four to six or eight feet across. These boulder-like masses are single plants. The growth is so slow and the condensation is so great that the block becomes as hard as the boulder which it so much resem-

bles, and it is difficult to cut a shaving from the surface with a sharp knife.

The "tussock grass" is a wonderful and most valuable natural production, which, owing to the introduction of flocks and herds of animals into the islands, will probably ere long become extinct. It is a reed-like grass, which grows in thick tufts, from six to ten feet high, from stool-like root-crowns. The leaves and stems are excellent fodder, and are much liked by cattle; but the lower parts of the stems and the crowns of the roots have a sweet nutty flavor which makes them delightful, and cattle and pigs and almost all other animals crop the tussocks to the ground, when the rain, getting into the crowns, rots the roots.

Several species of wild-geese found in these islands are so fearless that the boys bring them down at will by entangling their wings with a form of the "bolas" made with a pair of the knuckle-bones of an ox.

## "LEFT BEHIND,"\*

OR, TEN DAYS A NEWSBOY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"TOBY TYLER," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," "RAISING THE 'PEARL,'" ETC.

### CHAPTER VII.

ARTISTS AND PRINTERS.

DICKEY SPRY kept his word so far as having the timber for the seats at the theatre was concerned, for so anxious was he to fulfill his part of the contract that he devoted the next afternoon and evening to the work.

He made arrangements with Mrs. Green whereby he could get into the house during the afternoon, while she was attending to her fruit stand, and by nine o'clock in the evening he had made seats enough to accommodate at least two hundred boys, providing, of course, that they were willing to stow themselves in snugly.

After the work was done there was not a member of the firm but thought they had a valuable addition in the person of Mr. Spry and his timber, and they listened with more attention to his suggestions than they had on the previous evening, when it was possible that he would not carry out his portion of the contract as fully as they desired.

When they stopped work that evening they looked at their theatre with a great deal of pride; for it was now so nearly completed that any one could tell, at a very searching glance, what it was intended for.

The scenery was all in its place, and Nelly had made a quantity of rosettes of different-colored tissue-paper, which were to ornament the rough, unpainted boards.

All that remained to be done was to make the cur-

tain, and hang it so that it could be rolled up and down, and to arrange a place for the candles that were to serve as foot-lights.

What that curtain should be made of had been a vexing question for the partners to settle, and many and serious had been the discussions regarding it.

Ben had insisted that they ought to buy white cloth enough to make a regular curtain; but on considering that proposition carefully they had discovered that it would cost nearly three dollars, and they hardly felt justified in going to so much expense.

Finally it was decided to buy large sheets of stout brown paper, which could be both pasted and sewn together, in order to make sure that they would not be pulled apart by their own weight. They should then be ornamented in some artistic manner by the firm.

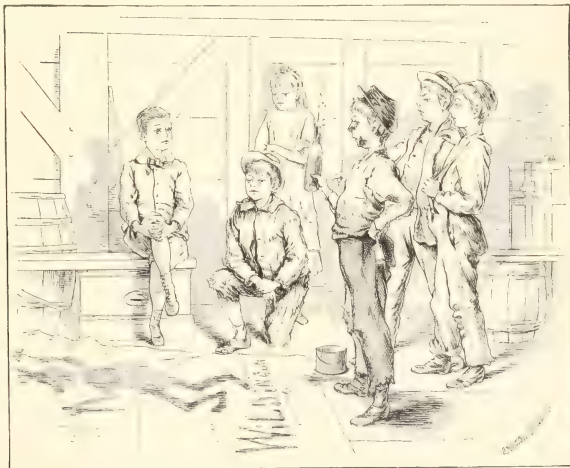
By the time this important question was settled it was so late that no more work could be done that night; but before Dickey departed for his hoghead home there was an emphatic demand made upon Mr. Dowd for some particulars as to the play which he had promised to have in readiness for the opening night. It was then Wednesday, and since the first performance was to be given on the following Saturday evening, it did surely seem as if the actors should know what they were to do on that important occasion.

"It will be all right," Mopsey said, so decidedly that they would have been obliged to be satisfied even if he had not added, "Friday night we'll all come here an' practice, an' then I'll tell you all about it."

On the following day business was so good that it was very late before the partners could get to work on their theatrical enterprise. If their profits had not been so large, they would have regretted the delay deeply.

But they worked the faster when they did get the chance, and while the others were interested in putting together the curtain, which bade fair to be a marvel of art, Ben labored industriously in making the tickets.

An acquaintance of his had a large lot of card-board



"ALL COULD SEE THE RESEMBLANCE AT ONCE."

\* Begun in No. 236, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

clippings, which he had gathered in a printing office as he delivered papers from time to time, and these Ben had purchased with the understanding that he was to give in return free admission to the entertainment for three evenings, providing, of course, that the theatre remained open to the public that length of time.

From these odds and ends Nelly had cut about a hundred properly shaped pieces during the afternoon, while she was in charge of the fruit stand, and these Ben was converting into orders for admission by printing on them, in rather a shaky hand, and with a new lead-pencil he had bought for that express purpose, the following:

*G R d T e s H o W.*

*LET W o n C o M E N.*

*5 CENTS*

As it was proposed to charge eight cents for seats in the two front benches, Ben printed, in addition to the above, twenty very unique cards, similar to this:

*P R e s e R V E D C o A T.*

*F R O N T B E N C H*

It was a long job, and he had bitten his tongue until it was sore in his efforts to make the printing readable, while his fingers ached from clutching the pencil so firmly; but he finished his task before the curtain was completed, and was able to give his advice as to ornamenting it.

It was while working on the curtain that Johnny displayed his skill as an artist, for he had assumed the sole charge, insisting that the others should proceed under his direction.

It was spread on the floor, and Master Jones was pursuing his work on his hands and knees, with two candles stuck in bottles as his only light. But Johnny appeared to be equal to his task, for he was dashing on the color rapidly, not heeding the fact that one side of his nose was a beautiful green and the other a vivid red, while his chin was as black as if he had been trying to paint on a beard.

It was on the central figure of this work of art that Johnny was expending the most of his labors, and to those who were watching him it appeared something like an irregular rainbow or the interior of a paint shop, until Master Jones printed under it, to avoid any possibility of mistake, "WILD IN GUIN." Then all could see the resemblance at once.

Johnny was proud of his work, and when at last it was completed he stood in silent admiration of what he had created, regardless of the fact that the hot tallow from the candle he held in his hand was running down over his fingers.

It had been decided to have a small painting in each of the four corners, to prevent the Indian from looking lonely, and these were to be done by the firm.

Paul drew his entirely in black, in the right-hand lower corner, and it was a very fair representation of two guns and a sword, although the barrels of the guns were rather more crooked than they should have been, while the edge of the sword was notched as if it had had some hard usage.

Dickey printed in red the same notice that the boys had seen in his home, offering a reward for the apprehension of Tim Dooley; and although his partners declared that it was not at all appropriate for the curtain of a dramatic stage, he insisted that it should remain there, citing the fact that he had contributed more in value to the general

fund than the others had. It was an argument that could not be disputed, and Dickey's notice was allowed to remain, although Johnny contended that the audience would think his Indian had been intended as a portrait of the missing Tim.

On the upper left-hand corner Mopsey painted, with all the colors at his command, a picture of a schooner under full sail, with a row of what was at first supposed to be guns showing over the rail, but which he explained were pea-nuts, adding that she was represented as having a full cargo on board.

Ben, with fingers still aching from severe exertion with the pencil, drew a picture of his blacking-box and brush, which would have been quite a correct likeness if he had not made the mistake of painting the brush nearly three times as large as the box.

Then, in order that Nelly might do something toward beautifying this wonderful curtain, she was allowed to print the name of each member of the firm, as well as her own, around the border, giving more color to the whole, even if it did not add to it in an artistic sense.

It was unusually late when all this was done, and the members of this grand enterprise were obliged to go to their respective beds, much as they would have liked to continue at their work all night.

The hundred and twenty tickets were divided equally among the five partners, that they might sell as many as possible before the opening of the doors on Saturday night, in order to lessen Mrs. Green's duties as door-keeper.

It was also agreed, before they separated that night, that Ben and Dickey should not attempt to do any business the next day, but devote all their time to hanging the curtain and hunting up old bottles to use as holders for the foot-lights, so that everything would be in readiness for the rehearsal in the evening.

During the next forenoon those of the partners who pursued their regular business had all they could do to attend to those who wished to buy papers and theatre tickets, and more particularly the latter.

There had been very much talk and speculation among this portion of the news-selling world as to the theatre, and every one was anxious to secure a ticket as early as possible, lest if they delayed until near the time for the performance they should be unable even to gain admission.

Of course where so much had been said about any one particular thing as had been said about the theatre, and where so many rumors had been flying around, exaggeration as to the size, furnishing, and general appearance of the place could not be prevented. Some thought that an army of carpenters had been at work fitting up the theatre in the highest state of art and elegance; others said that it was upon the stage only that much labor had been expended, and that that portion of the theatre was more beautiful than any other stage that could be found elsewhere in the city. Then the more imaginative, paying no attention to the stories that related to mere detail, circulated the most startling rumors as to the amount of brain-work Mopsey Dowd was doing on the new play, which was to be his masterpiece, and far surpassing anything Buffalo Bill or Sixteen-string Jack ever wrote.

Since Mopsey was found at his place of business with the same regularity as before this gigantic scheme had been planned, some of his admirers insisted that he worked nights, spending the time when he should have been asleep in bringing forth the most startling and blood-curdling scenes, to be given with all their attendant horrors on the night of the opening of the theatre.

With all these things to give a spur to the sale of tickets, it was little wonder that they were disposed of readily. When night came all had been sold save those which Ben and Dickey held, and the demand was still very great.

Each member of the company was quite as much ex-



cited when he went home that night as if the performance was to be given then, for the rehearsal was to be held, and all had their parts to learn.

Ben and Dickey had worked faithfully, and done all that had been left for them to do. The curtain was hung—a little awkwardly, to be sure, on account of the uneven manner in which the stage had been built. But there it was, whether straight or crooked, where all the beauty of its many-colored illustrations could be seen if the candles were held near enough to it.

When called upon to hoist and lower it, Ben and Dickey showed evident signs of nervousness. But they did succeed, after some considerable time, in getting it up and down without tearing it, although it was plain to be seen that they were relieved when it was up for the second time, and Mopsey had ordered it left there, so that the rehearsal could be proceeded with without fear of injuring it.

The foot-lights had been arranged by nailing narrow strips of board on the under side of the stage, allowing them to project about six inches from where the curtain would come when it was lowered. On these strips the bottles, some large and some small, were to be placed, each with a candle in it. Ben was confident that they would remain there safely enough, provided no one walked very heavily on the stage.

No one had thought of lighting the main body of the hall until Ben and Dickey noticed the omission, and supplied it by tying candles around two barrel hoops, and hanging them up like chandeliers, which added greatly to the general appearance and finish of the place.

After all these things had been inspected, the party adjourned to dinner, in order to fortify themselves for the trying mental labor before them. Dickey remained as the guest of his partners, on special invitation from them and Mrs. Green.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## REAL GIANTS AND DWARFS.

BY MARY A. BARR.

"HE'S as big as a giant."

"Yes, and a great deal better."

The speakers were two little girls who had been carried across Broadway one day during a snow-storm by a very big policeman; and as they stood beside the tall blue-coated fellow they seemed such little dots that it reminded me of some very interesting stories of both giants (real giants) and dwarfs, which I think the little readers of YOUNG PEOPLE would like to hear about.

Giants are first mentioned in the Bible in Genesis, chapter vi., verse 4. Now if you will take your Bible and turn to Deuteronomy, chapter iii., you can read the story of Og, King of Bashan, whose bedstead was thirteen feet long and made of iron. He was a mighty ruler, and the last of his race, and wonderful stories are told of him in the Eastern legends. One says that he escaped the flood by wading only knee-deep beside the ark, and that one of his bones was used for a bridge over a river. Another tells how one day, after the Israelites had conquered him, he noticed that their camp extended six miles, so he went and tore up a mountain six miles round at the base, and put it on his head, intending to carry it to the Israelites' camp and tarow it upon them, so as to destroy them. But the word of the Lord prepared a worm which bored a hole in the mountain over his head, so that it fell down upon his own shoulders.

Of course you all know of Goliath of Gath, and that he is said to have been eleven feet five inches high; his coat of mail weighed two hundred and eight pounds, and his spear-head twenty-five pounds. Just think of little David slaying such a monster!

The Roman Emperor Maximus was nearly nine feet high and of great bulk or size. He used to take his wife's

bracelet for a thumb ring, and his strength was so great that he was able to draw a carriage which two oxen could not move. He ate forty pounds of meat and drank six gallons of wine every day.

I wonder how many of you can tell where Cornwall is? It is one of the counties of England, and has always been famous for its giants. One of them, called Holiburn, was of such strength that he is said to have killed a lad one day by patting him on the head. Another giant, called Trebiggan, is said to have dined every day on children, whom he fried on a flat rock outside his cave. His arms were so long that he could snatch the sailors from the ships which passed by the Land's End, and sometimes, after he had had his fun, he would replace them.

At the end of the last century Antony Payne, another Cornish giant, was born. His father was a farmer, and was in comfortable circumstances, and sent the lad to school. He seems to have been a very good-natured fellow, for he allowed his school-mates to use his back as a black-board to work out their lessons on, and his strength was so great that he used to take two of the biggest boys under his arms and climb some neighboring cliff to "show them the world," as he said. The country lads still say, "As long as Tony Payne's foot," if they wish to describe anything of extra length. When he was twenty-five years old he was seven feet two inches in height, and afterward grew two inches more. His portrait was painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller, by order of King Charles II.

Oliver Cromwell's porter, Daniel, was seven feet six inches in height, and a large O on the back of the terrace at Windsor Castle is the record of his height, made by order of Cromwell. He went crazy with study, and his Bible, which was presented to him by Nell Gwynne, is still preserved.

Most of you have read of the regiment of giants raised by Frederic William, King of Prussia, the men of the front rank all standing seven feet in their stockings. These men were after his death presented to his son's Queen as a body-guard, and walked on each side of her coach to support it in case it should fall. They used to shake hands over the roof of the carriage.

Cornelius MacGrath, a famous Irish giant, whose skeleton is now in Trinity College, Dublin, wore shoes fifteen inches long, and his wrist measured a quarter of a yard.

Another famous Irish giant was Patrick Cotter, better known as O'Brien. He was a bricklayer by trade, but grew to such proportions when a mere boy that his father hired him to a showman for £50 a year (about \$250). He used to sit on a table and rest his arm on the top of the door while he talked to you, and one night in Bath he terrified a watchman by quietly reaching up to a street lamp and taking off the cover to light his pipe. He died when he was forty-six, which was very old for a giant.

In 1866 a Chinese giant visited England with his wife. He was nearly eight feet high, and when he called on the Prince and Princess of Wales, at their request he wrote his name on the wall of the room in which he was received, nearly ten feet from the floor.

It is a curious fact that there is only one mention of a dwarf made in the Bible. I suppose many of you have read of little Jeffrey Hudson, the dwarf who was baked in a pie, and who, when the pie was cut, stepped out, dressed in full armor. He was presented to Queen Henrietta Maria by the Duchess of Buckingham. Jeffrey was just seven years old at that time, and only one foot and a half high; he never grew to be more than three feet.

I do not suppose that I can tell any of you much that would be new to you about Tom Thumb. His real name was Charles S. Stratton, and he was born at Bridgeport, Connecticut. He was so small when he was five years old that he would hide in Mr. Barnum's pocket.

There are not many little boys and girls who are able to

read that have not heard of General Garibaldi. When he was in Sicily a dwarf presented himself as a volunteer, but he was refused both by the Council and the General himself. But after the first battle the little fellow came up to Garibaldi, and joyfully exclaimed:

"See, General, you would not take me, but you could not prevent my coming. I have fought well—indeed I have—and I am wounded, too."

The General recognized the little fellow, and replied, "Ah, bravo! and where are you wounded?"

After some hesitation the other showed a wound between his shoulders.

"Oh, fie!" said Garibaldi—"wounded in the back! I knew you would never be any good."

The little soldier went away greatly confused. Another battle soon followed, and before it was fairly over, the little fellow again accosted his chief.

"Here I am, General, wounded again, but this time in the right place," and pointing to a wound in his breast, he fell dead at the General's feet.

### A LITTLE HEROINE.

BY JOHN A. DOHRMAN.

**J**UST between the towns of Hoboken and Weehawken, in New Jersey, lies the little hamlet of Union Hill, an old-fashioned village peopled mostly by Germans, and in this village has stood for many years a great frame

building, used principally as a hotel, and known to all the towns-people by the name of "The Old Swan."

In years gone by this place was quite a famous resort, but it gradually ran down until it became at length a cheap boarding-house.

Among the many inmates of the building were Julie Brohmer, a little eight-year-old girl, her mother, and three younger children. The smallest, a little girl baby of two years, was little Julie's especial charge, and her mother could always leave the little baby with Julie, sure that no harm would come to her so long as her faithful little sister was near.

Julie attended the public school as regularly as her duties at home would allow, and, unlike most little girls of her age, when she came home she did not care to run out in the street and play at "tag" or "hide-and-seek," but instead staid at home and relieved her mother of the care of her younger brothers and sisters, and acted the part of a small housewife.

The other evening, about half past nine, little Julie sat in a room on one of the lower floors patiently waiting for her mother to come in that she might go to bed. She had just put her little baby sister to sleep in the back room, and as Julie sat waiting so quietly, her half-closed eyes and frequent yawns told only too well that the "dust-man" was on his rounds.

Suddenly, as she sat there, some bright sparks fell from the ceiling and smouldered on the floor. Almost at the same instant a number of the tenants who lived upstairs ran wildly through the hall and past the door, screaming, "Fire! fire!" at the top of their voices. In another moment the flames appeared in the very room in which little Julie sat. She heard the cries of fire, and the people rushing madly into the street. But there was no one to tell her what to do, or even to think of her, in that moment of excitement.

Perhaps a good many of the little girl readers of *YOUNG PEOPLE*, if they had been in Julie's place, would have screamed and run out of the house as quickly as they could. But that was not what brave little Julie thought of as she saw the sparks falling about her, and the red glare of the fast-approaching flames.

No, indeed; for she knew that in the back room her baby sister slept unconscious of any danger, and the brave little girl thought first of her duty to that helpless infant. So, without thinking twice, she dashed forward, and groped through the smoke and falling sparks until she reached the baby's crib. Then, snatching out the little two-year-old, sleeping peacefully as it was in its little night dress—a pretty heavy burden, too, for so small a girl—and clasping it tightly in her arms, she ran out of the room, struggling through the smoke of the hall, until at last she reached the open air.

She did not stop even then, but ran on until she had reached the opposite side of the street. There she sat down on a convenient rock and watched the fire, still holding her little sister tightly to her breast to protect her from the cold. And in this position, after hunting all over, and almost concluding that Julie had perished in the flames, her mamma and the neighbors found her.

Brave little girl! Though only eight years old, when danger threatened she did not have to be told what was right for her to do, nor did she for a moment lose her presence of mind, but bravely rescued her baby sister.

So, little girl readers, as you look at the picture of Julie Brohmer that accompanies this article, showing her just as she appeared on that night, think what a brave little girl she was, and try to learn from her brave act a lesson of courage and self-control.



JULIE BROHMER.



THE FIRST LESSON



## CAMPING OUT. THE CAMP, AND WHERE TO PITCH IT.

BY KIRK MUMFORD

AS the Archer boys, Ben, Aleck, and Robert, or "Bob," as he was always called, had never camped out, they were of course very anxious to do so, and their parents had finally consented to allow them to try it during the coming vacation. Many and long were the discussions as to where they should go, and what they would need to take with them. Their father could give them but little advice, as he had had no experience in camping.

Aleck, who was the most delicate of the three, thought they ought to carry cot beds, while the others declared that to sleep on the ground was the best part of the fun. And though they all haunted the kitchen while Maggie was cooking, and watched her every movement, they failed to understand how similar operations were to be performed over an open camp fire, and almost made up their minds that it would be necessary to carry a cooking stove into camp with them.

While the boys were in the midst of their perplexities, their uncle, Captain Harry Archer, who was in the army, and had for some years been stationed on the far Western plains, came home on a furlough. Of course he knew all about camping out, and of course the boys beset him with questions as to the hows, whys, and whats of camp life the minute he came down-stairs upon the morning after his arrival.

"Hold on, boys!" he cried, laughing. "It would take me two hours to answer the questions you have asked me in two minutes. Wait until after dinner, when, if you will come into the library, we will have a chat on camp life."

The boys were polite enough to wait patiently until evening. But as soon as dinner was over they hurried into the library, where they were soon joined by Captain Archer. Settling himself comfortably in the big reading chair, while his nephews gathered around him, the Captain said:

"Now, boys, before you ask any questions, let me ask you a few. In the first place, have you fully decided that you would rather camp out during your vacation than to spend it in any other way?"

"Yes, sir," they answered, all together.

"Have you made up your minds to endure patiently and without grumbling many hardships and discomforts of which you have not thought, and against which you can not possibly provide beforehand?—in fact, are you prepared to 'rough it'?"

"Yes, sir, I think we are," replied Ben, the eldest.

"Good, so far. The more fully you are prepared to 'rough it,' the more agreeable will be your surprise when you discover how easy it is to 'smooth it,' and make camp life thoroughly comfortable and enjoyable. Now I propose to give you a few talks about camp life, and I want each of you to bring a small blank book, and take notes of whatever may seem best worth remembering. Have you decided where to go?"

"The Adirondacks," answered Ben, and the others nodded their heads.

"You couldn't have chosen a better place. Let us, then, suppose you have reached the Adirondacks by going up the Hudson to Albany or Troy, taking a Delaware and Hudson Canal Company's train to Saratoga, the Adirondack Railway to North Creek, and stage to Blue Mountain Lake, where you will engage your boat. With Stoddard's Map of the Adirondacks, you will not need a guide, who, by-the-way, would prove a very expensive and almost useless luxury unless you proposed making a hurried and extended tour of the whole Adirondack region.

"From Blue Mountain make your way into Raquette Lake, the largest and one of the most beautiful in the

mountains, and somewhere on its shores, or on those of Forked Lake, just beyond, select the spot for your camp. This should be near the lake, and also near a spring or a stream of running water; it should be on a gentle slope, as free as possible from rocks, roots, and stumps, and, above all, must be perfectly dry.

"Do not carry a tent of any kind, but get your mother to stitch together on her sewing-machine three breadths of strong cotton sheeting, each a yard wide and three yards long. Make this water-proof by soaking it for a day in a solution of three gallons of water, twelve ounces of lime, and five ounces of alum. After soaking, rinse in warm rain-water, stretch and dry it in the sun, and you have a light water-tight roof for your forest home. The frame, siding, and floor will all be found in the immediate vicinity of your camp.

"For the frame cut two stout poles about eight feet long, each having a fork at one end. Sharpen the other end, and drive them a foot into the ground, about eight or nine feet apart. Cut a stout cross pole, and rest its ends in the forks of the uprights, fastening it with bits of rope or pliable bark. Cut two poles ten feet long for the sides of the frame, rest one end of each on the cross pole close beside the forks of the uprights, and let the other rest on the ground; or, better still, on a second set of cross pole and forked uprights only two feet high, which will form the back of the shanty. Your frame will then look like this." Here Uncle Harry made this hasty sketch on a piece of brown paper.

"Having erected your frame, stretch the water-proof muslin tightly over the roof, tacking it to the cross and side poles. Above this lay another frame, upon which place a number of cross poles, or rafters, about six inches apart. There should be a clear space of about two inches between these and the muslin roof. These rafters are to be covered with a thatch of green boughs to protect the roof from the flying sparks of the camp fire.

"Add to the frame-work a few upright side poles, twine a quantity of spruce, hemlock, or balsam boughs in and out among these to form the sides of the shanty, and your camp shelter is complete."

"But, Uncle Harry," cried delicate Aleck, "what are we to do for beds?"

"That I will tell you next time," answered the Captain. "Now run away, and come to me again to-morrow evening, when we will have a talk about 'Camp Needs and Comforts.'"



## TOMMY TELFORD'S EDUCATED PIG.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

SUCH a show as that is not often seen! Certainly North Pumpkinville had never been honored by a visit from one that could compare with it. When the great procession passed through the streets every man, woman, and child who possibly could turned out to see it, and bedridden Aunt Plumy Rideout and rheumatic old Dr. Forest, who had not been moved for years, were carried to the window.

Menageries had been seen in the town before, and so had circuses, but this, to quote the language of the handbills, "combined all the great artistic, moral, and intellectual attractions of both, together with marvels unknown to either." Not only were there dozens of the tiniest and most fascinating Shetland ponies imaginable, walking just behind a huge monster of an elephant whose tread seemed to shake the earth; not only were there lions



and tigers and giraffes—the tallest giraffe of all carrying a morsel of a negro baby on his back—and beautiful Arabian horses, and snakes frightful enough to make one's hair stand on end, but there was a man who swallowed swords!

There was a report current among the boys in North Pumpkinnville that he chewed them, and in fact lived on them as his regular food. But that was more than the handbills announced; and it was Philly McWhapper who started the report, and Philly was not to be depended upon. But if he didn't *chew* swords, he certainly swallowed them. There couldn't be any trick about it, for Tommy watched with all his eyes.

Then there was a little girl, a little crumb of a girl, who rode in a chariot like a walnut-shell, and not much bigger, and a giant who stood ten feet in his stockings. There was a wild man from Borneo, who looked like a mild sort of orang-outang, and a gorilla that looked like a savage sort of man, and a mermaid with the head and shoulders of a woman and a fish's tail—a creature which all Pumpkinnville supposed existed only in story-books.

Best of all, according to Tommy Telford's opinion, were the performing animals. Of course he liked to look at the curiosities, the mermaid and the wild man especially; and there was a tattooed man who was very interesting. It was this tattooed man that on the day of the procession aroused a lively discussion between Tommy and Ned Jenkins, the boy who lived next door, as to whether he was or was not "born so."

But it soon became monotonous for such a lively boy as Tommy just to look at queer things. It was a great deal more amusing to see the big baboon "walk the barrel," and the elephant sit down in a chair, ring the bell for his supper, and when it was brought, eat it like a person; that was something worth the while.

The trained dogs were wonderful; they did everything but speak. And the horses! There was a pony there that knew almost as much as the school-master. He could draw the figure 8 on the blackboard, and wipe it out with a sponge. Tommy was convinced that if he only had the little mustang pony that Dick Jarvis wanted to sell for a mere trifle, he could teach him to perform that trick. But his father wouldn't buy him. He said he "couldn't afford it," and that Tommy was "just as well off without it." Tommy had come to the conclusion that his father either never was a boy or had forgotten how a boy feels.

He heaved a deep sigh, even amid the delights of the show, at the thought of that pony.

Tommy felt sure that he knew how to train animals as well as anybody. He had almost decided that when he grew up he should be a lion-tamer or a snake-charmer. Had he not taught his dog Snip to kneel down, and to read the newspaper with spectacles upon his nose, and even to lie down as if he were dead, and let the old drab parrot fasten her bill upon his one long tooth, and draw him over the floor? Tommy was of the opinion that that performance was worthy of a place even in this show.

After the trained dogs had finished their performances the educated pig appeared. Tommy became very much excited. They had a pig at home, but he had never heard that pigs could be trained. If there was a creature in the world that wouldn't take kindly to an education, Tommy would have said it was a pig.

This educated pig didn't look so very unlike their pig. He was thin, but Tommy remembered with a thrill of delight that their pig wasn't so very fat. This pig had black spots on him, and their pig was plain, but Tommy couldn't see that there was any necessary connection between black spots and intelligence.

But the marvels that this pig performed were almost beyond belief. He stood on his hind-legs and went through a musket-drill; he danced with a big black bear; he made a most graceful bow, with one of his fore-paws upon his breast; he rode horseback around the ring; he fired a

pistol! In spite of the evidence of his eyes Tommy could have hardly believed that he was a pig if he had not once uttered an unmistakable piggy grunt.

Tommy felt that until this day he had never realized the value of education. He felt, too, that his life hitherto had been little better than wasted; he had not realized what great things might be done; he had never educated a pig! But no more time should be wasted! The instruction of their pig should begin at once!

It was dark when he reached home after the show, but he went to the barn, and by the light of a lantern he carefully inspected the pig. He *didn't* look very promising. He was more unlike the educated pig than Tommy had thought. But education might be expected to change a pig's looks.

The pig was not accustomed to receiving visitors by lantern-light, and he blinked inquiringly at Tommy. "He really does know something! He is wondering what I came for," thought Tommy, and felt greatly encouraged.

He took an apple from his pocket, and held it above the pig's head. Piggy looked up and waved his snout wildly in the air for a moment, then with a grunt fell to burrowing in his trough, all his past experience teaching him that eatables were to be found there.

"Anyway, he *thinks*, and I'll have him standing on his hind-legs in less than three days!" cried Tommy.

At the next lesson Tommy held a turnip over the pig's head, being assured by Timothy, the "hired man," that he had an especial fondness for turnips. And he did put his fore-feet up into his trough, and made a desperate effort to snatch the turnip. Then finding it still above his reach, he put his feet upon the side of his pen, bringing himself into an almost upright position. Tommy was delighted. He let him have the turnip, and he considered that real progress had been made.

He thought that if the support upon which piggy leaned were suddenly removed he might possibly stand upon his hind-feet. At all events, the experiment was worth trying. With labor and pains he arranged the side of the pen so that it suddenly fell outward, while piggy's paws rested upon it. Strange to say the result was not what Tommy had anticipated. The side of the pen fell out, and the pig came tumbling after, and rolled into the middle of the barn floor, as angry and astonished a pig as ever was seen.

Tommy wasn't discouraged; he said to himself that success could not be expected at the first trial. Then for a little variety he decided to teach piggy to "walk the barrel," like the big baboon in the show. He found an empty barrel, let the pig out of his pen, and began the experiment in the middle of the barn floor. But alas! this kind of gymnastics seemed much more disagreeable to the pig than the other. His squeaks and grunts made everybody in the neighborhood think he was being killed, and, at length, with a rush of which one would have thought him to be incapable, out of the barn door he went!

And out went Tommy in pursuit. It was provoking to have him behave so, but it wasn't much to catch a pig, he thought.

In ten minutes from that time he had changed his mind. He tried to head the pig off before he got out of the yard, but the pig was too quick for him. Out of the gate and down the road he ran, with Tommy close behind. Fear of that barrel seemed to have given him the strength and speed of a dozen ordinary pigs. Tommy remembered to have heard his father say that the reason the pig didn't grow fat was because he was a "racer." Tommy began to think the name extremely appropriate.

Once or twice Tommy did succeed in getting ahead of him, but by doublings and twistings and turnings, the pig managed to escape.

Tommy began to think he had been unwise in trying to educate that pig. He wasn't sure that the pig didn't know more than he did.

People ran to the windows to see the chase. A small boy shouted:

"Tom, Tom, the piper's son,  
Stole a pig, and away he ran!"

A disagreeable boy called out, "Whin ye catch that pig it's airlier up ye'll be than ye war this marnin'!"

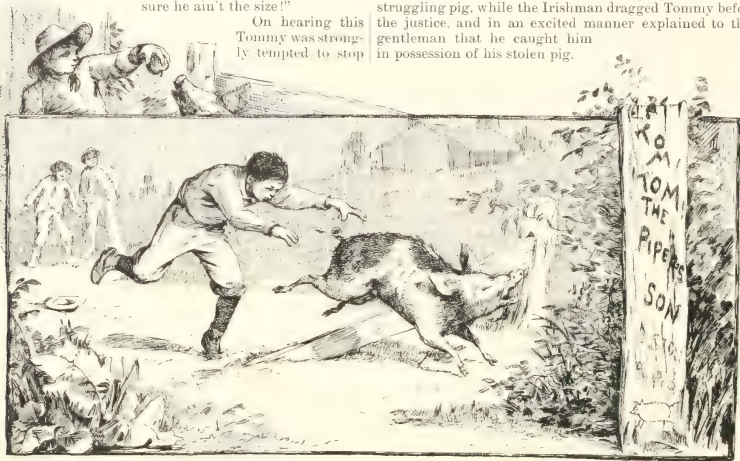
And another remarked, contemptuously, "He will niver catch him; sure he ain't the size!"

On hearing this  
Tommy was strongly  
tempted to stop

inspired either by his father's threats to "murther him" if he let go, or by the cheers of the boys.

When they reached the office of the justice of the peace, Teddy attempted to drag the pig in, but his father cried out: "Sure ye wouldn't be bringin' the dthirty baste intil the gentileman's orufice. Bring him where his honor will see him, jist, that he'll know I'm after spakin' the truth."

So Teddy stood in the doorway, clinging to the wildly struggling pig, while the Irishman dragged Tommy before the justice, and in an excited manner explained to that gentleman that he caught him in possession of his stolen pig.



and roll up his sleeves and "have it out" with those boys, but if he did this the pig would be out of sight before he was done, and, besides, they were rather large boys; so he pretended that he didn't hear them.

They were in Tipperary now, a little Irish settlement on the outskirts of North Pumpkinville. Pigs were not uncommon in the streets of Tipperary. Tommy's pig met one of his kind, and stopped to exchange civilities. Now Tommy thought he had him. But suddenly out of a house came an old Irishman, and seized him (Tommy) by the collar.

"Ah, ye spalpeen! it's yerself is after stalin' me foine pig, is it, an' him gone since last Chewsday wake, an' that thin it's meself wud hairdly know him, but for the shairt bob-tail iv him, and the shmall little bit torn aff his ear! Pit the rope around the pig, Teddy, quick, an' fetch him along wid ye!" he called to a boy who had followed him out of the house. "It's to the justice I'm takin' this young raskill, an' we'll bring along the pig itselt to prove to his honor that it is stalin' he was."

All Tommy could say was of no avail; the man persisted in dragging him along into the main street of Pumpkinville Centre, attended by a throng of hooting boys, and followed by Teddy and the pig. It was some little consolation to look back and see the terrible struggles that Teddy had with that pig, which evidently still felt that he was fleeing from an education. He rolled Teddy in the dirt; he dragged him into a mud puddle; he kicked him over backward. But Teddy clung to the rope still,



"Well, what have you to say for yourself?" asked the justice, turning to Tommy.

"It isn't his pig at all!" cried Tommy, hotly. "It is my own father's pig. My name is Tommy Telford, and I live in North Pumpkinville, and anybody can tell you that it is our pig. I was making him walk a barrel, and he didn't like it, and ran away. He's not a common pig at all, he's a racer, and he's educated—partly."

"Was your pig educated?" asked the justice, turning with a twinkle in his eye, to the Irishman.

"Educated, is it, sirr?" said the Irishman, looking deeply perplexed. "Sure it isn't radin' an' writin' ye mane, sirr, an' him a pig!"

"What do you mean by saying he is educated?" asked the justice of Tommy.

"I have been trying to educate him like the pig in the show," answered Tommy.

"Can you show us anything to prove the truth of what you say?" asked the justice.

Tommy's heart sank. When he came to think of it, that pig had very small claims to an education.

"If you'll give me an apple, I'll try him," he said, faintly.

There were a good many men and boys lounging about, and they came crowding up to see what was going on.

Tommy held the apple above the pig's head, against the door. Probably his violent exercise had given the pig an appetite, for he instantly became quiet, and eyed the apple with a longing grunt. Then he raised himself slowly by putting his fore-feet upon the door. Tommy drew the apple slightly back, over the pig's head, and away from the door. The pig did it! he actually did! For one instant he stood upon his hind-legs, without support, and snatched the apple. The spectators laughed and cheered, and so did the justice. Tommy's heart swelled high with pride. He felt amply rewarded for all his trouble.

"I don't think that is your pig," said the justice to the Irishman. "I know Tommy Telford's father, and I think it is all right."

The Irishman went off uttering threats of vengeance, but when he was out of hearing he remarked to his son: "Sorra a bit is that our pig, Teddy! an' him always a dacent baste, wid no quareness till him. Sure that's not a right pig, an' it's onlucky that kind do be."

A man who was standing near stepped up to Tommy, and asked him if he wanted to sell the pig.

"I'm getting up a show," he said, "and he's one of the lean kind that can be trained. What will you take for him?" Tommy had heard his father say that the pig never would get fat enough to be good for anything, and he would be glad to sell him for ten dollars. For himself, he was quite willing to part with him, for he had come to the conclusion that training a pig was harder work than he cared to do.

"What will you give for him?" asked Tommy.

"I'll give you twenty dollars, and that's more than you could get from anybody else. He wouldn't be worth half of it in the market; but he's just what I happen to want."

The bargain was very soon concluded. Tommy parted from the pig with very little regret, but he made an arrangement to see the man afterward, and learn how he prospered in training the pig. He felt a curiosity to know whether that pig would ever "walk the barrel."

His father laughed when Tommy told him about it, and said that, as he had never expected to get anything to speak of for the pig, he thought Tommy was entitled to the twenty dollars; and, moreover, that as he had such a zeal for training animals, he would give him enough more money to buy the mustang pony.

Tommy was obliged to turn fifteen somersaults to express his delight.

"Nobody could say that educating that pig was a failure, after all," he exclaimed, as he ran off to make a bargain for the pony.



A HAPPY TRIO.—By MARGARET EYTINGE.

T WAS one of the very prettiest sights that ever I did see.

The sight I saw in a city park one pleasant summer day.

A little white girl and a little black girl and a dog—that makes three—

Playing together beneath a tree in a charming, friendly way.

The dog, with uplifted head, held fast between his teeth one end

Of a skipping-rope, and his mistress grasped the other in her hand,

And she steadily turned and turned and turned the rope for her dark-faced friend,

Who skipped and jumped with as light a heart as any in the land.

And I think it would have been hard to tell which was the happiest one,

The sweet small maid with the golden hair, blue eyes, and winning smile,

Or the cunning dog that now and then glanced sideways at the fun,

Or the child who skipped and hopped and jumped, a-laughing all the while.



**I** LITTLE folk who have now and then happened to see a number of copies of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, but who could not find one, looked for a postmaster who can furnish them with the paper, are sometimes puzzled to know how to obtain it. They are informed that they may write directly to the publishers for this purpose. Any letter addressed to J. M. Sears, Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York City, N. Y., enclosing \$2 for a year's subscription to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, will receive prompt attention. A subscription may begin with any number; it is not necessary to wait until the end of this volume or the beginning of the next one. A great many children like to begin their subscriptions with the first chapter of the current serial story. If they mention this wish when forwarding their subscription, the publishers will comply with it. Money should be sent by post-office order, by draft, or by registered letter, in order to avoid loss.

The people of Havana were dreadfully frightened some weeks ago by the explosion of a powder-magazine. The powder went off first, and four minutes later the collection of bomb-shells and grenades exploded, scattering destruction everywhere, making the city to its foundations a heap of ruins. It is supposed that an accidental spark, or some carelessness on the part of a boat's crew who were sent to bring a quantity of powder for the artillery barracks, produced the catastrophe. As none of them are left alive to give an explanation, it must always remain a mystery.

A little girl of twelve, the daughter of the Marquis of San Carlos, wrote the following description of it to her aunt, New York.

MY DEAR AUNT SUE.—I write to tell you of what has happened to us. The day before yesterday we had an explosion. We were all playing in the court, when we heard a horrible noise. We ran up the stairs immediately. All the family was assembled together, asking each other what it was and what we must do. At the sound of a few moments we heard a second noise, a thousand times louder than the first. We were horribly frightened, and when we saw the wall between the saloon and my room tumbling down, we rushed down the stairs, trembling and crying, into the street. We went as far as the port, just as we were—without any hats, just as we were at home in the house. Mamma had baby in her arms, and I was crying. The streets were filled with people, all looking terrified.

At the end of an hour we came back to the house, feeling very much frightened to return. We were all very tired. The first of the night of the explosion, I fell in a swoon. Every one must stay on the other side. But we are all safe, except the house, which has suffered very much.

Mamma and I are very glad to be home, and they all want to know how Uncle John is. Is he better? Send us at least a postal card to say how he is getting on. Good-by, my dear Aunt Sue; I send you kisses from all the family.

MINNIE, who gives you very much.

The house in which Minnie lives is one of the largest private houses in Havana—so spacious that though the wall on one side has fallen, there is still room for a large family. The garden is high arches round a large central court, or patio, in which the children were playing when the explosion took place. The children who read YOUNG PEOPLE will be interested in Minnie's story, just as she speaks more French and Spanish than English, they must be indulgent to her. AUNT SUE.

PAK YEE, LING.

I live in a pretty suburb of Chicago called Lake View; it is situated on Lake Michigan. I have lived here almost three years, and go to a very good school, where I am very much liked at home. I am twelve years old, and am in the fifth grade. The town has about twenty thousand inhabitants, and consists principally of private residences. We have a Congregational church and several missions. There are nine public schools and one high school, which is situated in the centre of the town. Lake View is near the base of many beautiful flowers, and in the summer-time.

CLARA L. H.

I have often intended writing to the Post-office Box, but I was so busy that I could not find time. I have now written a letter, and I hope it will reach you in three places and my face the other day. I

have only one brother; his name is Rob, and he is older than I am. My birthday is in May. I like to play, and I like to read. I have a very old dog, and I have a very old cat. I have a very old rabbit, and I have a very old mouse. I have a very old bird, and I have a very old fish. I have a very old snake, and I have a very old worm. I have a very old insect, and I have a very old plant. I have a very old tree, and I have a very old flower. I have a very old fruit, and I have a very old vegetable. I have a very old animal, and I have a very old human. I have a very old world, and I have a very old universe. I have a very old time, and I have a very old space. I have a very old everything, and I have a very old nothing.

N. M. C.

LA CROIX, N. Y.

I am an English girl fourteen years old. We live in a country place called La Croix, about two hours' railway journey from Naples. The paper which I am writing to you is the first I have written, and was given me again this year; I like it very much, especially Mrs. Lillie's stories and the Ice Queen. I have two sisters, and a brother who is named John. My second sister is eleven years old, and we have three hours every morning. I have three cats for pets, which I am very fond of. My sister paints heads in oil-colors, and I paint down in water-colors; we will be together every afternoon; it is very nice. I go to Naples about every two or six months, and enjoy it immensely. We have many friends there. Good-bye.

ROBERT, PAID.

I am a little boy seven years old. I live in a little place on the coast of South America called Lique. Visitors are delighted with it, but after living a few years here I have found that it is not so good as it seems. The weather is very bad. Last week opposite our house there was a fire. I will tell you how it was. It was in the night. Some bad men threw some bladders filled with petroleum on a wooden paper on the end of them, into an empty room; that's how it happened. I live in the second biggest house here, and I have a few flowers in boxes, but none on the ground; I don't like to see everything is barren, because it never rains. I have a little brother about four months old; his name is John. I like to play with him, and I like to play with him very often. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much; a kind lady sends it to me. I hope you'll print this; and perhaps I'll write again. Good-by until another time. DAVID B.

A very good letter, David; not only composed neatly, but it is a very good one, which is very business-like. I hope the flowers in the boxes will flourish, and reward you for taking care of them.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

I am a little girl ten years old. I like The Young People very much. I am reading The Young People, and I like it very much. I have a cherry tree, and it is just getting into full blossom. I went into the country last summer, and I had lots of fun. I used to drive the cows home and hunt eggs.

FLORENCE F.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Although we had an unusually late spring, the weather here was lovely, and our April was like your June. The roses, violets, and many other flowers, are in bloom, and the trees are in full leaf. Papa is a cotton broker, and in business here, but I have never spent a summer at the South, although I was born in New Orleans. The negroes bring in the fire-wood from the country in great teams of oxen and mules, and in some of the teams of mules. All the street cars are drawn by mules. Houston is very much like other small cities, but is not as pretty as other cities. Mamma thinks it small, but I think it large, having over twenty-two thousand inhabitants. It is so muddy here in winter that the postman is almost buried even on horseback. Sometimes mud and snow is so solidly matted, and blows a whistle at the gate. There is splendid hunting in the country, and papa goes out with his gun and traps. I have seen a fox shot nearly one hundred snipe, eight mallard ducks, some small ducks, four curlews, a bittern, three jack-rabbits, and an enormous sand-hill crane. The soil is soft mud, and very rich, and was of a lovely soft gray color. Papa says that if these cranes are only wounded they will fight hard, and can give terrible blows with their bills. I have seen a crane once, and it was very much surprised because it made me ill. We catch crabs with a piece of meat tied to a string. We let the meat down into their holes, when they make in the soft mud, and make very much of it, and drag them out. A crab-look looks like a very small lobster. I am just nine years old, and mamma says I am a very good girl, and I am very much of that age, but I hope you will excuse the mistakes.

LOUIS KESSETH R.

I am proud of it, dear. It is excellent letter. I am proud of it, dear. It is excellent letter.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR POSTMASTER,—I think I will write and tell you of our anniversary. I have been in school since the first Protestant Sunday-school was started in Brooklyn; so every year all the schools join in a parade, which is broken into

several different divisions. Our school belongs to the Prospect Park division, and the other schools are in the other parts of the city. A large number of the schools go to the Park in the street cars, and then we all take seats, and then we sing, and some gentlemen make speeches, and then they all go to the Park, and then we all review past a large stand that is occupied by our Mayor and a great number of prominent gentlemen. Then each school goes to the place allotted to it, and then we all sing, and then we all eat and cake he or she can eat, and then we all have a nice large box of candies, and our band plays its very sweet music nearly all the time. Then by that time it is six o'clock, and we are tired, and go home. Our school had 3000 sandwiches, 600 cakes, and 1900 boxes of candies. Ours school is the largest school in Brooklyn. Can you guess which school it is? It is estimated that there is 12,000 children in our division at the Park. BESSIE H.

Children's Day in Brooklyn is a delight to the whole city, and there is no prettier sight anywhere than the beautiful Sunday-school army, with flags flying, drums beating, bugles blowing, flowers blooming, and little feet keeping time to the music, while the cheeks match the roses, and the bright eyes sparkle. I am afraid to guess which school is yours, dear, for I might not guess right.

PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little girl seven years old. We are trying to raise birds; we had fifteen. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I have a little sister younger than I. I go to school. My sister's name is Emmie; she is six years old. She does not go to school, but she can spell cat, rat, mouse, and dog. One time I fell down stairs. I did not hurt myself very much, but I was very in bed for a month. RUTH S.

LEWIS, MISSOURI.

We thought we would write and tell you how much we enjoy YOUNG PEOPLE. We do not read it weekly, but buy it at the end of the year in a bound volume. The Institution for the Deaf and dumb is at St. Louis, and it is very interesting to go through the building. We are acquainted with some of the little girls there. There is also a Conservatory of Music in the city, and we both like to go to the school. There are many other readers of YOUNG PEOPLE who play the violin. We are both making a collection of picture cards, and have a large scrap-book. We have a new Music Hall, and it was opened December 10, 1883, by Emma Abbott, in Martha Washington. I very much. FLORENCE and GEORGE.

WATERLOO, CANADA.

I am a little girl eleven years old. I have one brother and two sisters. My papa has a store, and I enjoy staying there very much. I am taking music lessons now. I have a little hen; she lays an egg every other day. I have just sold her first dozen of eggs. My sister takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and we all like it very much. LOUISE R. G.

CLAYTON, MICHIGAN.

I was thirteen years old on October 12, 1883. I am very fond of reading. I have read The American Knight, by George, Life of Abraham Lincoln, Milton's poems, and Public Men of To-Day. I have four pets, a bird named Chick, a cat named Tubby, a dog named Larry, and a best friend named sister Edith. Well, I must stop now, with three cheers for the Postmistress. CLARENCE D.

MOBILE, ALABAMA.

I have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for two years, and like it very much; I read all the letters in the Post-office Box, and thought I would like to see one from Larry and best friend named sister Edith. Well, I must stop now, with three cheers for the Postmistress. CLARENCE D.

SALE C.

Write again.

LA CROIX, N. Y.

I am a boy twelve years old, and have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE nearly three years; I like it very much, and thought I would write you a letter. I live on a farm, and my first pet is a pony; his name is Dock; and my sister has one named Snip. I have four brothers and two sisters. My sister Nellie has a dog named



Tip, and he will fight for her. I think "The Ice Queen" and Jimmy Brown's stories are the best.  
Ever your friend, WILLIE R. W.

One morning, a year ago last November, our house was a scene of great gladness, occasioned by the birth of a little baby brother. He is now eighteen months old, and very bright for his age. He says almost everything, and has light curly hair and black eyes. He has the whooping-cough very hard at present. I am his godmother.

About a year ago we moved to Toledo (I suppose you remember I used to live in Buffalo). We like the city very much, and although the population is not as large as in Buffalo, it covers more ground, the houses are so scattered; but it is very pleasant in summer.

I have been to Niagara Falls, and think the views there are grand; and the Falls look like chunks of ice sliding down a hill when the electric light shines on them. I have an aunt living in Arizona, where the cactus grows forty feet high. There is also another plant which grows very tall, and is used to clean the skin, and which gives drink to a thirsty man when traveling in that country. Auntie has also written us about a tree of which seven men rode through the trunk, and four horses and one man. One man stood up in his saddle and could just reach the top of the trunk. There is a knot-hole in the tree sufficiently large for each man to ride through, one by one, which they did.

I go to school, and also take German and music lessons. I was confirmed this spring. I am reading the Bible through; have read the New Testament, and am as far as Isaiah in the Old. **HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE** comes Wednesday mornings while we are at breakfast, and I am very eager to get it. I like all the stories and letters. I am the oldest child and only girl in the family. Brother Gussie is eight years old.

With love to the Postmistress and all the readers of this nice paper, I am one of your little thirteen-year-old friends,  
H. MAUDE S.

How glad I am that you are reading the Bible through! I wish all the children would do the same.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

My papa takes the *Young People* for me. I have had it from the first, and enjoy it very much. I had some good matters in my paper, and I was very much pleased to be treated. When I was better and could walk, mamma took me to the cat show. There were more than a hundred cats. In one was a cat having three legs and a tail, and another had five legs. I saw a great big one eat up the prize. I did not go to school, but my sisters and I have a teacher at home. Besides regular lessons, she teaches us music. I have had a piano for some time. I like "Falling Waters," my younger sister Elizabeth one of Mozart's sonatas, and I play Von Weber's "Last Waltz." My milk was burned down last September, but a new one is being built now. My father and I went to the lake last week to fish. A friend of ours, living near, has two baby foxes, and he lets us feed them. They are tame and very cunning, and play just like kittens. I have a letter for you, but I am afraid it is a little too long a letter.

M. LOUISE NE.

SAND HILLS, AUGUSTA, GEORGIA.

We are having very warm weather here now. It is so warm we had a summer-house built out on the lawn, and we sit out there every day. I planted a great many different kinds of flowers in the spring. Pansies are my favorite flowers. We had strawberries in April. We have a little cream-colored colt three weeks old, which we call Bessie the Maid of Dundee. JENNIE A.

I am a little girl ten years old. I have a sister a little younger; her name is Celia. Perhaps you would like to hear about my pets. First I have a pony, and her name is Bettie; we can drive her anywhere all alone. Next I have a dog; his name is Tam o' Shanter. My sister and I are very fond of him. Next we have an Irish linnet, and he is a very sweet singer; and also a canary. We like the paper very much.

GERTRUDE S.

IOWA CITY, IOWA.  
I am a little boy eight years old, and as I was not able to go to school this term, I amused my-

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.  
I think "Ten Days a Newsboy, or Left Behind," is a very nice story, and "The Ice Queen" also was very interesting. I perhaps may some time write a little story myself for the Box. I attend the Brown School, and seldom miss; my average is fair. I have a little niece; she was born the day before Christmas, 1882; she is a very cunning baby.  
CLARA L. S. T.

I live on a farm, and am ten years old. We have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since it first came out, and like the stories very much, especially "Toby Tyler" and "Nan." We have a lovely little white pony; my brother and sister drive it to school every morning. I study German, French, and Latin. We have five cats, but I hate cats, for whenever I pick them up they scratch me. I like dogs, but my father has no dog, because he fears they will go mad and bite us. I had the measles, and had to have my hair cut off.

ESTHER S. B.

I will tell you about my home. It is situated at the mouth of a cañon, which is covered with beautiful trees, and there is a beautiful stream of water running down by the house. There are mountains all around except in front, where it opens out into a very large and pretty valley, of which they are putting three hundred acres in raisin grapes and tropical fruit trees. On the mountains we have very beautiful ferns of all kinds, which we preserve and make fern-wood, which is very pretty. Like YOUNG PEOPLE very much. Of the stories, "The Ice Queen" is the nicest.

MINNIE S.

I went to school a while, but have stopped now, because I was ill. I studied reading, spelling, writing, drawing, arithmetic, and music. I like to read, and I have read *Swiss Family Robinson*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *United States History*, Bayard Taylor's *Travels in Lapland and in Africa*, William H. Sewall's *Travels Around the World*, *Frederic's Progress*, *St. Paul in the Bible*, and *Hans Bräuer, or, the Silver Skates*; but I think *Hatter's Young People* is the best. We all read it; that means papa, mamma, and little sister Ruth, who will soon be six. I am nine years old.

THAYER D. S.

I am eight years old, and I have one little brother whose name is Harry. He was five years old the 27th of last September, and he goes to school, and is in the first room, first grade, and I am in the fourth room, third grade. I study reading, spelling, writing, arithmetic, and grammar. I have taken Young People for over a year, and I like it very much, and it seems to me that the longer I take it the longer I want to. Well, I will close for this time, as you will get tired of reading my letter. Good-by.

EDNA C. F.

Juliet R. : Your little pictures are very cleverly drawn.—M. L. B. : I am much obliged for your letter, and enjoyed hearing about your little sojourn with its excellent aims. Sonella S. : I am sorry you did not send me your real name.—M. L. B. : It is too bad that you can not be happy at school. Is it not partly somebody's fault besides your teacher's?—Lillie D. L. : You sent a dear little picture—So did you, Lillie Belle.—Alice S. : Your copy papers look just as if little does.—Thanks very much, Lillian.—Pearl, I have not any sweet flowers. Yes, Katie S., I am sometimes vexed, but I never stamp my foot or slam the door, or, as quite possible, dear, to govern that quick temper. It should not be allowed to govern you.—

**James A.:** Your writing is very good indeed for a boy of your age, eleven. — **Mabel P.** is a fortunate girl to have a horse for her pet, and that of the family. — **Flora K.:** Does Topsy wait on the other dolls? — **Mark K., Sarah P.:** You both sent letters which gave me much pleasure. — **Lucilla Y.:** Your little sister's poems are very sweet, but I can print only one stanza just now. I may find room for "Weary" some other time. Meanwhile many of the children will smile when they read this.

"Daisy's dot a baby brother,  
Sweetest baby ever was born;  
But I dess he'll be a bother,  
'Cause he cries from night till morn."

Grace D. : I think you are a student at an excellent school. Rosalind C. S., Eda T., Murray M., Bessie L. B., Maud M., Mary W., Sarah K. S., and Ruth C. B., please accept my thanks.—Remember, little folk, *do not waste a period*.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS

No. 1.  
TWO DIAMONDS.  
1.—1. A letter. 2. An animal. 3. A boat. 4. Peace. 5. A lover. 6. To stray. 7. A letter.  
2.—1. A letter. 2. A vessel. 3. A cook. 4. A beak. 5. A letter. ONE OF THE GRASSHOPPERS.

1.—1. To work by the day. 2. Robust. 3. A tree. 4. To wind. BROWNIE.  
1. A household article. 2. A tree. 3. A luminary. 4. Confined.  
3.—1. An animal. 2. Hot and dry. 3. A skin. 4. A small whirlpool.  
4.—1. A pyramid. 2. An author. 3. A number. 4. An ancient garden. WALLACE H. KEEF.

No. 3.  
A CHARADE.  
Our *second* in the *first* one day  
Went gayly down the street,  
While I was left to clean the *whole*,  
And found it hard to beat.  
This put me in a raging *second*,  
To find my work delayed;  
It vexed me sore, and made me wish  
The *whole* had ne'er been made  
HAYDN

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 239

No. 1

		C	H	E	R
	S	A	M	P	R
G	H	E	M	P	R
	X	N	C	S	E
	P	E	R	A	P
	E	R	E	K	E

No. 2

	W	a	y	l	e	s	S
	I	n	c	o	m	i	H
	T	a	l	i	s	E	
	E	n	v	e	l	P	

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Bessie S., Celia B. Adams, Navajo, H. W. Gulajac, C. R. West, Emma Clayton, Rosalie Benedict, Alice Hanna, James Emmons, J. W. Smith, R. P. Camm, Lucy Pease, Franklin H. Washburn, and Edith L. Alban.

**SUCCESSFUL WIGGLERS.**—Master Fred L. Lobett, J. Underhill, W. Sweet, and A. E. W., who have been successful in reproducing Our Artist's idea of Wiggle No. 35, will please send their addresses to the Postmistress.

[For *Exchanges*, see 2d and 3d tables of notes.]



"Seems to me this is a fine fresh egg!"

"I guess I'll take it home."

"Not so easy as it looked."

"Hullo!"

"Well, Who'd 'a' thought it?"



# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 243.

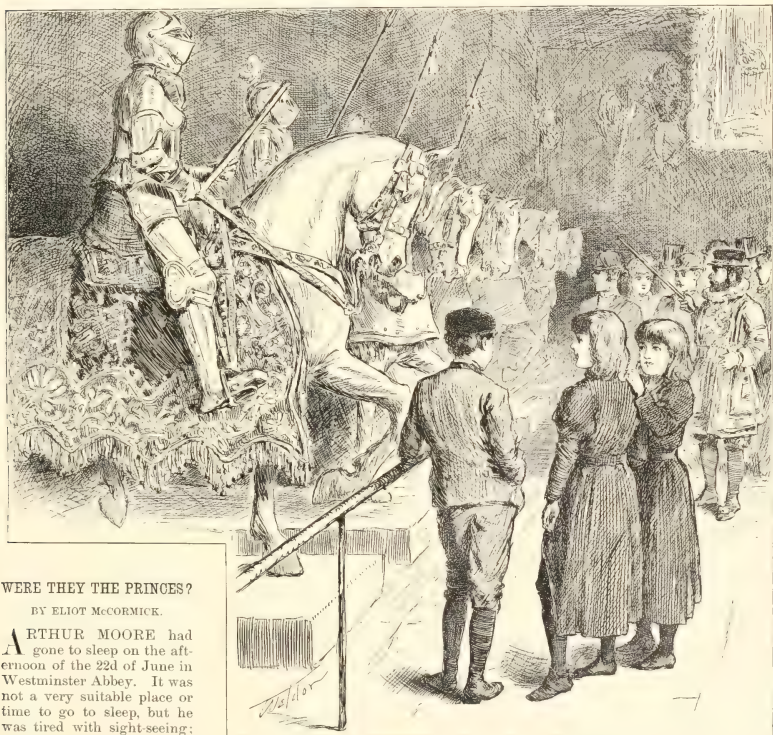
PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, JUNE 21, 1881

Copyright, 1881, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



WERE THEY THE PRINCES?

BY ELIOT McCORMICK.

ARTHUR MOORE had gone to sleep on the afternoon of the 22d of June in Westminster Abbey. It was not a very suitable place or time to go to sleep, but he was tired with sight-seeing; and after viewing the tombs of Edward VI. and the two

"THEY ENTERED THE HORSE ARMORY."



little Princes who were killed in the Tower, and in whom he had always taken an interest, he declared he was not going to look at anything more.

"You fellows can tramp around as much as you like," he said, addressing his brother and his cousin, with whom he was travelling in Europe; "I'll lie down here and take a nap. Mind you don't forget to wake me up."

But the wooden bench, when he had tried it a while, proved uncomfortably hard, while the canons' stalls at the other end of the choir looked a good deal more inviting. Betaking himself to one of these, Arthur curled himself up in it, and in a moment was sound asleep. His brother and cousin, when they came to look for him, supposed that he had gone, and went home themselves. The old verger who locked up the Abbey a little later never imagined that he had left within it a sleeping boy.

When Arthur woke up he heard the murmur of voices. "That's Joe and Harry," he said in his bewilderment. "Hello, Joe, isn't it time to go home?"

To his surprise, the voice which came back to him was neither that of his brother nor his cousin.

"We're not Joe nor Harry," the voice said.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Arthur; and then he took out his watch to see how long he had slept. The hands pointed to seven, and he had gone to sleep at five: that would make it two hours. But the place was strangely light for seven at night, and looking up at the clere-story windows, Arthur saw the rays of the sun coming in from the east, whereas when he went to sleep they had been slanting from the opposite side. Could it be possible that he had slept all night? But if that were so, whose were the voices? It was still too early for the Abbey to be open.

As Arthur's gaze fell from the windows to the ground he saw the figures of two boys. One was about his own age; the other seemed about ten years old. They were dressed like the boys of Christ Hospital, in yellow stockings and knee-breeches, with a long blue gown, and their golden hair fell in thick waves over their shoulders. There was not any reason why he should be scared. He had seen the Blue-coat boys all over London, and why might they not be in Westminster Abbey at night as well as himself?

"I beg your pardon," he said again, "but I thought you were my brother and my cousin. My name is Arthur Moore," he added, by way of introduction.

The boys bowed courteously. "Ours is Plantagenet," the elder said; "I am Edward, and my brother is Dick." Arthur felt puzzled. "Why, that's a distinguished name," he said. "Are you descendants of the old kings—Richard and the Edwards and the rest of them?"

The boys laughed. "We belong to the same family." "And how did you happen to get here so early in the morning?" asked Arthur.

"How did you?" said the other.

"Oh, I was locked in."

"So were we," said Edward, and the two laughed again.

Arthur winked at them in a knowing way. "Oh, I know all about it," he said; "you can't fool me. You're Blue-coat boys playing hookey. Don't you be afraid, though; I won't give you away. What I want to know is how you're going to get out."

"Oh, we can't get out till the verger comes," said Dick; "we never do."

"Then you've been fixed this way before?" said Arthur, with some curiosity.

The brothers looked at one another. "Three times, isn't it, Ned?" the younger asked.

The other hesitated a moment. "This is eighteen hundred and eighty-three, isn't it?" he asked.

"Of course," said Arthur, thinking it an odd question.

"Well, then, it has been three times before this: it was just four hundred years ago to-day, you know."

Arthur was now quite mystified. "What was four hundred years ago?" he asked.

Edward moved away. "Oh, never mind, if you don't know," he said. "It's of no consequence."

This was very strange, but not so strange as the next remark.

"Who is the King now?" Dick asked.

Arthur looked at the boys in amazement. "There isn't any King," he said, slowly.

Edward turned quickly around. "No King!" he exclaimed. "What has happened?"

"It's a Queen. Her name's Victoria."

The brothers drew a breath of relief. "Oh," said Edward, "I thought there had been another civil war."

Arthur shook his head. "No," he said, "there hasn't been one since King Charles had his head cut off."

"Well, how about the Queen?" said Dick. "Has she any children?"

"Oh, lots," said Arthur. "There's the Prince of Wales, and the Dukes of Edinburgh, and Connaught, and Albany, and ever so many princesses, and all of them have children. There's no end of heirs."

"And do they all hate one another?"

"Hate! they think the world of one another."

"But don't Edinburgh want his nephews out of the way?—smother them in the Tower, you know, like—"

"Like the little Princes," exclaimed Arthur, eagerly.

Edward frowned. "They weren't so little," he said.

"No, I don't suppose they were, but that's what they're called. Oh, my, no! The Prince of Wales's children think the world of their uncles, and especially of Edinburgh. Why, nothing pleases them like their uncle Alfred's dropping in of an afternoon with his violin."

Edward smiled grimly. "Old Gloucester used to have a friendly way of dropping in with his sword," he said.

"Ay, and his nephews hated him like poison."

"Well, I should have thought they would," said Arthur. "But these fellows are a different sort, and things are different now from what they were then."

"I should say so!" exclaimed Edward, drawing a long breath. "Dick, the world must be really getting better." Then he added, turning to Arthur, "Would you like to take Dick and me around London when we get out, and show us some of the sights?"

Here was another puzzle. If they were Blue-coat boys they ought to know all about London. Why should they need anybody to show them the sights? Arthur, however, recollected that the school had a branch at Hertford. Perhaps the boys belonged there, and had never been in London before, or so long ago that they did not remember anything about it. At any rate, he felt greatly pleased at being asked. "Why, to be sure," he said. "We'll go to the Tower, if you say so; that's where everybody goes first."

The boys drew back with scared faces, while Ned threw one arm protectively around his brother.

"We don't care to go there," he said; "the associations are not agreeable."

"Oh, well, then, anywhere you please," said Arthur, who perceived without knowing it that he had said something unpleasant. At that moment he heard a door creak on its hinges. "That must be the verger," he said.

In a moment the boys had vanished. For the first time Arthur felt uncomfortable. What did it all mean? he wondered. Who were the boys, anyhow? He hurried over to the transept door, where the verger was just coming in. "Have you seen the two boys go out?" he asked.

The old man looked at him in a bewildered way. "I hain't seen nobody," he said, slowly; "did it happen you were shut up here all night?"

Arthur nodded. "I and two other fellows," he said: "Blue-coat school-boys."

The verger shook his head. "I see nobody," he said; "but maybe they were not Blue-coat school-boys."

Arthur stared. "Why, what do you mean?" he asked. "They were dressed that way."



"That is the way all boys used to dress," he said, "four hundred years ago."

"And do you mean to say they were ghosts?" asked Arthur, excitedly.

He shook his head again. "I mean to say nothing, but some say that every hundred years, on the 23d of June, his Majesty Edward the Fifth and Richard, Duke of York—the Princes, you know, who were killed in the Tower, and lie buried yonder—come back to see if the world is getting better. It is just four hundred years to-day, you know, and this would be the time for them to come."

Arthur shivered a little. Had he really been talking to the little Princes? A good many things seemed to make it probable; but then who had ever heard of such a thing? And they might be Blue-coat school-boys. Nevertheless, he felt nervous and shaky until he got out of the door. Then his doubts and fears vanished as he saw them both waiting for him outside.

"Ah," he said, "I was afraid I had lost you."

The boys smiled. "Oh no," Edward said, "not yet. You're going to show us London, you know."

Arthur nodded. "All right. Where shall we go first?"

"I should like to see the Queen," said Dick.

"You could hardly do that," said Arthur, doubtfully. "unless you go to Windsor, where she lives. But I'll tell you what: the Prince and Princess of Wales are going to Windsor to-day; I saw it in the paper; and if we go up to Paddington Station perhaps we can get a glimpse of them."

Edward's pale face lighted up. "But can any one see them?" he asked. "Will they travel without a guard?"

"Oh, they have their own private carriage, you know," said Arthur, "and there'll be half a dozen servants along. You can see them easy enough if you get to the station a little beforehand. We will go to Charing Cross, and take the omnibus there," he added.

"Would Charing Cross be there yet?" asked Edward.

"Not the old one," said Arthur; "that was destroyed in the civil war, but there's a copy of it there."

"And Temple Bar—is that destroyed too?"

"That was pulled down three or four years ago. There's a sort of pillar now to mark the spot."

"And are the spikes on top of that?" asked Dick.

"The spikes?" repeated Arthur, in wonder.

"Ay—where they stuck the traitors' heads. If they don't put them on Temple Bar, where do they put them?"

Arthur recollected that in old times the top of the Bar was used in this horrible way. "Oh yes," he said, "I remember. But they don't do that now. There are no traitors, and they don't cut off people's heads any more."

A quick light came over Edward's handsome face. "Ah, Dick," he exclaimed, "it's surely getting better."

It was a long ride to Paddington, but by-and-by they had accomplished it, and safely reached the station. By this time Arthur began to feel hungry. "Let's have some breakfast now," he said; "there'll be time enough before the Prince comes."

Edward bowed courteously. "Thanks," he said, "but Dick and I do not need any: we will wait while you eat."

This fairly took Arthur's breath away. That two boys of his own age should not want any breakfast was something that he could not understand. It did not, however, take away his own appetite. When he had finished a good substantial breakfast it was nearly time for the Prince, and the three boys went out on the platform, where quite a crowd had already gathered.

Presently there was a stir around the entrance to the waiting-room. Then two policemen moved the crowd back, while a large, fine-looking man, accompanied by a tall and elegant lady and two young girls, advanced through the double line of people to the carriage.

"That's he," whispered Arthur, excitedly, "and that's his wife and the two girls. Ain't they daisies, though?"

One of them turned at that moment, as though she had

heard Arthur's remark, and looked curiously in their direction. Next to Edward stood a poor old woman, whose body was bent in an attitude of respect. Near her was a little child who seemed to be looking wistfully at the beautiful flowers which were fastened at the girl's breast. That was the way, at any rate, in which the young Princess read the look, for, taking the flowers off, she hastily pulled them apart and distributed them—some to the old woman, some to the little girl, and some to the other children who pressed eagerly forward, until not only all her own but her sister's were gone. One beautiful white rose fell to the ground, and Edward, stepping forward, picked it up.

"The white rose of York!" Arthur heard him murmur, while the girl smiled prettily, and entered the carriage.

They waited a moment while the train moved off, and then with the crowd retraced their steps to the street.

"How beautiful it was!" said Edward, thoughtfully, as they walked along the Edgeware Road. "Who would ever have dreamed in the old times, Dick, of brightening people's lives with flowers? Let us go to the Tower," he added, suddenly. "If things have changed there, I'll believe it's better everywhere in the world."

"But you say the associations were not pleasant," Arthur ventured to remark.

"Well, they are not; but maybe it will be so different that we'll forget all about the associations."

"We can't get in, of course," said Edward, as they drew near the entrance.

"Get in!" exclaimed Arthur; "of course we can get in. It's perfectly free."

Dick hung back a little. "Ay!" he said, doubtfully, "but if one gets in, can he get out?"

Arthur pointed to the line of people moving in and out the gate. "Do you see them?" he asked. "One may come out as freely as from Westminster Abbey—more freely than when you're locked up in the Abbey overnight."

They went in through the little gate-house, where one of the old Beef-Eaters was keeping guard, and followed the crowd over the moat to where the gate goes in underneath the Bloody Tower. It was here, Arthur remembered, the little Princes were killed, and looking at the boys he was hardly surprised to see Ned's face grow pale, while Dick grasped his brother more tightly by the arm. Making their way across the court-yard, they entered the Horse Armory, passed by the armed figures, the headsman's block, and instruments of torture, and then around to where a door led out again into the court-yard. Passing through this, a few steps brought them to the entrance to the White Tower, where a long passageway confronted them, with a circular staircase at its further end. At the foot of the staircase stood a little girl, and as the boys came near they could see that she was crying.

"Why, what is the matter?" Arthur asked, sympathetically. "What are you crying about?"

The child looked up at him with her tear-stained face. "Look at that," she said, pointing to a brass tablet that was sunk into the wall.

Arthur knew what it was, but he watched the others curiously as they read it. It told briefly how the bones of Edward V. and Richard, Duke of York, were found beneath the spot and removed to Westminster Abbey. As he looked he fancied he could see Dick's face grow suddenly pale. Edward smiled a little, that was all. Dick's voice, however, was steady as he asked, "Well, what of that?"

The child's lip quivered. "Don't you know what happened to them?" she asked.

"Tell us what it was," said Edward.

"Why, their bad uncle killed them; he had them smothered in the Tower. Haven't you ever seen the picture?"

The boys shook their heads.

"They are sitting on the bed, so frightened! and one can almost hear them say, 'O, Lord, methinks this going to our bed, how like it is to going to our grave!'"



"WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

Arthur could see tears in the boys' eyes.

"But they've been dead four hundred years," said Dick, tremulously. "It's four hundred years to-day."

"Yes; but I'm sorry for them just the same."

Edward laid his hand lightly on the child's head. "Don't grieve over that," he said; "no doubt they were better off than if they had lived. Are you all alone here?"

She looked around in alarm. "Oh, where are my papa and mamma?" she cried. "I forgot all about them;" and then she began to cry again.

They went from room to room, but neither the father nor the mother appeared. With every turn the child's grief and fright increased, until she burst into loud sobs. "Oh, I'm lost!" she cried. "They've gone and left me."

But Edward, looking through a window in the thick wall, had discovered a great crowd in the court-yard outside. "Have the people risen up?" he asked, with some alarm; "are they attacking the Tower?"

Arthur himself did not know what it was. But as he stood for a moment uncertain in the doorway, some one in the crowd gave a scream and rushed toward them. At the same moment the child tore herself away from his hand. "Oh, mamma!" she cried; and then she was folded in her mother's arms.

The crowd, which turned out to be simply the people who had come out of the Tower in the last half-hour, and who had been waiting with the woman for the child to come out, finding that their help was no longer needed, gave a loud cheer and moved away.

"How wonderful!" exclaimed Edward, when they were all gone.

"What is wonderful?" asked Arthur.

"Why, the sympathy," he explained, "the good-feeling. Fancy that child crying over two fellows that have been dead four hundred years! and then all the people waiting to see the mother and the child meet again! and then the Tower itself—everything free and open—no prisoners, no soldiers, no bolts and bars, no headman's axe! See, Dick, how green the grass is on Tower Hill! Ah! things are better, after all. It's a beautiful world," he cried, looking up at the blue sky and the bright sun; "and it gets more beautiful all the time. I'm satisfied, Dick. Let's go back to the Abbey."

They made their way out of the gate-house and through the streets until the gray old towers of Westminster appeared in the distance. The boys said little, and Arthur himself was silent; indeed, he did not know what to make

of it. Presently they came to the transept door, which they entered again, Edward and Dick this time leading the way. As the door swung back, a flood of music poured out.

What was it the choir were singing? Arthur had no trouble in making out the words of the "Gloria in Excelsis": "Glory be to God on high! on earth peace, good-will to men." Had the boys recognized it also? He glanced around, and caught the look of rapt expectation on their faces. "On earth peace," he heard the elder murmur. "Peace and good-will, Dick. It's better now than ever it's been before. What will it be a hundred years to come?"

An outburst of melody withdrew Arthur's attention for a moment. When he turned around, the boys were not there. Not far away stood his friend the verger. "Did you see them go this time?" he cried, eagerly.

"See who?" asked the old man.

"Why, the boys—the Blue-coat boys I told you about this morning. I've been with them all day."

The verger shook his head. "Nay," he said, "I saw no one."

"But they were here a moment ago," Arthur insisted; "and when I turned around again, they were gone."

"Ay," said the old man, "that's always the way: here one moment and gone the next. Like enough they were Blue-coat boys."

"But you said this morning they were Princes."

"I said naught. To-day would be the day the Princes would come back—that is all."

"And how can I tell?" cried Arthur, in distress.

The old man raised his hand as the music died away. "You can not tell," he whispered; "no one can tell."

## "LEFT BEHIND."\*

OR, TEN DAYS A NEWSBOY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"TODY TYLER," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," "RAISING THE 'PEARL,'" ETC.

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### AN AUTHOR'S TRIALS.

WHEN the dinner was ended—and the members of the dramatic company made short work of it in order to begin their professional duties as soon as possible—Mopsy Dowd fully realized that he was about to invite his partners to pass judgment upon him.

Whether he was entitled to it or not, he had some considerable fame as an author, and for that reason he had taken upon himself, and even eagerly, the task of preparing an original play for the great event now about to take place.

When he rose from the table he knew that every eye was upon him, and that each one present expected to hear him say something relative to the effort of brain and mind he was making. He was a genius, and would be until his friends found him out, which occurrence would not be very far off if he should say anything then, for the very good reason that he did not know what to say.

He knew that something must be done, and that speed-

\* Begun in No. 236, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

ily, which would bear out his claim to distinction, and, with a view to gaining time, he said,

"You fellows go into the theatre, 'cause I ain't quite ready yet, and I'll go up to my room to think over one or two things."

This speech was needed at the moment, for his partners were beginning to suspect that Mopsey was not all he claimed to be, because he had been so quiet as to his play; but now perfect trust was restored by his words, and the proprietors of the theatre went up to their temple of art feeling every confidence in the author who was struggling in the privacy of his chamber for their success.

The delay in the beginning of the rehearsal was just what Nelly wanted, for it enabled her to add what she considered would be the crowning beauty of their decorations. She had conceived the idea only that afternoon while engaged in keeping the sound peaches at the top of the basket and the unripe ones at the bottom.

A friend of hers, whose mother kept a thread-and-needle emporium that was contained in a willow basket, and displayed to the public very near her fruit stand, was skillful in the art of making paper flowers. From time to time she had presented Nelly with specimens of her skill, until everything in the house that could be pressed into service as a vase was filled with these never-fading and odorless roses.

It had occurred to her that these flowers might be so arranged on the wall as to form the word "Welcome," and when she suggested her idea to the boys, after Mopsey had gone into his room, they were delighted with it.

The delay caused by the author enabled them to go to work upon this last and most beautiful of their decorations at once.

Dickey went out for a paper of tacks, and Johnny drew on the wall, directly opposite the entrance of the hall, the outlines of the word to be filled up with the paper flowers. But there was a difference of opinion among those who were watching him as to how the word should be spelled.

He had drawn out the letters "Welkum," which Paul insisted was not right. He then spelled the word correctly, and referred the matter to Ben for a decision.

This appealed to, as if he was an authority in such matters. Ben looked wonderfully wise, but refused to give any decision until after he had written the word down on a bit of paper, that he might see which looked correct.

After some moments of anxious suspense for Johnny, who had built a very frail stand to enable him to reach a point on the wall where it would be impossible for any of the audience to tear the flowers down, Ben announced that neither was correct, and that the word should be spelled "wellcom."

It was in vain that Paul insisted Ben was wrong. The decision had been given, and the others decided that where a matter was left to a third party for settlement, all must be satisfied with

the ruling. Therefore Johnny marked out the letters as Ben had said, and after Dickey's return with the tacks the flowers were put up, forming a very gorgeous and badly spelled word.

Before the partners had finished admiring this very beautiful ornament on the wall of their theatre a noise was heard on the stairs, and, on looking out, Dickey announced by frantic gestures that the author was coming.

It was a moment of anxious expectauncy, for at last they were to know the result of their partner's labors, and they were also to learn just what they were to do on the important occasion. Dickey was particularly anxious, probably fearing lest his part should not be such as would admit of his carrying a sword and shield.

Mopsey walked into the room with slow and measured step, as if he knew the weight of the words he was about to speak, and feared lest, being too heavy, they might topple him over.

But Master Dowd was not one who did anything in a careless manner. He did not deign to speak until he had walked the length of the room, disappeared behind the scenery, and stalked out upon the stage, holding a huge sheet of paper in his hand as if it was a weapon with which he was about to strike any refractory member of the firm should his play not be exactly to their liking.

"Fellers," he said, as he cleared his throat. Then noticing the female portion of his company, he corrected himself by saying, "Fellers an' Nelly!—When we first made up our minds to build this theatre—" Here he waved his roll of paper around as if to point out which theatre he meant, when his attention was attracted by the new ornament, thereby causing him to forget what he was about to say.

"Who put that up?" he asked, almost angrily.

"I did," said Johnny; and then, anxious to shift any responsibility of the spelling to the shoulders on which it belonged, he added, "but Ben spelled it."

"Well, fix it," commanded the disturbed author. "If any of the fellers should see that they'd think we didn't know nothin' at all. Put it w-e-double l-k-o-m."

Johnny started to obey him, thinking with delight that he had been almost right before, and Mopsey continued:

"When we built this place I said I'd fix up a play my-



"WHO PUT THAT UP?"

self, so's we'd be sure to have everythin' all right. But business has been so good, an' I had so much trouble with my pea-nut roaster—for I broke it twice, an' had to hire one offer the Italian that keeps across the street—that I thought we'd play somethin' the boys all knew, and we'd kinder lay over anythin' they'd ever seen at the same time. So I thought we'd play the whole of Shakespeare, an' that would give everybody a fair show."

There was a look of disappointment on the faces of his hearers as he said this, and noticing it, he added quickly, "You see, we couldn't get up a whole play new, an' give all hands a chance to do fightin'; an' then, agin, Dickey wouldn't have a shield an' a sword any other way than this."

This last argument changed the look on Dickey's face at once, and he was perfectly satisfied with any arrangement now, for he knew his ambition was to be realized. The others were careful to show no signs of approval until they were satisfied that they had been treated as well as Dickey had.

"Of course," continued Mopsey, as he looked around at his audience much as if he expected to hear some of them say that he couldn't write a play, "the first thing we had to have was a programme, an' I've made one out, so's you'll know jest what you've got to do."

Here Mopsey unfolded the paper he had carried in his hand, and displayed a bill of the play. The following is as nearly like it as possible:

GRATE SHOW - At M. J. GREEN'S BORDIN HOUSE  
THE HOLE OF SHAKESPEARE  
WEDNESDAY NIGHT, 8 o'clock  
RICHARD 3. . . . . MOPSEY DOWD  
MARBETH . . . . . DICKY SPY  
OTHELLO . . . . . SHIRAZ DOWD  
HAMLET . . . . . POLLY STONED  
THE TROJAN . . . . . BEN TREAT  
A JANGER . . . . . NOLLY GREY  
PRICE 5 CENTS. PRESERVED GRATE 8 CENTS  
GRATE TIME.

Mopsey waited patiently until all had read this wonderful production, and he was pleased to see that nearly all were satisfied with their parts. Ben Treat was the only one who appeared to think he had any cause for complaint, and he very soon made his grievance known.

"I can't play ghost," he said, fretfully; "I don't know nothin' bout it, an' I want more to do."

Mopsey had made up his mind as to what he should do in case of any dissatisfaction, and he said to Ben, in tones of deepest scorn:

"A great feller you are to get up a fuss before you know what you've got to do! an' you oughter be ashamed of yourself. Why, you've got an awful lot to do. In the first place, you've got to come an' most scare the life out of Polly, an' then when he runs away you've got to do a song an' dance an' turn three or four handsprings before you sink right down through one of these holes. I don't know what you do want if that don't suit you, unless it is to do the whole play."

Ben had nothing more to say; he realized that his was really an important part, and he was abashed by the withering sarcasm of the angry author.

Then each of the others, fearing lest he should not have as good an opportunity for the display of his talents, demanded to know what he was to do.

"Now I'll begin an' tell you the whole thing," said Mopsey, as he prepared to show how all of Shakespeare's plays could be performed on one evening by a small company. "In the first place, Nelly comes out, all dressed up, an' sings a song; then the play commences. I come out with a sword an' pistols, an' tell about my moss runnin'

away, an' after I get through Shiner comes out an' picks a fuss with me, an' I kill him."

Here the speaker was interrupted by the gentleman who had been selected to play the part of Othello with the remark that it was hardly fair to dispose of him at such an early stage of the performance, more especially on the first night.

"But you come on agin an' dance," said Mopsey, fretfully. "Why don't you wait till I get through? After I kill Shiner, Dickey comes in, an' we two have a reg'lar fight, an' we both run away. Then Shiner jumps up, an' dances jest as long as he can, an' down comes the curtain. In the next act Polly comes out an' talks a lot of stuff; an' when he gets through, Ben comes right up through the floor an' scares him awfully; an' when he runs off, Ben does a song an' dance, an' that ends that act. Then Nelly sings another song, an' we all come out fightin'; an' when we get through, Dickey dances a clog; an' if that hain't show enough for five cents, I don't know what is."

In fact, the partners were of Mopsey's opinion, and since they were all to appear in the last act in a grand fight, they would not have complained even though it had been necessary for them all to die in the first scene.

Even if Mopsey had not written an original play, he had covered himself with glory in this arrangement of Shakespeare's works, and if there had been any doubts as to the success of their enterprise, they were dispelled now.

Of course it was necessary to make some arrangements for costumes, and an exciting discussion began at once, during which Mrs. Green was called upon to see what she could do toward fitting the party out.

Mopsey proposed that a further assessment of twenty-five cents be made on each of the company, and announced that, prosperous as business was just then, he had decided to shut up shop the next day in order to give his whole attention to the important work of preparation.

Dickey volunteered to sacrifice his business also in order to aid him, and it was believed that with the funds just raised these two could buy and hire weapons enough to arm the entire party.

Mrs. Green had several things which it was thought could be used with good effect, and all hands went to work making wooden swords, in case there should be any trouble in finding the real articles.

Nelly made more tickets, so that all who were anxious to witness the performance might at least have one, and Paul was given charge of the money that had been received thus far; for all were anxious to see the entire receipts of that night's performance in one unbroken whole, even if it was necessary to advance funds from each pocket in order to make the necessary purchases.

During the remainder of that evening Mopsey rehearsed the different members of the company separately, until he was convinced that they could carry out their respective parts perfectly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## ABOUT PASSION MUSIC.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

I WAS staying once in a little sea-bound village just on the borders of Spain, and there I became very much interested in talking with two of the country people; one was a pretty young peasant woman of the Basque race, the other a lad, also a Basque, who spent most of his time fishing. From them I heard a great deal about the curious allegorical and religious performances which from time to time they had taken part in. These were plays given in the public squares at certain seasons. The characters were usually chosen from the Bible, and the plot of the play, or rather its chief idea, would be some Biblical scene.



From time immemorial these plays had been given, and the ideas of the people were too simple to make them wish the custom altered. No form of dramatic or musical representation is older, and so we ought to have great respect for them, knowing they have come down from very pious, early times.

In some ways the *Passion music*, which I hope we will now hear every year in America,\* has its origin in the same feeling which influenced the writers of those early Christian plays; and although its form varies now very much, it still keeps the original idea—that of describing in music the story of the Passion of our Lord.

We use music for so many lighter purposes that sometimes people shrink from the idea of associating it with anything so sacred. Yet, after all, what art is more fitting to speak to us of what ought to be dearest to our hearts? The grand and simple story of His life is not any less beautiful because we listen to it sung by pure voices with the accompaniment of harmonious sounds.

Passion music seems to have had its origin in the fourth century, when S. Gregory Nazianzen first prepared it in real form. None of this music is preserved, but we know that it was very widely sung in the early Church.

A great many different ideas followed these first ones down to the time of the Reformation. Finally the idea of a more perfect form of Passion music worked its way on to about 1728, when Sebastian Bach conceived the idea of writing a complete Passion oratorio. His plan was to give the exact words of the Gospel as far as possible, with good choruses, some recitatives, and four-part chorales.

The great musician succeeded almost beyond his own expectations. It is impossible to describe the tremendous and sublime effect of this great work. It is written for two orchestras and two choirs; it seems to contain every variety of musical expression, and the whole thing breathes such a purely devotional spirit that it is like the prayer of some strong Christian heart.

Bach was at the time organist of the old Church of St. Thomas in Leipsic, as well as Cantor of the school, and so he had every opportunity of bringing out his work in perfection. It was produced for the first time on Good-Friday, 1729. Between the two parts a sermon was preached, and it is recorded that the entire service produced a wonderful effect upon all present.

But later the interest in this marvellous music seemed to flag. For a century it lay untouched; and as it will undoubtedly continue to be given in America, I think the story of how it was *unearthed* will prove interesting to the young musicians whom I am addressing.

During the winter of 1827 Felix Mendelssohn,† then about eighteen years of age, was living in Berlin in his father's household. It was a charming one, the brothers and sisters being united by affection and many sympathies. They seem to have been equally fond of music, painting, and literature. Naturally such a delightful young circle drew into it many agreeable friends. Felix's chosen companion was Edward Devrient, an artist, whose voice was exquisite, and whose knowledge of music was quite equal to that of Felix's.

Every Saturday Devrient and other friends used to meet at Felix's home to practice vocal music, and as Felix had a great enthusiasm for "old Bach," he one day suggested their trying the Passion music, which was unknown, except in name, even to these ardent students. So they began upon it, and their enthusiasm grew as they learned page after page, the various parts, as Devrient says, filling them with new reverence for the Bible story.

It occurred to Devrient to produce the music in public.

The little circle was startled by such a venturesome idea. Mendelssohn declared it would be a failure. Old Zelter, his teacher, was the most influential musician in Berlin, and Felix well knew how much opposition he would have to expect from him.

But Devrient persisted. He knew that if Felix once undertook it, all would go well. At last the two friends decided to go to Zelter and see what he would say to their plan. Devrient has left a very entertaining description of this interview.

Zelter lived in the Musical Academy; they found him at home, but sitting with his long pipe in a cloud of smoke. Out of this he looked at the two young men, exclaiming, "Why, how is this? what do two such fine young fellows want with me at this early hour?"

"Now," writes Devrient, "I began my well-studied speech about our admiration of Bach, whom we had first learned to prize under his guidance. . . . He enlarged upon the difficulties of the work, which required resources such as existed in the Thomas Schule when Bach himself was Cantor there; the necessity for a double orchestra and double chorus. . . . He had become excited, rose, put aside his pipe, and began walking about the room. We, too, rose. Felix pulled me by the sleeve; he thought nothing more could be done."

But Devrient persisted, and finally Zelter agreed "to speak a good word for them." When they left the room Felix laughingly called his friend an arch-rascal. "Any thing you like, for the honor of Sebastian Bach," exclaimed Devrient as they went into the street.

They began the rehearsals, the arrangement of the score, all the fascinating though severe labors which belong to the preparation of any such work. When they went to engage the solo singers, "Felix," says Devrient, "was child enough to insist on our being dressed exactly alike."

They wore "blue coats, white waistcoats, black neckties, black trousers, and yellow gloves," the fashionable attire of the time; but an idea may be had of how economically a young German lad of that period was brought up by Devrient's story that Felix's pocket-money having run out, he loaned him a thaler (about one dollar) to buy his gloves, upon which Madame Mendelssohn was quite displeased, saying, "Young people should not be assisted to extravagance."

It was just one hundred years since Bach's music had last been heard, and this idea filled the two young men with enthusiasm. They could think and talk of nothing else. One day, as they crossed the Opern Platz, Felix stood still, suddenly exclaiming, "To think that it should be an actor [Devrient] and a Jew that give back to the people the greatest of Christian works!"

The performance was in every way successful. Zelter's prejudices vanished, and all Berlin went wild over this revival of an interest in Bach. A second concert was called for, and in other towns the music began to be studied and produced. What seems to me best worth recording of this is the fact that by perseverance in the *right* direction these two young men did a lasting favor to all the world.

Devrient sang the part of Christ. He says of it: "Deeply affected by the work as it proceeded, I sang with my whole soul and voice, and believed that the thrills of devotion that ran through my veins were also felt by the rapt hearers."

Truly, as Devrient says, we owe thanks to that year 1829, in which the "light of Bach's greatest music" was given to us.

At Felix Mendelssohn's funeral, in 1847, Devrient must have had sad and sweet memories of this time of their youth. Among the various selections of sacred music sung on that occasion, the final chorus of the Passion music, "We sat down in tears," was given with most solemn effect.

\* It was first given by the Oratorio Society of New York, in March, 1880.

† Mendelssohn, the famous musician and composer, was born in 1809, and died in 1847.



"THE CARRIAGE WAITS."—DRAWN BY JESSIE CURTIS SHEPHERD.

### A RUMPUS AND A RIOT.

**T**HE following story, which is quite true, tells what happened because one old turkey gobbler was too curious, and wanted to know, you know.

Never was there a more peaceful scene. The old farmhouse drowsed in the morning sun; the little breezes had forgotten to ruffle the leaves; the brook slipped along without a murmur; there was never a quack or a cackle in the barn-yard; and everything and everybody seemed to be sound asleep, from grandma in her rocking-chair to the grand old shepherd dog winking and blinking at his post between the bee-hives.

Then it entered into the mind of an inquisitive old turkey to explore one of the bee-hives. Plunging his long neck into the hole by which the bees enter, he took a survey of their domain. Whether his glance was considered impertinent or not we shall never discover, but in some way it awakened the anger of the bees, who at once began a savage attack upon him. The innocent turkeys of the flock who chanced to be near shared the fate of the guilty gobbler, and it seemed as if the bees of all the hives agreed to give the turkeys a sound stinging. In a moment some of the latter were nearly covered with bees.

The turkeys were so tortured by the stings of the bees that they hopped, jumped, flew, rolled, and made every kind of noise of which they are capable. Many other fowls being in the yard, the bees were carried among them by the turkeys, and by them to the dog. He finally became so pained and enraged that he jumped as high in the air as his chain would allow; he rolled, barked, frothed at the mouth, and it seemed as if he would become rabid.

The men of the family were all off in the lots. The large dinner horn was blown. The man of the house ran hastily, covered himself with a shawl, groped his way to

the dog, cut the strap that was around his neck (not waiting to unbuckle it), and the dog, Shep, ran into the kitchen, nearly covered with bees. "High-wine," made from apple juice, was poured over him. This stupefied the bees for a time, and they fell to the floor.

It would be impossible to give any idea of their numbers, but they were *many*. The good farmer, his wife, and the hired woman killed all the bees that had been on the dog; then Shep was put in the cellar, where he could get cool, for his flesh all over was hot with stings.

The chickens being covered with feathers, they did not suffer as much as the turkeys, but these, having their heads and necks bare of feathers, were easy prey. It was not long before the bees had the whole yard to themselves. One turkey was found nearly dead. It was carried to the piazza, and while some one was trying to relieve it of pain and save its life the bees smelled it, and pounced upon it. It flapped its wings, rolled off the piazza, and was dead. A bird in the top of a tree near was attacked, and flew away in torture.

It being wash-day, the servants tried to hang the clothes on the line; they drove them into the house. The farmer's wife went out and tried to hang up the clothes, but they attacked her; they seemed determined to have no living thing around but themselves. It was almost noon before one piece could be hung up. The grass as well as air was full of bees.

The next day the dog was very sick; his head and eyes were greatly swollen, but the probability is that he will get well. Only one turkey died; the rest seem to have recovered, but they keep far from the house and bees. The cat evidently understood the situation at the beginning, and ran to an upper room and hid under the bed.

The panic is happily over, and peace once more reigns in the farmer's yard.



THREE LITTLE KITTENS.

## HOW TO KEEP A SECRET.

BY ELEANOR A. HUNTER.

"'IN violet,' my Mamma says,  
A secret should be kept;  
I heard her say so to Papa  
Last night before I slept.  
I heard her talking in my room  
With Papa, soft and low,  
'Secrets are kept in violet.'  
And I'm so glad I know;  
For I've the loveliest secret  
I want to talk about.  
Of course I can't tell any one,  
Lest it should be let out.  
But I can tell the violets!"—  
She darted down the walk.  
"You see, they're just the very ones,  
For violets don't talk."

The violets heard a whisper,  
A murmur soft and low,  
Then warningly she ceded with,  
"You mustn't tell, you know."

## II.

I knew her small first finger-tip  
Was scarred with needle pricks,  
And that something was often broken  
For dear Mamma to fix.  
And on my birthday by my plate  
A handkerchief I found,  
All snowy white, and neatly hemmed  
With tiny stitches round.  
"Tis yours," she cried, "I was so 'fraid  
I could not get it done.  
See all the stitches round the edge;  
I hemmed them, every one.  
It was a secret. Did you guess?  
I kept it; no one knew,  
'Cept Mamma and the violets,  
'Twas being done for you."  
"Tis beautiful," I said, and kissed  
Her shining curls of gold;  
And it was kept *inviolata*,  
For not a violet told.

## FISHING FOR STARS.

BY HAMILTON W. MABIE.

NEWTON stood at the window in his night-gown, waiting for his nurse to put him to bed. It was a beautiful summer night, and the stars were shining as if it were a pleasure just to stay out all night and shine. A great tree stood so near the house that its branches almost touched the window in which the boy stood, and as they gently waved to and fro in the soft evening breeze they seemed to whisper all manner of wonderful things. Newton's nurse did not come as quickly as usual that night, and he stood for quite a long time listening to the branches and watching the stars; he was not lonely, because he loved to get into corners and quiet places and dream of all kinds of queer things. By-and-by there was a step on the stairs, and in came the nurse, a little out of breath, as if she knew she were late, and had been running upstairs.

"Little boy, did you think I had forgotten you?" she asked.

"I wasn't thinking about it at all," said Newton; "I was wondering if the stars ever come down."

"Yes," said nurse, "the stars do come down sometimes. I saw one fall only a little while ago. Why, the pond in the garden is sometimes full of them."

Newton's big dark eyes were bigger than ever when he heard this.

"How do they get there?" he asked, looking up eagerly into the face of his nurse.

"Why, dear, how could they get there except by shining," answered the nurse, brushing the curly hair and getting everything ready for bed.

"Was it in our pond you saw them?"

"Yes, in our pond last night, after you had gone to bed and I had gone out for a little walk in the garden."

"I wonder if they ever come down in the day-time," said Newton, half to himself.

"Oh no," answered nurse; "they get into the pond only when they shine in the sky, and of course they can't shine when the sun is up."

Newton asked no more questions, but got softly into bed, and lay there for a long time wide awake, thinking about the stars in the pond. Even after he fell asleep he did not stop thinking about them, for he dreamed that he was in the boat, and that the stars were floating on the water like shining lilies. He watched them a long time, and then he leaned over and gently put his hand under a little star, and was just lifting it out of the water, when he awoke.

All the next day Newton thought of nothing but stars, and the hours seemed a good deal longer than usual, because he was so anxious for night to come again. At dinner his father said, "Newton, what have you been doing all day?"

"Catching stars, papa."

"Catching stars!" said Mr. Brooks, very much astonished at this queer answer to his question. "How did you do it?"

"Well, they come down sometimes, nurse says."

"Yes," said Mr. Brooks, "they certainly do, or pieces of them do. I saw one fall last night."

"Did you?" and Newton's eyes got bigger and bigger.

"Where did it hit?"

"I'm sure I don't know," answered Mr. Brooks, smiling; "I was too sleepy to look it up. Just as I was going to bed I looked out of the window, and suddenly a bright star dropped down the sky, and seemed to fall into the trees at the end of the garden."

That was the very spot where the pond lay, and Newton was sure the star had fallen into it. All day he had been wishing that he might go down there after dark and see for himself; but how could he do that when he was sent to bed every night at seven o'clock?

It happened that Mr. and Mrs. Brooks were going out that evening, and just as they were starting Newton ran after his mother, and caught her hand as she was getting into the carriage, and whispered,

"Can I stay up later to-night?"

Mrs. Brooks kissed him and said he might, and Newton ran down into the garden with a very serious face, as if he had important business on hand. He had made a careful plan, and he wanted to see that everything was ready. First he walked down to the pond and looked at the boat; it was fastened to the stake, but it was not padlocked, as he feared it would be. Then he went to the stable and took the crabbing net from the big nail on which it always hung, carried it to the pond, and hid it under a lilac bush, and then walked back to the house as if nothing unusual were about to happen.

Half past six was a long time coming that evening, and Newton went a good many times to look at the clock in the hall; at last the nurse called him, and he hurried through his tea in a way that would have shocked his mother if she had been there to see the performance. When he slipped down from the table it was seven o'clock, and he had just one hour before bed-time. It was early in September, there was no moon, and it was already quite dark. Newton sat down on the piazza steps and waited, watching very impatiently for the coming of the stars in the sky, and thinking how he could best get into the garden without being seen by the servants in the house. It was a still evening, and one by one the stars stole out of their hiding-places, and began to shine through the net-work of branches that overhung the veranda; the darkness seemed to be full of katyids, and every one of them talked as fast and as loud as it could. At last the clock chimed



half past seven, and Newton stole quietly down the steps and along the gravelled walk, and got into the garden before any one noticed that he was gone. Once among the shrubs and trees he ran swiftly along the dusky walks to the clump of tall trees that stood together at the edge of the pond. He was so excited that his heart beat like a little hammer. Would the stars really be in the pond, and could he catch one?

When he reached the pond he looked eagerly over the surface, and there, near the middle, and beyond the dark shadows which the trees seemed to cast on the pond, soft but very clear shone the stars in the motionless water. The boy ran to the lilac bush, drew out the net, and threw it into the little boat; then he gave the boat a little push, which was sufficient to send it several feet into the pond, and to send him flat into its bottom. He picked himself up and found he was floating straight out to the stars; the pond was so small that a good strong push would have sent the boat almost over to the other shore. Newton crawled to the bow, drew the net after him, and waited until he should float exactly over the stars. He began to feel that it was a pretty solemn business; it was very dark all about, and even the little pond seemed large and mysterious; there was no sound but the strange, weird noise of the rustling leaves; the stars overhead seemed to be looking down very tenderly at the stars underneath, and Newton wondered if they would be angry if a star were taken out of the pond. The boat made little ripples as it moved along, and when it had almost reached the middle of the pond the stars began to quiver and tremble, and then they seemed to fall to pieces, and get scattered into little gleams of light. Newton was very much afraid they were going out entirely; but in a minute the boat became still and the water calm again, and there was a splendid great star right in front and only a little way off.

Newton had never heard of anybody who fished for stars before, and he was not sure whether he ought to have had a hook with some sort of bait, or whether the net was the right thing; but as the star lay perfectly still on the surface of the water he made up his mind that the net was better than a hook.

He kept very quiet, for he did not know but that a noise would frighten the star away; in fact, he was so excited that he hardly breathed. Without a sound, and almost without a motion, he pushed the pole of the net over the side of the boat, and ran the net right under the star. Then he pushed the pole down, and the net rose dripping, with the star in the middle; but, sad to relate, the star seemed to run through the meshes of the net, and fall back into the water in a thousand drops. Newton pulled the net in and looked at it; it was unbroken, and he could not understand how the star could have gotten through and out if it had once been inside. He waited until the water became quiet, and then pushed out the net again; again it seemed to hold the star in the circle of its meshes, but again, as it rose dripping out of the pond, the star fell back in a shower of drops. The boy was greatly disappointed, but he was not ready to give up yet: perhaps he had been too slow.

He waited until the water became quiet again, and then he suddenly stood up in the bow of the boat and gave the net a quick push into the water. Instantly there was a great splash, and boy, boat, and stars were all mixed up in one grand commotion; the whole pond was in an uproar. Newton had pushed too far, and fallen overboard! Fortunately for the star-fisher it was a very still night, and George, who happened to be standing in the stable door smoking his short black pipe, heard the first splash, and ran to the pond without waiting to hear anything else. When he got there the boat was bobbing up and down, and the ripples were coming ashore in great circles, and George looked about anxiously to see the cause of the commotion. He was not kept waiting long, for in a sec-

ond Newton's head came up out of the pond, looking for all the world like a round black ball in the water. Before it had time to go down again George had caught the dark curls and was pulling curls and all to shore.

For a minute or two Newton was so stunned that he hardly knew what had happened or where he was. The water ran out of his ears and eyes, and flowed in little streams from his clothes. George had read that something ought to be done with drowning people as soon as they were pulled out of the water, but he couldn't remember what it was that ought to be done; however, he did the only thing he could think of, and held Newton head downward for a minute, and then gave him several hard shakes. This brought the boy to his senses, and in a moment George carried him to the house. The nurse was too much frightened to scold him; she took off his wet clothes, gave him something warm to drink, and got him into bed as fast as possible. The next morning it was all so like a dream that Newton couldn't make up his mind whether it had really happened or not until he saw his clothes hanging before the kitchen fire after breakfast.

## WALKING-CANES.

GROWING THEM FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT.

BY A. W. ROBERTS.

IT has become a habit with me when walking in the woods to keep a sharp lookout for stocks for walking-canes, so that in the course of many years I have got together quite a unique collection. To these a number has been added through exchanges with friends.

This hobby has borne other fruit than the mere gathering together of curious canes. For have I not learned the scientific and common names of most of our trees and shrubs, their habits and their values, their uses in the arts and sciences, their medicinal qualities? So you see, my young reader, what unthinking people would call a useless and eccentric occupation (this gathering of old sticks) has in reality proved to be an innocent and instructive pastime, and I propose to continue to ride this walking-cane hobby just as diligently as I used to ride grandpa's walking-cane to "Banbury Cross," when a child.

My first interesting cane capture consisted of a very curiously shaped natural cane, as shown in Fig. 1. It was of a young hickory sapling at whose roots grew a bitter-sweet vine, which, being of an ambitious turn of mind, had taken many turns around the sapling in its eagerness to climb up in the world. The sapling in the mean time extended its bark well over the leader of the tough and clinging bitter-sweet, till but little of it was to be seen. At last the sapling, feeling unusually vigorous, burst asunder the clinging bitter-sweet vine, the result being a very unique walking-cane, and a good illustration of the "survival of the fittest."

The dead bitter-sweet vine was withdrawn from the hickory, and from its root a handle was carved and bent. On many occasions I have twisted vines of bitter-sweet and the foxglove around saplings of oak, hickory, and chestnut, and have obtained very satisfactory results.

Where a vine is situated some distance from the sapling selected for a cane, the vine can be "piped" (laid under the ground) up to the sapling, and then twisted around it and securely fastened at the top with wire from three feet to four feet above its root, as shown in Fig. 2. If the sapling is so situated that it obtains a bountiful supply of food and sunlight, a unique cane of natural growth will be the result, as shown in Fig. 3.



FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.

At this season of the year, when so many young people are spending their vacations in the country, why not try this interesting experiment, so that next year when you return to the same place you will see exactly how far the contest for existence between the sapling and the vine has progressed, and also when to expect the result of your first experiment in growing walking-sticks?

Having taken a hint from nature in the case of the bitter-sweet vine and the hickory sapling, I extended my experiments in many directions. Taking three cuttings (slips) of basket-willow, I planted them close together, as shown in Fig. 4. After they had taken root and begun to push out branches, I reduced the number of branches to one for each cutting, always retaining the most vigorous branch.

As the three willow-trees increased in height, the side branches were constantly cut off. This treatment forced the growth of the willows upward, so that when they had attained a height of five feet

I bound them together with a living cat-brier vine, which was planted at their base, and in course of time obtained a light walking-cane of novel pattern, as shown in Fig. 5. Another very interesting experiment was grafting three willow stocks together so that they formed a union, and became as it were one tree. This was done by carefully cutting away two slices from three young willows so as to form an obtuse angle as shown in Fig. 6.

The angles so formed were carefully and accurately fitted together, as shown in the section, Fig. 7. To hold the willows closely together, and to exclude all air, I wrapped them tightly with strips of unbleached cotton sheeting. As soon as they showed signs of life at their tops by sending out young branches, I felt certain that a union of their barks would form at the points indicated by the arrows in Fig. 7. But it was not till several trials had been made that I was successful in this novel experiment of combining three willow saplings.

It very often occurs that after a tree has been cut down a number of canes or suckers will start up from the stump (Fig. 8). These suckers make excellent walking-canes when properly cured and peeled. For a lady's riding whip I know of nothing better than three willow withes plaited together. This plaiting must be done when the willow withes are young, and when attached to the parent tree, on which they are allowed to remain for a year after having been plaited together. By this time they will have grown firmly together in consequence of

the bark conforming to the bent strands of the plait.

The following kinds of native woods are used for walking-canes:

**Holly.**—Sticks of this wood are found growing out from the sides of older growths, and shooting up in nearly a straight line. Occasionally they may be cut with a crutch piece across the growing end, or with a crook or knob. These are the most valuable. They may be found on a well-grown sapling in the deep woods. This should be pulled or dug up for the sake of its roots. Saplings and hedge sticks may often be found from three to four feet long, and from three-eighths to a quarter of an inch in diameter. These are not suitable for walking-canes, but they make excellent whip handles. The holly makes tough, supple, and moderately heavy walking-canes, and its close-grained wood admits of much skill in carving the knob formed by the root and its rootlets.

**Ash.**—Respectable sticks of this wood may sometimes be cut out of a hedge, or pulled from the side of an old stump. Ash sticks must also be roughly trimmed and well seasoned before they are barked and polished. The root knobs admit of excellent grotesque carving.

**Oak.**—This of all sticks is the most reliable, and stout oaken cudgels are esteemed by most persons as affording the best props for failing legs, as well as the best weapons of self-defense against quarrelsome dogs, ruffians, and tramps. Straight sticks of sapling oak are not always easily obtained, but copse-wood sticks pulled from the trunks of trees form excellent substitutes. These should be selected for walking-canes that taper from one inch below the knob or crutch to one inch at the ferrule end. Oak sticks split in drying when the bark



FIG. 6.

has been stripped off or the knobs cut too close, or when the sticks are dried too rapidly in a very dry place. They are then rendered useless for walking-canes and cudgels.



FIG. 7.

**Elm.**—From the roots of elm-trees saplings often shoot up to a height of some ten feet; these furnish good walking-canes of fancy styles, the rough bark serving the purpose of ornamentation when the sticks are dried, stained, varnished, and polished.

Among fruit trees the cherry, apple, and pear furnish some very nice fancy walking-canes, being supple and of moderate strength.

When canes are half dried, that is, when the bark is shrunken, has lost its sappy greenness, and refuses to peel freely, they may be trimmed, straightened, or bent, as required. The wood and also the form of the knobs and roots will admit of much taste being displayed in grotesque and fancy carving. But about how this may be done I shall tell you in another article.



FIG. 8.



FIG. 5.



FIG. 3.



FIG. 4.

# Serious Advice.

Jigger! Jigger!  
Jamboree!  
Little Ethiopian  
Up a tree.

What's he at, the little blossom?  
Looks as though he's after 'possum.  
Does not signify to me,  
But limb's not strong as it might be.

Jigger! Jigger!  
Jamboree!  
Should n't snigger,  
But - he! he!! -

He'll hark to what we say to him  
When next he ventures on a limb.  
Of course it wouldn't bear his weight!  
He should have tried, at any rate!

Jigger! Jigger!  
Deary me!  
Pretty figure,  
Is n't he?

Have n't any wish to preach,  
But when a thing is out of reach  
We're very apt to get a fall  
In trying for it - that is all!

H. Pyle.







THE BIRD'S NEST

Down amid the flowers, the ferns, and the grass,  
Cunningly and sweetly the birds made her nest  
Where she thought that none would see it though the merry winds  
Might pass.

And muffled her secret from the east to the west  
She never dreamed of Harry, whose eyes are everywhere,  
Whose little feet go dancing over hillside and through dell  
Dear birds, you may trust him, he wouldn't think it fair  
About your little nestlings around the world to tell

He'll only whisper softly to loving sister Grace

"Oh, down beside the rock, and where the lilies shine,

The very prettiest sight, there, is in the prettiest place.

Three little satiation birds, and I mean to call them mine

"But I'll never, never touch them! I'll watch them day by day,  
And to be sure, I'll hear them sweetly singing from the trees  
Till they're strong and big and happy, and have learned to fly away,  
They need not be a bit afraid of my boy like me."

## OUR POSTOFFICE BOX

STELLA, A MISS FIVE YEARS, SIX MONTHS, AND TEN DAYS.

DEAR POSTMASTER: I have not called on before, and told you about a journey among the Lebanon villages, and you kindly asked me to write again. I wrote something about my brother and I set out for the long-forgotten visit to Zahleh and Baalbek. We started about seven o'clock A.M. Three or four donkeys, and papa has a horse. The morning was frosty and clear, and nature seemed smiling to see the lovely young leaves, grass, wheat and barley springing up from their winter sleep. It was quite cool for the time of the year, but not yet warm enough to go high over the hills. It was only a quarter of an hour to the next little village called Souk el-Gharbi, where papa has his training school for native helpers; after passing that we rode on for about half an hour to the next village. This is a very pretty little place, where a good many foreigners and rich natives have built their summer residences. There are many oak trees about Aulim, which give a picturesque look to the houses, a number of which are tile-roofed. After passing Aulim we came to the famous narrow ridge road. It is travelled so much that summer, when there is no rain, it is very white and dusty, and is very trying to the eyes from the glare of the sun upon it. It was not very early in the spring, the road was not very dusty, and, protected from the sun and glare by a veil and white muslin around my straw hat, I did not mind it at all.

Pretty soon we came in sight of a little silk factory and a nuns' summer retreat, all alone among the hills. We rode on for some distance, with mountains on our right and left, and before we reached our own backwash, and only when there was a turn in the road could we view it easily. The view from the khan was a very fine one. The way, about an hour and sometimes more, it would take a more skillful pen than mine to describe the beautiful mountain scenery. Some of the peaks near us were covered with green, and others farther on were blue as blue can be; but I think the far-away white-topped mountains were the prettiest of all. From many the snow was

melting, and showed little patches of brown earth, which only when the shining snow look whiter.

And now, after riding a little more than four hours, we stopped at one of the little khans, which is half-way between Shuman and Zahleh, but was getting hungry, and it is nearly twelve o'clock. There is a fresh, clear spring of water coming out just below the khan. The old khan-keeper brings us some little native stools to sit on and a low round table at which to eat, then some water from the spring, and with the sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs mamma and I put up for us we managed to make a very good meal. This khan is a great stopping-place for the muleteers and camel drivers; their way from the Bekah, which is an elevated plain four hundred feet above the sea. It lies between Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, and is put down on maps as *ORON SYRIA*. It supplies large quantities of wheat and barley to the towns and villages on the Lebanon, and has thousands of mules and camels passing through it.

"Look here!" said the khan-keeper, and we went on again. In a short time the sea was wholly hid from our sight by the mountains. Along the road we met long trains of camels and donkeys, and a few men, mostly Bedouin Arabs on their horses. The sea, after nearly three hours riding from the khan, we catch the first glimpse of the Bekah, a wide plain stretching far away to the base of the distant Lazz mountains. It was a wide, level plain, with here and there stripes and squares of brown earth and here and there a small house. It was the first time we had seen anything of the kind, for our home is on the mountain side, and it was very much. After an hour and a half we reached Shitara. This village is a diligence station half-way between Beirut and Damascus. Perhaps some of Harper's Young People don't know what a diligence is. It is a covered carriage, painted yellow on the outside, with little windows all around a corner seat for the driver, and the horses are required to draw it. There are ten stations all along the road from Damascus to Beirut, each one having six horses for harnessing with those in the diligence. It is a very fast way to travel. In this way they are able to go very fast.

At Shitara we dismounted, and found some men mounted at the hotel, and rested under the trees. Here a missionary living in Zahleh met us, and we all rode on together. The road for quite a distance was bordered on both sides by poplars and a kind of cedar, and the leaves are delicate silvery gray on one side and pale olive green on the other. Peeping through the leaves we saw a deep blue sky, and a bright green that it made us long to go and lie in them. After a while these gave place to great grape-vineyards, but these did not look so pretty, for there were only a few leaves left on the vines.

A good many donkeys and horses with their coats were crazing on the green, and a few cows and buffaloes. Soon we left the main road, and began ascending a long steep hill. Just as we reached the summit the whole city of Zahleh broke on our view. It is quite a large place, of about fifteen thousand inhabitants. The houses are somewhat different from those in the Lebanon; they are all whitewashed on the outside, some of them steeple hills, and the flat roofs project over the street. The houses above them are built on such steep hills that the roofs of some are the door-yards to the houses above them.

Looking off to the right, we see the gorge for which Zahleh is quite noted. Here we were met by another missionary and his little boy. The poor tired donkeys seemed to know they were near their journey's end, and mine, which

had given us similar songs on the road, now set up a prolonged bay, and the boy hurried up a little, so we were soon inside the city. The people in the streets made the sorts of exclamations and remarks (especially the women) about our looks, dress, and general appearance, but we paid no attention to them.

The next two days were passed very pleasantly among our friends. There were a good many native calls, too.

The day, about 1 o'clock P.M., we took the carriage from Baalbek, a village adjoining Zahleh, to Baalbek. It was a long four hours ride across part of the great plain of the Bekah. In a little while the air was scented with the quantities of lavender growing in the valleys, and the hills lay on each side of the road. In two hours we stopped at a little station to change horses, and we came out of the carriage and had a drink. There were some flowers, and among them a woman with two little girls. The oldest, who was about four or five years old, was a very bright little thing, with rosy brown cheeks and sparkling black eyes. She had on a gray-colored calico dress and a little red jacket, and a handkerchief tied on her head. She gathered and brought me some of the lavender. Then she asked me if that gentleman was my father, etc., and why I wore a hat and long dress (riding skirt). She amused me very much. Then we went on again. We were very happy, but we weren't on donkeys, it was so hot and dry.

The six pillars in Baalbek can be seen from a great distance. About fifteen minutes from the ruins, outside of Baalbek, are six pillars standing in a circle, with a great stone urn by them. They are made of a kind of granite which is brought from Egypt, and there is a story that no one knows that those pillars are put there for, all by themselves. Pretty soon we rode into Baalbek, and now the pillars stand out clear and grand against the sky and white mountains. But they looked so much smaller than I had imagined them. I was a little disappointed.

Arriving at the Victoria Hotel, we are ushered upstairs to a nice private room, and then to two rooms which we are to occupy, and from which we have an excellent view of the ruins. There are clean rush mats on the floor, two iron single beds, and a washstand, and a large mirror on the side of the room, centre-table, wash-stand, and two small closets in the wall, besides a large rug all looking very clean and inviting.

It was now five o'clock, and after unpacking our saddle-bags and resting for about half an hour, we went over to the ruins. Papa took us first all around the ruins, and then we went to the temple, which is a magnificent pile of ruins, as a first. The stones are immense; all that are on the first tier above ground are about twice as large as the stones on the second tier, and the larger. The corner stones each would make a respectable room. Commencing to the south-western side, we are by the pillars which looked so small in the distance. The pillars are about in reality measure about twenty-two feet around the base, gradually emerging toward the middle, and then narrowing again to the top. Some pillars have been thrown down by Mohammedans, and we were able to examine the carving on the capitals, but a good deal is broken and spoiled. The pillars stand a few feet out from the temple, and are very much decayed and in ruin, and it is something exquisite so fine and correct. There were also some fluted pillars on the north side, which were very beautiful.

The six pillars (belonging to the great temple, which has the largest foundation stones), are the most perfect of any that are left. They stand quite a distance from the temple, and are all alone, and look very grand and beautiful. They measure fourteen feet in diameter.

Then we went around to the eastern side, into the temple of Jupiter. The temple is at one side of the entrance is a small opening close to the ground. I got flat down and squeezed through, then ascended a long, long flight of stairs, around and around, and at last I came to the top, where I would reach the top. At last I came to a little *tek*, as it is called in Arabic, or a small window without glass. Going up a few more steps, I was at the top, on the broad wall. I had hard work getting out when I came down.

After that we went down to what are supposed to have been the houses of the priests, a very dark, broad passageway, on which open a great many stables, and smaller passages leading to other stables. A native man who was with us told us that the houses of the priests were here. It is a question how this passage could have been lighted.

When we came out it was near seven o'clock, and we hurried back to the hotel for supper. After ten we went over to see an English lady who has a large day school for the Baalbek children, most of them Syrians.

The next morning, after breakfast, we went over again to the ruins, and examined them more carefully. We brought away some little pieces of the ruins.

Then we went up to Bas el ain, or "Head of the Spring," ten or fifteen minutes' walk from the ruins. The road leading to it from the village is a very fine one, and the view is very fine, and then on one side by the river. Soon we came to a large green place, through which the river runs. There are great walnut-trees on its bank,



For EXCHANGES see 2nd and 3rd pages of



### A SHIP IN DISTRESS

A SHIP at sea sprang a leak which could only be stopped by a piece of wood measuring twelve feet square. Unfortunately the only plank the crew had on board was nine feet wide and sixteen feet long; and yet the carpenter contrived by one

upon it to keep his hawser taut and from touching the water. Very soon he reached the shore, and quickly leaping to terra firma, he sped his way homeward.

Thinking that he might be a special expert, and an exception in that line of boatmanship to the rest of his companions, I tried several of them. They all came to shore in like manner.

ent to divide the long piece of wood so that the two pieces formed an exact square. How did he do it?

### THEY ALL KNEW HOW.

I TOOK a large spider from his web under the basement of a mill, put him on a chip, and set him afloat on the quiet waters of the pond. He walked all about the sides of his bark, surveying the situation very carefully, and when the fact that he was really afloat and about a yard from shore seemed to be fully comprehended, he looked out for the nearest land.

This point fairly settled upon, he immediately began to cast a web for it. He threw it as far as possible in the air, and with the wind. It soon reached the shore, and made fast to the spires of grass. Then he turned himself about, and in true sailor fashion began to haul in hand over hand on his cable. Carefully he drew upon it until his bark began to move toward the shore. As it moved the faster, he the faster drew



### THE RACCOON AND THE BUTTERMILK PAIL.—By EVA LOVETT CARSON.

THE Raccoon sat on the buttermilk pail,  
And touched his light guitar;  
He wept as he sang to a pensive air  
His "Ode to a Falling Star."  
And he kept one eye where the moonlight fell  
On the chicken-house door ajar.

The buttermilk pail was upside down.  
You might see with half an eye;  
The Raccoon smiled when he saw it there,  
But he set it down with a sigh  
To think that the buttermilk was all gone,  
And he so thirsty—"Oh my!"

But the chickens roosted high that night.  
The Raccoon he waited long;  
He sang to one and another air  
The words of the same old song.  
And he feared as he sat on the buttermilk pail  
That something or other was wrong.

The farmer stirred about in his sleep,  
And sat straight up in bed.  
"That rascal's singing again to-night."  
And the farmer shook his head:  
"He's singing a song that is much too sad,"  
The wise old farmer said.

The farmer took his gun that night  
To shoot that sly old 'coon,  
And the 'coon picked up his light guitar,  
And hoped he'd get home soon.  
For an angry man with a gun in his hand  
He could see by the light of the moon.

But when the farmer had chased that 'coon  
A full mile down the road,  
He went back to find his chickens gone.  
As a ray of his lantern shined:  
For one Raccoon had carried them off  
While the other one sang his "Ode."

HARPER'S

# YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 24.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, JULY 1, 1884.

Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



"THERE HE IS! THAT'S THE BOY WHO DID IT!"



## MISS POLYPHEMIA'S FIREWORKS.

A Story for the Fourth of July.

BY SOPHIE SWETT

I.

ALL day long the bell on Miss Polyphemia's shop door had been dancing and tinkling like mad. Boys gave such jerks! And it seemed to Miss Polyphemia that more boys had entered that shop to-day than in the whole fifteen years that it had been a shop. She did not approve of boys, and she had taken pains not to keep anything on her shelves that could attract them.

When she began business she had several jars full of licorice and colt's-foot sticks, and very bitter hoarhound drops, which she expected to sell to old ladies who bought their sewing silk of her. But the boys discovered that a better bargain was to be had at Miss Polyphemia's than at the confectioner's around the corner, and they began to buy these dainties of her. The result was that Miss Polyphemia put the jars away in a dark closet when they were empty, and had never had them refilled. She had rigidly avoided marbles and tops and slate-pencils, and no boys except those sent upon errands, who were necessary evils, had ever darkened her doors until to-day.

But to-day! If there was a boy in Plumleyville between the ages of sixteen and two who hadn't been in that shop to-day, Miss Polyphemia "would like to see him!" And she felt as if all her nerves were dancing like the bell, and her big dog, Lord George, upon whom she relied as a protector, had become so disturbed in mind that he growled even in the midst of his nap.

Miss Polyphemia almost lamented the thrifty New England blood in her veins which had led her to accept old Jerry Dobson's offer to pay in fire-works the bill which had been due for six years, and which she had regarded as a total loss. Old Jerry had no money to pay with, but his son-in-law had come into possession of a bankrupt stock of fire-works. As it "went agin his grain to cheat women-folks anyhow," he had brought Miss Polyphemia a great quantity of the fire-works, and offered to "rig 'em up kind of amazin'" in her shop window, and "bein' 'twas the Fourth, she couldn't help makin' a pooty spec' on 'em."

"A pretty speculation" was a thing dear to Miss Polyphemia's heart, and she scarcely thought of the boys. She had had so little experience with them since she abandoned hoarhound drops and came into possession of Lord George—who had a deep-rooted hatred and a keen scent for boys—that she had almost forgotten how they set her teeth on edge.

It was in the shades of evening that Jerry Dobson had "rigged up" the window, and it certainly was "amazin'" with not only fire-works of almost every kind, but trumpets and whistles, and cannons and guns, red and purple balloons, and American flags.

"That winder was a hull Fourth of July by itself," old Jerry proudly remarked. "It could all but whistle 'Yankee Doodle.'"

But when Miss Polyphemia, peeping cautiously out of the window in her night-cap at six o'clock in the morning, saw a row of boys three deep on the sidewalk gazing in open-mouthed admiration at the window, she began to realize what she had done. And she sympathized with Lord George, who refused his breakfast, and sat at the shop door and howled.

Boys came by ones and by twos and by dozens—boys large and small, boys ragged and dirty, boys clean and whole, boys with money and boys without. But in all the variety there was not one who did not jerk the door, and there were some who came half a dozen times to inquire the prices which were marked upon the articles so plainly that they could easily be seen from the street.

But the money-drawer was filling up, and Miss Polyphemia's trading bump struggled hard against her nerves.

This day was almost gone, and there would be but one more before the Fourth of July. She might be able to live and preserve her senses through that, she thought, as she went into her little sitting-room behind the shop to refresh herself with a hasty cup of tea. She had just taken the first sip when jing-a-ling went the bell, a real boy's jerk.

It was not a promising customer who stood before the counter when Miss Polyphemia went out; her practiced eye discerned that at once. It was hard to tell where the original material of his clothes ended and the patches began, and his freckled face looked thin and care-worn. Although he was clean and whole, it was written all over him from his thick crop of tow-colored hair to the toes of his boots that Poverty had him under her thumb. He inquired the price of Roman candles.

"It is marked on them; if you had looked you would have seen," said Miss Polyphemia, severely. But she did repeat the price, as he raised a pair of brave blue eyes to hers.

He took a few pennies from his pocket, and counted them twice with a dejected look. Clearly there were not enough, and counting them three times did not make them any more.

"You haven't any for fifteen cents apiece, have you?" he asked, as if his last hope hung upon her answer.

"No," said Miss Polyphemia, shortly; and the boy went out, opening the door so slowly and reluctantly that the bell scarcely tinkled.

He stood on the sidewalk and gazed at the Roman candles.

"I'll have one yet," Miss Polyphemia heard him say; and then he hurried off with a determined air.

Miss Polyphemia felt something like pity for him, although he was a boy. Something in his frank blue eyes had seemed to give her an odd sensation about the heart.

"Pshaw! it isn't as if he had wanted something to eat," she said to herself, angry at her softness. "If he had a Roman candle he'd only get into mischief—set a house afire or blow up all creation, most likely."

Meanwhile the boy who had wanted the Roman candle hurried along the main street, his bright, hopeful eyes and his determined step seeming oddly out of keeping with his poverty-stricken appearance. If they told the truth, he meant to get Poverty under his thumb some day!

He turned into Shoe Lane, a narrow, dingy little alley, and entered a little house cleaner than its neighbors, but dark and poor.

His mother, a delicate woman, sad and worn, was ironing, and his little sister was trying to set a table taller than herself.

"Barty, you'll have to get up before five o'clock to-morrow morning and carry these clothes home. Mrs. Simmons is going away, and must have them, and they won't be done until midnight," said his mother.

"I'll be up, never fear," said Barty. "And I'm going to help you iron; so the things will be done long before midnight."

"Barty, I want you," called a feeble voice, and Barty hurried into an inner room, where on the bed lay a worn and wasted little figure that was always lying there through the long weary days and weeks and months.

"Is your back aching, Jimmy?" said Barty, tenderly.

"Yes, it aches awfully when you don't come for so long. I want you to tell me all about the fixin's for the Fourth. Are they going to have the band and the b'loon on the Common? and which way is the procession going? Oh, Barty, don't you s'pose there's any way for me to see a little bit of the Fourth? Last year I saw three or four rockets, but then the great tannery wasn't built between us and the Common."

Barty said nothing about the Roman candle that he hoped to get and burn on the fence directly under Jim-



my's window. If he shouldn't be able to get it, Jimmy would be so disappointed! And they were having very hard work to get the necessities of life.

Barty was fifteen, but he was small of his age, and everybody in Plumleyville who wanted to hire a boy wanted a big one. Barty had tried and tried in vain to get a situation. He was always on the watch for "a job." He felt himself to be the man of the family, and he wanted to take care of them all, to keep his mother from working so hard, and to get a skillful doctor to cure the spinal disease from which Jimmy had suffered for years. And in spite of the discouraging fact that he had not seemed to grow an inch in the last year—he kept his measure on the woodshed door, and tried it every week—Barty *meant* to do it.

## II.

Barty was up before five the next morning, and off with a great bundle of clothes to Mrs. Simmons's. He ran as fast as he could go, and after he had delivered the bundle he started for home on the run, because he wanted to get his breakfast eaten as soon as possible, and go in search of a job to earn enough money to buy Jimmy's Roman candle. As he turned into the main street he saw a crowd in front of Miss Polyphemia's shop, and he ran across the street to see what was the matter.

The large pane of glass in the Fourth-of-July window was broken. Miss Polyphemia stood on the steps in a state of great excitement, her false front on awry, her spectacles on the top of her head, and the largest American flag from her window wrapped around her as a shawl, her toilet evidently having been a very hasty one.

As soon as she caught sight of Barty she cried: "There he is! That's the boy who did it! Don't let him get away! I heard the crash, and when I looked out of the window I saw him running down Aldersey Street as fast as he could go. And he's the very boy who said he *would* have one of those Roman candles, though he hadn't the money to pay for it. The hole in the glass is just where the Roman candles are. He could put his hand into the box."

By this time the constable whom Miss Polyphemia was addressing had seized Barty by the collar, and was dragging him off to the lock-up in spite of his assertions of innocence.

"That was a pretty bold job for a young rascal like you, but you Plumleyville boys are a bad lot, 'specially along about the Fourth of July. It's time one of you was made an example of."

Barty tried to explain that he was going on an errand for his mother when Miss Polyphemia saw him running down Aldersey Street; but the constable only said that "he was too good a boy to get up so early as that to do his mother's errands, and he guessed it wouldn't hurt him to have a day or two in retirement to meditate on the evils of too early rising."

The lock-up was a little brick building on the main street, not far from Miss Polyphemia's shop. Never had Barty thought, when he had seen drunkards and thieves and fighting boys carried there, that such a fate could befall him. When he heard the key turn in the lock, and realized that he was shut up there alone, his heart sank down, and a great lump came up in his throat which it was very hard work to swallow, until he remembered that he was the man of his family, and mustn't be a baby, whatever happened.

At noon the constable came, and put a huge loaf of bread and a jug of water in at the door; but he would not pay any attention to poor Barty's assertions that he was innocent. "If he was, he would have a chance to prove it when he was brought before the magistrate," the constable said, "and he would only have to wait for that until the day after the Fourth."

The day after the Fourth! Barty had a stout heart,

but he almost gave way to despair then. What would his mother and Jimmy think had become of him? They would probably hear, however. By this time it was known all over Plumleyville that he was in the lock-up. Could he ever obtain a situation after this? Would not the disgrace cling to him, even if he were not proven guilty?

One big tear did get as far as the end of Barty's nose, but he dashed it scornfully away, and forbade another one to start. And by way of keeping up his heart, and as being appropriate to the time, if not exactly to the occasion, Barty whistled "Yankee Doodle."

In the mean time Miss Polyphemia's nerves had received such a shock that, even after the glazier had repaired her window, she could not bring herself to open her shop. Never in the whole course of her shop-keeping had such an outrage been perpetrated before, and the worst of it was that Lord George, her precious Lord George, was missing. The excitement of the day before had caused her to forget him when she locked the house up for the night, and he was left tied to the back-yard fence. The rope was broken, and he was gone, and Miss Polyphemia thought it probable that that dreadful boy who broke her window had stolen or poisoned him.

She inserted an advertisement in the Plumleyville *Star*, offering a liberal reward for his return, and she posted a similar notice on a tree in front of her shop; but they brought no tidings of the lost dog.

## III.

Late in the afternoon of the Fourth of July Miss Polyphemia stood at her gate and looked anxiously up and down the street, hoping to catch a glimpse of Lord George. The stage-driver came along, and stopped when he saw her.

"I heard you'd lost that dog of your'n," he remarked, "and I shouldn't be surprised if he got hurt consid'able when he broke that glass. I happened to be goin' by when 'twas done—bout half past four o'clock. Your dog and that big yaller one that b'longs to the new grocer was a-fightin'. My! wa'n't they a-givin' it to one t'other! Somehow or 'nother, they come crashin' agin the winder, and I guess they both of 'em either got scared or hurt pretty bad, for the yaller one he sneaked off home with his tail between his legs, and your dog he run down the street howlin' like all possessed."

The stage-driver cracked his whip, and was gone, leaving Miss Polyphemia speechless with astonishment. Although she had prejudices, she did not mean to be unjust, and her conscience bitterly reproached her for her haste in accusing the boy, who was evidently entirely innocent. And forgetting Lord George in her great anxiety to right the wrong of which she was the cause, she hurried off in search of the constable. He was not at home, but she told his wife the story, and got from her the key of the lock-up. Whether she had authority to open it or not, that poor boy should not stay there any longer, she declared, and as everybody in Plumleyville knew that Miss Polyphemia would have her own way, the constable's wife thought she might as well give her the key.

Barty, sitting dejectedly on one of the small cots which were the only furniture of the lock-up, heard the key click in the lock, and saw with astonishment Miss Polyphemia, panting with haste, standing before him.

"You didn't do it!" she exclaimed.

"I guess I know that," said Barty, with some temper.

"It was my dog and another dog. You have good, honest eyes. I might have known you were not a thief. What is your name, and where do you live? Bartlett Pilkins? Oh, that's it!" exclaimed Miss Polyphemia, as if she had made a great discovery. "And your father's name was Bartlett Pilkins, wasn't it?"

"Yes'm; but he's dead," said Barty.



"YOU DIDN'T DO IT!" SHE EXCLAIMED."

Miss Polyphemia put her handkerchief to her eyes; there was something that felt like a tear in a corner of one of them. The truth was that Miss Polyphemia had once been engaged to marry Bartlett Pilkins, but she was considerably older than he, and people had told her that he only wanted the property that her father had left her, and she had dismissed him. Afterward she had been a little sorry, although he had never "amounted to much," according to Plumleyville report, and his family had come back to Plumleyville from the West—where he had gone when fortune went against him at home—very poor.

"Your mother has a hard time to get along, don't she?" asked Miss Polyphemia.

"Yes'm; but she won't when I get a little bigger!" said Barty, confidently.

"There isn't much for a boy to do in Plumleyville; but I want an assistant in my shop. I didn't think of having a boy"—here Miss Polyphemia swallowed something in her throat that seemed very hard, and perhaps it was her prejudice against boys, for that never appeared again—"but I've taken a fancy to you, and I think you would be faithful, and could get along well with Lord George—who certainly will come home if he is alive—and some day, if I am not disappointed in you, I may make you my partner."

Barty wanted to turn a somersault, and he wanted to throw his arms around Miss Polyphemia's neck, but he thought it more prudent to restrain himself.

"Perhaps I can make amends to you for accusing you unjustly," continued Miss Polyphemia, "and for keeping you shut up here through the Fourth of July, which must have been hard for a boy."

"It has been pretty tough," said Barty, frankly; "but I felt worst about my sick brother Jimmy, who depends upon me to tell him all about it."

"Was it for him that you wanted the Roman candle?" asked Miss Polyphemia. "Well, there are plenty of fire-works left, and I'll give you all you can carry, and you have all the evening to celebrate in now."

And she took him to her shop and loaded him down with fire-works, and crackers, and torpedoes, and trumpets, and flags, so that when he burst into Jimmy's room he looked like a walking Fourth of July.

Such a jollification as they had that night Shoe Lane never saw before. Lord George returned to his overjoyed mistress after the noise had subsided, with only a few cuts upon his nose to tell of his troubles. He and Barty did get on famously together, and Miss Polyphemia has been heard to declare that she "wouldn't take his weight in gold for her clerk," although he is a boy, and she is fully determined to make him her partner.

As for Jimmy, he has gone to a hospital, where he is under the care of a famous doctor, and the probability is that by next year he will see *all* of the Fourth of July.

## LEFT BEHIND.\*

OR, TEN DAYS A NEWSBOY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

TOBY TYLER "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," "TIM AND TIE," ETC.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### THE MOMENTOUS OCCASION.

THERE was every prospect that the young actors would have a large audience, and when they went to Mrs. Green's they congratulated themselves on having thought of such a brilliant project.

That Mopsey was a thoughtful manager as well as sparkling author was shown by a notice which the boys found fastened to the street door. It read,

DOORS OPEN AT HALF PAST SEVEN

and had evidently been prepared in anticipation of the rush of patrons which it was almost certain would fairly besiege the place before they were ready to receive them.

Once in the theatre, it was seen that Dickey and Mopsey had not been wasting their time, for there was such a collection of cast-off uniforms and weapons as would have furnished a much larger company than theirs with outfits.

The two who had gathered this remarkable collection together were standing over it in conscious pride; but Mopsey did not give them much opportunity for admiration.

"Now all hands turn to an' git dressed," he said, in a tone of authority, well knowing that his command would be willingly obeyed. "We've got to be sure to be ready, an' we can eat dinner after we're rigged up jest as well as not."

As it was only too evident that Mopsey would be obliged to superintend the dressing of each boy, the party stood waiting for him to designate the one who should first receive attention.

"We'll start on you, Dickey," said Mopsey.

Dickey stepped in front of the busy-looking manager, his face beaming with delight, and his mouth open so wide that his smile seemed almost a grin.

Among the collection out of which Shakespeare's characters were to stalk into view were quite a number of Mrs. Green's kitchen utensils, and nearly all of the party were puzzled as to what was to be done with them, when Dickey's toilet explained everything.

Two tin covers that had evidently been taken from the wash-boilers were fastened on Master Spry's chest and

\* Begun in No. 236, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

back, and Mopsey insisted on lashing them on so strongly, lest they should become displaced in the fight, that poor Dickey found it impossible to hang his arms down by his side, but was obliged to hold them straight out, very much to his discomfort. A tin saucepan, somewhat the worse for wear, and well blackened, was placed on his head for a helmet, and in his hand a huge cavalry sabre.

To throw a dash of color into what would otherwise have been rather a sombre-looking costume, Mopsey laced a quantity of red tape around each leg.

But every rose must have a thorn, and Dickey soon found out what particular thorn there was in wearing the costume of Macbeth. In the first place, since he could not use his arms sufficiently to bring them around in front of him, he was obliged to do without a shield, for it would have been worse than useless; and again, when he tried to sit down, after he had been admired by his companions, he found that the tin covers were so long that they doomed him to stand until the close of the performance.

Johnny was the next one who was to be made happy, and perhaps uncomfortable, by Mr. Dowd's idea of costume, and his was on an entirely different scale, since he was to play the part of Othello.

A pair of blue uniform trousers were first put on, and then pinned up, since they had originally been intended for a man. A broad leather belt was buckled tightly around his waist, and in this was placed a carving-knife, a pistol with no lock and but part of the barrel, and a jack-knife. An old sacque of Mrs. Green's, made of red flannel, and somewhat soiled, was put on as a coat, and on the shoulders were pinned epaulets made of gilt paper.

In addition to the weapons contained in his belt, Johnny had a genuine sword and scabbard fastened to his side, and an army musket to carry in his hands, that looked as if it might have been used in any number of battles.

It seemed singular that two should be condemned to stand through no fault of any one; but Johnny also found it almost impossible to sit down, owing to the number of pins Mopsey had used to make sure that the trousers would remain at the proper length, and he leaned against the wall by the side of Dickey.

Ben's costume required very little care, since it was simply a sheet thrown over his head; but he insisted so strongly that a ghost had just as much right to have his legs laced up with red tape and to wear a sword as anybody else, that Mopsey was obliged to give way, and do as he desired. A quantity of tape was tied around his legs, and in order to produce a pleasing effect in case his feet could be seen below the sheet, he insisted on having quite a number of ends hanging down from the ankles.

He also had a belt, with a carving-knife, and a pistol in about the same state of repair that Johnny's was, stuck into it, and then, with the sheet over his arm, so that he could have it handy, he looked on while

the others dressed, envied by Dickey and Johnny because he could sit down so comfortably.

Paul made a very showy-looking Hamlet, to say the least. He wore a pair of rubber boots many sizes too large for him, with tops that reached to his knees, and were ornamented with tissue-paper rosettes. A black frock-coat, which on close inspection proved to be Johnny's best, and the one that he had worn when he called upon Mrs. Green, hung about his shoulders, the sleeves covering his hands completely, and giving him a singular if not distinguished appearance. This coat had been made more gorgeous than it originally was by having gilt paper pasted to each button, and a red sash tied about the waist, in which were two table-forks and a wooden sword, the latter article interfering sadly with his knees when he walked.

On his head he wore a huge paper cap that had been painted red, white, and blue, and ornamented with a tuft of feathers that had once done service in a dusting-brush. He also had a gun, and as the weight of it was almost more than he could carry, he dragged it along behind him, very much as the melancholy Hamlet would have been likely to do.

He also could sit down, which was no small triumph.

All this had taken some time, and Mrs. Green had already called up the staircase that dinner was nearly ready before Mopsey had commenced to clothe himself in such garments as he supposed Richard the Third wore.

First he put on a pair of cotton pants that were once white, but were now drab, and which fitted quite closely. On the outside seams of these he pinned a strip of gilt paper, and then drew on a pair of boots, the tops of which came up quite as high on him as the rubber ones did on Paul. Around these boots was laced more red tape.

He had a broad leather belt, and outside of it was a red sash with ends that nearly touched the floor. As weapons, he wore a sword in a scabbard, a carving-knife, a portion of a pistol, and a table-fork. His coat was a soldier's overcoat, cut down to prevent it from trailing on the floor when he walked, and on his head was a paper cap nearly twice as large, and very much more ornamented in the way of feathers and red paint, than that worn by Paul.



"SHE FED HIM PATIENTLY."

The company were now ready for their arduous duties on the stage, and could afford the time to go to dinner. More than once had Mrs. Green called out to them that that very important meal was ready, and should be eaten if they expected her to get the dishes washed in time to act as door-keeper.

It was a ferocious-looking, and in two cases at least an uncomfortable-looking, company that filed down the stairs and into the dining-room, led by Dickey, who was obliged to enter the door sideways, because his arms stuck out so straight as to prevent his moving through any aperture less than five feet wide in any other way.

"Gracious!" exclaimed the landlady, as she saw this queer-looking object enter the room, followed by four others more or less gorgeous, and all equally terrible. "How on earth did you contrive to make yourselves look so horrible!"

"Horrible! did it," squeaked Dickey, piteously, as if he had been accused of some wrong deed, and earnestly wishing that he was the ghost.

"He's Macbeth," said Mopsey, in explanation, and anxious to show that he had only done his duty in thus making Dickey so uncomfortable. "That's pretty near the way Macbeth always gets himself up."

"Poor man!" said Mrs. Green; "it must have been terrible hard for him, an' he couldn't a had a great deal of comfort with his arms." And then, as she looked over her spectacles at the miniature Macbeth, noticing that it was the covers of her wash-boilers that he wore, she said, "You must be awful careful not to tumble down, Dickey, for you never could get up, an', besides, if anybody should step on you, they'd spoil them covers, an' one of 'em's 'most new."

Dickey made no promise, but his face showed plainly that he knew the danger he would be in if he should fall over, and his determination to stand as straight as possible in the combat which would take place in the third act.

All of the company save Dickey and Johnny seated themselves at the table, and began to make a hearty but hurried meal.

Johnny stood up in a careful manner, and got along very well; but poor Dickey could neither sit down nor help himself. He made one or two vain efforts to pick up a biscuit from the table, but his armor would not permit, and he was about to lean back against the wall in helpless indignation when Mrs. Green noticed him.

"Poor child," she said, in a motherly tone, "I do think it is a shame for Mopsey to rig you up in such a way that you can't eat, an' you do have such a good appetite."

"He wanted to play Macbeth," said Mopsey, anxious to clear himself from any blame; "an' if he plays it, he's got to go that way."

"Yes, I wanted to play it," said Dickey, in a tone that told he would never want to do such an uncomfortable thing again. "I wanted to; but I didn't know I was goin' to be fixed so I couldn't even wiggle."

Mrs. Green went without her own supper for the sake of giving Dickey his, and she fed him patiently, while he stood with outstretched hands leaning against the wall.

By the time the boys were through supper, Nelly came into the room, dressed for her portion of the work in the evening's performance, and even Mopsey, who the day before had suggested that she should wear a sword, thought she looked charming in her white dress with blue ribbons.

It was very near the time set for opening the doors, and already they could hear a crowd of boys on the sidewalk, as they jostled and pushed in their efforts to enter before the managers were ready to receive them.

Mopsey, excited at this clamoring of the public, drove his company upstairs, and hurried Mrs. Green to such an extent that she concluded to let her house-work go until after the performance, and went down to open the door.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## CAMPING OUT.

### CAMP NEEDS AND COMFORTS

BY KIRK MURDO.

THE next evening Captain Archer found his nephews waiting for him, and comparing the notes that each had taken the evening before.

"Oh, Uncle Harry," began small Bob, "we have all made a note of the two-inch space between the muslin roof and the green bough roof of the camp shanty; but none of us can think what it is for."

"I hoped you would ask that question, for I want you to understand these camping-out talks, so that you will be able to act intelligently upon the information you receive."

"The space left between the two roofs is to prevent any of the boughs or projecting points of the upper roof from resting on the cloth roof, and thus causing it to leak in wet weather. Remember that any tent roof will leak if rubbed, or even touched, either on the outside or inside, when it is wet."

"Oh!" said Bob.

"Now for 'Camp Needs and Comforts,'" continued the Captain. "I have made out a list for you. You may take it and look it over carefully. Then any questions you may like to ask will be in order."

The list read as follows:

**Bedding, Clothing, etc.**—For bedding, each should have two double woolen blankets and an India rubber poncho. This is merely a square blanket, having a slit in the middle through which the head may be thrust. It thus forms a cloak for rainy weather.

For clothing, you will need two gray flannel shirts, three undershirts, three pairs each of drawers and stockings, a pair of strong laced boots (not too heavy), one silk and two linen handkerchiefs, and any old discarded suit of clothes you may happen to have, a soft felt hat, white or gray.

In your knapsacks each must carry a brush, comb, tooth-brush, cake of soap, and two towels; and one must carry pins, needles, thread, scissors, and buttons. Another should take charge of the few simple medicines which your mother will prepare for you, besides sticking-plaster, salve, and a piece of soft old linen. The third should carry a paper of tacks, a few assorted nails, a ball of twine, a roll of light wire, a pair of pliers, a light axe, a file, and a tack hammer.

**Provisions.**—A few pounds of the very best coffee, burned and ground, in a tin box with a screw top; tea in a glass jar; brown sugar, prepared flour, corn-meal, rice, beans, and dried fruits, in strong linen bags provided with the strings sewed on to them, and strong loops of tape to hang them up by; a bottle of syrup, one of pickles, and one of olive or cotton-seed oil; a box of salt and one of pepper; a tightly corked bottle of matches, a box of crackers, a peck of potatoes, a fitch of English breakfast bacon, a couple of pounds of fat salt pork, a few good sperm candles, and a cake of yellow soap for dish washing.

**Cooking Utensils.**—A tin coffee-pot, having a nose instead of a spout; a small iron griddle; a long-handled granite-ware frying-pan; three tin pails with covers, the largest of which should hold a gallon, and the smallest a quart, to be used instead of iron pots for boiling purposes; a large granite-ware water-pail, inside which other utensils can be packed; two deep tin pans; an iron spoon, a long iron fork, and six pieces of strong wire eighteen inches long, to be used in making a broiler.

For your table service carry four china cups, four china plates, six forks, six tea-spoons, four table-knives, and two table-spoons.

The boys read the list carefully. Then Bob asked:

"How are we to carry all our things to camp?"

"Pack everything into three trunks, and have them checked to the point where you procure your boat. When you leave your trunks pack into them your white shirts, and the clothes in which you have travelled."

"How shall we carry our extra clothing after we have left the trunks?" asked Aleck.

"You will carry it, and all other small personal effects, in light water-proof knapsacks, which you can buy at any place where sportsmen's goods are sold."

"But, Uncle Harry," interrupted Aleck, "I don't understand this list of provisions; I thought that in camping out everybody carried lots of nice things to eat in the way of canned goods."



"So did I," said Ben. "We will live mostly on game, fish, and canned things; won't we, Uncle Harry?"

"I sincerely hope not, my boy," replied his uncle, laughing. "It is possible that you may get some game, if not of your own shooting, from the surplus in other camps; and I hope you will catch plenty of fish. As to canned things, my advice is, do not carry anything of the kind except condensed milk, and possibly a can or two of baked beans."

"Why," exclaimed Ben, in surprise, "I thought canned goods were just the thing for camping. What is your objection to them, Uncle Harry?"

"I have three distinct objections, of which the first is that they are heavy, bulky, and awkward to carry. The second is that most canned goods, especially canned meats, contain but little nourishment. The third and most important is, so many persons have been poisoned by eating canned food that I regard it all with grave suspicion."

"If you were going to camp near a farm-house or a store, you might get milk, butter, eggs, and fresh bread every day; but if you will go into the wilderness you must learn to do without many such luxuries, though I think you might carry one can of butter and a dozen or so of eggs with you."

"Speaking of luxuries, Uncle Harry, I thought people camping out had to drink out of tin cups and eat off tin plates. You say we can have china dishes. Shall we carry cut-glass goblets too?" asked sturdy Bob, who seemed to think that the elements of luxury were being rather too freely introduced into his uncle's list of "Needs."

"No, Bob," replied his uncle, good-naturedly; "I think we will draw the line at cut glass, and for goblets substitute tin cups, of which each of you will hang one to his belt. Each will also need a common sheath-knife, and a long-bladed pocket-knife. For your table service most persons would say take nothing but tin and iron; but I much prefer coarse white china and plated ware, not only because they look better, but because much labor can be saved in cleaning them."

"It may be that some of the 'Needs' I put in your list should come under the head of comforts, but never mind. For real comfort you should each carry a pair of strong leather slippers, a muslin bag about half a yard wide and a yard long, a 'gnat proof,' as we call it on the plains, and among your stores should be included a few yards of unbleached muslin, from which you can tear dish towels as you need them."

"What is a gnat proof?" asked Ben.

"It is a covering for the upper half of your bed to protect you from insects. It is made of cheese-cloth, and is a yard wide, a yard long, and a yard high, fastened to four stakes driven into the ground beside your blankets, and ready for use, it looks like this:



"There, boys, I think that is enough for this time. Next time our talk will be of 'The Camp Fire and its Uses.'"

## THE GIRL CAPTAIN OF CASTLE DANGEROUS.

BY G. T. LANSAN.

NOT far from Montreal, on the St. Lawrence River, lies the quiet little village of Verchères. It is this little village that was once the "Castle Dangerous" of Canada, and here it was that three children "held the fort" against a horde of howling Iroquois.

In October, 1692, M. De Verchères, a French officer, was with his regiment at Quebec; his wife was at Montreal. Their three children were at Verchères—Mary Madeleine, a girl of fourteen, and her brothers, Louis and Alexander, aged twelve and ten. With them at the fort were two soldiers, two boys, an old man of eighty, and some women and children.

The settlers were at work in the fields. Madeleine, with a hired man, was at the landing-place not far from the fort, when suddenly she heard firing from the fields, and at the same time the cry of her companion: "Run, made-moiselle, run—the Iroquois!" Turning her head, she saw fifty savages within pistol-shot, and commending herself to the protection of the Virgin, ran for the fort.

The Indians pursued her, but, when they found that they could not overtake the fleet-footed girl, halted and fired a volley: "The bullets," she says, "whistled about my ears, and made the road seem long." "To arms!" she shouted, as she neared the gate, but the two soldiers, panic-stricken, had fled along the covered way into the block-house, and nobody met her but two shrieking women who from the walls had just seen their husbands killed in the fields.

Madeleine was a soldier's daughter, and her mother had two years before stood a siege on the same ground, and with four men defeated the Indians. She drove the women in, shut the gate, and made them help her to replace the palisades that had fallen here and there. Then she proceeded to the block-house, where she found the two soldiers about to blow up the magazine, so as to escape capture and torture.

"Out of here, miserable cowards!" ordered the young commander, and then, as she tells us, "I threw off my bonnet, and after putting on a hat and taking a gun, I said to my brothers: 'Let us fight to the death. We are fighting for our country and our religion. Remember that our father has taught you that gentlemen are born to shed their blood in the service of God and the King!'"

Her brave words so encouraged the children and so shamed the soldiers that they opened fire from the loopholes upon the Indians with such effect that the savages withdrew to busy themselves killing and capturing the settlers in the fields. The girl Captain then ordered the women and children to cease their screaming lest it should encourage the Iroquois, and fired off the cannon of the fort to frighten the assailants, and warn some soldiers who were hunting in the woods.

The sound was heard by a settler, Pierre Fontaine, who paddled to the landing with his family. But there was danger that the Indians would fall upon them ere they could reach the fort, so she ordered the soldiers to sally out and protect them. This the soldiers were afraid to do; so, leaving the hired man with whom she had been when the first alarm was given, to guard the gate, she went alone to the river shore, thinking that the Indians would interpret her boldness as a ruse to draw them into some trap. She was right, and succeeded in helping the Fontaines to land, and marched them into the fort, which she was the last to enter.

"I now ordered," the young Captain says, "that the enemy should be fired on whenever they showed themselves;" and the fort of Verchères spoke sharply out until the sun set, and a cold wind, with squalls of snow and hail "told us we should have a terrible night." But the night had worse perils for the little garrison, and knowing



"LET US FIGHT TO THE DEATH."

that the besiegers would surely attempt a surprise, she mustered her troops, seven men all told, between the ages of ten and eighty, and harangued them as follows:

"God has saved us to-day from the hands of our enemies, but we must take care not to fall into their snares to-night. For me, I want you to see that I am not afraid; I will take charge of the fort with an old man of eighty, and another who has never fired a gun. You, Pierre Fontaine, with our two soldiers, will go into the block-house with the women and children, because that is the strongest place. If I am taken, don't surrender, not even if I am cut to pieces or burned before your eyes. They can not hurt you in the block-house if you make any show of fight whatever."

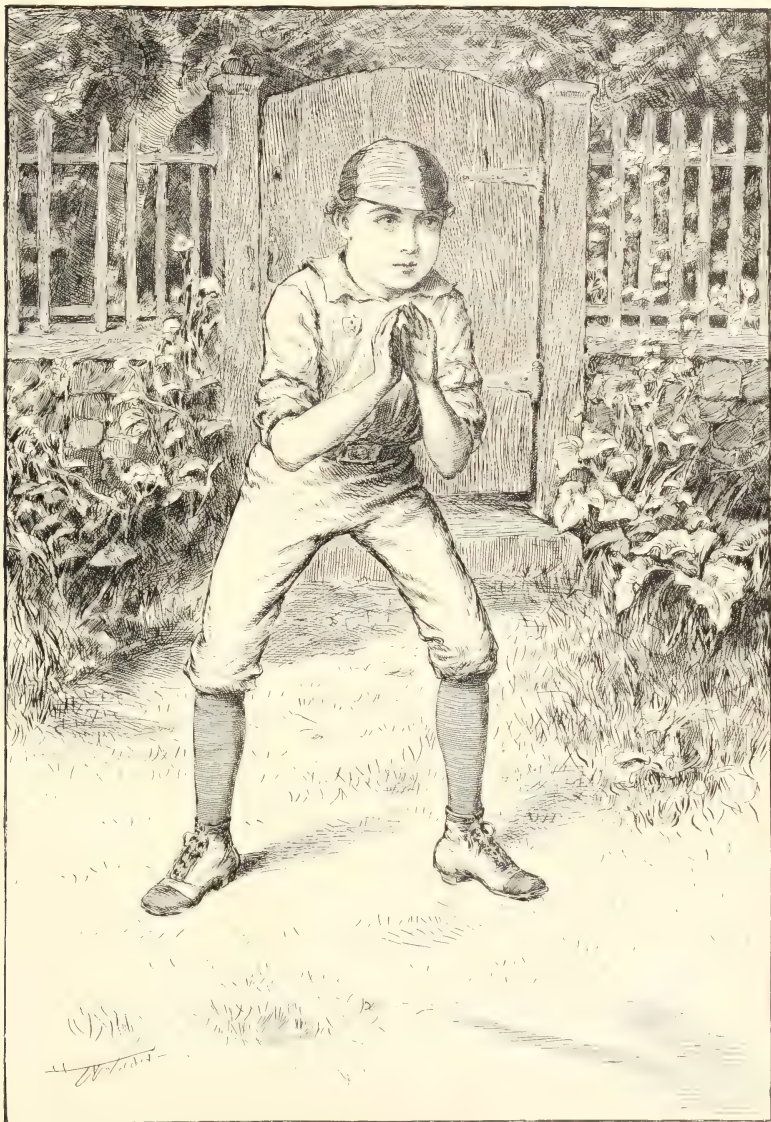
So all through the long October night the old man and the three children called from the four angles of the fort, "All's well!" and the soldiers answered from the block-house, so that the Iroquois, thinking, as they afterward said, that both buildings were strongly garrisoned, gave up their intended night attack.

With the dawning day the spirits of the besieged rose, with the exception of Marguerite Fontaine, who, says our American girl, "was extremely timid, as all Parisian women are," and implored her husband to take her to a safer fort. But Pierre Fontaine swore he would never leave Verchères while Miss Madeleine was there, and Miss Madeleine answered him, wisely and bravely, that "I would rather die than give the fort up to the enemy, and that it was of the greatest consequence that the Indians should never get possession of any French fort, because if they got one, they would think they could get others, and so become more presumptuous than ever."

The Iroquois did not get possession of that fort, though they besieged it for a week. Not once did the young Captain enter her father's house, but always kept on the bastion, or visited the block-house to encourage the women and children. For forty-eight hours she did not eat or sleep. She was, on the seventh night, dozing with her gun in her arms and her head resting on a table, when a sentinel came to say that he had heard a slight sound from the river, and had challenged it without reply. Madeleine went up to her bastion and hailed the darkness. "We are Frenchmen," came the answer; "it is Lieutenant De la Monnerie who has come to your help."

Fort Verchères was relieved by the royal troops, but the young commander did not neglect any precautions or formalities. "I caused the gate to be opened," she writes, "placed a sentinel there, and went down to the river. As soon as I saw M. De la Monnerie I saluted him, and said, 'Monsieur, I surrender my arms to you.' He answered, gallantly, 'Mademoiselle, they are in good hands.' 'In better hands than you think,' I replied. He inspected the fort, and found everything in good order, and a sentinel on each bastion. 'It is time to relieve them, monsieur,' said I; 'we have not been off our bastions for a week.'"

Close behind the French troops came a body of converted Indians who followed the Iroquois to Lake Champlain, beat them, and carried back twenty rescued settlers to Verchères. The girl Captain of Castle Dangerous was not forgotten, but received a life pension from the King, and lived many years to enjoy her fortune and her fame. One of her brothers was less fortunate, being killed in the attack of Haverhill in 1708.



THE CAPTAIN OF "OUR NINE."



## THE KING AND THE SNAKE.

BY ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.

IN an ancient city, whose walls are dust,  
There reigned a King who was called the Just;  
The light of his eyes was quenched in night,  
But the eye of his mind was keen and bright.  
A bell was hung, by the monarch's grace,  
In a tower that fronted the market-place,  
So lightly poised that a young child's hand  
Might set it swinging to wake the land.  
Whoever was wronged this bell might ring,  
And he should have justice of the King.

Many a day, in sun and shower,  
The bell hung silent up in the tower;  
For the blind King's rule was firm and strong,  
And few in his kingdom suffered wrong.  
So moss grew green on the belfry stair,  
And the birds of the air resorted there,  
And creeping creatures, great and small,  
Dwelt in the clefts of the ivied wall.

But a wavering peal rang out one day  
From the rusty bell in the belfry gray;  
And the King commanded, "Go and see  
Who now is wronged and hath need of me."  
His servants laughed as they came from their quest:  
"A toad has stolen a serpent's nest;  
And it is the serpent, strange to tell,  
Which, wreathed in the bell-rope, rings the bell.  
Shall we kill her, then, that the din may cease,  
And let your Majesty rest in peace?"  
"Nay," said the King; "let the toad be slain,  
And give the serpent her nest again."

That night, as the King in his palace slept,  
Into his chamber a serpent crept.  
Softly she glided over the floor,  
And a marvellous stone in her mouth she bore;  
No wisest jeweller on the earth  
Could have told its name or guessed its worth.  
It lighted the depths of the King's dark room  
As the moon illumines the midnight's gloom.  
Up to his pillow she wound her way,  
Where deep asleep on his couch he lay;  
She touched his eyes with the stone she bore,  
And the King received his sight once more.  
Then she slipped away, and he woke, alone,  
In a room made bright by the luminous stone.

The gem was brought by the grateful King  
To the fane of the gods for an offering.  
It shone in the shades of the temple old  
Like one great pearl in a sea cave cold,  
Like one white rock in a darkness pass,  
Like one white flower in a black morass,  
Like the one clear star of a cloudy morn,  
When the night is dead and the day unborn.  
And long they guarded the serpent-stone,  
Till the last of the good King's race was gone;  
Then, they say, it vanished away,  
And no man vieweth its like to-day.

## KATINKA'S CANDY SCRAPE.

BY MARY DENSEL.

I.

THE sun peeped over the hill on Fourth of July morning. He found a pair of eyes staring back at him. The eyes belonged to John Stearns. John had longed to "be up and at it" by midnight, but his grandmother had pronounced a very distinct "No," and John was too honorable a boy to steal out at a back window, as did some of the village lads, that they might ding-dong the courthouse bell, thereby keeping the whole town awake, sick people and all.

But John was out of his bed at sunrise, and ready for the festivities of the day. There was to be a grand muster on Jones's Field. "The Smithtown Guards," "The Sarsfield Musketeers," "The Poland Light Infantry," "The Cornville Brass Band"—all were to be there. John must be on hand to make the most of the occasion.

"Trade's the word for me," announced John. "See the sights, and turn a penny too."

John was great for "turning pennies." The purpose of his "trade" was to provide himself with clothes—"to support myself," that was the way John expressed it. But it must be confessed there were sundry bats and "pig-skin" balls, many rowlocks and oars, much fishing-tackle also, in the shed, and grandma had been known to smile when John said much in regard to "supporting" himself.

However, John "turned pennies" sometimes by raising and selling vegetables; oftener by means of "shows" in the barn chamber. To-day it was molasses candy.

"It will sell like wild-fire," said John, cheerfully ignoring the fitness of the simile. "Where's the gallon jug? Katinka, you can help me a bit, if you like."

"I mustn't be late for the muster," began Katinka; but her brother was speeding to the store.

He came back with a clouded brow.

"Mr. Jenkyns won't charge the molasses. Not a cent have I got to my name. I told him I'd pay up to-night, but he said, '*Cash down.*' Did you ever hear of such meanness?"

"I have eighty cents," suggested Katinka, hesitatingly.

John caught at her words. "Lend it to a fellow, won't you, Katinka?"

"I was keeping it for fire-crackers," said Katinka.

"Oh, very well," said John, in a lofty tone. "If you choose to burn out your eyes with powder, of course it's your own affair. I could clear a good round sum if I only had the molasses to start with. But you're only a girl, and don't care for trade."

Katinka's heart melted before the fire of John's wrath.

"I do care," cried she. "Here's the money, John."

Scarcely waiting for a "thank you," John was off and away. But a cheery, beaming boy was he when he brought the gallon jug home full of fresh molasses.

"You're a duck, Katinka," said he, giving her an approving pat. "Where's the concern to boil this in? Now be spry. The molasses only cost fifty cents, but I'll keep the rest to make change. Now when this begins to grow hot I must stir every minute, unless you've a mind to help, Katinka-tink-tink. You'll be in plenty of season for the muster. It doesn't begin till half past ten."

"I'll help stir," said she, gayly.

The kitchen began to be fragrant with the odor of the bubbling molasses. Both children stirred with a will, when

"What's that?" cried John, pricking up his ears.

There was a distant sound of a life and drum.

"As sure as you live that's the Cornville Band. Take the spoon, Katink. I'll be back—" And John had vanished out the door.

Katinka's feet were dancing up and down. She was on tiptoe for the music, but the moment she ran to the window, "S-s-sputter"—the molasses was boiling over. Using all her strength, Katinka moved the kettle to a cooler spot on the stove, and stirred vigorously.

"Tootle-tee-tootle! Rub-a-dub-dub!"

How could she bear not to rush forth to see and hear? How did she know but the Smithtown Guards and the Poland Light Infantry might be marching behind the Cornville Band?

"Tootle-tee-tootle! Rub-a-dub-dub! S-s-sputter!"

Katinka staid by the molasses and groaned in spirit. And here came John.

"It was magnificent!" exclaimed he. "You ought to have seen the brand-new uniforms, Katinka!"

"I had to stay and watch this molasses," said Katinka, sharply. "You left me all alone."

"Why, now, so I did," admitted John, regretfully.

"But, there, Katinka, don't you see the boys all thought it was queer I wasn't allowed to come out at midnight. If I hadn't been on hand when the soldiers came they'd have said grandma had tied me to her apron-string. I had to go, because I was a boy."



This argument was convincing. Katinka willingly ran for a glass of water that they might see if the molasses candied.

"A great deal is expected of a boy," continued John. "A boy has to do lots of things a girl never once thinks of. Let's put nuts into part of this candy. You skip over to the store—that's a good girl—and buy a quart. You don't happen to have—? They cost, you know—? Well, never mind. Here's some of the money I was keeping for change."

Perhaps it was not "expected of a boy" to leave his work in the middle to run for nuts. Bands and soldiers were a different affair.

Away hurried Katinka, and then was ready to blister her fingers in fashioning sticks of candy, which John was sure would tempt, if not the plumed warriors, yet certainly "their sisters and their cousins and their aunts," who were arriving in wagons and chaises with "teams" of every description.

Never before had such a day dawned as this particular Fourth of July. Besides the uniforms of the "brave soldier boys," the town was gay with the blue knickerbockers, white shirts, and red caps of the Orantsoak Base-ball Nine that was to play the Eons at four o'clock; also the astonishing costumes of a cricket eleven; not to mention sundry scantily attired individuals who proposed to have "tub races" on the sparkling waters of Mulligan's Pond.

No wonder that Katinka grew more and more nervous as time flew by.

"Oh, John, I *must* go and change my dress," she pleaded.

And indeed she ought to have been ready, for here was Squire Allen's carriage at the gate to take grandma and Katinka to the muster. Kind Squire Allen always looked out for friends who needed an escort.

There was a hurry and a scurry. Flushed and heated, Katinka rushed upstairs and threw on her gown.

John looked at her reproachfully, but surely she had earned her holiday. So efficient had been her aid that the carryall had been barely a half-hour on the muster ground when Katinka spied her brother offering his wares.

But alas! few seemed hungry for candy. Lemonade and the vulgar pea-nut were preferred. Besides, the trumpets were sounding, militia companies were filing right and left, marching and counter-marching.

All this was vastly interesting, but bad for "trade."

## II.

When Katinka and John met for dinner, the latter's face was like a thunder-cloud.

"I wanted to sell my candy before noon," said he, bitterly, "so I could meet Percy Allen and the rest of the fellows at two o'clock. We're goin' to get up a company—the Allen Fusileers. We must finish up our business lively, so as to be on hand for the base-ball game. I wouldn't miss seeing Judkins of the Eons, nor for ten cents. They say he can knock a ball two inches farther than any living man, sir. And now I suppose I must stick to my candy, or I can't even pay my debt to you."

John was woefully dismal, and Katinka's eyes filled with sympathetic tears.

"If you were only a boy, you could help sell as well as stir and pull," grumbled John.

The children were alone. Grandma had gone to dine with Mrs. Allen, else had this story never been written.

"Suppose—suppose you women often do trade, Katinka. What if you should—?" blundered John.

"Oh, John, I *couldn't*!" cried Katinka, breathlessly.

"Con sider," said John, laying down his fork. "I could be Lieutenant of the Fusileers if I could only be at the meeting. And you're so bright, Katink. Don't you remember, when I had the mumps, how you went to market and sold my pease and beans for me? Don't you

know you said it was such fun doing man's work that maybe you'd be Woman's Rights?"

"But Woman's Rights doesn't mean selling candy at a muster," urged Katinka, whose ideas on the subject were very vague.

"I suppose I should wear epaulets if I were Lieutenant," mused John. Then, suddenly: "I should think a girl would like to see her brother—her *only* brother—in epaulets."

A knock at the door interrupted; there stood Percy Allen.

John returned to the table, looking fiercer than ever.

"It's my only chance to be Lieutenant," said he. "My only chance, perhaps, for life."

There was a brief silence, and then John brought his fist down hard on the table.

"Candy or no candy, trade or no trade, I'm going to the meeting. Good-by, Katinka. You can do exactly as you choose. I should think you'd hate to waste all that molasses, though."

He was gone, and Katinka was left to her own distracting thoughts.

## III.

Every one was ready now for the base-ball game; Jones's Field was cleared for the Orantsoaks and the Eons. Seats had been provided for the ladies, but the fences were lined with men and boys. Among the latter were Captain Allen and First Lieutenant Stearns of the Fusileers.

"Ha! ha! ha! Boys turning soldiers! We must look out for our laurels, Cap'n Gogins."

It was good-natured Captain Sparks, of the Smithtown Guards, who spoke, and he shook his fat sides with laughing. You see, he knew all about the Fusileers, and had even agreed to "coach" their commander in military tactics. "Ha! ha! ha! Eh? Who's this now?"

Glancing down from his six feet of height, Captain Sparks became aware of a flower-like little face at his elbow. A pair of imploring eyes and a soft, trembling voice were suggesting, "Only a cent a stick, sir."

It would have taken a harder heart than that which beat in Captain Sparks's breast to refuse that wistful face.

"A cent a stick, eh?" he repeated. "I want to know! And I shouldn't wonder if you made it yourself, sissy. Just give me ten sticks before you can wink. Here, Cap'n Gogins, Brown, Robinson, all of you, buy. Wait a minute, though, sissy. There's Judkins at the bat. Hold steady. Let's see what he'll say to Tom Size's pitching."

Katinka drew back to bide her time. Every eye was fixed on "Jenkins of the Eons." Every one was alert to discover if Tom Size's peculiar "twist" would discompoise the famous Judkins—a thin, wiry man, with small legs and huge biceps. There he stood, grasping his bat, but apparently meeting his match in Tom Size. If no one could knock like Judkins, no one could pitch more bewilderingly than Size.

One, two balls were allowed to pass, and at the third the umpire called, "Strike!" (Dear girl readers, ask your brothers to explain the meaning of that momentous word.) Another ball; another judgment: "Strike!"

The excitement became intense. Judkins was desperate. Reputation, honor, trembled in the balance. It was "now or never," "do or die."

There was a brief pause, a tremendous swing of the bat, a blow that Samson might have given. A shout rent the air. The ball flew as if sent from a cannon.

"Two inches farther than any living man!"

Ah! those fateful "two inches."

There came a little groan, a smothered "Heaven save us!" from Captain Sparks. Judkins was making his "home run"; but no one watched him now.

The crowd was surging, closing round the prostrate form of the little candy girl.

"Hit on the head!"

"Stunned? No; killed!"

The words ran from mouth to mouth. John Stearns heard them, and rushed toward the group at the extreme left of the field.

There lay his own Katinka, her hands still clutching an empty tray. The candy was scattered on the ground—the candy she had toiled so patiently to make—the candy she had forced herself to bring to this place, lest John should be disappointed of his gains.

"I have killed her; it's all my fault," John was crying out in a frenzy of distress. "Oh, Katinka, speak to me! Say you're not dead."

But no answer came.

They brought water to bathe the white face. John wrung his hands and sobbed.

"Keep up a brave heart," said Captain Sparks. But Katinka was not his sister.

Here was ammonia. Some one handed wine to the Captain, and he tried to force it between the closed lips. Did she swallow a drop? Some one thought she did. Where was a doctor? None here? Do run and call one.

The minutes seemed like hours. The half-hour was an eternity. Then, as John bent over her, he fancied that her eyelids quivered.

"More ammonia. Oh, Captain Sparks, make her live! Katinka, just say one word."

Surely the lips were moving. There came the ghost of a whisper—

"Only—a-cent—a-stick,—sir."

"Bless her!" cried Captain Sparks—"bless her! she's coming to! 'A cent a stick?'" fumbling in his pockets. "Here's two dollars. Take 'em and welcome, sissy."

Katinka's fingers closed over the silver.

"John—will—be—glad," she said, faintly, and the deathly feeling seized her again.

More water—more ammonia. Then a doctor, who said, "Take her home."

In a darkened room Katinka lay for weeks, hovering between life and death.

It was a dreadful time to John.

So terrible had been the blow that August was nearly gone before all danger was past, and even in September it was almost a shadow of Katinka who was carried over to Squire Allen's the evening when the "Allen Fusiliers" were to be presented with a gorgeous new flag.

But weak in body, Katinka was gay in spirit, for was not her Lieutenant John brave in grand new epaulets—epaulets which she had given him? For Katinka had insisted on his accepting every cent of Captain Sparks's two dollars.

"What's the use of being killed if you can't make a will?" argued Katinka. "That's my will. Two dollars to my brother John; and he sha'n't pay me back for the molasses."

John was eager enough for the epaulets, but his eyes were so very misty as he took the two dollars that he was obliged to retreat into the wood-shed, and court retirement for full ten minutes.

Then he emerged, blowing his nose with uncommon vigor.

"You're the best fellow I ever saw, Katinka-tink-tink," said he; and Katinka could not find it in her heart to regret that Judkins of the Eons could knock a ball "two inches farther than any living man, sir."



#### A SEA-GULL'S LETTER.

FROM MRS. LARUS SEA-GULL, IN CENTRAL PARK, TO MRS. KITTIWAKE, IN GREENLAND.

MY DEAREST KITT,—You will receive this from the wing of our cousin Xema, who has kindly offered to

carry it. Pray let me have an answer soon, for I am distracted with trouble.

First, let me tell you that I am a prisoner. Yes, your poor Larus is kept within a circle of iron bars, and has had her wings cut, so that flying is impossible. Your cousin Ridibundus is in the same woful state, but he takes



things easily, you know; I never could get him to see things as I do.

Picture to yourself, my dearest Kitt, that we have built our nest on the edge of a strange kind of pond called a tank, and have for our neighbors other prisoners—sea-lions, pelicans, and cranes—who are constantly disturbing us. You know how rude sea-lions always are; they snort and flop and make noises on purpose to worry us.

When we built our nest, some weeks ago, I wanted to put it in the quietest corner of this place, but Ridibundus insisted on building close to the water, as we did when we were free on Gull Island. So I began scratching a hole in the sand, and heaping up sand around me in a perfectly correct way, but one of the cranes came and walked right over the nest, pretending she could not see it. Then a sea-lion came out of the tank and laid himself down upon my nest. Of course it was all crushed, and I had to make it over, as soon as Ridibundus and I had chased the sea-lion off.

Ridibundus is really very little help; he stays away as far as he can, and I do assure you I have had to sharpen my bill twice a day in order to fight the pelicans and sea-lions. Even after my nest was finished (and really it is a very comfortable, well-made nest now), all the cranes and pelicans and sea-lions came and stood around me, poking at me, and saying impertinent things. And Ridibundus only laughed! You see, dear Kitt, how difficult it will be for me to bring up a family in this place; and though I have now three of the finest eggs I ever saw, I am in great doubt and trouble about them.

Please ask our fairy godmother the Ice Witch to send me some charm to keep sea-lions quiet, and stop them when they begin to flop water all over my precious eggs. I'm sure she must know some charm, for I heard she had charge of a number of little orphan sea-lions, whose parents had been killed, and no doubt she has forbidden them to flop. And please ask the mermaids to send me one of their prettiest songs, to make my little gulls sleep even while the cranes and pelicans are screaming. If the mermaid song is wrapped up in a pink shell, Cousin Xema can easily carry it under his wing with your answer to this letter. Happy Cousin Xema! He lives free as air; no one has caught and prisoned him as yet.

In a few days I expect my precious little gulls to come out of the eggs, and Cousin Xema will wait, so that I can tell you all about them. I shall name one after you, and one after Xema, and one after Ridibundus. The very first time you come south you must fly in and see us for a little while; you will find our place quite pleasant—for a visit, I mean. There are trees and bushes, good water, and plenty to eat, and I must show you my little gulls. Now I will put away my letter for a few days.

After a few days:

Oh, my dearest Kitt! three lovely little gulls came out yesterday, and now they are gone! A rat devoured them. Pity me, dearest Kittiwake, and tell the mermaids to mourn for me.

Your most unhappy

LARUS.













## CAPTAIN BOB.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

GO ahead, Capten Bob, wif yo' shootin';  
 Sure as sure dis yere war-hoss won't bolt.  
 Set up straight as a bean-pole, an' take a  
 Good grab of my har, an' keep hold.  
 Dar she goes—fizz! fizz! fizz! bang! bang! bang!  
 An' jes' look at de sparks how dey fly!  
 Oh, wasn't he jolly, de man dat  
 Invented de Fourth of July!



## EXTREMES MEET.

NOW come, my fellow-worker, your lesson you must learn.  
 For you and I have but our wits, and a living we must earn.

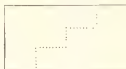
A SHIP IN DISTRESS.  
SOLUTION OF PUZZLE IN No. 243.

FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.

FIG. 1 is the piece of wood, and Fig. 2 is the gap to be filled up. The carpenter divided the plank as shown by the dotted lines in Fig. 1.

## "NOT WORTH A PIN."

WE are accustomed to look upon pins as valueless, and the saying, "Not worth a pin," is common among us. But this expression would not have suited our great-grandmothers. They knew the worth of a pin.

Metal pins were first used by English ladies about the beginning of the sixteenth century, and they were so expensive that a lady was very glad to have one given her for a New-Year's gift. This is why a sum of money was settled upon ladies at their marriage for the toilet, and called "pin-money."

Fifty years ago it took twenty people to make a pin—one to draw out the wire, another to straighten it, a third to cut it, a fourth to point it, and a fifth to grind the top, and so on.

The pins of to-day are made by machinery; consequently they are cheaper than ever. The value of a pin is as nearly nothing now as anything can be. A noisy, rattling, snappy little machine turns out between two and three hundred pins every minute, so quickly that it is impossible to count them as they fall.

First the end of the wire is seized by this devouring little monster, drawn off the reel, and straightened as it travels on to be cut; then a pin's length is pushed in, and held fast by a kind of nipper, while an iron something snaps down with a rap, and leaves the pin's length with a neat little head; then away it slides off an incline into a tray, where its straight shank slips through a small slit, which allows it to hang by the head, in company with many others.

As they dangle here their blunt ends are sharpened by a revolving steel roller which bristles over with vicious file-like teeth. As each pin is pointed, it is pushed on and out of the way by others that want attending to. After this they have to be whitened and brightened, in order to be what we describe "clean as a new pin."

They are laid in a large copper vessel filled with alternate layers of pure-grain tin and pins; then they are covered with water, and sprinkled with cream of tartar, and slowly heated. The acid acting on the tin produces solution of tin, the property of which is to give them that pretty new look we know so well. After this they are washed, dried, and shaken about in a bag filled with bran to brighten them.

Who invented all this? Well, that I can not tell you; I expect, like Topsy, the process grew, and was improved upon by different people. Think of all this when you use the expression idly, "Not worth a pin."

The audience will wonder, both the little folk and big; They'll say, "The man has got no sense," and "What a knowing pig!"

# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 243.

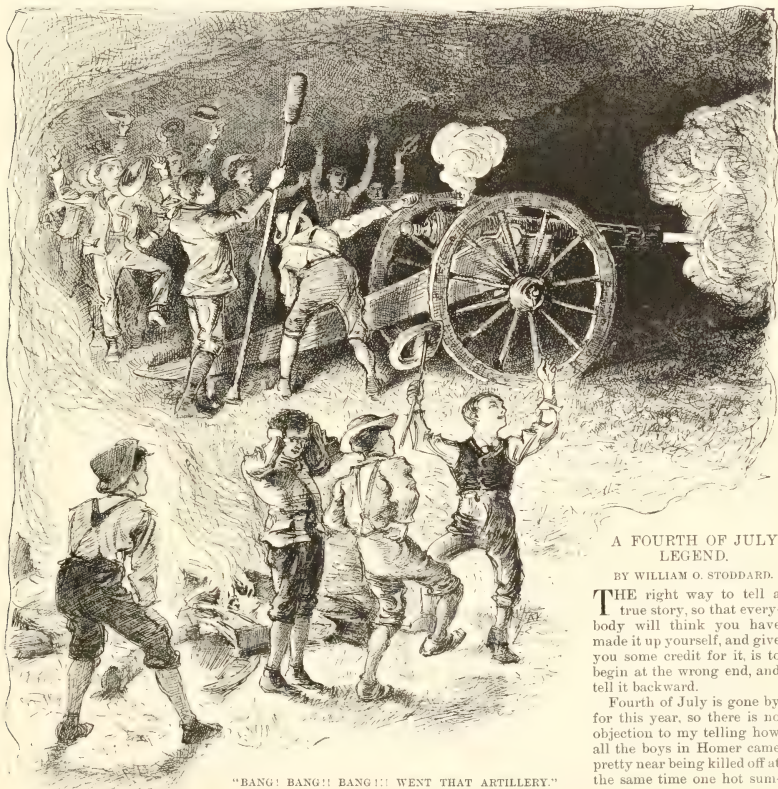
PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, JULY 8, 1884.

Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



## A FOURTH OF JULY LEGEND.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

**T**HE right way to tell a true story, so that everybody will think you have made it up yourself, and give you some credit for it, is to begin at the wrong end, and tell it backward.

Fourth of July is gone by for this year, so there is no objection to my telling how all the boys in Homer came pretty near being killed off at the same time one hot sum-

"BANG! BANG!! BANG!!! WENT THAT ARTILLERY."



mer. One hundred and twenty-eight boys—and some believed there were one hundred and twenty-nine of them—had a big secret to keep for a whole fortnight, and they kept it without flinching, or else their Fourth of July would have been ruined.

But it almost killed them to do it. Sixteen times on an average—and that makes two thousand and forty-eight times—one fellow said to another fellow, "It makes me feel as if I was going to burst."

And the other fellow said, "I hope the old cannon won't, then."

All but Joe Slocum, and he grew redder and redder in the face all the while. He turned wonderfully red one evening when old Deacon Pettigrew came to his father's house just after dark, and he went right upstairs to bed, as if he had grown tired out all at once. He had only just time, before he went, to hear the Deacon say, "Mr. Slocum, it isn't there."

"What isn't there?"

"The cannon isn't; it's gone."

Joe did not hear another word, but his father responded, solemnly: "You don't say! We must see about that. I'll go right over with you."

They went in what looked like a hurry. They stopped on their way and called out Judge Keep and old Uncle Jedediah Barber, and they tried to get some more of the academy trustees, but couldn't do it, and all those four went to the old cannon-house on the green, away back of the row of meeting-houses.

Deacon Pettigrew had a lantern, and he showed them the whole inside of the cannon-house, and they all agreed that the cannon was not there. It had been a six-pounder when it was there, and had been captured with Burgoyne's army in the war of the Revolution, and it was a thing the village was proud of. It was a standing proof that the village had been in the Revolution, and had helped capture Burgoyne and his cannon. Now the proof was all gone, and nobody could guess where it had gone to.

Uncle Jed Barber was the richest man in Homer, and entitled to say a great deal, but he hardly uttered one word in the cannon-house. He only chuckled when Deacon Pettigrew remarked twice running:

"If you'd only ha' let me lock it up in my barn as I wanted to!"

Some said one thing, and some said another, and they voted with Judge Keep that, "It's only a week now to the Fourth of July, and we can search every barn in town, and we'll find it somewhere. You can't hide anything so big as that."

That was what everybody else was saying next morning. You couldn't put a six-pounder brass cannon, wheels and all, into a bottle and cork it up and hide it. Everybody looked for it everywhere, and the academy trustees even went away outside of the village, and were sure there was no kind of artillery in any barn for miles and miles. There were no woods around that could hide a thing like that, and it began to look as if it must have been buried somewhere. They looked into all the wells, and Uncle Jed said he had heard from all the meeting-houses. He met Joe Slocum away up-town, and when Joe stood still, and began to hold his breath hard, and grow red in the face, Uncle Jed grew pretty red himself, and breathed hard, and winked, and rattled his keys, and said:

"No! no! Keep still. Don't tell me a word. Not now. Mustn't know anything about it. We must all hold in till after the Fourth."

Something like a fortnight before that the trustees had held a meeting, and had decided that the cannon should not be fired on the Fourth of July. It was Deacon Petti-

grew's work, and it only passed by one majority, and Uncle Jed had said as much to Joe Slocum next morning, and he had added:

"Your father and I did our best, but we were outvoted. Sorry, my boy—sorry. Used to be a boy myself. The cannon-house'll be locked up from you, Joe my boy, and the key's hanging behind the door now in my office back of the store, and old Pettigrew said he'd come and get it, and make sure it was all right, and have a watch kept, and there's no chance for you. Sorry."

He looked as if he was, and Joe sympathized with him a good deal, and so did Ned Bright and George Keep and a lot of the other fellows, and it was not long before he had one hundred and twenty-eight sympathizers—maybe one hundred and twenty-nine—all boys.

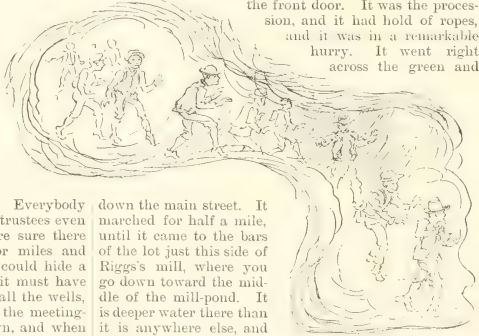
When Deacon Pettigrew at last went to Barber's store for the key of the cannon-house, he found it in its old place behind the office door, just where it had hung for twenty years, or maybe thirty years, and Uncle Jedediah was tremendously busy with some customers, and only nodded, and said: "I wish you'd keep it and take care of it. Some of the boys might get it."

There was nothing double or dishonest about Uncle Jed. Everybody knew that. He was as simple as a child, unless he was buying or selling something, and neither he nor anybody else—that is, not anybody old enough for their age to tell on them—had been up to see a procession on the green one morning.

It was one morning about four days after the trustees voted not to let the cannon be fired, and the procession walked across the green at a little after three o'clock. The village itself—all except the procession—was pretty soundly asleep at that hour, and there was no kind of noise made to wake it up. If it had been a delegation of cats on their way to attend a convention of mice, it could not have been quieter. Bill Hitchcock all but choked himself to death trying not to cough.

The night was as dark as a pocket, but there was a light coming through the cracks of the cannon-house for a few minutes. Then the light went out, and a great deal of

something or other came away through the front door. It was the procession, and it had hold of ropes, and it was in a remarkable hurry. It went right across the green and



down the main street. It marched for half a mile, until it came to the bars of the lot just this side of Riggs's mill, where you go down toward the middle of the mill-pond. It is deeper water there than it is anywhere else, and nobody ever goes there.

The procession halted at the very brink of the mill-pond.

"Bill, do you s'pose we can ever haul her out again?"

"Well, Ned, if we can't do it, a yoke of steers can. Let her run!"

Something on wheels went suddenly trundling down the steep bank, and disappeared in the mill-pond altogether.

"She didn't make much of a splash, after all."

"She'll make noise enough the night before the Fourth."

"It's more'n ten feet deep right where she's lying."



"They'll never dream of hunting for her in there."

"Back, now, boys. Take your brooms. Fix the grass so there won't be any wheel tracks. Play Indian now."

So they played Indian and hid that trail, and the whole procession went back to the green and broke up, and Joe Slocum was at Barber's store next morning buying something, and Uncle Jed came out of his office and walked away to the front. He wasn't in the office at all when Joe looked in and asked the book-keeper where he was.

There had not been so deep an interest taken in any Fourth of July in Homer for ever so long, and most of it centered about the cannon.

Of one thing the whole village was dead certain, and that was that the relic of Burgoyne's army was gone, and could not be found, and everybody but the trustees believed that they had hidden it.

"There is a good deal of feeling about it against the trustees," said Mrs. Pettigrew at the Sewing Society; "but the boys are all wrong. The trustees have not hidden that cannon; they only passed a vote. They are all men of truth and veracity."

Besides, their own barns have been searched like other people's. Think of such a man as Jedediah Barber hiding a cannon! Think of it!"

He had not done it, neither had the other trustees; but before the Fourth of July came, all the people in that part of the county were telling each other, "The Homer trustees have hid away their cannon, so the boys can't make any noise with it on the Fourth."

There is a great deal of calumny and injustice in this world, and when Deacon Pettigrew said as much to old Mrs. Waterbury, she replied,

"Yes, Deacon, it's all calumny; but where could you have put it, so nobody could find it? Of course you can't tell, though, till after the Fourth, and meantime you've got to say you don't know. It can't be easy to say it the way you do, but it's your duty as a trustee."

Then he grew as red in the face as Joe Slocum, and acted as if he were trying to swallow something.

There never was so long a day as that third day of July, Wednesday. The sun seemed to have about made up his mind not to go down, but he gave it up at last, and there was an uncommon multiplicity of saying: "There, now, it'll be dark pretty soon. Don't I wish it was now?"

There was a great deal said about the cannon by the older inhabitants that evening, and most of them were glad that the trustees had succeeded in hiding it away from the boys this time, and that there would be a quieter night in consequence.

So the hours went by, with some fire-crackers and a bonfire on the green, till it was about eleven o'clock, and everybody said that the village was unusually still for such a time. Beyond a doubt it was so, and it was growing stiller all of a sudden, in spite of the fact that there was a sort of a procession going down the main street and out toward Riggs's mill-pond, with a team of horses and a log chain. Joe Slocum and two more were already down at the pond. They had a boat, and were in swimming, late as it was, and seemed to be grappling on the bottom for something with a garden rake.

"Got it, Joe!"

"Have you? Rope! Hurrah! They're a-coming. We're all right."

The horses were needed, and so were the boys, to pull that six-pounder out of the mill-pond; but the thing was done, and then the procession formed again. Neverthe-

less the village was wonderfully still until twelve o'clock precisely. Not a fire-cracker went off, for some reason.

In the last five minutes or so before midnight the bonfire on the green, which had been permitted to almost burn out, began to blaze up furiously with pine-wood and shavings, and all the boys of the village were around it, and most of them were hard at work.

"Got her sponged?"

"She's all right. Shove in the cartridge. Ram her down!"

"Shall I prime her now?"

"Yes. Now, boys, stand off. Keep away, there, all of you!"

Bang! And all the older people of the village of Homer suddenly sat up in bed and remarked: "I declare! If that isn't the cannon! The boys found it in spite of the trustees."

Bang! bang!! bang!!! went that artillery.

The young cannonneers were working with a royal goodwill, and before a single trustee could dress himself and get to the green they had used up a good part of their ammunition. The first one to come was Deacon Pettigrew, and he only took a look, to make sure it was the cannon maybe, and then went off to gather the others. By the time he had roused and consulted with the entire board, the powder was all gone, and Joe Slocum shouted:

"Now, boys, cut for home. Don't let 'em find one of us here."

"Hurrah! Hurrah for the Fourth of July! Tiger-r-r!" shouted some fellow out in the dark, and they all did it.

The bonfire was blazing up prodigiously when the Board of Trustees reached the green. It was redder in the face than even they were.

"There," said Uncle Jed—"there's the cannon."

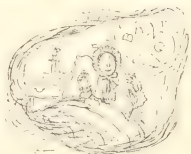
"But where are the boys? Where has it been all this time? Where?"

Deacon Pettigrew was a good man, and he had to stop right there and control his feelings. So he had to, the next day, a good many times, and especially when old Mrs. Waterbury said to him:

"So the boys was too much for ye. Some on ye must have talked it out. Men can't keep a secret. Hid it in the pond, did ye? Well, it was a good place, if you'd only have kept still about it and not let the boys know."

There was one hundred and twenty-eight fellows—maybe one hundred and twenty-nine—ready to tell the story on the Fourth of July, but somehow an impression went abroad, and became established history, that the key of the cannon-house was turned over to the boys by Deacon Pettigrew, and that he advised them about using the mill-pond for a hiding-place.

Nevertheless, this is the truth of the matter, and there is sure to be some truth at the bottom of any history, if men would only take the trouble to find it out and tell it.





NOON-TIDE.

"LEFT BEHIND,"\*  
Or, TEN DAYS A NEWSBOY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"TOBY TYLER," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," "RAISING THE 'PEARL,'" ETC.

CHAPTER X.

THE FIRST ACT.

THE noble company of actors stood in breathless expectancy behind the scenes of their theatre, waiting for the sound of tramping feet that should tell of the rush of the public to witness their genius as shown in this particular line of business.

The room was as near a scene of enchantment as tallow candles could make it. The twelve bottle foot-lights flickered as if they were conscious of the wonderful display of talent they were there to illumine, while the barrel-hoop chandeliers cast even a more brilliant light than one would have supposed.

At least fifteen minutes before the advertised time for the performance to begin every one of Dickey's board seats was filled with a noisy, perspiring crowd of boys, who found considerable amusement in swaying back and forth on the not very secure seats, until one of them would go down with a crash, which apparently afforded the greatest amount of amusement to those who were thus thrown to the floor.

Although it was not eight o'clock, the audience suddenly came to the conclusion that it was time for the performance to begin, and they announced that fact by piercing whistles, furious stamping of the feet, and such gentle admonitions to the managers as, "Hurry up, Mopsey," "Give it to us now, Shiner," as well as other words betokening extreme familiarity.

The managers of this theatre were not unmindful of the

fact that their audience must be obeyed, even if some of the rules were broken, and Ben and Paul were ordered by the author, who had taken upon himself the position of sole manager, to raise the curtain.

Then Nelly came out and sang a melody that all were familiar with, being assisted by the audience in the chorus, until Mrs. Green was obliged to cover her ears with her hands lest the great volume of music should give her the headache.

This portion of the entertainment was greeted with the wildest applause, and when Master Dowd, after Nelly had left the stage, attempted to appear in all the gorgeousness of his costume, he was plainly told to go back, and let Nelly sing again—a command which he obeyed at once, lest some of his audience should take it into their heads to force compliance.

After Nelly had sung the second time the applause died away, as if the audience were willing that the regular business of the evening should go on.

All the actors were standing where they could go on to the stage at a moment's notice, save Dickey, who was leaning against the wall, holding his sword straight out, at the imminent peril of hitting some one of his partners as they passed.

"Now be all ready, Dickey," said Mopsey, warningly, as he prepared to go on the stage.

"See here," whispered Johnny, "be kinder careful when you an' I fight, 'cause there's lots of pins in these pants."

Mopsey nodded his head, as much as to say that he would look out for such things, and in another instant he was before the foot-lights receiving a storm of applause, although he was at a loss to know whether it was directed to him personally or to the costume he wore.

So great was the enthusiasm manifested by his presence that it was some moments before he could speak, and during that time the few lines he knew of the part of Richard the Third had entirely escaped his memory.

\* Begun in No. 236, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

It was a trying moment both to him and his brother actors, who were watching him as he stood there with drawn sword, first on one foot and then on the other, waving his hand and then the weapon, as if he was about to speak, and yet making no sound.

"Go on, Mopsey—say something," whispered Ben, in a hoarse voice; and the audience, hearing him, suggested kindly, "Yes, give us somethin', old man."

Thus urged, Mopsey made one mighty effort, and shouted in his loudest tones, as he waved the sword still more frantically than ever,

"I've lost my hoss! I've lost my hoss, an' I want some one to tie up my head! but—but—I'm a match for any feller round here, and—and—"

It was not only evident to the audience, but to Mopsey himself, that it was of no use for him to try to remember the words he should have spoken, and he waved his sword frantically for Johnny to come on, hoping to save his good name by the bloody combat, which could be prolonged until their patrons were in good-humor.

But just at this moment it was impossible for Johnny to be of any service. He had tried to alter the position of some of the pins in his trousers, so that they would not prick him so badly, and the consequence was that the entire work was undone, the one leg falling down over his foot in a manner that prevented him from stepping unless at the risk of tumbling flat on his face.

Ben did his best to repair the damage, while Mopsey stood waving his sword, whispering very loudly for Johnny not to mind the pins, but to come on, and the audience, in the loudest tones, coaxed Johnny to come out and take Mopsey away.

But Ben succeeded finally in getting the ill-costumed Othello arranged so that it was possible for him to walk, and he rushed on to the stage, the gun in one hand and the sword in the other, just as Mopsey was meditating a retreat from the freely expressed criticism of his audience.

The relief of the author-actor when he saw Othello was greater than could be expressed by words, and he resolved to regain the good opinion of the audience by the ferocity with which he would wage the combat.

It is probable that some such thought was expressed in his face when he rushed toward Johnny, for, startled by the furious bearing of his partner, Othello became frightened, and holding both weapons before him, he looked ready for instant flight.

It seemed as if this very timidity restored to the representative of the cruel Richard all his assurance, for now, suddenly remembering the words he should have spoken at Johnny's first appearance, he waved his sword still more furiously, and shouted, "It looks as if there was more than a dozen of this same feller, for I've killed four or five already, an' here's a lot more of him."

Johnny was a trifle alarmed at the words,

and looked almost timidly behind him to see if he was really there in several forms, or if it was only a portion of the play, when Mopsey struck his gun so severe a blow with the edge of his sword that it fell from his not over-strong grasp, striking directly on the toes of the blood-thirsty Richard.

There was a howl of pain as Mopsey dropped his sword with a clang, and appeared to be trying to gather his feet into his arms, where he could nurse them, while the shock of weapons on the frail stage caused such a motion of the foot-lights that two of them fell to the floor, smashing the bottles.

The audience in the reserved seats, anxious to prevent any disturbance of the performance, scrambled for the candles, and the two who succeeded in getting them before they were extinguished kindly held them in their hands during the remainder of the scene.

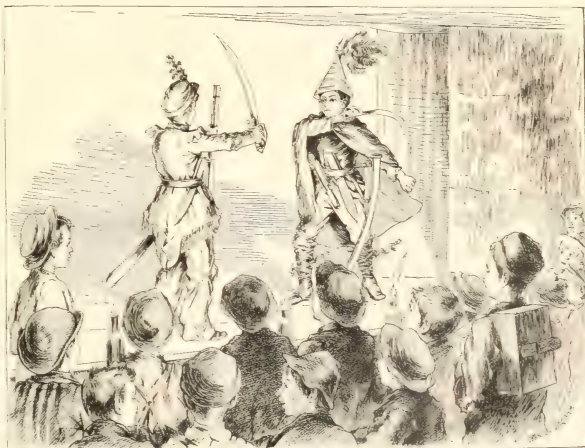
"Don't you know enough to fight when the time comes?" cried Mopsey, who, having given up the useless task of nursing his bruised feet, picked up his sword again, and advanced once more upon the timid Othello, who was trying to decide whether he should remain there or run away.

These words had the effect of spurring Johnny on to a more perfect acting of his part, more especially since some of his friends in the audience cried out in a friendly way, "Go for him, Shiner, an' give him fits."

Then Johnny did "go for" his adversary almost too strongly, for he refused to die, as Mopsey had told him he must, but continued to strike out wildly with his sword, hitting Mopsey's weapon a portion of the time, and when he failed in that, coming so near Richard's face that it seemed certain he would slice off one of his ears or his nose.

It was a furious combat truly, and the audience favored it with the most generous applause, some inciting Mopsey and others Johnny to renewed exertions, until Mrs. Green started up in alarm, fearing that a riot would ensue.

"Why don't you die?" whispered Mopsey, hoarsely, as



"HOLDING BOTH WEAPONS BEFORE HIM, HE LOOKED READY FOR INSTANT FLIGHT."

he panted from exertion, and believed that, in justice to the other performers, the battle should end.

But Johnny refused positively to die, and it is probable that he would have continued the fight as long as he had strength or breath left had he not been the victim of his own architectural short-comings.

He, the one who had built the stage, actually forgot the pitfalls in the form of spaces left uncovered because of lack of lumber, and in the excitement and fury of the battle, minding only the shouts of encouragement from the audience, he fell into one of these yawning pits. Thus it was that Richard had a chance to become himself once more.

With head down and heels up, the unfortunate Othello struggled in the prisoning space until each one of the bottle foot-lights had been displaced, and an even dozen of the audience seated themselves on the floor, holding the candles in their hands obligingly.

Ben had taken Dickey from his leaning-place against the wall, and brought him to the side from which he was to make his entrance, when Richard and Othello had first begun to fight, so that, when Johnny fell, he rushed on in a sidelong way, in order to present his sword-arm to the conqueror.

King Richard was so entirely exhausted from his long struggle that he had apparently forgotten the course he had marked out for the rest of his company, and was leaning on his sword, and gazing at the supposed-to-be-dead Othello, wondering whether he ought to help him to rise or not, when Ben launched Dickey full at him.

He had no time to parry the shock, nor Macbeth to check the force with which Ben had sent him, and the consequence was that Richard and Macbeth fell almost directly on top of the struggling Othello, with a thud that threatened to rend asunder each particular board of the frail stage.

Mrs. Green uttered a cry of horror as she realized that the cover of her new wash-boiler must have been injured; but that noise, as well as the terrified squeak from Othello, was drowned in the burst of applause that came from the spectators.

Mopsey sprang to his feet as quickly as possible, bowing his acknowledgments to the audience, as if he had planned the scene, while poor Dickey lay prone upon the almost suffocated Johnny, unable to rise, or even to move so that Othello might extricate himself.

As the audience continued to applaud, Mopsey felt that he was forced to remain before them bowing, almost expecting to be deluged with bouquets, and of course he was not aware that two members of his company needed his immediate assistance.

"Help Dickey! Why don't you help Dickey?" whispered Ben from the wings, thinking that it would not be seemly in the ghost of Hamlet's father to rush on the stage before his time.

But King Richard paid no attention to this call, if indeed he heard it, and after waiting some moments, Ben, with his ghostly covering still flung over his arm, was obliged to go to the assistance of the two warriors, thereby causing a fresh burst of applause.

He rolled Dickey over and over until Paul could drag him off by the shoulders, and then pulling Johnny out by the feet, he aided him in repairing the damages done to his costume by his descent through the stage.

It was now time that the dead Othello should do his song and dance, and in a very audible whisper he informed Mopsey that he had better get off, and give him the chance.

Some of the audience suggested the same thing, and, very reluctantly, Mopsey left the stage, while Johnny concluded the act in a highly successful manner by a dance that was considerably better executed than was his sword play.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## TOM BROWN'S FOURTH OF JULY.

BY THOMAS OAKES CONANT.

TOM BROWN was an urchin just eight summers old.

But the heart of the wee little man was as bold

As if he were twice that age,

And his muscles were strong and his blue eyes were bright,

And his brave little heart was as merry and light

As a bird let loose from its cage.

Now Tom had been reading, as every boy should,

Of the glorious deeds of the brave and the good—

Of Washington, Warren, and Lee;

And the Fourth of July—it was now near at hand—

Was the day the glad sound had rung out through the land,

"We are free! we are free! we are free!"

Now Tom got to thinking how grand it would be,

Like the patriot heroes he loved, to be free—

'Twas too bad to be kept so at home.

There were lots of nice boys in the streets just below,

And they had such good times! He did wish he could go

And the wide world along with them roam.

Then all on a sudden, one morning in bed,

A brilliant idea popped right into his head,

And he laughed out aloud in his glee:

On the Fourth of July, at the breaking of day,

When Liberty triumphed, he'd up and away,

To dwell independent and free.

And so Master Tommy, when no one was by,

Slipped out through the gate on that Fourth of July.

And thus was he "armed and equipped":

Three packs of fire-crackers, a long stick of punk,

A huge slice of gingerbread, plenty of "spunk,"

And a dime in his hand tightly gripped.

Our hero marched on through the din and the heat

Till he entered at last, by mere chance, a side street,

Where a crowd of rough boys were at play.

'Twas a tenement quarter, low, dirty, and mean,

And the rabble of *gamins*, hard-featured and keen,

Were keeping "the Fourth" in their way.

Ah, those sharp-witted Arabs! how quickly they knew

What sort of boy Tom was! Around him they drew,

And to chaff him began. "Hullo, Bub!"

Does yer mar know yer 'out?" "Where'd ye git yer nice clothes?"

"Oh, ain't he a daisy?"—so the mocking talk goes—

"Say! give us a hunk o' yer grub."

In a jiffy his packs of fire-crackers were grabbed,

His pockets were rifled, his gingerbread "nabbed,"

And his clean clothes were all in a muss.

Then they daubed him with mud till he looked like a fright,

And shouted in glee at his pitiful plight,

"Now, sonny, ye're like one of us."

But Tom had the "spirit of 'seventy-six,"

And finding himself in so sorry a fix,

Struck out like a man, might and main.

But the battle was sorely unequal; in spite

Of his stout little fists and high courage, the fight

Must have proved in the end all in vain.

Just then rose a cry, "Cop's a-comin'!" Away

Sped the fleet-footed Arabs like night before day,

And Tom stood alone in the street.

"Look a here, you young scamp— Oh! are you Tommy Brown?"

I'm in luck. Why, the whole force is scourin' the town,

And here you are, right on my beat!"

Poor Tom! What a pitiful sight to behold

Was he—not a bit like his "heroes of old"—

As homeward he limped, sad and sore!

His face was all swollen, his right arm was hurt,

His jacket was torn and bespattered with dirt,

And he'd ne'er felt so wretched before.

And when, a warm bath and a poultice applied,

He lay in his bed, with dear mother beside,

Tom drowsily said, "Now I see;

It may have been good for the heroes of old

To be free, for they were men, mighty and bold,

But it isn't a good thing for me."

"No, Tom," said his mother; "mistaken again.

True freedom is good both for boys and for men,

As your heroes—and mine—clearly saw;

But they knew—and the truth is worth learning, my boy—

The freedom that's good for us all to enjoy

Is *Liberty governed by Law.*"



## THE LITTLE AITANGA.

## A True Story.

BY A. M. FORD.



RAY and snow-charged hung the sky over Koljutsjin Bay and all around about it. Gray and snow-charged is the sky for most of the year in these desolate regions, where a tree is unknown, and where a few willow scrubs and some craneberry heath are the tallest growth the short though hot summer can produce.

The summer had gone, and now at the end of September had the sea already begun to make ice. But the season is so devoid of beauty and so unfruitful at the best that most of the people of this icy region await the coming of winter with calm indifference. Only the children lament, as children can, the departed summer.

One day there came a change

to the dreariness of the scene. Far off in Koljutsjin Bay lay a large vessel imprisoned in the ice, and great was the commotion among the natives, who desired to go out to it to trade for the highly prized stores on board. But the ice so early in the season "neither bore nor broke."

At last a large skin boat was dragged out to a shore channel where the ice was but a crust, and away went the frail boat, full of men and women. All went well, however, and much had the returning Tshukshes to relate of the wonderful strangers they had met, who seemed not to be common traders or whalers.

Loudest in the praise of the new-comers was Tetsjorin, a lad of seventeen years, and his mother. The boy declared he had talked with their chief himself, and from him had received the clay pipe out of which he was then rolling huge volumes of smoke in such a man-like style.

Then his mother began to talk of the visitors, and prophesied that if the strange heroes from the West did not escape their ice prison in the next seven days, they would be detained there seven months, "and by that could our people profit," asserted she.

The little ten-year-old Aitanga listened attentively to what her mother and her brother had to relate, and fondly hoped in her childish heart the strangers would have to stay, for then there might be some relief to the long winter, with its ever-constant snow and seal-meat. Tetsjorin promised her that she should accompany him to the ship as soon as the ice would bear his dog team, and Aitanga shouted for very joy at the thought of this visit.

From that moment she did nothing else, awake or asleep, but dream of the strange heroes from the West. Finally the memorable day arrived when, with her brother on his sled, drawn by six dogs, she made her first visit to the *Vega*. She had much to talk about after she came home, and she told her mother she intended to go out to the ship every single day the strangers remained there, and if the dogs could not be spared to take her, she could well enough go on foot.

It was soon discovered by the officers of the ship that Aitanga was quite a smart child, and so patient too. It was by her aid a language was formed through which the natives and those on board could communicate better with each other—a gibberish, it was true, but a better method than making signs to one another only.

There was on the *Vega* one man whom Aitanga for a long time did not get acquainted with, and he was no less than the head man of the expedition himself. He seemed to go about absorbed in deep thought, and the quick-witted little girl soon decided that so great a man would take no notice of a little savage like her.

But one day, when she as usual was behind the door watching him, he caught a glimpse of her, and, with a friendly nod and smile, exclaimed: "Is it thou, little sweetheart? Come in."

Though quite taken aback, she timidly advanced and courtesied. Then the great man said to her:

"Good-morning, Aitanga. How pleasant to see you near to one! for I have heard much of the little sweetheart of us all."

He made her sit beside him. She could see how closely he examined many small stones, and how afterward, with a pointed peg he had dipped into a black liquid, he made a lot of strange marks on a paper. She watched him so intently, too, that he could not help laughing. This made her look up instantly, and then he said:

"This can not interest thee, dear child, so run up on deck and play with the other children."

But Aitanga explained that she would rather stay where she was, and this she was allowed to do, for, sitting there so quietly, she disturbed the wise man not the least.

From that hour scarcely a day passed that Aitanga did not spend some of the time in Professor Nordenskjöld's study, watching him perform his various duties. Many words were not exchanged, but it was clear that they got along well together, and it was often observed how the great traveller's features would relax and lose their severe look when the little girl entered.

One day, far advanced in that period we call summer, when even these regions began to display a delicate verdure, although the *Vega* still lay fast frozen in her winter harbor, Professor Nordenskjöld accidentally left something fall that Aitanga picked up and restored to him.

"Thanks! thanks!" said he, as he received it again.

Astonished, the girl looked at him so seriously with her great oblique eyes that he burst out laughing.

"It is even true, then," he said, "that the Tshukshes know not how to thank, and that there is no word to express it in your language."

"I can thank," answered she, in a low, earnest tone. "Thou hast taught me it, and I shall teach the others."

"That is proper," said he, half in jest; "but thou must also teach them greater honesty. For who was it tried to pass a flayed dog on me for a fox last winter?"

"That was just Tetsjorin," said the girl, sorrowfully; "but he was so ashamed when thou didst discover it, and mother and I afterward scolded him so, that I know he won't do it again. But," continued she, slowly and more thoughtfully, "how couldst thou know it? Art thou a god that knows everything?"

"No, my child; I am but a human being like thyself."

"No, that art thou not, then," said Aitanga, shaking her head. "An ordinary human art thou not, nor is any one of them thou hast with thee. They are all heroes."

"Indeed! and how dost thou know that?"

"Why, a hero is seven times stronger and wiser than a human, but a god is seven times stronger and wiser than a hero, and, for that reason, art thou, as the leader of heroes, even a god."

"Well," continued the traveller, "if we do have more knowledge than you people, hardly are we stronger, and in no way am I stronger than my fellow-travellers."

"Why, why," exclaimed Aitanga, eagerly, "not one of our people has ever been able to make such a long voyage as thou hast made, nor has ever been able to lie frozen in here a whole long winter without coming to any harm or suffering any want."

"Well, yes, that canst thou certainly believe. For what



I and my companions have done, no one before us has succeeded in doing."

"But," burst out the girl, admiringly, "thou must surely be a god, nevertheless."

Now was there great humility in the wise man's voice as he answered her, with all seriousness:

"There is but one God, my child, and His power and wisdom can no one attain to: why, no one can gain even a slight knowledge of His powers. We can only feel His presence within us, but we can never see Him with our eyes."

After a long silence, said Aitanga, slowly and softly, "That do I believe, because thou sayest it." A little while afterward added she, "And that shall I teach to Tetsjorin and the rest of them."

The prophecy of Aitanga's mother that the stranger heroes should remain frozen up in Koljutsjin Bay for seven months proved true, except that it was for ten instead of seven months they remained there. The great exploit, the circumnavigation of Asia, by perseverance and exertion, has been accomplished, and consequently it can now be hoped a new and wide-extended field has been opened at last to Western civilization. A breath thereof, through intercourse with one of its most foremost bearers, has already wafted thither a seed which, although it has only taken root in a little ignorant girl's heart, still gives good promise of a future harvest.

Thankfulness for services or favors rendered, honesty in dealing, besides sensibility of God's power and goodness, are these seeds, which possess in themselves such growing power that not even in North Siberia's snow fields could they be sown in vain.

## THEY BOTH WENT OFF

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

O H, Pussina White was as nice a young puss  
As ever reposed on a mat,  
But, like all of her mice-loving kindred, she  
Was a very inquisitive cat—

*Meow!*

A very inquisitive cat.

Through this fault it was that a sad fate she met;  
For one summer morn on the ground  
Something burning and smoking she saw, and at once  
With her paw began rolling it round—

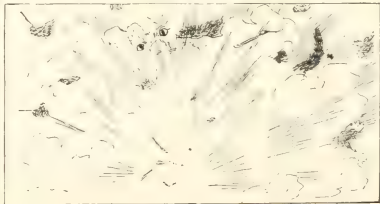
*Meow!!!*

With her paw began rolling it round.

'Twas a big fire-cracker, and soon it went off,  
And into small pieces it flew,  
And that was the last of young Pussina White,  
For that poor little cat went off too—

*Meow!!!*

That poor little cat went off too.





The Family Machine



Tandem Race



The Tumbler Tool

Follow your nose



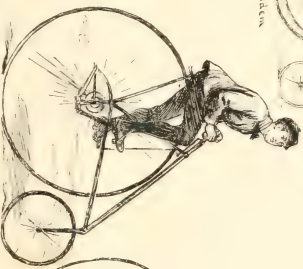
Balance act



Furrie and Chaslie



Triple Tandem



American Bicycle

## BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES.

BY THE CAPTAIN.

"PAUL! Paul! find John; tell him to saddle the horse and ride for his life for the doctor. The baby has swallowed a button, and I'm afraid will choke to death."

Almost before his mother had finished speaking, Paul had thrown down his book and started for the stable. He found John, delivered the message, and then, seized by a sudden impulse, sprang into the saddle of his bicycle, which stood in the front yard, and shot off down the hard road leading to the village, a mile away, like an arrow.

The road was one of the best in New Jersey, and there were no hills to be climbed. Five minutes later, as the flying wheel was turned into the street on which stood Dr. Brown's house, its rider saw the Doctor step into his sulky and start off in the opposite direction. In another minute the sulky had been overtaken by the wheel, the breathless message had been understood, and the Doctor was driving at full speed in the direction of Paul's home. As he left the village, the Doctor met John entering it.

When, a quarter of an hour later, Paul reached home, he found the dear little baby sister lying in her crib, white and exhausted, but out of danger. You may be sure that he was a very proud boy when the Doctor told him that he had arrived just in the nick of time, and when his mother threw her arms around him and said that he had saved his sister's life. Very proud, too, was he of his bicycle, which had carried him so swiftly to the village, and many a time since has he told the story of that ride to people who have sneered at his wheel as being only a boy's plaything, and a dangerous one at that.

In careless hands the bicycle is dangerous, as was shown only a few weeks ago in Pennsylvania. There a young man recklessly attempted to ride one down a steep and stony hill-side. Half-way down, his feet slipped from the pedals, and in trying to check his speed by applying the brake, he was thrown headlong and killed. Thus, you see, the bicycle is much like a spirited horse, and must be managed with the same amount of care and skill.

When, nearly five years ago, the first article on bicycles appeared in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, but few of its readers had ever seen and much less ridden one, and the tricycle was almost unknown in this country. Now a small army of young people own and ride bicycles, and tricycles may be seen any day on the fine roads near the large cities, and occasionally on distant country roads.

At first the girls complained bitterly that the new sport was only for boys, and that there was no chance for them to enjoy it. They said that bicycling was a selfish and lonesome form of amusement, for only one person could ride at a time, and they did not believe there was much fun in it anyway. They said this; but away down in their hearts they confessed to themselves that it looked very fascinating, and they wished they too could ride the steely wheels. Now their wishes have come to pass. Everywhere girls are learning to ride tricycles, and are daily gaining health, strength, and beauty with the exercise.

The lonesomeness has been done away with, too. On page 569 you may see illustrations of tandem bicycles for the boys, and sociable tricycles for the girls, in which two may ride together. They are so arranged that each may do her share of the work, or one may do it all. There too you may see a picture of the four-wheeler, in which two ladies or girls may sit comfortably behind, while a strong man or boy in front does all the work, and wheels them merrily along the smooth road at a good pace.

Many boys have become so expert in the use of the bicycle that they can do as many tricks on it as a circus-rider can on his horse. It is now no uncommon thing to see a fancy rider vault off and on his machine while it is in motion, ride with his head in the saddle and his feet

up in the air, lift the small wheel from the ground and ride for long distances on one wheel only, and do a hundred different tricks, with apparent ease, that a few years ago would have been deemed impossible.

Many long journeys, some of them of thousands of miles, have been made on bicycles; but the longest of all, a journey around the world, is now being undertaken by a young man who started from San Francisco some months ago, and is now in the neighborhood of New York. Of course he will have to cross the Atlantic and Pacific oceans by steamer; but all the rest of this wonderful journey he proposes to accomplish on his bicycle.

Many boys are now preparing to spend their vacations in making bicycle journeys through interesting sections of the country, and jolly times they will have. They will dress in straw hats or helmets, flannel shirts, knee-breeches, long stockings, and low-cut canvas shoes. Their coats will be made into compact rolls and strapped to the handle-bars of their bicycles, and in M. I. P. (multum in parvo) bags, fastened to the backbone of the machine behind the saddle, they can carry toilet articles, a change of under-clothing, and many useful odds and ends. If they expect to be gone for any length of time, they will have travelling bags or small trunks forwarded from point to point, along their proposed routes, by express.

In the autumn these young travellers will return to their homes and schools tanned and strong, and possessed of a knowledge of the country over which they have ridden more intimate than they could have gained in any other way.

## MY FIRST RIDE ON AN ELEPHANT.

BY COLONEL THOMAS W. KNOX.

AUTHOR OF "THE BOY TRAVELLERS IN THE FAR EAST," ETC.

IT was at Benares, the "Holy City" of India, which every pious Hindoo hopes to see at least once in his lifetime, that I made my first promenade on the famous beast of burden. Through the politeness of the Maharajah of Vizianagram, whose palace is just outside the city, I was provided with one of the elephants from his stables—a huge beast, almost rivaling Jumbo in size and strength.

At the hour appointed—six o'clock in the morning—it arrived at the door of the hotel, equipped with a magnificent howdah that was capable of seating four persons comfortably. The *mahout*, or driver, sat on the neck of the elephant, and the attendant who managed the ladder stood ready to assist us to mount to our places.

The companion of my travels, a German gentleman, had some hesitation about trusting himself on the back of an elephant, but his scruples vanished when he looked at the animal. We mounted the ladder with the pretense that we were anything but novices, and took the front seat of the howdah. Our guide then ascended to the rear seat, and as soon as we were settled into our places we gave the signal for starting.

At a word from the *mahout* the elephant moved off at a walking pace, but it was rapid enough to keep the attendant on a slow run, in order to maintain his place behind us. I judge that we made between four and five miles an hour when in motion, but this speed could not be maintained owing to the necessity of stopping frequently to make way for carts or wagons in the road. Oxen did not seem to fear us, but the most of the horses that we met showed an instinctive dread of the elephant, and sometimes were so restive that their drivers could not easily control them.

The motion of the howdah was not at all uncomfortable, but by the end of an hour or two I found that my back seemed to be separating at the joints. It was the same with my friend, but we agreed that it would be "nothing when one got used to it." There was a swaying motion which reminded me of the tossing of a small boat



on the waves; we tried to adapt ourselves to it, but the effort was not at all successful.

The elephant obeyed the commands of the driver very promptly in nearly every instance. Whenever he hesitated even for a moment he was reminded of his duty by a prod of the goad in his neck or upon his ear, and the prodding was not at all gentle. All who are familiar with the elephant say he must be controlled by kindness and unrelenting firmness. "Never hurt him when he is doing his duty, and never allow him to disobey you in the least without punishment," is the motto of the elephant-driver.

We had a splendid view when seated in the howdah. We were on a level with the second stories of the buildings, and where the windows were open we could easily see inside the upper rooms. When riding through the country, we were above the fences and hedges, and saw a great deal that was invisible to us when riding in a carriage.

There was not the least feeling of dizziness at our elevation, but we could not fail to realize that we were at a goodly height, and a fall would be a serious matter. Before we left the hotel an Englishman with whom we had made acquaintance gave us a few words of caution.

"I have lived ten years in this country," said he, "and am familiar with elephants. The most docile of them is liable to turn on you and try to kill you if you jump or fall from his back. Whenever you want to descend, call the attendant to place the ladder for you to go down in the usual way, and don't under any circumstances jump from the howdah to the ground."

His caution rung in our ears for a while as we rode along, but we soon forgot it in the excitement of our novel situation. By-and-by I observed that the howdah was turning to one side, and, what was especially interesting to me, it was turning on the side where I sat. I told the guide to sit over, so as to balance my weight with that of my friend, as he was much lighter than I; but it was of no use. At every step the howdah swayed more and more to my side, and the situation was getting very serious.

My friend suggested that we jump out and scramble to the ground before the howdah turned over and spilled us out.

"Don't you remember," said I, "what that Englishman told us at the hotel? We mustn't jump out under any circumstances."

"Stop the elephant! stop him!" I shouted to the guide.

"Stop him, and tell the man to put up the ladder."

The guide was a stupid fellow, and didn't understand me until I repeated the order. We stopped close to a high wall, and just in time to save us from a fall. I put out my hand against the wall while the ladder was unfastened from the elephant's side and put in position for us to descend. We both came down that ladder much more quickly and with far less dignity than we had ascended.

The howdah was pushed into its proper position, the ropes and bands were tightened, and then we mounted again to our places, and the promenade was resumed. It was nearly eleven o'clock when we returned to the hotel, just in time for *hazree* (breakfast), and dismissed our ponderous beast and his conductors.

While we were at breakfast our English friend opened the *Allahabad Pioneer* of the day before, and read the account of the death of a gentleman, whom he had known for years, in consequence of falling from the back of an elephant. As he struck the ground, the animal turned and pierced him with his tusks, and was in so great a rage that he could not be controlled until his victim was dead.

Our informant was unable to give the reason for this action on the part of the elephant. It is well known that the animal is liable to sudden outbursts of rage, and sometimes the most docile of elephants will become suddenly unmanageable. Under the circumstances, the incident was likely to make a forcible impression on my German friend and myself, and in subsequent rides on elephants during our stay in India we kept it constantly in mind.

## WALKING-CANES.

BY A. W. ROBERTS.

I KNOW of a young man in Florida, not yet twenty-one years of age, who is paying his way through college by collecting and curing canes of the wild orange, on the handles of which he carves during his leisure time and vacations full-length figures of alligators, as shown in Fig. 1. I have examined several of these canes, and the entire work seems to be done with small chisels and a parting or V tool.

These canes are in constant demand with visitors and tourists to Florida, and have become known as "orange-wood 'gator canes.'" This fact may be suggestive to some of our ingenious farmer boys who are struggling to obtain a college course.

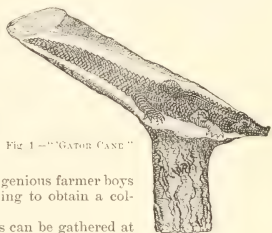


Fig. 1—"GATOR CANE."

Walking-canes can be gathered at all seasons. The canes should be laid aside in a moderately dry and cool place, and should not be worked or the bark taken off till they are half dry. They are then most supple, and may be bent or straightened without injury. When laying by canes to dry, the knots and spurs should not be trimmed close; it is best to trim them only roughly, leaving the spurs of branches and roots on the stick fully an inch long.

To straighten or bend the canes, they should be steamed until they are supple, or buried in hot wet sand until they become soft; they must then, while still hot, be given

the form they are intended to keep, and kept in this form until they are cold. Straight sticks are tied firmly together in small bundles, and wound with a coil of rope from end to end; they are then suspended to a beam by their knob ends, and a heavy weight is attached to the ferrule ends. Crooks may be turned by soaking the end in boiling water for half an hour, then bending it to the desired form, and retaining it in its position by means of a tourniquet (as shown in Fig. 2) until the cane is cold.



A TOURNIQUET.  
Fig. 2.

The bark may then be taken off with a sharp knife, but care must be taken not to split or chip the wood. Knots may be trimmed at the same time, and the root knobs turned into grotesque shapes. There are no rules that can be given to guide one when carving the roots into handles, since their forms are governed by the outlines of the roots, these often being very suggestive of themselves. The group of heads shown at the beginning of the next page will illustrate what I mean. Figs. 3 and 4 show the rough stick, Figs. 5 and 6 the finished heads.

One or two points should receive considerable attention when designing the handles. If the stick is to be a fancy one to be carried and swung in the hand, the roots can be carved into grotesque or fancy forms. But if for use, the handle should be round and smooth, so as to fit comfortably in the hand. The head of a dog, or a swan or goose, forms an appropriate design for a stick that is to be held on the arm when

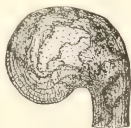


Fig. 7.—HOCKEY STICK.



FIG. 3.



FIG. 4.

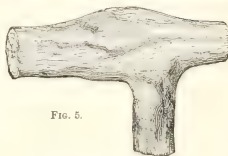


FIG. 5.



FIG. 6.

lighting a match, or when wishing to have both hands free. The crutch and hook are also comfortable forms.

Often when riding my cane hobby I have delighted my young friends by turning out many fancy varieties of hockey sticks. Regarding the form of the hockey stick there is much variety of opinion, some preferring the short round knob, as shown in Fig. 7, while others prefer a hooked handle, or a long hook more in the style of the polo crutch.

Wooden handles are given touches of rich brown by applying a red-hot iron to the parts to be colored.

All sticks with the rough bark left on should be neatly trimmed naked around the neck of the handle, and the whole lightly gone over with fine sand or emery paper. The cane should then receive several dressings of

boiled linseed-oil, and be left to dry. When dry, a coat of shellac varnish is applied. Oak canes look best when carefully baked in hot water, the loose bark being removed by rubbing with coarse canvas, and the cane then dried, dressed with boiled linseed-oil, again dried, then polished and varnished with shellac or furniture varnish, and again polished.

Dogwood and Osage - orange canes can be stained black by brushing them over with a hot and strong decoction of logwood and nut-galls. When this is thorough-

ly dried, brush them over with vinegar in which a few rusty nails have been steeped for two or three days. Some persons use ink for a black stain, others introduce "drop black" in the varnish; a brown or mahogany stain may be obtained by adding some "dragon's-blood" to the varnish. The lower ends of the sticks should be guarded from excessive wear by a neat brass ferrule; these are cheaper to purchase at a hardware store than to make, though I have often used brass thimbles and tailor's steel thimbles as a substitute. These can be fastened by means of hot shellac, or with a brass pin driven into a hole in the thimble and passing through the wood of the cane.

For fastening carved or rustic heads or handles on canes hot glue or thick shellac varnish is used. A good-sized hole is first bored into the handle, and a hole of similar size in the cane; a dowel is driven into the hole in the cane (using plenty of glue), after which the handle

is driven on to the dowel pin. Handles may be made of horn, which can be softened for bending by boiling in oil (not kerosene) or hot fat. Hard woods that will take a polish, and vegetable ivory, which is very easy and pleasant to carve, are good materials to use for handles. For small canes, bone will be found an easy material to shape into handles.

With walking-cane manufacturers there are many styles of handles that are in constant demand, and that have trade and fashion names. As most of them are very easily made, I have given figures of them. The "crutch" and the "hook" cane handles are most popular with old people.

All the manufacturers of walking-canes and umbrella and parasol sticks state that the demand for native woods suitable for canes and sticks is constant all the year round, and that the sticks may be gathered at all seasons of the year and sent to market, both straight and crooked sticks being salable, also roots for handles.

The prices paid seem to me to be very encouraging, and were I a boy living in the country or on a farm, I feel positive that during vacation and the long winter months, instead of lounging about the "store," I'd be in the woods grubbing up roots and cutting sticks for walking-canes.

It must be borne in mind that the young growth of most of our trees and shrubs is destroyed in one way or another when clearing the land, meadows, and hedges. The roots of all the trees in the following list, which gives the prices paid per thousand, are always destroyed. This list of native woods, and the prices paid for them, was obtained from Lovibond & Co., No. 223 Grand Street, New York, to whom I am indebted for much valuable information on the subject of walking-canes:

Dogwood sticks, one-inch diameter at base, and from thirty-six to forty-two inches in length, bark on, \$10 to \$12 per thousand; peeled, \$12 to \$18 per thousand. Young trees, roots on (Fig. 8), and those peeled six inches below the root, as shown in Fig. 9, \$20 per thousand. Sheep-berry (Sweet Viburnum, known to farmers as "Nanny-berry"), bark on, \$8 per thousand; peeled six inches below the root, \$20 per thousand. Hickory, \$20 to \$30 per thousand, bark on (never peeled). Birch (red), roots on, white birch ("silver birch"), bark on, \$12 per thousand. Oaks, with roots, \$20 per thousand; without roots, \$12 per thousand. Osage orange, \$10 per thousand. Small maples, bark on, \$10 per thousand. Cherry, apple, pear, \$12 per thousand, bark on. Red cedar, \$20 per thousand. Roots of dogwood, water-birch, sheep-berry trees, \$12 per thousand. Florida wild orange, \$10 per thousand; holly-stick, \$10 per thousand.



FIG. 8.



FIG. 9.



POLO CRUTCH.



SPORT HOOK.



OLD GENT'S FAVORITE.



PROFESSIONAL.

# Charley loves good Sugar-Cake.



TO CHARLEY HAWKINS.

BY S. B. MILLS.













"OFF FOR THE COUNTRY."

## WHO WAS HE?

BY L. A. FRANCE.

HE was born in Boston, in a house on Milk Street, nearly opposite the Old South Church, on the 17th of January, 1706, a little over one hundred and seventy-seven years ago. He was the youngest son. He had seventeen brothers and sisters. His father was a tallow-chandler.

His father intended him for the ministry, and planned to give him a college education.

He went to grammar school when he was eight years old. He staid there a year, then went to a school for writing and arithmetic. When he was ten years old he was taken home to assist his father. He disliked the work, and wanted to go to sea, but his father would not hear of it.

When he was twelve years old he was apprenticed to his half-brother, who was a printer. He was fond of writing poetry. His brother encouraged him, and had two of his ballads printed. He carried them around town and sold them. One was called "The Light-house Tragedy," and sold well.

About 1721 his brother started a paper, the fourth newspaper published in America at that time. He helped print the paper, and carried it around to the subscribers.

When he was fourteen he wrote some articles, and slipped them under the door of his brother's office. They were found, read, and were praised by the men who were in the habit of writing for the paper. No one knew who wrote them for some time. At last he told his brother. For some reason it displeased his brother, and then began the disagreements which led at last to his running off to New York, and from there to Philadelphia. When he reached the latter place he had neither friends nor money, except one shilling, part of which he spent for two loaves of bread.

He found work with a printer. Later, Sir William Keith offered to help him to start in business for himself. He went to London in 1724 to purchase material, but found he had been deceived, and returned home, after work-

ing there a year. After he returned to Philadelphia he was assisted by other friends to establish a business of his own.

In 1730 he married Deborah Reed, and soon after became proprietor of a paper called *The Gazette*.

His business was now in a prosperous condition. He was respected by all who knew him, and was placed in positions which called for a trusted man to fill them. Between 1736 and 1753 he was appointed to several offices. He devoted some of his time to inventing and to scientific research.

In 1757 he was sent to England on public business. He returned to America in 1775, and took part in the affairs of the Revolution. He was sent to France, and in the city of Paris, in 1782, signed his name to the treaty of peace between the United States and Great Britain.

After his return he again filled offices of trust. In 1788 he retired to private life, and died two years later, on the 17th of April, 1790.

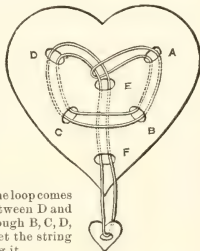
## THE HEART AND STRING PUZZLE.

CUT a heart out of thin wood or very stout card-board, and bore six holes in it as shown in the diagram.

Double a piece of string so as to form a loop. Pass the

ends downward through A, upward through B, downward through C, upward through D, through the loop, downward through E, and upward through F. Tie the ends in a knot to a smaller heart or bead which is too large to go through the holes in the large heart. The dotted lines show where the string goes behind the board.

Pull the string from behind through A till the end of the loop comes in a straight line half-way between D and A. Finally pull the slack through B, C, D, E, and F. The puzzle is to get the string off without untying or cutting it.



LITTLE MAY. "See here, Harry, you must not poke at me in that way, because if you made a hole in me the *sardist* would come out."

{such an accident had happened to May's doll a few days before.

HARPER'S

# YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 256.

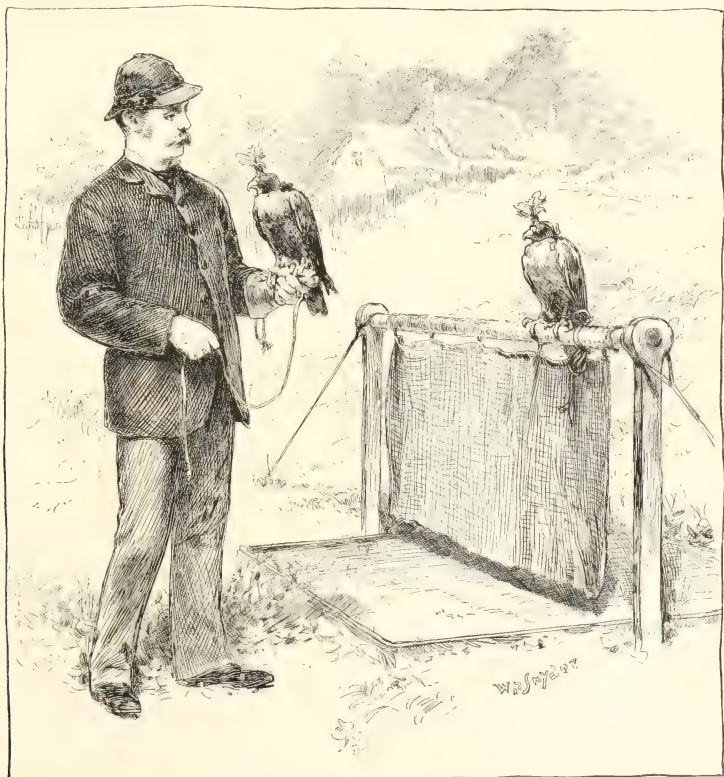
PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, JULY 15, 1884.

Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



THE FALCONER AND HIS PETS.—SEE PAGE 578.



## HAWKS AND FALCONS.

BY SHERWOOD RYSE

THE noble sport of hawking, or falconry, as it is often called, was formerly one in which, according to the earliest English treatise upon the subject, "gentill men and honest persons had greete delite." In this country it is almost unknown, and even in England and France, where up to a century ago it was in high favor, it is practiced by but a few enthusiasts.

To discover the origin of hawking one would have to go back beyond the beginning of history. An English explorer found among some ruins in Asia Minor a sculptured stone representing a falconer with a hawk perched upon his wrist, which must have been made about seventeen hundred years before the Christian era. In China, where almost everything seems to have been known thousands of years before we moderns discovered it, hawking was practiced as long ago as the year 2000 B.C. Some authorities say that our old friend Ulysses introduced the sport into Greece after the siege of Troy, and others hold that the Turks or the Arabs were the first in historical times to practice it.

Be that as it may, we know that Alfred the Great was fond of hawking, and indeed one of his biographers implies that in this sport was a divine gift, for he says of that monarch, "His skill in hunting and hawking, *as well as in all the other gifts of God*, was really incomparable." But to trace hawking through the long line of the English kings, or to relate one-tenth of the many interesting anecdotes connected with it, would be an almost endless story. Let us take its antiquity for granted, and see what it was and how it was done.

The words "falcon" and "hawk," though often used without distinction, really apply to two kinds of birds. Both are birds of prey, and both have characteristics very much alike. The falcons are the falcon proper, the merlin, and the hobby. The hawks are the goshawk and the sparrow-hawk. The principal distinction in form between the two—falcons and hawks—is that the former have long wings, which, when closed, reach to the end of the tail, while the hawks have short wings, beyond which the tail projects some distance. In their methods of taking their prey, too, there is a difference. The falcon descends upon the object of its pursuit from a great height and with great rapidity; but the hawk pursues its prey and clutches it as it flies, seldom dropping upon it, or "stooping," as it is called, from a height of more than a few feet.

Falcons and hawks are the only birds of prey that can be trained for hunting, and of these the merlin is the most readily tamed. Some falconers take the young birds from the nest, when they are called "eyesses"; others prefer grown birds, known as "passage hawks," from their being caught during their passage in their annual migration. The training in each case is much the same, for after the eyess has been allowed to fly "at hark"—that is, at liberty—returning every day for food, as its habit is, it has already begun to learn its business by itself, and in tameness it will be far ahead of a passage hawk at the time when the actual training begins. Nevertheless, an old hawk will sooner provide sport for its trainer than one that has been handled from the nest, for during its period of freedom it has been obliged to develop its instinct for hunting, and it is this natural instinct that the falconer tries not to subdue, but to encourage and guide for his own purposes.

The first impulse of any one who has caught a bird alive is to put it into a cage; but in the case of a hawk this is never done. He is kept confined, but not by "prison bars." As soon as taken he is blindfolded with a "hood" made of soft leather, and fitting closely over the head, an opening being left for the beak. This is to render him quiet, for, being unable to see, he is not so likely

to fight for liberty. Then "jesses" (thin leather thongs) are fastened to his legs, jesses being used for the same purpose as the collar on a dog, while the "leash" (a strap about four feet long) corresponds to a dog's chain.

The hawk-hood should be an airy though not a draughty room, and it should be quite dry. The accommodations for the bird are of two sorts—a block and a perch. The former is often made of turf, and is formed by placing two thick sods one upon the other, and passing a stick through them so that it projects a few inches on each side. To the projecting ends is fastened the "leash," thus securely confining the bird. The perch is generally about four feet long and three feet above the ground. It is strongly secured, for the weight of a hawk is considerable, and when it flutters off its perch it exercises no little force. A simple but ingenious arrangement is used to assist the hawk in regaining its position when it has fluttered off the perch. This is a curtain of coarse canvas hanging from the pole as from a curtain rod, up which the bird can climb to his place, and without which, having lost his hold, he would surely hang, head downward, until at last released by death.

But it must not be supposed that the noble falcon passes all his leisure time in-doors; on the contrary, it is necessary for his health that he should be out-of-doors as much as possible, and in a convenient place both block and perch are provided for his occupation in fine weather. When the bird has become tame enough to take his food regularly and freely, and has grown to know his master, the early stages of his training may be begun. His hood is then removed, in order that he may see the "quarry," though the jesses and leash will be required until he is sufficiently well trained to be allowed to fly at large.

When a hawk has learned to jump from the perch to the hand for a piece of meat, and from the perch down to the ground and back again, a trial with a live lure is generally given. A small bird, often a pigeon, is fastened down by a string to a peg in the ground, and the hawk is allowed to "stoop" to it from the length of the leash. If it kills the live bird it should be allowed to eat it, for it must be remembered that the hawk kills other birds, not out of wantonness, but for food. If it is not hungry, it will not seek to kill the "quarry." Hence a hawk is always taken out hungry both for training and actual hunting. It may be said that although it is necessary to use and kill live birds in the training of hawks, live birds are indeed the natural food of birds of prey, and the hawk, unlike the cat, does not play with its victim, but kills it instantly; hence the small bird suffers no pain.

The training of a "passage hawk" is shorter than that of an "eyess," because the former has already learned his business; indeed, when a bird has been taught to allow himself to be taken up after a flight, he is quite ready to be flown at large. One would think that having been set free from hood and leash, the hawk would bid a long last farewell to his late master and home, and return to the freedom of his native rocks and woods. But this is not the case. If his training has been at once gentle and thorough, he will have become domesticated; and while he may not show much attachment to his master, he will allow himself to be recaptured, for he knows that he is sure of a good home and good living—considerations that weigh heavily with other bipeds and many quadrupeds.

Hawks are flown in England at partridges, grouse, wild pigeons, rooks (a kind of crow), and small birds. Of these the rook gives the best sport, since his size is almost equal to that of the hawk, and his flying powers very great. Some wonderful flights have been known, and frequently a strong, well-grown rook, in good condition, has mounted higher and higher in the sky until both he and the pursuing falcon are lost to view—and lost forever, leaving their lives up among the clouds, perhaps, while their bodies fall to earth no one knows where.



## WHAT BABY HAS.

BY V J K

TEN little fingers and ten little toes;  
Two eyes and two ears and one little nose;  
Two little lips as red as a cherry;  
A laugh irresistible, hearty, and merry;  
Pretty bright roses on each little cheek;  
A glib little tongue trying so hard to speak;  
A warm little heart, and a sweet loving way;  
A kiss and a hug, any time in the day.  
For papa, or mamma, or sister, or me—  
Oh, such a bright darling I never did see.

## THE HOTTENTOT'S MESSAGE.

A SOUTH AFRICAN STORY.

BY DAVID KER.

"TELL you, Matu, that I saw it with my own eyes."  
"And I tell you, Klaas, that I won't believe it until I see it with mine. Your eyes see too much sometimes, you know. Don't you remember telling us how your boat had been upset by a sea-cow [hippopotamus], when it was only a log that struck it? or how you came scampering home saying that you'd been chased by a lion, and after all it was nothing but Mynheer Jansen's big yellow dog!"

A loud laugh arose from the other Hottentots, and poor Klaas (who certainly *was* given to telling wonderful stories) looked very foolish indeed.

The building in front of which the little black-faced, long-armed fellows were having their talk was a very good sample of the ordinary South African farm-house. It was a long, low, white-fronted building of one story, with a thatched roof that stuck out so far in front and came so low down over the windows that it quite reminded one of the huge white broad-brimmed hats worn by the Dutch and English farmers of those parts.

Just in front of the door grew one enormous tree, the spreading boughs of which had sheltered many a merry party. The stables and out-houses came straight out from the two ends of the building, so as to form three sides of a square. A wide, shady veranda ran along its front, while behind it lay a small garden patch, with a hedge of prickly-pear so thick and strong and armed with such terrible thorns that the boldest thief would hardly have tried to creep through it.

"Don't be too hard upon Klaas, lads," said another Hottentot, coming up at that moment. "You know that the white men are all workers of wonders, and that whoever goes among them sees many strange things. Come, brother Klaas, let us hear all about it."

And Klaas, a little encouraged by seeing that there was one man in the company who seemed inclined to believe him, began as follows:

"When I was with the Dutch Christimense [Christian] at Springboks Kloof [Antelope Gully], seven years ago, they were building a new stable, and wanted some long iron nails to finish it. So the Baas [master] told me to go and borrow some nails from the Englishman on the other side of the *spruit* [water-course]. I was just wondering how that was to be done—for I didn't know English, and I was pretty sure the English Christimense didn't know Hottentot—when the Baas made some scratches on a chip of wood with a burned stick, and told me to give that to the Englishman, and he would know what was wanted."

The listeners all looked at each other, as if hardly knowing whether to believe him or not.

"I thought he was laughing at me," continued Klaas, "and at first I didn't want to go; but the Baas was beginning to look angry, and there was a big *shambok* [whip of rhinoceros-skin] hanging behind the door, so

I thought I'd better start. And when I gave the chip to the Englishman—believe it or not as you like—he went and brought out the nails directly."

There was a pause when Klaas ended, and no one seemed to know what to say to his story.

"Well," observed at length the man who had just come up, "I have heard that the white men can do such things. Perhaps the Baas drew a picture of the nails on the wood."

"Well, I won't believe that till I see it," said Matu, a young Hottentot who had but lately left his own tribe, and was new to the ways of the white men.

"Matu," cried a voice from the veranda at that moment, "take this letter and these six cakes over to Mynheer Van Zeel."

"Aha!" cried Klaas, exultingly, as Matu came back with the letter in his hand and the cakes in a bag on his shoulder, "these are just the same kind of scratches that the Dutch Christimense made on that chip of wood. Now you'll see, brother Matu, whether I've been telling lies."

The words haunted Matu all the way across the bare stony plain that lay between him and Mynheer Van Zeel's farm-house. But something else haunted him still more, and that was the thought of the cakes which he was carrying. Like all Hottentots, he was fond of sweet things, and the temptation to eat one of them grew stronger every moment.

But how about the letter? According to Klaas, the scratches on the chip had told the story which they were meant to tell. If these scratches on the paper had the same power, it might be awkward for him.

All at once a bright idea struck him. He stopped short, thrust the letter under a huge stone, and having satisfied himself that it was quite out of sight (or rather that it had no chance of seeing what he was about) he pulled out and ate one of the cakes, took up the letter again, and then went merrily on his way, feeling quite sure that all was safe now.

The very first person he met on reaching the farm was Mynheer Van Zeel himself, who, with his broad-leaved hat pulled down over his hard brick-red face, his big silver-mounted pipe in his mouth, and a long knife stuck in the waistband of his close-fitting buckskin trousers, looked every inch a regular Boer farmer. He glanced through the letter, emptied the cakes out of the bag, and then turned suddenly upon Matu, and roared,

"You skellum [rogue], how dare you eat one of my cakes?"

"How do you know I ate it?" stammered the Hottentot, whose black face was almost gray with terror.

"This letter told me so," answered the Dutchman.

"What? even when I hid it under the stone before I began to eat?" shrieked Matu, with his eyes starting out of his head. "Can it see right through a stone, then?"

"So it would seem," replied Van Zeel, gravely, although he was almost bursting with suppressed laughter.

"Klaas was right," said the Hottentot, in tones of settled despair. "The white men can indeed do wonders."

He crouched down as he spoke, expecting to feel the Dutchman's whip whistling about his ears. But Mynheer Van Zeel, angry as he was, was a good man at heart, and began to pity the poor fellow on seeing him in such trouble.

"You really deserve a good flogging," said he, "but I will let you off this time, for I think you've had a good lesson."

Indeed, Matu had been so frightened that he was never known to steal again; and he always spoke with great reverence of letters or papers, calling them "the scratches that know everything."

## THE ACCOMMODATING CIRCUMSTANCE.

## A Tale of the Olden Time.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.



It was on a bright afternoon, many, many years ago, that a young Baron stood on the stone steps that led down from the door of his ancestral home. That great castle was closed and untenanted, and the Baron was taking leave of it forever. His father, who was now dead, had been very unfortunate, and had been obliged to sell his castle and his lands. But he had made it a condition that the nobleman who bought the estate should allow the young Baron to occupy it until he was twenty-one years of age.

This period had now arrived, and although the purchaser, who did not need the castle, had told the Baron that he might remain there as long as he chose, the young man was too high-spirited to depend upon the charity of any one, and he determined to go forth and seek a fortune for himself. His purpose was to go to the town of the Prince of Zisk, a journey of a few days, and to offer to join an army which the Prince intended to lead against a formidable band of robbers which had set up a stronghold in his dominions. If he should distinguish himself in this army, the young Baron hoped that he might rise to an honorable position. At any rate, he would earn a livelihood for himself, and be dependent upon no one.

But it was a very sad thing for him to leave this home where he was born, and where he had spent most of his life. His parents were dead, he had no relatives, and now he was to leave the house which had been so dear to him. He stood with one foot upon the ground, and the other upon the bottom step, and looked up to the great hall door which he had shut and locked behind him, as if he were unwilling to make the movement which would finally separate him from the old place.

As he stood thus he heard some one approaching, and, turning, he saw an old woman and a young girl coming toward the castle. Each carried a small bundle, and, besides these, the young girl had a little leathern bag, which was fastened securely to her belt.

"Good sir," said the old woman, "can you tell me if we can rest for the night in this castle? My granddaughter and I have walked since early morning, and I am very tired. It is a long time since we have passed a house, and I fear we might not come to another one to-day."

The Baron hesitated for a moment. It was true that there was no other house for several miles, and the old woman looked as if she was not able to walk any farther. The castle was shut up and deserted, for he had discharged his few servants that morning, and he was just about to leave it himself; but, for all that, he could not find it in his heart to say that there was no refuge there for these two weary travellers. His family had always been generous and hospitable, and although there was very little that he could offer now, he felt that he must do what he could, and not send away an old woman and a young girl to perish on the road in the cold winter night which was approaching.

"The castle is a bare and empty place," he said, "but you can rest here for the night." And so saying he went up the steps, opened the door, and invited the travellers to enter.

Of course, if they staid there that night, he must do so also, for he could not leave the castle in the care of strangers, although these appeared to be very inoffensive people. And thus he very unexpectedly re-entered the home he thought he had left forever.

There was some wood by the fire-place in the great hall, and the Baron made a fire. He had left no provisions in the house, having given everything of the kind to the servants, but he had packed into his wallet a goodly store of bread, meat, and cheese, and with these he spread a meal for the wayfarers. When they had been strengthened by the food and warmed by the fire, the old woman told her story.

"You must not think, kind sir," she said, "that we are poor outcasts and wanderers. I have a very pleasant little home of my own, where my granddaughter and myself have lived very happily ever since she was a little baby, and now, as you see, she is quite grown up. But Liza—that is her name—has a godmother who is a very peculiar person, whom we are all obliged to obey, and she came to us yesterday and gave Liza a little iron box, which is in that leathern bag she carries, and charged her to start with me the next morning and take it to its destination."

In order to account for the condition of his house, the Baron then told his story. Liza and her grandmother were grieved to hear the account of the young nobleman's ill fortune, and the old woman said if they prevented his journey they might yet try to go on.

"Oh no," said the Baron. "I was starting too late anyway, for it had taken me so long to bid good-by to my old home. It will be just as well for me to go to-morrow. So you and your granddaughter shall have a room here to-night, and all will be well."

II.

The next morning, after a breakfast which quite finished



An old woman & a young girl coming towards the Castle.



Instantly there appeared before  
her a strange being

the Baron's provisions, the three set out together, as their roads lay in the same direction. About noon the old woman became very tired and hungry. There was no house in sight, and the road seemed quite deserted.

"If I had known it would be so far," she said to herself, "we would not have come. I am too old to walk for two days. If I could only remember about the words, I would surely try them now. But I can not remember—I can not remember."

When this old woman was a little girl, she had lived with Litza's godmother, who was the daughter of a magician, and was now over a hundred years old. From this person she had learned five magical words, which when repeated would each bring up a different kind of goblin or spirit. In her youth Litza's grandmother had never used these words, for she was a timid girl; and now for years, although she remembered the words, she had entirely forgotten what sort of creature each one would call forth. Some of these beings were good, and some she knew were very bad, and so, for fear of repeating the wrong word, she had never used any one of them. But now she felt that if ever she needed the help of goblin or fairy, she needed it this day.

"I can walk no farther," she said, "and that young man can not carry me. If I do not use my words, I must perish here. I will try one of them, come what may." And so, with fear and trembling, she repeated aloud the third word.

Instantly there appeared before her a strange being. He was of a pale pea-green color, with great black eyes, and long arms and legs which seemed continually in motion. He jumped into the air, he snapped his fingers over his head, and suddenly taking from his pockets two empty bottles and an earthen jar, he began tossing them in the air, catching them dextrously as they fell.

"Who on earth are you?" said the old woman, much astonished.

"I am the green goblin of the third word," replied the other, still tossing up his jar and bottles; "but I am generally known as the Accommodating Circumstance."

"I don't know exactly what that may be," said the old woman, "but I wish that instead of a juggler with emp-

ty bottles and jars, you were a pastry-cook with a basket full of something to eat."

Instantly the goblin changed into a pastry-cook carrying a large basket filled with hot meat pies and buns. The old woman jumped to her feet with delight, and beckoned to the others, who had just turned round to see where she was.

"Come here," she cried, "Here is a pastry-cook who has arrived just in the nick of time."

The party now made a good meal, for which the old woman would not allow the Baron to pay anything, as it was a repast to which she had invited him. And then they moved on again, the pastry-cook following. But although the grandmother was refreshed by the food, she was still very tired. She fell back a little, and walked by the side of the pastry-cook.

"I wish," she said, "that you were a man with a chair on your back. Then you might carry me."

Instantly the pastry-cook changed into a stout man in a blue blouse, with a wooden arm-chair strapped to his back. He stooped down, and the old woman got into the chair. He then walked on, and soon overtook the Baron and Litza.

"Ah!" cried the old woman, "see what good fortune has befallen me! The pastry-cook has gone, and this man with his chair has just arrived. Now I can travel with ease and comfort."

"What wonderful good fortune!" cried Litza.

"Wonderful good fortune, indeed!" exclaimed the Baron, equally pleased.

The four now pursued their way, the old

woman comfortably nodding in the chair, to which the Baron had secured her with his belt. In about an hour the road branched, and the Baron asked the chair man which way led to the town of Zisk. But the man, who was a dull, heavy fellow, did not know, and the Baron took the road to the right. After walking two or three miles they came to a wide river, at the



edge of which the road stopped. On a post was a sign-board on which was painted, "Blow ye horn for ye ferryman." Below this hung a

large horn, with a small pair of bellows attached to the mouth-piece.

"That is a good idea," said the Baron. "One ought to be able to blow a horn very well with a pair of bellows. And so saying, he seized the handle of the bellows and blew a blast upon the horn that made Litza and her grandmother clap their hands to their ears. "I think that will bring the ferryman," said the Baron, as he helped the old woman to get out of her chair.

In a few minutes they heard the sound of oars, and a boat made its appearance from behind a point of land to the right. To their surprise it was rowed by a boy about fourteen years old. When the boat touched the shore they all got in.

"I am afraid you can not row so heavy a load," said the Baron to the boy; "but perhaps this good man will help you."

The boy, who was well dressed, and of a grave demeanor, looked sternly at the Baron. "Order must be kept in the boat," he said. "Sit down, all of you, and I will attend to the rowing." And he began to pull slowly but steadily from the shore. But instead of rowing directly across the river, he rounded the high point to the right, and then headed toward an island in the stream.

"Where are you taking us?" asked the Baron.

"This is the place to land," replied the boy, gruffly. And in a few strokes he ran the boat ashore at the island.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## BITS OF ADVICE.

BY AUNT MARJORIE PRECEPT.

### THE BRIGHT SIDE

**D**URING this month, girls, and the one that is just past, hundreds and thousands of you in all parts of our country have attended the Commencements of your various schools, and received the longed-for diploma, the result of your patient labor over your books for the last four or five years.

While you are rejoicing over the possession of this cherished bit of parchment, I want to call your attention to a document I found the other day in an old trunk. It was among a roll of papers quite faded and yellow with age—the school certificates of a young girl, who, if she is living still, is now an old lady with gray hair and grandchildren.

I was curious to read what this little grandmother's teachers had said about her when she was a school-girl. I read several of the notes, and I observed that they all said one thing specially:

"We commend Miss Emily for her cheerful disposition, and her pleasant habit of looking on the bright side."

This would seem a curious sentence, would it not, to be found nowadays in a diploma presented to young ladies about to leave a "Female College"?

Well advanced as we think ourselves in this age of the world, I am not sure but that we have something to learn from the school certificates of our grandmothers.

When you come down to breakfast, girls, on the morrow after having graduated, remember if you can to add to your attainments in Latin and mathematics the quality for which Miss Emily was so much commended. You may hold a diploma, but your place is still at home, and it is not the knowledge of Latin or logic that will affect the atmosphere there.

"My daughter is a perfect sunbeam." When you hear a father say that, you may know that he has a precious treasure in the house.

One of these days, when we get the perfect school of the future, we shall have, alongside the statements as to book-learning made in the diploma, the assurance that our girl graduates have fulfilled the requirements of the school course in regard to being "of a cheerful disposition."

## PUTTING BACK.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

**S**TANDING at the bark *Cuba's* wheel, on the first evening out of Havana, I became interested in a conversation between the captain and mate.

Mr. Raynor had been speaking of having seen the Spaniard with whom we traded beat a poor negro with a hoop-pole.

"A year or two ago," he added, "when I came out of Havana mate of the *Columbia*, we found a black fellow stowed away between decks after we got to sea."

"What did you do with him?" asked Captain Baker.

"Oh, we just carried him along to New York, and let him shift for himself. He seemed to be a good, capable fellow."

"There's where your skipper did wrong," said the captain. "I should have put back. If a man expects to trade at a port, he must do the fair thing in such matters."

"But," said the mate, "we had been out twenty-four hours, with a fair breeze. You wouldn't have put back in that case, would you?"

"Yes, I would," replied the captain, warmly; "I would have put right about. If I were to find a runaway slave aboard of me, I'd put back if I had Barnegat Light bearing south-west!"

It seems queer that the approach of an important incident, though with no apparent foreshadowing, should set people talking of things in that connection.

The very next morning, as one of our tars was coiling a rope near the main hatchway, which had been left open to give our oranges air, he heard a scrambling sound at his elbow. Turning, he saw the head and shoulders of a very large negro working out from under the deck, the black hands clawing at an orange crate to help the body along.

"Hello!" said Jack, "what's coming now?" And everybody on deck, except the man at the wheel, came to look at the poor stow-away, who straightened his cramped limbs and stood up with a submissive, pleading face, as if afraid that his troubles were not yet over.

Mr. Raynor hailed him in Spanish, and the two went on with questions and answers that the rest of us could not understand. The mate was irritated, and turning to the crew, said crossly:

"Now, men, I'm afraid we're in for it. I wish he'd known better than to bundle himself aboard of this bark! He belongs to Alvarado, that we had our cargo of. I've seen him about the mole. He's the same fellow I saw Alvarado fly at with a hoop-pole. I've got to let Captain Baker know what's up—there's no getting clear of that—but more likely than not he'll put back. Here he comes now."

The appearance of the captain from the cabin placed us all in expectation.

"What does this mean, Mr. Raynor? What have you got here?" he asked.

"This fellow just crawled out of the main hatchway," replied the mate. "Jack, here, thought the old Nick was coming."

Captain Baker looked fiercely at the poor black, with that searching, imperious glance which it is so hard to bear.

"Why," he said, turning to the mate, "he's one of Alvarado's negroes. I know him well enough. He's got me into a fine scrape, indeed!"

"Well," replied Mr. Raynor, "I know it's rather provoking; but 'tisn't our fault. Here we are on the high seas; and I, for one, wouldn't care if he belonged to the Captain-General. I'm sure I shouldn't think myself bound to—"

"See all hands called, Mr. Raynor!"

"I'm sure I shouldn't think myself bound to carry him back. He's—"



"See all hands called, Mr. Raynor!"

"He's out of Spanish jurisdiction now, anyhow; and—"

"See all hands called, Mr. Raynor! Do you hear me, sir?"

"Captain Baker, I—"

The captain's pump sole struck the deck with a force which must have given him a pain in the foot.

"Mr. Raynor, are you first officer of this bark? and do you understand the English language? See all hands called, I say."

"Go forward, you, Jack, and call all hands," said the mate, with a sort of jerk.

"A-l-l hands, a-h-o-y!" roared Jack, at the deck-house door.

"Ready about!" was the command of Captain Baker, the moment the last man of the other watch appeared on deck.

"Can't be possible, sir," the mate interposed, "you—"  
"H-a-r-d a-lee!"

Down went the wheel, and the bark began to luff up.

"Wind dead ahead, sir! We shall lose a week's time," said Mr. Raynor. "My advice—"

"Tacks and sheets!"

The fore and main tacks and sheets were let fly, and everything thrown slating to the wind.

"It's entirely needless, sir. Why not take the man along to—"

"Maintopsail haul!"

With a heavy creak the mainyard swung around in its slings.

"Here we were, sir, with a good fair breeze, and might have been through the Florida Passage in—"

"Fore bo'lin' let go and haul!"

The head-yards were braced smartly around in obedience to the order.

"They'd never know how the fellow got away, sir. We ain't obliged to report him. And it seems to me—"

"All well your head braces! Belay everything! Steady your helm there!"

"Captain Baker, I'm only mate of this bark, but—"

"Keep her full-and-by! d'ye hear? See the rigging laid up, Mr. Brockway!"

And Mr. Brockway, the second mate, grinning half in amusement and half in vexation at the scene between his two superiors, bestirred himself to clear the decks of the tangled coils of braces, bowlines, tacks, and sheets.

There was no help for it. The bark *Cuba* was beating up toward the island for which she was named; and Mr. Raynor was mad enough to have kicked a ring-bolt with bare toes. As to the captain, he was sullen and unapproachable.

The poor slave himself seemed to comprehend the turn of affairs, and his features expressed a wretchedness painful to look upon. I thought of Alvarado and his hoop-poles, and wondered how many of them he would spoil upon the back of this stout negro upon getting the victim once more into his hands.

The weather came on blowy, the wind being directly ahead, and our fellows predicted that we should be ten days in working back to Havana, from which we had come in twenty-four hours. We put in reefs and shook out reefs, we set studding-sails and took in studding-sails, and beat and box-hauled about until all hands were disgusted with the captain's obstinacy.

At length, however, after a whole week of this tedious battling with wind and tide, the Morro Castle was sighted from the top-gallant mast-head, and it being then early morning, there was a probability of our getting in before night.

We took first a long tack, and then a short one, and in the afternoon the great fortress loomed up only ten miles off.

But just then there rose over the land a heavy cloud, and a circle of blackness soon shut us in. The thunder, apparently no higher than the main-truck, was awful. Yet there was very little wind.

Manuel, as the slave was called, lay stretched on the foot of the bowsprit, where it reached inboard under the top-gallant forecastle; the foremast hands were gathered in the waist, while the captain and his two mates stood just in front of the cabin, which was a house on deck.

The sharpness of the lightning surprised even the old salts, and at length a tremendous bolt appeared to burst like a shell upon the after part of the vessel.

It prostrated the whole crew, split the mizzenmast into three pieces, and completely wrecked the cabin.

For a few moments we lay in a stunned condition; then one after another of us began to revive. Yet it was only to realize our helplessness, for our limbs seemed partially or wholly "asleep."

Every one has experienced this sensation when his arm has been resting over a chair-top, or his lower limbs across the back of a settee.

Presently there was an outcry, denoting that there remained some one whose voice at least was not paralyzed. It came from the captain; and as two or three of us struggled to our feet we saw that he was wedged between the wreck of the mizzenmast and a broken portion of the cabin.

We got up, but fell down again. In our present condition it would be impossible to relieve him, though he seemed to be suffering greatly. All we could do was to pull ourselves along on the deck.

"It's squeezing me to death!" he said; "I can't live long in this way!" And, reaching him, we tried feebly to remove a large splinter that pressed his neck, while the main body of the topmast seemed to be crushing his knees. Our benumbed hands could not start the firmly wedged wood; and indeed every roll of the vessel made us totter like infants.

But all at once there was a splatter of bare feet close to us, and the six-foot figure of Manuel bent to the broken spar. He seemed, physically at least, to have been wholly unaffected by the lightning.

Yet even his strength could not in this way relieve the prisoner, and he ran for a capstan bar. In his great black arms this seemed the lever of Archimedes. The heavy topmast started, its foot slipping along the deck, and the captain moved his legs. Then the splinter at the neck was torn away, and the skipper of the bark *Cuba* was free.

The thunder-storm had been of only a few minutes' duration, and now there set in a dead calm.

During the succeeding night Mr. Raynor, Mr. Brockway, and all the foremast hands so far recovered that in the morning we were enabled to clear the wreck, the *Cuba* having been transformed from a bark to a brig. By this time the wind had sprung up, blowing a fresh breeze.

"Mr. Raynor," said the captain, who was still suffering greatly in his neck and knees, "fill the vessel away, get all sail on the two masts we have left, and make just as straight a wake as you can for Sandy Hook."

With what eagerness the order was obeyed!

"There's the Morro in plain sight," I heard the mate say to Mr. Brockway; "but I guess the old man has had a kind of physic that has taken all such stuff out of him."

We had a short run to New York, during which Captain Baker was most carefully nursed by black Manuel, until a real affection appeared to grow up between the stern ship-master who recovered his health, and the simple slave who recovered his freedom.

Nor did either the captain himself or the owner of the vessel neglect the generous-hearted fugitive after our arrival. They are still among Manuel's best advisers and patrons.



THE LAUNCH OF THE SCHOONER "FLEETWING."

## PATIENCE AND PERSEVERANCE.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF LUDOVICO ANTONIO MURATORI.

BY E. M. TRAQUAIR.

**P**ROBABLY very few of my young readers have ever heard even the name of the subject of this little story. Yet for all students of ancient history, and more especially of Roman and Italian history, there are few names that deserve better to be known.

Ludovico Antonio Muratori was born on the 21st October, 1672, at Vignola, a small town near Modena. His parents, who were peasants, were not different from the rest of their class at that time. It never occurred to them that little Ludovic, although a bright, clever boy, ought to go to school. When he was about eight years old his father, a thrifty man, told him he must now be put to a trade, so as to be able to earn his own living. But the boy's ambition was not to be thwarted in this way.

On the ground-floor of a certain house in Vignola a grammar school was held. As the school-room window generally stood open, it occurred to our hero to place himself beneath it, close to the wall, so that he could hear all that the master said. One of the boys, looking by chance out of the window one day, saw him standing there as still and motionless as a log of wood. He whispered to the others who looked out also.

Perceiving an unusual movement among the boys, the master himself followed them, and saw the object of all this curiosity. Angry at what he considered the trick of an idle boy to distract his pupils from their work, he went outside and seized the child by the arm in order to chase him from the wall. Ludovic was frightened at first; but he soon took courage, and begging the master to listen to him, told him, humbly and frankly, that his object was to hear and not to be seen.

"What was it you wished to hear?" asked the master.

"Your instructions, sir," said the poor boy, humbly.

Then he told the master in a few words how his father was not rich enough to send him to school, that he must soon be put to a trade, and that he had meanwhile adopted this plan in order to learn a little grammar.

The master was pacified, and made him enter the school-room. In order to assure himself that the boy was speaking the truth, he asked him to repeat what he had been teaching that day. Ludovic, who had a wonderful memory, repeated the entire lesson without a single mistake.

The master, after having heard all this, was so touched by his patience and perseverance that he went to his parents and proposed to them, if they would only send the boy to him, to educate him for nothing. With such talents and industry as he already showed, he was very sure that he should be a great man some day.

The parents agreed. It is easy to imagine Ludovic's delight at this change of affairs.

The boy's talents were so extraordinary that it was not long before the master perceived that he could not teach him more. So he mentioned Ludovic's strong desire for learning to some rich and cultivated natives of Vignola, and persuaded them to subscribe money enough to maintain him at the high school of the city of Modena.

It would take too much time to tell all that followed. His published works might form an entire library. He thought and wrote with such rapidity that his *Annals of Italy* (still the best history of Italy extant), composed when he was sixty-seven years old, and contained in thirty large volumes, were commenced and finished in a single year—scarcely time enough to transcribe it.

None of you little folk will have the need, and few, perhaps, would have the courage, to imitate the little Muratori in conquering adverse fortune as he did. But who would not wish at least to resemble him in making a good use of his natural gifts, and in constant and willing study to improve them?



OUR CHIEF BATSMAN.



## CAMPING OUT.

## THE CAMP FIRE AND ITS USES.

BY KIRK MURDOE

"WELL, boys," said Captain Archer, cheerily, as his three nephews gathered around him the next evening, "here we are again, and ready for another talk. Let us see. What is the subject for this evening?"

"Camp fires," shouted Bob.

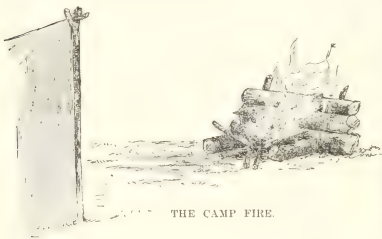
"Right; and a very important subject it is, too. Next to a dry, well-constructed shanty, a well-built, well-attended fire is the most comfortable feature of a camp. Camp fires made by amateurs are almost always tremendous affairs, too large and too hot to sit near or to cook by, and involving a great waste of fuel and the labor necessary to collect it. An Indian as he crouches over his little fire of a few sticks laughs at the white man's great blaze which he can not approach for fear of being roasted.

"Now when you have built your shanty, and want to make it comfortable for the night by fire-light and warmth, remember that you are not trying to warm and light all out-doors, and construct your fire accordingly.

"About ten feet in front of the shanty drive two stout stakes firmly into the ground four feet apart, and leaning slightly backward. Against these pile three or four green logs six feet long, placing the largest at the bottom and the smallest on top. This forms the back of your fire-place. Cut a couple of short logs, and place them at right angles to the back for andirons, and on these build a fire of light stuff and small logs exactly as you would in the fire-place at home. With such an arrangement both light and heat will be reflected into the shanty.

"For night wood, with which to replenish your fire when it burns low and the shanty grows cold, cut and drag to camp a good supply of birch or ash saplings, and a quantity of dry hemlock bark.

"Perhaps this rough drawing will give you an idea



THE CAMP FIRE.

of how to build your fire-place, and show you its position relative to the shanty. Great care must be taken to prevent your fire from spreading, and not only destroying your camp, but quantities of valuable timber besides."

"But how are we to cook over such a fire as that, Uncle Henry?" asked Ben.

"If I were you, I wouldn't try, for it is not your cooking fire. It is only intended to light and warm the interior of the shanty, and should not be lighted until after sunset. Your cooking-stove will be an entirely different affair, and should be built as soon as you have erected the frame of your shanty and stretched the muslin roof. To construct it, cut two green logs of a good size and six feet long; drag them to the place you have selected for your kitchen, lay them side by side about a foot apart at one end and six inches apart at the other; imbed them firmly in the earth, and hew their upper surfaces until you have reduced them to a level that will afford a firm resting-place for your various pans and pots. At each end

drive a stout forked stake, and in the forks lay a slender pole on which to hang your kettles. When the stove is finished it will look like this." Here Uncle Harry drew

"The Kitchen Stove."

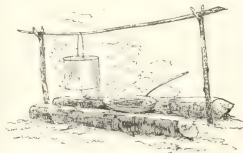
"In this stove you must burn chips, knots, bits of bark, and split stove wood, always remembering that what you need is a hot fire, but not a large one. A bed of glowing coals is the best kind of a fire for cooking purposes.

"On the plains, and in many other places where logs are scarce, I have found a light iron stove a very nice thing to have. No, Bob, I don't mean

a range nor a kitchen stove, nor one of those sheet-iron abominations known as 'portable camp stoves.' I mean a simple arrangement of six light iron rods such as any blacksmith can make for you in a few minutes. To make it take two four-foot rods of light iron—one-quarter or three-eighths inch will do; bend down one foot of each end so that you have in each piece a top two feet long, and two legs, each a foot long. These are the side pieces of your stove. Set them a little less than two feet apart, and drive the legs a few inches into the ground. Across the top lay four light iron rods two feet long and your stove is complete and ready for use. When finished it looks like this. By scooping the earth from out the inside of this stove and banking it along the sides you save both fuel and heat.

"For both your camp fires, but especially your stove, always keep an abundant supply of dry wood on hand, and stow away in the shanty, where it will be safe from a wetting by the hardest rain, enough to cook at least one meal by.

"That is all for to-night, boys. Early to-morrow morning I want you to come with me out into the back yard, and let me see whether you know how to handle an axe or not; for if you do not, it is one of the very first things you must learn. Our talk to-morrow evening will be on the subject of 'Camp Cookery.'"



THE KITCHEN STOVE.



AN IRON STOVE.

## "LEFT BEHIND,"\* Or, TEN DAYS A NEWSBOY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"TOBY TYLER," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," "RAISING THE 'PEARL,'" ETC.

## CHAPTER XI.

## THE EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT.

SURELY if noise was any proof that the audience was satisfied with the performance given by Mopsey's company, then all should have been highly delighted, for such confusion was probably never heard in that house before as when the curtain fell on the first act of this new edition of Shakespeare's plays.

Mopsey was so delighted at the success that his gigantic brain conceived a startling idea for the entrance of the ghost, which was neither more nor less than for Ben to crouch under the stage, in the very hole where Johnny



had come to grief, and at the proper time to rise up in a ghostly fashion, which must surely be very effective.

Ben was disposed to object to thus hiding under the flooring, more especially since he would be enveloped in the sheet, and would doubtless be uncomfortably warm; but all his objections were overruled by the author and company, and he gave a very unwilling assent to the proposition.

In order that the audience might not be kept waiting until their patience was exhausted, or their good-humor began to evaporate, the curtain was raised as soon as the ghost could be tucked away in his hiding-place, and Paul made his first appearance on any stage.

Mopsey had explained to him the part which he was to assume, and in a well-thumbed copy of Shakespeare's works belonging to Mrs. Green he had found the lines which Hamlet is supposed to speak after he sees the ghost.

These he had committed to memory, although he had little idea of the meaning of them, and when he came upon the stage he addressed the audience as if in them he saw the ghost of his murdered father.

Now Ben had seen the play of *Hamlet* several times, and he knew enough about it to know that the speech Paul was delivering should be addressed to him.

In his anxiety to have the scene played properly, he marred the effect of his own entrance somewhat by popping his head out of the hole and whispering, hoarsely, "Turn around this way, Polly; turn round to me."

Paul heard the advice, and he turned his back to the audience; and Ben, seeing that his suggestion had been carried out, ducked his head again, very much to Hamlet's perplexity.

Mopsey had stated particularly that as soon as he saw the ghost he must run away in alarm, and yet Ben would persist in keeping out of sight, even though he had attracted his attention.

Paul repeated all of the speech he had committed to memory, and then waited for the ghostly visitant. Ben, who had not known that there was so much speaking in Hamlet's part, was rather confused, and did not know whether it was time for him to come out and strike terror to the heart of his supposed son or not.

He popped out his head two or three times; but Paul was not standing in such a position as he fancied would be best suited for the reception of a ghost, and he went back again out of sight, delighting the audience with his agility, and confusing Hamlet.

Paul knew that it was not the proper thing for him to stand there silent, and fearing lest he might not have said enough, he began to repeat the same speech over again.

Ben realized that it was but a repetition that doomed him still to remain in hiding, and believing it to be a mistake on Paul's part, he whispered, loudly, "You've said that before; say something else."

Paul was perfectly well aware that he had repeated those words before, and he was doing so for the very good reason that he did not know what else to say; but the ghost's command confused him, and he stood silent and motionless, resolved to remain quiet rather than make a mistake.

By this time Mopsey had discovered that there was something the matter with the two actors who were supposed to be delighting the audience, and he found that it was the ghost who was delaying the progress of the play.

"Come out of there, Ben," he whispered, loudly. And some of the audience hearing him, they called in pleasant tones.

"Yes, come out, Ben, and show yourself."

Thus urged, the ghost could do no less than make his appearance, and he arose from his place of partial concealment as majestically as he could, considering the fact that the sheet had been caught upon a nail, and he was obliged to stoop two or three times to unfasten it.

The sheet which covered his head also prevented him from rising as quickly as he would have liked, and while

he was trying to disengage himself from it, Paul, realizing that he should run away, did so by leaping over the prostrate ghost, to the great delight of the patrons.

The shock of Ben's fall and Paul's leap so shook the frail structure which Johnny had built that the curtain came down with a thud, tearing away from its fastenings above, and the poor ghost was made doubly a prisoner by this additional covering.

"Don't tear it, Ben," shouted Johnny, fearing lest his artistic labors in the way of the "Wild Indian" would be ruined, and then he and Mopsey sprang on the stage, rescuing the curtain from the frantic clutch of the ghost, and leaving that worthy to get to his feet as best he might.

Of course the audience enjoyed all this highly, and while they hooted and yelled in the excess of their delight Ben succeeded in escaping from the rather awkward mantle.

"I can dance, if I don't do the ghost very well," he shouted, almost angrily, to the noisy audience; and then he began to prove the truth of his words with a force that threatened the immediate destruction of the entire theatrical surroundings.

And the audience seemed to realize that Ben could dance, for they insisted on his continuing that portion of his duties until he was bathed in perspiration, and he was so tired that he could hardly move.

Of course, now that the curtain had been wrecked, there was no opportunity for dividing the acts, and after the applause which Ben's efforts had produced died away, Mopsey sent Nelly on to sing again.

The audience greeted her kindly, and, as before, not only insisted on joining in the chorus, but demanded more than she had intended to give. They were evidently determined to get the full value of their money, and suspecting that she would appear no more that evening, dictated for her such songs as they wanted to hear.

It was of no use for her to refuse, for they insisted upon their demands being complied with so noisily that the performance could not proceed until they were ready.

She stood there singing until she was hoarse, while the entire company waited, in battle array, for the time to come when they should make their last appearance in the great combat.

It was nearly half an hour before she was allowed to go, and as soon as she was clear of the stage, the waiting forces rushed on, displaying the most wonderful skill with their swords.

It would not be exactly correct to say that all of the company rushed on, for Dickey made his appearance very carefully. Of course he was obliged to come sideways, and he moved with great caution, lest he should fall down again, thus working more damage to the covers of Mrs. Green's wash-boilers.

But he got on with the others, even if he was slower in his movements, and soon was in the very midst of the mimic battle, apparently the most wounded one there, judging from the blows that were rained upon his armor.

The combatants had soon found out that their stage was hardly large enough for the movements of an army of five with such long swords, and that the greatest caution must be used to prevent serious injury to some of them. Therefore, when Mopsey hit a resounding blow on the front piece of Dickey's armor with the back of his sword, all saw that the din of battle could be represented in that way much better and with less danger than by clashing their swords together.

And thus it happened that poor Dickey found himself amid a blood-thirsty crowd, while each one pounded him on the chest or back, and he unable to parry the attack save when some one incautiously moved toward his sword-arm.

He cried for mercy at the full force of his lungs, while Mrs. Green shouted the same request, because of her tin-



"DICKEY FOUND HIMSELF AMID A BLOOD-THIRSTY CROWD."

ware. The audience were equally divided in opinion as to whether Macbeth had been punished enough; and still the blows were delivered with such force and noise that one would have thought that an army of tinsmiths were at work.

How long this unequal combat might have gone on it is impossible to say had not Mopsey happened to remember that the very one whom they had been using so roughly was the one upon whom they depended to close the performance.

When the self-elected manager thought of this, he called to Ben to help him set the vanquished Macbeth on his feet, and get him in dancing condition.

It was quite an easy matter to get the tin-incased hero on his feet, but quite another matter to bolster him up so that he could dance. Dickey was wearied with long standing, sore from the effects of the pounding, and so thoroughly cured of his desire to wear an armor, that all he thought of or wanted was to get where he could take off the trappings of war, and become a humble boot-blackening citizen once more.

In fact, he utterly refused to dance, which would really have been an impossibility, unless he had been relieved from the embarrassment of the boiler-covers, and Ben and Johnny went on in a double clog to give a proper finish to the performance as agreed upon.

Inasmuch as there was no curtain, it was found necessary for Mopsey to go forward and announce that the evening's entertainment was finished—an announcement which the audience was not inclined to accept as a fact. They utterly refused to leave their seats, and it was not until Nelly had appeared and sung three more songs that they left the theatre.

Then, although they drew some comparisons between that theatre and others which they had attended, which were certainly not very favorable to Mopsey, they departed, apparently very well satisfied that they had received the worth of their money.

The entertainment had lasted fully two hours, and every

one of the performers, especially Dickey, was greatly pleased when the last one of the audience passed out of the door.

It would be stating it all too mildly to say that Mrs. Green was relieved when they had gone. The good woman had been in a deplorable condition of fear since the time the first hearty applause had been given, and she had been seriously afraid that they would go through the floor of her attic in some of their more vigorous manifestations of pleasure.

Before the last one of their patrons had left the hall, Dickey had asked Paul to help him cast aside the uncomfortable costume of Macbeth, and when that was done, Master Spry stated most emphatically that when he acted again it would be in some part where the use of armor was entirely forbidden.

As a matter of course, the first thing the partners were anxious about, after their patrons had departed, was as to how large their profits were from that evening's excessive labor, and without waiting to change their costumes, save as has been related in the case of Dickey, they gathered around Mrs. Green.

She and Paul counted the money she had in her apron, and the amount was found to be three dollars and five cents. There was already in Treasurer Paul's hands eight dollars and sixty cents, and when it was announced that the evening's performance had netted them the very handsome amount of eleven dollars and sixty-five cents, the joy of the partners showed itself in many extravagant ways.

Ben proposed, and the boys agreed to it willingly, that one dollar of that amount be paid to Mrs. Green for the use of the attic, which, being so much more than she had expected, caused her to look upon the theatrical enterprise as a gigantic success.

Then quite a discussion arose as to what should be done with the funds on hand. Mopsey was in favor of making an immediate division. Dickey proposed that a certain sum be set aside as working capital, and the balance divided among them all.

This appeared satisfactory to the majority of the party, and would probably have been done, if Ben, who had taken no part in the discussion, but appeared to be thinking deeply of something, had not said:

"I've got a plan that I reckon you'll all agree to; but I don't want to tell what it is yet awhile. Now I say let's let Paul keep it till Monday night, and it won't spoil if we don't divide it till then."

Since there was no good reason why this request should not be granted, and since Ben seemed so anxious to have it left that way, the remainder of the partners agreed quite willingly.

Then the tired company of actors crept off to bed, proud in the belief that their venture had been a success, but anxious to rest.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



# Three Fortunes.

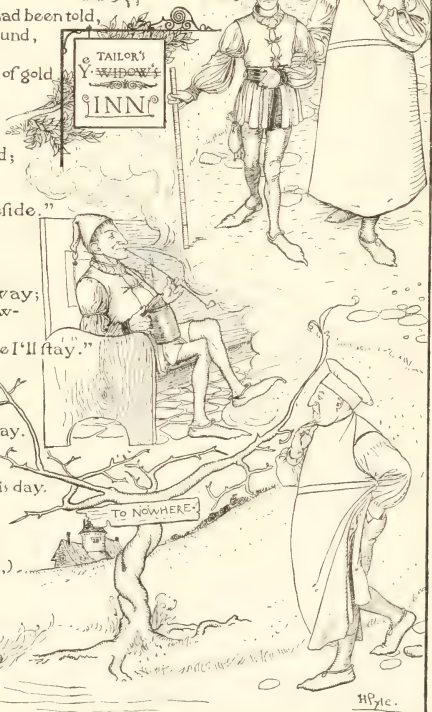
A merry young shoemaker,  
And a tailor, and a baker,  
Went to seek their fortunes, for they had been told,  
Where a rainbow touched the ground,  
(If it only could be found,  
Was a purse that should be always full of gold.

So they traveled day by day,  
In a jolly, jocund way  
Till the shoemaker a pretty lass espied;  
When quoth he, "It seems to me,  
There can never, never be,  
Better luck than this in all the world beside."

So the others said good-bye,  
And went on, till by-and-by  
They espied a shady inn beside the way;  
Where the Hostess fair, - a widow -  
In a lone seclusion hid; "Oh,  
Here is luck!" the tailor said; "and here I'll stay."

So the baker jogged along,  
All alone, with nought a song,  
Orajest; and nothing tempted him to stay.  
But he went from bad to worse,  
For he never found the purse,  
And for all I know he's wandering to this day.

It is better, on the whole,  
For an ordinary soul,  
(So I gather from this song I've tried to sing,)  
For to take the luck that may  
Chance to fall within his way,  
Than to toil for an imaginary thing.







Where is my buttered toast?

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

THE mother of the little correspondent whose letter follows this paragraph sends a suggestion which may be agreeable to some of our youthful readers. She says:

"Like all mammas, I think HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE the best paper for young people, and old people too, that I ever saw. I wonder what the little subscribers do with their papers after they have read them? If they do not save the numbers for binding, I would advise that they send them to some hospital or children's home, or send them to poorer children. When not bound, it is usually the fate of even the best papers to be destroyed."

The Postmistress thinks it well for children to preserve their numbers with care, and have them bound at the close of the year. The expense of binding is a trifle, and a bound volume of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is a precious possession in a family. In fact, the beauty of the illustrations, the variety of the contents, and the charm of the stories and poetry, are best seen in the large, bright, and elegant book which is made by a year's papers when arranged in a volume.

Though you may have read the papers, you will find yourself re-reading the pages with delight when the binder sends them home. Then, if some little friend happen to be ill or crippled, what a pleasure to cheer the hours of weariness by lending your treasure! and if illness enter the nursery at home, little convalescents will greatly enjoy the pictures and bits of fun. But if you do not wish to bind and keep your papers, by all means put them in some safe place each week, and at the end of the month or quarter send them to the nearest asylum or hospital for children; or ask your pastor to give you the name of a home missionary, whose little cabin in the far West has very few conveniences or luxuries, and send your old papers to his children. You might, if you preferred, send them far over the sea to some foreign mission station, where natives of India or Japan would peer into with curious eyes, and learn to read English from their tempting columns.

Old papers, dear children, should never be dog-eared, or soiled, or torn, or mutilated by the careless dropping out of some of their leaves. Take the very dearest care of this lovely HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, as indeed you ought to of your school-books, and of everything printed.

CUMMINS, MICH.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I live near the city of Chebman, and last spring from our school windows we could see part of the flooded district. I drove down with my aunt to the part of the city called Cumminsville, and it was a sad sight, for the greater part of it was under water, and we saw houses and stables on their sides. A lady mamma knows had to come some distance in a skiff, as the railroad track was so covered with water that the trains could not get through. As she was being rowed along they suddenly stopped, and the skiff scraped on something, and very nearly upset. They were very much frightened, of course, and on looking found they had scraped on the roof of a small wooden building. I was a little girl seven and a half years old. I wrote this letter in part. I have a letter to tell me how to spell some of the words. I hope you will print this, as I have a little uncle and aunt a few years older than myself, and they will be surprised to see my letter in print.

Your little friend, LIZZIE W. W.

ROBIE, LANS. ISLAND.  
Would you like to hear about my pets? I have a pet cat named Dora. We had three pig-sons, but now we have only two, because an owl killed one. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I live on a farm, and am twelve and a half years old. My sister and I have a garden this summer. I study reading, spelling, writing, grammar, geography, history, and arithmetic. I like to draw animals. We have great many tomatoes, and they have a great many eggs.

LAVINIA C. B.

ALBANY, N. H. HAMBOURNE.

I live among the granite hills of New Hampshire, in the village of Alstead. It is very pleasant here in summer-time. The village nestles in a valley surrounded by hills, with a river flowing through, which is nice. The river is sometimes very high, and I can hear its roar from my room. I am thirteen years old, attend the grammar school, and study arithmetic, algebra, reading, spelling, physiology, grammar, and Latin, also take music lessons. I have two little brothers, Robert, nine, and Alden, eight, who are very fond of looking at the pictures in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I have no pets, but my books take their place. I love to read, and have not taken any other books. I have not taken YOUNG PEOPLE a great while, but I like it very much. This is a sugar country, and in the season we enjoy the ice cream, and the water is so splendid times coasting and skating, but summer brings other out-door sports and amusements, of which I am very fond. I have a flower bed of my own this summer, and tend and weed it myself.

M. FLORENCE L.

HAMBOURNE, CONNECTICUT.

I am a little girl nine years old. I have not ever written to the Post-Office Box before. The little girls who live around me are having a club, and I belong to it, and its name is H. P. C. We have one big cat and three little kittens and one bird. We enjoy the HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I like it very much. I take music lessons, and like them very much too.

ETHEL W.

H. P. C.—what can those letters mean? Happy Playing Circle, perhaps.

JOHN, OREGON.

My father and mother came across the country from Colorado to Oregon in a wagon. I like to read the letters and stories in this paper. We had a kind lady take charge of our mail while we were in the wagon, and when she read them to us all right, but some numbers of YOUNG PEOPLE got lost. I was so sorry I could have cried, but I did not. This valley is not a very good place to come to, I think. My mother said it was half of the way here. I wish Aunt Etta would write about Young People's Cot again. I have a large wax doll; her name is GEORGE.

MIEVA S.

I hope you have become so well acquainted with your new home by this time that you like it, and probably, now that you are settled, your papers will reach you in safety.

This pretty story is sent by a young contributor, whose home is in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

ROBBIE.

"I wonder what is the matter with Robbie today. He seems so silent and sad." This was said by Prue Hackett, to her twin brother. They were speaking of a tame robin that was sitting with downcast head in his large cage. It was one of those bright days in spring when the birds come from the South, and the trees and bushes begin to bud and grow green. The happy birds were chirping to their mates, or helping them to build their snug houses. Perhaps it was because the birds were so busy, and he thought so, as he said, "I think he is pining for a companion and the fresh air. Let's take him out." Prue opened the cage, and gave him the bird, while she ran to the kitchen to get fresh bird-seed and a lump of sugar. While she is gone I will tell how Robbie came to the Hackett family.

One autumn afternoon, the year before, Jack and Prue were strolling through the woods, and being tired, sat down on a large stump to rest. Pretty soon Jack spied a young robin, stained with blood, and uttering weak, low, groaning, uttering plaintive sounds. Jack easily caught the bird, and found that his wing was broken. They carried him home, and put him in a little basket full of cotton. The mother robin was in a flutter, and fed him on all manner of dainty things. His wings grew better, but he never showed a disposition to get away. The children taught him to sing, and their father gave him cold, to eat from their lips, and other cunning tricks.

When Prue opened the door again this morning she uttered a cry of amazement, for the bird was just flying out of the window. The mother stared after him with wide-open eyes and mouth. "Oh Jack, how could you let him go?" she exclaimed.

"Oh dear! dear! I had him on my finger, and just took him to the window, when he flew away. Oh dear!"

Prue tried hard not to feel angry, but it was very hard. She asked him to go out in the garden to look for him. They ran out, and called and searched until they were tired, but Robbie was nowhere to be seen. They went to the kitchen again, where their mother was baking biscuits. She told the children that she was very sorry, but she had intended to set him free very soon anyway, so it didn't matter.

About a week after Robbie had flown away, Prue and Baby Nell were starting to take a walk. As they reached the veranda they both heard two robin-redbreasts hopping along the gravel-walk, and picking up crumbs or seeds. Baby called out, "Oh, sister, see, there's Wobbie! there's Wobbie!"

Baby was right. The larger bird popped up his head at the sound of the children's voices, and with a loud chirp flew toward them. Prue coaxingly held out her hands, and he immediately perched. After a few chirps and wise nods he flew to the other bird, and seemed to tell it something. After a good deal of what looked like coaxing and a spile all the while, the smaller bird flew back with him, but only to a bush near by. Robbie perched himself on a flower again, and Baby and Nell came and looked at him. Just as Prue was telling Nell to run to the kitchen for some bird-seed, he suddenly flew away again, followed by his mate. They alighted on a neighboring lilac-tree, and in spite of all the coaxing the children bestowed upon them, remained there.

A short time after the children noticed a cunning little nest in the lilac-bush, almost hidden from sight. They were very sure that it belonged to Robbie. Next week Jack spied three tiny blue eggs in the nest. In a little while three hungry robins stretched out their funny heads, almost fighting as to which should get a share of the busy parents had but they could do to feed these hungry mites. Their only trouble was the cat. As soon as she sensed that there was food in the bush she was always prowling around, trying to get at it in some way. To avoid this, Jack brought his dog to the tree, and kept him chained to his kennel in the time of the robins.

Robbie often came to the house, and even into the dining-room if the window was open; but his mate never overcame her natural shyness. The general opinion was that the mother bird had the house, and if the children were gone would timidly pick up the crumbs they had scattered.

When autumn came, and all the sweet singers were gone, Prue and Baby Nell took the bird and placed it on her bureau among her other precious keepsakes. Mr. Hackett bought a lovely cunary-bird to beguile the children's time, and I hope he married to love his mistress and master as Robbie did.

The next is the work of one of our boy readers, whose letter shall tell who he is.

CUMMINS, BARRICKS, IDAHO.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS, I SEND YOU A STORY, hoping that you will think it worth publishing. It is the first story I ever tried to write. I am thirteen years old. My father is an officer in the army, and was stationed at Fort Keogh, Montana, five or six years. There were sometimes two or three hundred Indians on the reserve, and I often went to ride out to the camp very often. I write about what I saw, except the story about the soldier, who told it to me himself when I was throwing a stone at an Indian. It is a true story.

## A STORY ABOUT INDIANS.

It is quite remarkable that Indians never forget a kindness. I remember among the Indians in Montana, that once they gave him a tame horse, when he saw an Indian lying sick in the road. The soldier pitied him, and told him to get on behind. He took him to his camp, and then went back to the fort and did not think of him more at one. One day he was riding out in the woods, when some Indians jumped out, captured him, told him that he was a prisoner, and that he would have to go to Canada with them. It happened that the very same Indian that he rescued was in this tribe. When they got to their journey's end they gave him a "tepee" (tent) to sleep in, and they put a guard over him. Before long this Indian whom he rescued came to guard him. When he came up to the "tepee," he told him to take him to the houses, and he would let him to escape. That night, when it was dark, they rode away, and before the Indian left him to return to camp, he said, "Indians no forget." So the soldier for him.

Indians have a strange way of carrying their papoosees. They strap them to a board with a buffalo-skin strap, and then they hang them on their back, and when they rest they hang them to a tree. When the Indians go to war they paint their faces. Boys of eleven and twelve and squaws and old men paint their faces, and the squaws used to cook, work in the gardens, and







### THREE LITTLE MAIDENS.—By MARGARET JOHNSON.

THREE doleful little maidens

Started off for school each day;  
Three weeping little maidens went  
At recess out to play:

Three heavy-hearted maidens

Fretted sore against their lot—

The road was rough, the stones were hard,

The sun was very hot.

They had such dreadful headaches,

And their lessons were so long,

Their hands were cold, their feet were tired,

And all the world was wrong.

Three little covered baskets

Heid these little maidens' lunch.

And when the noon-time recess came

They all began to munch—

Very wretched little maidens,

Tears in all their little eyes.

They ate and ate their pickles, cake, and pies.

Three sorry little maidens

Instituted a reform.

Their little cheeks grew round and pink,

Their little fingers warm;

They laughed from morn till evening,

And they laughed in school and out;

At recess, gayest of the gay,

They skipped and pranced about;

For they filled their little baskets

Now with sandwiches and fruit,

And nothing else, they all declared,

Their appetites would suit.

Three smiling little maidens

Started off for school each day,

And when the noon-time recess came,

Their lessons put away—

Very happy little maidens,

Joy in all their beaming eyes,

They ate their little luncheons, and were wise.

### THE COUNTER GAME.

PLACE on a table a heap of thirty-one counters.

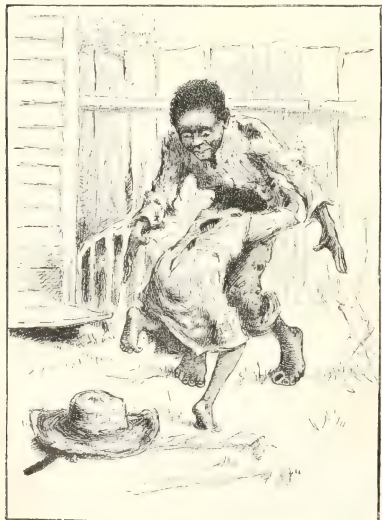
There are two players. Each draws from the heap alternately one, two, three, or four counters. The one who last draws from the heap wins the game.

If you begin, draw one counter. Afterward draw four to your opponent's one, three to his two, two to his three, or one to his four (making five at each two drawings), and you must win. If he begins, and plays in the same way, he must

win. But if he draws otherwise, take the first opportunity of making the total number of counters drawn 6, 16, or 26, or 11, 21. Having obtained one of these numbers, contrive to subtract five from the heap at each two drawings, as previously explained.

Any number of counters can be used, provided it leaves a remainder of one after being divided by five.

The game may be varied by compelling your opponent to take the last counter. In this case he draws first, and you always make the number taken in two drawings 5, 10, 15, 20, and so on.



A WALKING HAT.



A JOKING CAT.

HARPER'S  
YOUNG PEOPLE  
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 247.

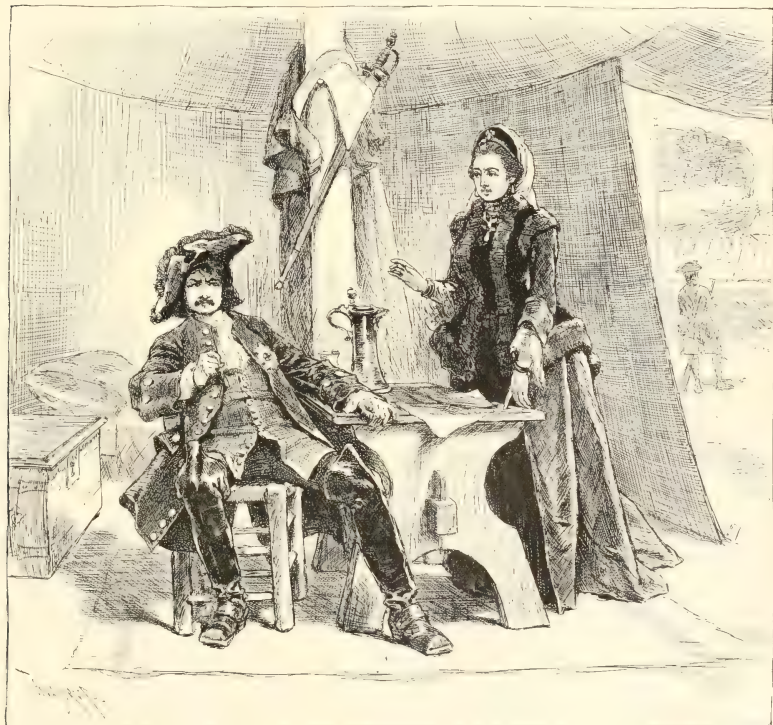
PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, JULY 22, 1881.

Copyright, 1881, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



"SHE WENT BOLDLY INTO HIS TENT."—SEE SKETCH ON PAGE 591.



## THE STORY OF CATHERINE

BY GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON.

PETER THE GREAT, the Emperor who in a few years changed Russia from a country of half-savage tribes into a great European nation, was one day visiting one of his officers, and saw in his house a young girl who attracted his attention by her beauty and her graceful manners. This girl was a prisoner named Martha, and she was living as a sort of servant and housekeeper in the family of the Russian officer. She had been taken prisoner when the town she lived in was captured. Nobody knows even to this day exactly who she was, except that she was a poor orphan girl who had been brought up by a village clergyman; but it is generally believed that her father was a Livonian peasant.

Martha's beauty and the brightness of her mind pleased the Emperor so much that after a while he made up his mind to marry her, in spite of her humble origin. Peter was in the habit of doing pretty much as he pleased, whether his nobles liked it or not, but even he dared not make a captive peasant girl the Empress of Russia. He therefore married her privately, in the presence of a few of his nearest friends, who were charged to keep the secret. Before the marriage took place he had Martha baptized in the Russian Church, and changed her name to Catherine.

Now Peter had a bad habit of losing his temper, and getting so angry that he fell into fits. As he was an absolute monarch and could do whatever he liked, it was very dangerous for anybody to go near him when he was angry. He could have a head chopped off as easily as he could order his breakfast. But he was very fond of Catherine, and she was the only person who was not in the least afraid of him. She soon learned how to manage him, and even in his worst fits she could soothe and quiet the old bear.

Peter was nearly always at war, and in spite of the hardships and dangers of the camp and battle-field Catherine always marched with him at the head of the army. The soldiers wondered at her bravery, and learned to like her more than anybody else. If food was scarce, the roads rough, and the marches long, they remembered that Catherine was with them, and were ashamed to grumble. If she could stand the hardships and face the dangers, they thought rough soldiers ought not to complain.

Catherine was a wise woman as well as a brave one. She soon learned as much of the art of war as Peter knew, and in every time of doubt or difficulty her advice was asked, and her opinion counted for as much as if she had been one of the generals. After she had thus shown how able a woman she was, and had won the friendship of everybody about her by her good temper and her pleasant ways, Peter publicly announced his marriage, and declared Catherine to be his wife and Czarina. But still he did not crown her.

This was in the year 1711, and immediately afterward Peter marched into the Turkish country at the head of 40,000 men. This army was not nearly large enough to meet the Turks, but Peter had other armies in different places, and had ordered all of them to meet him on the march. For various reasons all these armies failed to join him, and he found himself in a Turkish province with a very small number of troops. The danger was so great that he ordered Catherine and all the other women to go back to a place of safety. But Catherine would not go. She had made up her mind to stay with Peter at the head of the army, and was so obstinate about it that at last Peter gave her leave to remain. Then the wives of the generals, and finally of the lower officers, wanted to stay also. She persuaded Peter to let them do so, and the end of it was that the women all staid with the army.

Everything went against Peter on this march. The weather was very dry. Swarms of locusts were in the

country, eating every green thing. There was no food for the horses, and many of them starved to death. It was hard for the Russians to go forward or to go backward, and harder still to stay where they were.

At last the soldiers in front reported that the Turks were coming, and Peter soon saw a great army of 200,000 fierce Moslems in front of his little force, which counted up only 38,000 men. Seeing the odds against him, he gave the order to retreat, and the army began its backward march. As it neared the river Pruth a new danger showed itself. The advance-guard brought word that a great force of savage Crim Tartars held the other bank of the river, completely cutting off Peter's retreat.

The state of things seemed hopeless. With 200,000 Turks on one side, and a strong force of Crim Tartars holding a river on the other, Peter's little army was completely hemmed in. There was no water in the camp, and when the soldiers went to the river for it, the Tartars on the other shore kept up a fierce fight with them. A great horde of Turkish cavalry tried hard to cut off the supply entirely by pushing themselves between Peter's camp and the river, but the Russians managed to keep them back by hard fighting, and to keep a road open to the river.

Peter knew now that unless help should come to him in some shape, and that very quickly, he must lose not only his army, but his empire also, for if the Turks could take him prisoner, it was certain that his many enemies would soon conquer Russia, and divide the country among themselves. He saw no chance of help coming, but he made up his mind to fight as long as he could. He formed his men in a hollow square, with the women in the middle, and faced his enemies.

The Turks flung themselves in great masses upon his lines, trying to crush the little force of Russians by mere numbers. But Peter's brave men remembered that Catherine was inside their hollow square, and they stood firmly at their posts, driving back the Turks with frightful slaughter. Again and again and again they fell upon his lines in heavy masses, and again and again and again they were driven back, leaving the field black with their dead.

This could not go on forever, of course, and both sides saw what the end must be. As the Turks had many times more men than Peter, it was plain that they would at last win by destroying all the Russians.

For three days and nights the terrible slaughter went on. Peter's men beat back the Turks at every charge, but every hour their line grew thinner. At the end of the third day, 16,000 of their brave comrades lay dead upon the field, and only 22,000 remained to face the enemy.

Toward night on the third day a terrible rumor spread through their camp. A whisper ran along the line that *the ammunition was giving out*. A few more shots from each soldier's gun, and there would be nothing left to fight with.

Then Peter fell into the sulks. As long as he could fight he had kept up his spirits, but now that all was lost, and his great career seemed near its end, he grew angry, and went to his tent to have one of his savage fits. He gave orders that nobody should come near him, and there was no officer or soldier in all the army who would have dared enter the tent where he lay in his dangerous mood.

But if Peter had given up in despair, Catherine had not. In spite of Peter's order and his anger, she boldly went into his tent, and asked him to give her leave to put an end to the war by making a treaty of peace with the Turks if she could. It seemed absurd to talk of such a thing, or to expect the Turks to make peace on any terms when they had so good a chance to conquer Peter, once for all, and to make him their prisoner. Nobody but Catherine, perhaps, would have thought of such a thing, but Catherine was a woman born for great affairs, and she had no thought of giving up any chance there might be to save Peter and the empire.



Her first difficulty was with Peter himself. She could not offer terms of peace to the Turks until Peter gave her leave, and promised to fulfill whatever bargain she might make with them. She managed this part of the matter, and then set to work at the greater task of dealing with the Turks.

She knew that the Turkish army was under the command of the Grand Vizier, and she knew something of the ways of Grand Viziers. It was not worth while to send any kind of messenger to a Turkish commander without sending him also a bribe in the shape of a present, and Catherine was sure that the bribe must be a very large one to buy the peace she wanted. But where was she to get the present? There was no money in Peter's army chest, and no way of getting any from Russia. Catherine was not discouraged by that fact. She first got together all her own jewels, and then went to all the officers' wives and asked each of them for whatever she had that was valuable—money, jewels, and plate. She gave each of them a receipt for what she took, and promised to pay them the value of their goods when she should get back to Moscow. She went in this way throughout the camp, and got together all the money, all the jewelry, and all the silver plate that were to be found in the army. No one person had much, of course; but when the things were collected together, they made a very rich present, or bribe, for the Grand Vizier.

With this for a beginning, Catherine soon convinced the Grand Vizier that it was better to make peace with Russia than to run the risk of having to fight the great armies already marching toward Turkey. After some bargaining she secured a treaty which allowed Peter to go back to Russia in safety, and thus she saved the Czar and the empire. A few years later Peter crowned her as Empress of Russia, and when he died he named her as the fittest person to be his successor on the throne.

Thus the peasant girl of Livonia, who was made a captive in war and a servant, rose by her genius and courage to be the sole ruler of a great empire—the first woman who ever reigned over Russia. It is a strange but true story.

## THE ACCOMMODATING CIRCUMSTANCE.

A Tale of an Olden Time.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

III.

A LARGE house stood not far away from the water, and the Baron thought he would go there and make some inquiries, for he did not like the manner of the boy in the boat. He accordingly stepped ashore, and, followed by the rest of his party, approached the house. When they reached it they saw over the door, in large black letters, the words, "School for Men." Two boys, well dressed and sedate, came out to meet them, and ushered them in.

"What is this place?" asked the Baron, looking about him.

"It is a school," was the reply, "established by boys for the proper instruction and education of men. We have found that there are no human beings who need to be taught so much as men; and it is to supply this long-felt want that we have set up our school. By diverting the ferry from its original course we have obtained a good many scholars who would not otherwise have entered."

"What do you teach men?" asked the Baron.

"The principal thing we try to teach them," said the other, "is the proper treatment of boys. But you will know all about this in good time."

"What I wish most now to know," said the Baron, smiling, "is whether or not we can all obtain lodging here to-night. It is already growing dark."

"Did these two ladies come with you?" asked the boy.

"Yes," answered the Baron.

"It was very good of them," said the boy. "Of course they can stay here all night. We always try to accommodate friends who come with scholars."

It was past supper-time at the school, but the Baron and his party were provided with a good meal, and Litza and her grandmother were shown to a guest-chamber on the ground-floor. One boy then took charge of the chair-carrier, while another conducted the Baron to a small chamber upstairs, where he found everything very comfortable and convenient.

"You can sit up and read for an hour or two," said the boy. "We don't put our scholars all into one great room like a barrack, and make them put out their lights and go to bed just at the time when other people begin to enjoy the evening."

When the Baron arose the next morning he was informed that the Principal wished to see him, and he was taken down-stairs into a room where there was a very solemn-looking boy sitting in an arm-chair before a fire. This was the Principal, and he arose and gravely shook hands with the Baron.

"I am glad to welcome you to our school," he said, "and I hope you will do honor to it."

"I have no intention of remaining here," said the Baron.

The Principal regarded him with a look of great severity. "Silence, sir!" he said. "It pains me to think of the sorrow which would fill the hearts of your children or your young relatives if they could hear you deliberately declare that you did not wish to avail yourself of the extraordinary educational opportunities which are offered to you here."

The Principal then rang a bell, and two of the largest scholars, who acted as monitors, entered the room. "Take this new pupil," he said to them, "to the school-rooms, and have him entered in the lowest class. He has much to learn."

The Baron saw that it would be useless to resist these two tall men, who conducted him from the room, and he peacefully followed them to the large school-room, where he was put in a class and given a lesson to learn.

The subject of the lesson was the folly of supposing that boys ought not to be trusted with horses, battle-axes, and all the arms used in war and the chase. There were twelve reasons proving that men were very wrong in denying these privileges to boys, and the Baron was obliged to learn them all by heart.

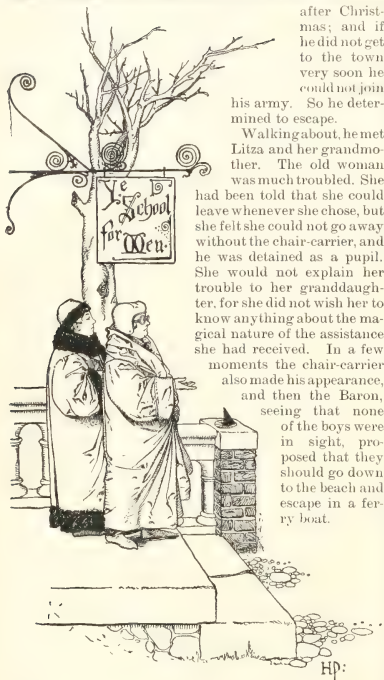
At the other end of the room he saw the chair-carrier, who was hard at work over a lesson on the wickedness of whipping boys. On the wall, at one end of the room, was the legend in large letters, "The Boy: Know Him, and You are Educated." At the other end were the words, "Respect your Youngers."

In the afternoon the Baron studied sixteen rules which proved that boys ought to be consulted in regard to the schools they were sent to, the number of their holidays, the style of their new clothes, and many other things which concerned them more than any one else. At the end of the afternoon session the Principal made a short address to the school, in which he said that in four days it would be Christmas, at which time the scholars would have a month's holiday.

"We believe," he said, "that scholars ought to have at least that much time at Christmas; and, besides, your instructors need relaxation. But," said he, with a severe look at the Baron, "disaffected new-comers must not suppose that they will be allowed this privilege. Such pupils will remain here during the holidays."

After this speech school was dismissed, and the scholars were allowed three hours to play.

The Baron was disturbed when he found that he would not be permitted to leave. He had heard that the Prince of Zisk intended to start on his expedition immediately



The boat was found there, with the oars, and they all jumped in. The Baron and the chair-carrier then each seized an oar and pushed off. They were not a dozen yards from the shore when several of the boys, accompanied by some of the larger pupils, came running down to the beach. The Baron could not help smiling when he saw them, and, resting on his oar, he made a little speech.

"My young friends," he said, "you seem to have forgotten, when you set up your school, that men, when they become scholars, are as likely to play truant as if they were boys."

To these remarks the boy teachers made no answer, but

after Christmas; and if he did not get to the town very soon he could not join his army. So he determined to escape.

Walking about, he met Litza and her grandmother. The old woman had been told that she could leave whenever she chose, but she felt she could not go away without the chair-carrier, and he was detained as a pupil. She would not explain her trouble to her granddaughter, for she did not wish her to know anything about the magical nature of the assistance she had received. In a few moments the chair-carrier also made his appearance, and then the Baron, seeing that none of the boys were in sight, proposed that they should go down to the beach and escape in a ferry boat.

The big scholars on shore looked at each other and grinned. Then they all stooped down and took hold of a long chain that lay coiled in the shallow water. They began to pull, and the Baron soon perceived that the other end of the chain was attached to the boat. He and the chair man pulled as hard as they could at the oars, but in spite of their efforts they were steadily drawn to shore. Litza and her grandmother were then sent to their room, while the Baron and the chair man were put to bed without their suppers.

#### IV.

The next day the old grandmother walked about by herself, more troubled than ever, for she was very anxious that Litza should fulfill her mission, and that they should get back home before Christmas. And yet she would not go away and leave her magical companion. Just then she saw the chair-carrier looking out of a second-story window, with a blanket wrapped around him.

"Come down here," she said.

"I can't," he answered. "They say I am to stay in bed all day, and they have taken away my clothes."

"You might as well be back with your goblin companions," said the old woman, "for all the use you are to me. I wish you were somebody who could set things straight here."

Instantly there stood by her side a School Trustee. He was a boy of grave and pompous demeanor, handsomely dressed, and carrying a large gold-headed cane.

"My good woman," he said, in a stately voice, "is there anything I can do to serve you?"

"Yes, sir," she replied. "My granddaughter and I," pointing to Litza, who just then came up, "wish to leave this place as soon as possible, and to pursue our journey."

"Of course you may do so," said he. "This is not a school for women."

"But, grandma," said Litza, "it would be a shame to go away without the poor Baron, who is as anxious to get on as we are."

"There is a gentleman here, sir," said the old woman, "who does not wish to stay."

"Did you bring him?" asked the Trustee.

"Yes, sir; he came with us."

"And you wish to take him away again?" said he.

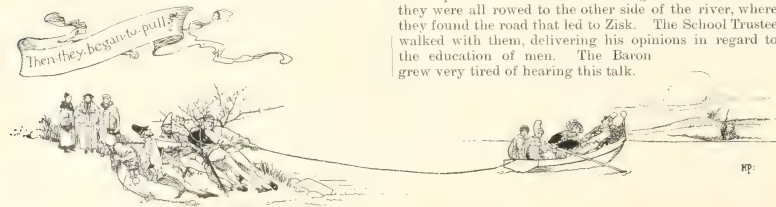
"Yes, sir; we do," said Litza.

"Very well, then," said the Trustee, severely, "he shall be dismissed. We will have no pupils here whose children or guardians desire their removal. I will give orders in regard to the matter."

In a few moments the Baron's clothes were brought to him, and he was told that he might get out of bed and leave the establishment. When he came down and joined Litza and her grandmother, he looked about him and said, "Where is the chair-carrier? I can not consent to go away and leave him here."

"Do not trouble yourself about that man," said the grandmother; "he has already taken himself away."

The party, accompanied by the Trustee, proceeded to the boat, where the boy ferryman was waiting for them. To the surprise of the Baron, the Trustee got in with them, and they were all rowed to the other side of the river, where they found the road that led to Zisk. The School Trustee walked with them, delivering his opinions in regard to the education of men. The Baron grew very tired of hearing this talk.



Instantly  
there stood  
by her side  
a SCHOOL  
TRUSTEE.



"I am much obliged to this person," he thought, "for having enabled me to get away from that queer school; but he certainly is a dreadful bore. I wish he were going on some other road."

Litza and her grandmother agreed with the Baron, and the old woman would gladly have changed the Trustee into a chair-carrier again, but she had no opportunity of doing so, for the pompous little fellow never fell back behind the rest of the party, where he could be transformed unobserved. So they all walked on together until they reached the middle of a great plain, when suddenly a large body of horsemen

appeared from behind a clump of trees at no great distance.

"It is a band of robbers!" said the Baron, stopping, and drawing his sword. "I know their flag. And they are coming directly toward us."

The grandmother and Litza were terribly frightened, and the Baron turned very pale, for what could his one sword do against all those savage horsemen? As for the School Trustee, he was glad to fall back now, and he crouched behind the Baron, nearly scared out of his wits. He even pushed the old woman aside, so as to better conceal himself.

"You wretched coward!" she exclaimed. "I wish you were somebody able to defend us against these robbers."

Instantly there was a great clank of steel, and in the place of the Trustee there stood an immense man, fully eight feet high, clothed in mail, and armed to the teeth. At his left side he carried a great sword, and on the other a heavy mace. In his hand he held a strong bow, higher than himself, his belt was filled with daggers and poniards, and at his back was an immense shield.

"Hold this in front of your party," he said to the Baron, setting the shield down before him, "and I will attend to these rascals."

Quickly fitting a long arrow to his bow, he sent it directly through the foremost horseman, and killed a man behind him. Arrow after arrow flew through the air, until half the robbers lay dead on the field. The rest turned to fly, but the armed giant sprang in among them, his sword in one hand and his mace in the other, and in less than five minutes he had slain every one of them.

"Now, then," said he, returning, and taking up his bow and shield, "I think we may proceed without further fear."

The Baron and Litza were no less delighted at their deliverance than surprised at the appearance of this defender, and the old woman was obliged to explain the whole matter to them. "I did not want you to know anything about it," she said to Litza; "for a young girl's head should not be filled with notions of magic; but the case was very urgent, and I could not hesitate."

"I am very glad you did not hesitate," said the Baron, "for in a few minutes we should all have been killed. There was certainly never anything so useful as your Accommodating Circumstance."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



## JACK.\*

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

## I.

"I DON'T know about sending such a hardened little chap as he is."

"That is the kind that take to go."

"But what if nobody'll take him?"

"Then I'll bring him back."

So said the Superintendent of one of the earliest companies of children sent out by the Fresh-air Fund, and so it came that Jack joined the eager little crowd drawn from alley and slum of the great city.

"He is a tough one," said the Superintendent to himself, watching Jack as he half carelessly, half willfully, tripped up one or two smaller boys in the rush which came when they were leaving the steamboat in order to take the cars.

"He don't look like the right sort," said one or two farmers.

"If they were the right sort, they wouldn't need our help," said a pleasant-faced woman who sat in a spring wagon. "Put him in here, please. Come, my boy, will you go home with me?"

Jack climbed into the wagon, but made little answer to the kindly attempts to draw him into conversation. His eyes were never raised toward her as he rode along in dogged silence, and Mrs. Lynn began to conclude that she had taken hold of a very hard case indeed.

But it was quickly seen that there were some things which Jack loved. Before night he had made friends with horses, cows, chickens, ducks, geese, and cats, and lying under a tree in rapt admiration of a pert jay which chattered above him, had almost succeeded in coaxing it to alight on his finger.

"Come with me, and I'll show you something more," said Mrs. Lynn, the next morning after breakfast. She put a pail of salt into his hand, and they walked up a little glen, then up a steep hill, when she called:

"Nan, nan, nan, nan, nan, nan—come, nan, come, nan; come, my pretties; come, come, my pretties."

A quiet little pattering was heard, and down along the path which led higher up Jack saw coming a line of soft-looking white things.

"What's their names?" he cried, in great interest.

"Sheep. There are a great many more up over the top of the hill, but they don't know me very well, so they don't come. We must go further."

Higher up they went to where a sunny pasture sloped more gently down the other side, and there were hundreds of the pretty creatures nipping the short grass or lying under the trees. They looked at the strangers with shy, gentle eyes, but gathered near as Mrs. Lynn repeated her call.

Jack laughed and whooped and rolled on the ground in the excess of his delight at first frightening them away. But he was soon in among them, winning them by his coaxing tones to taste the salt he held out to them. The boy's face seemed transformed as Mrs. Lynn got her first full glance at his eyes, and wondered at them. They were large and clear and soft as he laid his hand lovingly on the heads of some half-grown lambs, and presently tenderly lifted one which seemed a little lame.

"You may take that one to the house, if you like," said Mrs. Lynn, "and I will bind up its poor foot."

He did so, and when he carried it back to the flock he remained all day, only going to the house when called to dinner by the sound of the conch-shell. And every day afterward the most of his time was spent on the breezy hill-side, perhaps taking in the beauties of valley and

stream and woodland which lay below, but finding his fill of enjoyment in the sheep. He was little seen at the house, seeming not to care for any human society, but he took long walks at his will, from which he once brought home a bird with a broken wing, and again a stray starved kitten, both of which he carefully tended.

"Hear him!" said Mrs. Lynn, one day, when she had gone out into a meadow where her husband was at work. "I believe he knows every sheep there."

Jack's voice came ringing down the hill.

"Hiho! hiho! hiho! hiho-o-o-o-o-o! my beauties! Come, Daisy-face, come, Cloud-white, come, my Tripsy-toes and Hippetyhop and Hobbledehoy. Hilla, hilla, ho! my Hop-and-skip and old Jump-the-fence! Come with yer patter-patter and yer wiggle-waggle, my beauties, oh! Where be you, Flax and Flinders and Foam? Come here, my jolly boys, and kick up yer heels on the grass in the mo-o-o-o-rning."

"He gets off some such rigmarole whenever he goes near them," she said; "and I'm sure every sheep knows him."

Jack staid for a month among his fleecy darlings, and when the time came for saying good-by to them, nobody was near to hear him say it. He allowed Mrs. Lynn to shake his hand as he stepped on board the train which was to bear him back to his home, or rather to his homelessness, but with little response to her kind farewells.

She had tried so faithfully to impress him with the idea that there are plenty in this wide world whose hearts the dear Lord has filled with tenderest pity and love toward those whose paths seem laid in shadowed places, that she felt keenly disappointed in fearing she might have entirely failed. However, she remembered with comfort that, just as the last car was passing the platform from which she watched it, she had indistinctly caught sight of a boy's face whose softened eyes seemed filled with tears as he strained his eyes to gain a last glance at her, and she believed in her heart it was Jack's face.

## II.

"It is no use trying to get the matter righted," said Farmer Lynn to his wife, speaking in great vexation. "This man Green's a tricky knave. Ever since the day his sheep broke into my field and got mixed up with my flock the fellow has been claiming some twenty or so of my best Atwoods and Cotswolds, and now he's going to law to make me give them up."

"Well, if you're right, won't that be best for you?"

"Not with such a man as that. He's ready to swear the sheep are his, and there's the trouble. I'm morally sure I know my sheep, but when it comes to being pinned right down to swear to each one among so many, I can't do it."

She shook her head.

"No, you couldn't: sheep are too much alike, and you would run the risk of making a mistake. When is the trial to be?"

"Next Thursday week."

For the next few days Mrs. Lynn went about with a very sober face. She took two or three rides to the village, actually had an interview with Mr. Lynn's lawyer, wrote several letters, and one day the entire neighborhood was alarmed by a messenger inquiring his way with a telegram for Mrs. Lynn, it being the first thing of such an exciting nature that had ever happened in the township.

But after that everything went on very quietly until the morning of the day set for the trial.

"Well," said Mr. Lynn, "I s'pose Green 'll be out here this afternoon to swear my sheep are his. The lawyers are coming too."

The afternoon came, and with it came Green, the lawyers, and half the township besides.

They came, looked over the ground, saw the two flocks feeding in adjoining fields, and how, the fence breaking,

\* The incident upon which this story is based is strictly true. Reference to the occurrence was made in the Post-office Box of YOUNG PEOPLE No. 205.



they had become mingled. Then little remained but for Mr. Green to declare which of his own sheep had remained in Mr. Lynn's flock.

But Mr. Lynn strongly protested against the wrong being done him, as a number of his choicest animals were picked out and put over the fence. His lawyer was restless, and seemed anxious to delay the proceedings, at length saying,

"I am looking for another witness."

"It won't do much good, I fancy," said Green, with a triumphant laugh.

Mrs. Lynn drove rapidly up in her spring wagon, and her husband looked eagerly to see who was with her.

"Jack!" he exclaimed. "But what good can he do, I'd like to know?"

Mr. Green's laugh took on a scornful tone as he saw the new witness.

"Ho! ho! Mr. Bright, is this your witness? A heavy weight, I must say. Who do you s'pose is going to take the testimony of a little scapegrace ragamuffin like that, hey? And against me!"

"I am not going to ask the boy to testify. I am going to let the sheep testify for themselves. Now, gentlemen, Mrs. Lynn believes that their sheep know the voice of this boy, and will come at his call, and it is my purpose to submit their testimony to the decision of the court. Mr. Green's sheep have only been lately pastured here. Now, my boy, stand on this fence, and let's see if the sheep will claim the honor of your acquaintance."

Jack leaped upon the fence which divided the two fields, and ran a little way along it. For a moment there was a huskiness in his throat and a dimness in his eyes as he turned to the pasture in which he had spent the only happy hours his life had ever known. He gave one look at his peaceful, white-fleeced pets, and then turning his face the other way, his voice rang out clear and distinct on the crisp air:

"Hiho, hiho, hiho, hiho o-o-o-o-o-o, my beauties! Come, Daisy-face, come, Cloud-white, come, my Tripsy-toes, and Hippetyhop, and Hobbledohey, come, Jack and Jill, and Clover and Buttercup. Hilla, hilla, hilla, ho-o-o-o-o-o, my Hop, Skip, and Jump, come with yer pattenin' and yer wiggle-waggle tail, my woolly backs! Where be you, my jolly boys, kickin' up yer heels in the wind? Come, Snip and Snap, and Snorum and Flax, and Flinders and Foam."

At the first sound of his voice a few white heads were raised among the grazing flock in Mr. Lynn's field; then more, and then a commotion stirred the quiet creatures. Bleating, they ran to the fence where Jack stood, and crowded about him, almost clambering over each other in their efforts to reach him. But little heed was paid to them, for all were watching Mr. Green's sheep. There was a stir among them too, for nine-tenths of the flock, alarmed by the unknown voice cutting so sharply through the still air, had turned and fled, and were huddling in a white mass in a distant corner, while about twenty had bleated their recognition of a friend, and hurrying up with a run and a jump, were also gathering close about him. And Jack had sprung down among them, and with arms around the neck, and face buried in the fleecy back of one of his special favorites, was sobbing as if his heart were breaking.

Mr. Bright danced about like a school-boy, swung his hat, and pitched it high in the air.

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah for boys and sheep! They are the best witnesses I ever want. Mr. Lynn's case is the soundest one I ever carried before a court."

"Witnesses!" growled Green. "Are you such idiots as to think this will amount to anything in law?"

It did amount to something in law, however, as Mr. Green found out when the Judge's decision was given.

As soon as the men were gone, Mrs. Lynn bent over Jack, whose head was still bowed.

"Jack, my boy, don't cry so. Don't you know you have friends all around you?"

"Yes. Look at 'em." He looked about with a smile.

"Yes, the sheep, and plenty more, if you'll have them. Oh, Jack, we're all your friends. The loving Shepherd I told you of has sent us to try to do you good. He wants you to follow Him just as the sheep come at the sound of your voice, because they love you and you love them. Do you want to stay here and take care of them?"

"Stay here, with you and the sheep?" Jack's eyes, beaming with joy and gratitude, frankly met hers.

"I think we've found the soft place at last," said Mrs. Lynn to herself, as she went home, leaving him on the sunny hill-side.

## WHICH DO YOU PITY?

BY ARTHUR LINDSLEY.

VERY naturally you will say, "I am sorry for that poor ox, or whatever it is, which that savage old lion is tearing to death." But you may spare your pity; there is no occasion for it; the pair are well matched. It is very true that it looks now as though the lion had all the advantage. But just you wait a minute. As likely as not with the next movement a toss of that terrible head will come, and over will go the lion with a gash from that monstrous left horn up through his side—enough to let his life out. That is the way the fight sometimes ends.

Such a fight you will never see; that is to say, there is scarcely a possibility of it. Not many years ago you might have had the opportunity, for both these animals were abundant within the reach of white hunters. They are the African lion and the Cape buffalo, and you ought to study the picture well, for I do not know where I have ever seen more spirited and correct drawings of the two species.

The scene is, of course, in Africa, for it is only there that these animals live. There is an Asiatic lion, different from this, and there is another buffalo, called the Indian buffalo, which is also a native of Asia, and has been introduced into the southern countries of Europe, and which, if you go to Italy, you will see at work like oxen; but it is quite a distinct animal from this one fighting the lion.

That great ox-like beast is a Cape buffalo. They are natives only of Africa, south of the equator. When white men first settled near the Cape of Good Hope the buffaloes were very abundant everywhere in that region, as were also the lions, and then just such battles as are shown to you here were no doubt often witnessed. And it was not until within the last forty years that they began to be driven away. Even as late as 1845 they were not uncommon in many parts of Cape Colony; but now they are gone, and scarcely a buffalo can be found within the whole Colony, except in some very thick swamps along the Great Fish River. It is a region where years ago both buffaloes and lions were very numerous.

The name of that river recalls to my mind a story which I must tell you, for it describes a scene which is somewhat like the one you have here in the picture. "I tell the tale as it was told to me" by a man who had spent many years in collecting specimens in natural history in almost all parts of the world. Most of his collections had been of plants, but I saw leaning against the wall of his room a large skull with horns of such enormous size that they attracted my attention at once. Mr. Wright noticed my look.

"Ha! ha! Come to my buffalo skull already, have you? Is not it a beauty?"

"Not much beauty about it that I can see, but it is wonderful for its horns. How could he carry such things as that on his head?"

"Carry! I wish you could have seen him carry them, or rather I am glad you did not see him, for if you had I think it is more than an even chance that you would not



"WHICH DO YOU PITY?"

have been here now. I only wonder that I am here. By-the-way, I did not get that skull."

"You did not get it! It is here. Who did get it?"

"A lion; he got it for me."

"A lion! How could a lion get a skull like that for you? I should think he would have kept it for himself."

"He was too great a coward. But come, I will tell you the story. Only, before I begin, look here," and he put his finger on a blue mark which had made a little dent in the front of the skull.

"That mark is where my ball struck—a heavy ounce bullet—and he did not so much as wink. It is years ago now. I was in South Africa, and had been for several weeks at Cradock, which is on the Great Fish River. I started one day for an excursion to the swampy land about ten miles above the town. Wild animals were very numerous, and though I made no attempts to hunt them, yet it was necessary to carry a rifle always for protection. Lions I had seen in a few cases, but had kept clear of them. The swamps were full of buffaloes, and I had had several narrow escapes from them, for they were sometimes very dangerous."

"Were you not more afraid of the lions?"

"No; the people all told me that the lions were great cowards, and my experience with this skull makes me believe it. They told me that though the lions often killed buffaloes when they were wounded or sick, yet they seldom dared to attack them at any other time, and if they did, it was not uncommon for the buffalo to be the victor. I had a servant to assist me in carrying my plants, and he often shot antelopes and other game, for he was a much better shot with the rifle than I was."

"We reached the swamp that day, and I had already begun to lay in my stores of plants, when on the instant, with a roar which I well knew, for I had heard it so often, a huge buffalo bull, with his head down and his tail up, came plunging straight at me. He was not thirty feet

away when I first saw him. I knew perfectly well how the bases of their horns cover the skull, but I saw nothing else for it but to try to stop him by a shot.

"My rifle was at my shoulder in an instant, and the ball struck his head when he was still fifteen feet from me. As I said before, I do not believe it made him wink; but at the same moment came the crack of Arno's rifle. The buffalo swung to one side just enough to clear me as he passed, and I was safe. And well might he swing to the side, for Arno's ball had gone through his body a few inches back of his heart, though that we did not know till a few minutes later.

"The rush of the huge beast carried him out of the bushes into the open ground, and we both ran to the edge to watch him. It was plain at once that he was badly wounded—in fact, almost dead. In less than forty yards his running had become only a walk, and that was getting slower and slower, when, to our fright, we heard another roar, and of a very different kind. We both knew the sound, but if we had not, the animal himself would have told us what he was, for with the sound came his leap. One blow of his paw finished the work. Our buffalo was dead, and on his carcass was standing a most magnificent lion.

"I have often thought, since that time, when I have seen them in menageries, how mean and small they looked compared with *my* lion. Perhaps it was not so; perhaps it was only from the excitement of the moment, for I do not suppose I saw him thirty seconds in all, but he certainly looked to me *magnificent* and *grand*. No other words describe him. But grand as he was, what a coward he was! Arno and I raised a cry—a scream, I think, you might call it, for we were frightened almost out of our senses, at least one of us was.

"But badly scared as we were, our fright was a mere trifle to that of the other party. The lion was just fifty yards from us, for we measured the distance afterward. He turned his head at our scream, and saw us, and I de-



GONE FOR A GLASS OF WATER.

clare I believe he must have grown pale, if such a thing were possible. I did not know that so huge a beast could move so quick. You never saw a cat, with a dog at her heels, go over a wall as that lion went over the bush by the side of the dead buffalo, and maybe it was only my fancy, but I thought as he cleared the bush his tail was down between his legs.

"The swamp beyond was quite open, and we saw him

darting along for at least half a mile, and he brought up in Griqualand, for all that I know. At any rate we never saw anything more of him, and we went up in great triumph to examine our buffalo, for we called him ours, and the lion was not there to put in any claim. I brought away his skull, and here you have it. It was Arno's ball that did the only injury to him, and without that I do not believe the lion would have dared to attack him."

## DUKE SCHWERTING.

From the German.

BY E. M. TRAQUAIR.

**D**UKE SCHWERTING, lord of Saxony, a royal feasting male:  
In iron dishes rude and rough the costly meats were laid;  
In goblets made of iron strong the rich red wine was poured;  
In iron mail the guests were clad that sat about the board.

Frotho, the King of Danish-land, Duke Schwerting sat beside.  
The iron on the guests and board with wondering mien he eyed.  
No knight was there who wore it not on breast or arm or neck;  
For chains of gold rude ore he saw their sable garments deck.

"Now what may mean this banquet strange? Lord Schwerting,  
tell me true

Why such dark festival for us have made your knights and you?  
As forth from Danish-land I came with knights and vassals bold,  
I hoped to find your court and you dressed all in cloth of gold."

"King Frotho, gold is for the free, but iron for the slave:  
Such was the ancient custom good of my forefathers brave.  
In iron bands you bound us fast, me and my warriors bold;  
They had been broken long ago had they been made of gold.

"Yet means there are such bands to break, how strong so'er  
they be:  
It needs but faith and courage high, a heart that *will* be free;  
Though fettered hundredfold the arm, the soul is still the same;  
'Twill free the hand from slavish chains, and purge the hearth  
from shame."

The hero scarce had ceased to speak, when entered from the door  
Twelve sable knights of Saxon strain; twelve torches red they bore.

Their watchful eyes on Schwerting wait; all motionless they stand;  
He whispers low; then forth they go, and toss each burning brand.

And soon a low faint sound is heard, that rises high and higher,  
A crackling like to blazing wood, a rushing roar of fire;  
And in the hall is sultry heat, but not of summer sun—  
Now deep and hollow sound the words: "At length the hour  
is come!"

King Frotho starts in act to flee, Duke Schwerting holds him down.

"Halt! Let us see whom most becoms to wear the Saxon  
crown.

Confront the raging foe beneath, before his fury stand,  
And yours shall be the Saxon crown, be yours the Saxon land!"

And fierce and fiercer grows the heat within that banquet hall,  
And louder, mightier sounds the crash as beams and rafters fall,  
And wilder, ruddier glows the light amid the roaring din.  
In ruins fall the folding-doors, the raging flames burst in.

Each valiant knight and warrior then in prayer bends the knee:  
"Look, Lord, in mercy on the souls themselves who render free!"  
Unmoved and calm, Duke Schwerting sees the fiery whirlwind's course.

When Frotho falls in mute despair, he holds him up by force.

"Look up, proud, haughty conqueror. So we cast your chains  
from us!

Weep, tremble, coward heart. Behold, we melt their iron thus."  
The roaring flames have seized them now, Duke, King, and  
warriors all,

And, crashing with a sea of flame, to earth the ruins fall.

## CAMPING OUT.

## IV.—HOW TO PREPARE THE MESS.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

**A**S the boys came into the library on the fourth evening  
of the "Camping Out" talks they were greeted by a  
cheery "Good-evening, mess-mates," from Uncle Harry.

"Good-evening, sir," they responded. And then added:  
"But we're not mess-mates yet, Uncle Harry. We have  
built the shanty and the fire-place and the cook stove, and  
got the fires nicely to burning; but we have not cooked  
anything nor taken a camp meal together yet."

"Very true," said Captain Archer, "and we must get  
at it at once, for upon the proper cooking and serving of  
your meals will depend, more than anything else, the com-  
fort and success of your camping experiment.

"Let us suppose that you have got the camp into ship-

shape order, and after your hard day's work are raven-  
ously hungry and very impatient for supper, or rather  
dinner, for the last meal of the day in camp is always the  
most important one. We will appoint Aleck as cook,  
and while he is busy over the fire neither of the others  
shall interfere with him or his duties, for no axiom is  
more true than that 'too many cooks spoil the broth.'

"Ben and Bob must see that the cook is well supplied  
with water, and has plenty of small split fire-wood close at  
hand. Then Bob will set the table, while Ben goes a-fishing  
and catches half a dozen trout or other small fry from the  
lake. In the mean time Aleck has pared and washed a  
dozen potatoes. These are placed in a kettle nearly full of  
water, and hung over the fire half an hour before supper  
time. He will keep them boiling furiously until he can  
run a sliver of wood easily through the largest one.  
Then the water must be drained from them, and, still in  
the kettle, they must be set aside, but near enough to the  
fire to keep hot until wanted.

"Ben's fish all weigh less than a pound, and so are too  
small to do anything with but fry. After they are clean-  
ed, Aleck rolls them in corn meal, and lays them careful-  
ly in the frying-pan, which is already on the stove, and in  
which a small quantity of cotton-seed oil is sizzling mer-  
rily. If you should have no oil, pork fat will do nearly as  
well, only have it boiling hot before placing the fish in it.

"Aleck has heard of half a dozen methods of making  
coffee, and hesitates before deciding which to try. He  
has been told to put his coffee in cold water and let it  
come to a boil, and that the coffee must not see the water  
until it is boiling; he has heard that coffee must never  
be boiled, and that the only way to extract its strength is  
to boil it; and so in thinking it all over he is much per-  
plexed. Finally he remembers a method which his old  
uncle who is in the army has mentioned to him, and de-  
cides to try it."

"Oh, Uncle Harry, you are not a bit old," interrupts  
Aleck.

"In preparing coffee by his old uncle's method," con-  
tinues Captain Archer, only noticing the interruption  
with a smile, "Aleck fills the coffee-pot with water, and  
sets it on the broiler wires, which he has laid across from  
one log to the other of the stove. While it is coming to a  
boil he measures out his coffee at the rate of a heaping  
table-spoonful for each cup to be made, puts it into his  
tin cup, pours in all the hot water it will hold, and sets it  
in a warm place on the stove. As soon as the water in  
the coffee-pot boils, he pours off some, so as to leave the  
pot about three-quarters full, and empties in his cupful of  
soaked coffee. Setting the pot back, he allows its con-  
tents to again come to a boil, and then lifts it from the  
fire. He pours out a tin cupful of the coffee, and pours  
it slowly back into the pot, throwing away the residue of  
grounds that remains in the cup. For about a minute, or  
while the rest of the dinner is being served, the coffee-pot  
stands in a warm place near the fire, and then its contents  
are ready for drinking.

"If either of you had wanted tea, Aleck would have  
put in the pot a tea-spoonful of tea leaves for each cup to  
be made, poured boiling water over it, let it stand in a  
warm place two or three minutes, and it would have been  
ready for you.

"Here you have a plain, easily cooked dinner of fried  
fish, boiled potatoes, and coffee, to which you can add  
from your supplies bread and butter, or crackers, pickles,  
condensed milk, salt, pepper, and sugar. I think you will  
find it enough for a first experiment.

"For breakfast next morning you will have coffee, fried  
potatoes and breakfast bacon, and griddle cakes."

"Oh, Uncle Harry, I can't make griddle cakes," ex-  
claimed Aleck.

"I think you can, if I tell you how, and you try hard.  
At any rate you had better try, for they enter largely



into the composition of camp meals. To make the simplest flour griddle cakes, put into a pan a quart of your prepared flour, a tea-spoonful of salt, a handful of corn meal, a table-spoonful of brown sugar, two eggs, if you have them, and mix with cold water into a batter. Stir thoroughly until no lumps are left, and then fry on a hot griddle. In frying use as little grease as possible. More griddle cakes are spoiled by the use of too much grease in frying than in any other way. A bit of pork rind or an oiled rag rubbed over the griddle is sufficient. Take turns in frying the cakes, so that two of you can be eating them as fast as they are done. They are only fit to eat when hot from the griddle.

"The cold boiled potatoes left from dinner the night before may be cut up and fried with half a dozen slices of breakfast bacon, and when all is ready you will have a breakfast to which I think three hungry boys will do ample justice.

"These are the rudiments of camp cookery: coffee, tea, griddle cakes, potatoes, and fish. Another time I will give you a number of simple recipes, but our next talk will be on 'Camp Pleasures and Duties.'"

## "LEFT BEHIND:"\*

OR, TEN DAYS A NEWSBOY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"TOBY TYLER," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," "RAISING THE 'PEARL,'" ETC.

### CHAPTER XII.

#### A GENEROUS ACT.

ON Monday morning, before they parted, and while Dickey was still their guest, Ben was very mysterious in his actions. He avoided Paul so much that one would have said he suspected the treasurer of having embezzled some of the funds of the concern.

But if any one, knowing him, had suspected that such was the case, that supposition would have been rejected as soon as a full view had been had of his face. He appeared to be in the most perfect good-humor, but considerably excited.

Before he left the house he had succeeded in whispering these same words to Mopsey, Dickey, and Johnny, without having been overheard by Paul: "Meet me at Nelly's stand 'bout eleven o'clock, an' don't let Polly know anythin' about it."

The only one of that party who had not been in the best of spirits during the Sabbath, when Mrs. Green had exacted a due observance of the day by her boarders, was Paul, and he had been very sad.

It was the second Sunday that had passed since he had been so unfortunately separated from his parents, and his distress of mind seemed to have increased instead of being soothed by time; in fact, as the days passed on, and he still found himself very far from accomplishing his purpose, he began to despair of ever succeeding.

As successful as they had been with their theatrical enterprise, it was not as great as he had expected, and when he figured out the amount which was each one's share, he realized that it would be very long before he could get from that source money enough to buy his ticket to Chicago.

A few days previous to the giving of the entertainment he had asked at one of the numerous ticket offices on Broadway how much they would sell him a ticket for, and had been told that he could go for half fare, which would be fourteen dollars—a sum of money which seemed almost a fortune to him.

During that day Ben had talked with him about his

chances of getting home, what he would do when he got there, and many questions about his relatives, all of which Paul had answered readily, although it added to his distress to speak of such matters.

When Monday came, and the boys started out to attend to their business duties, Paul noticed that there was an evident anxiety on the part of all his companions to avoid him. This pained him more than he would have been willing to admit, and it was with a heavy heart that he went about his work, wondering what he had done to cause any change in their feelings toward him.

As all of that theatrical company had expected, they heard many criticisms on the performance they had given, and it seemed as though all of their patrons bestowed more time on giving them advice for future guidance than on their regular business.

Some advised that Saturday evening performances be given each week, assuring the firm of their support during the entire season; others were so unkind as to advise that a small theatre be built for Mopsey, where he could take all the parts himself; and very many had suggestions to give Dickey as to the kind of armor he should wear the next time he played the part of Macbeth.

Some of this advice Dickey received in a kindly spirit, assuring his friends of his determination never to play a part again that required any such uncomfortable costume; but to others he displayed considerable ill feeling, and was so unwise as to be angry, when he should have remembered that, as the public's servant in the capacity of an actor, he was obliged to hear their criticisms.

But the partners were made happy by knowing that in the majority of individual cases they heard of their performance had given satisfaction, and that if they could only get a new play, since they had exhausted all of Shakespeare's in one evening, they might feel assured of considerable patronage again.

Having been told of this at an early hour in the morning, Mopsey set about the task of writing—or thinking of—another play immediately, and it was said by those who watched him closely that he drove away at least four customers that forenoon, by his seeming discourtesy, while he was trying to decide how a new play could be arranged.

At eleven o'clock, agreeably to the appointment made by Ben, all the partners save Paul met at Mrs. Green's fruit stand, wondering not a little as to why they had been summoned.

Ben was there, almost bursting with importance, and when he found that all, including Mrs. Green and Nelly, were ready to listen to him, he said, as if he was again on the stage: "I've got a big plan, an' I hope you'll all think jest the same about it that I do. You know how bad Polly feels 'cause he can't git back to his folks, for you see how he moped round yesterday, when we was all feelin' so good. Now I jest come from a place where they sell railroad tickets, an' I found out that a little feller like him can get to Chicago for fourteen dollars."

"It won't be long before he gets that much, if nothin' happens to the theatre," said Mopsey, much as if he had been speaking of a gold mine.

"Not long!" echoed Ben, almost contemptuously: "It'll take him longer than you think for if he depends on that. I asked him yesterday to figger up an' see how much every one would have after payin' Mother Green, an' he made it a dollar 'n' seventy cents. Now that's a healthy pile ter go to Chicago on, hain't it?"

"Well, how can he fix it any other way?" asked Dickey, in considerable surprise, not understanding what Ben was trying to get at.

"I'll tell you how we can. We can all turn to, Mother Green an' all, an' give him the whole of the money. Then he won't have to git only a little over two dollars to fix him right, an' I reckon me an' Johnny can fix him out on that."

\* Begin in No. 336, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

The partners looked at each other in surprise as this startling proposition of Ben's was understood by them. For some moments no one spoke, and then Dickey said, as if his mind was made up so firmly that it would be impossible for any one to try to change it, "He can have my share, an' I'll 'gree to put in enough more to make up as much as he's got to have, jest as soon as I kin earn it."

"Good for you, Dickey!" said Nelly, admiringly, knowing that the ruined merchant's offer meant a great deal, coming at a time when he was almost penniless. "Mother an' I'll put in our share—won't we, mother?"

"Indeed we will," replied Mrs. Green. And before she could say any more, Johnny spoke up.

"Of course I'm in for anything Ben is, 'cause he's my partner, an' I'm mighty glad he thought of such a thing."

were two dollars and thirty-five cents, and that as there were six of them, including herself and Nelly, each one would be obliged to give a fraction over thirty-nine cents.

Ben responded at once with forty cents, although he then had but ten cents left, and in a few moments the entire sum was contributed.

It was only necessary to get the money which Paul had, and the ticket could be purchased.

It was decided that since Ben had formed the plan, he should carry it out—a task which he was perfectly willing to perform; and after promising to let his partners know as soon as he had succeeded, he started off, happy at the thought of being able to give Paul so much pleasure.

When he met the boy whom he was eager to make happy once more, he had

not been able to form any plan for getting the theatrical funds from him without running the risk of raising his suspicions. But since there was no other course which he could pursue, he said, as innocently as possible:

"I've been talkin' with the other fellers, Paul, an' I want you to let me have the money that come from the theatre. We are thinkin' of doin' somethin' with it, an' when you come home to-night we'll tell you what it is."

Paul had been thinking so much of his home and of his parents, whom he feared he should not see again, that he would have had no idea of Ben's purpose even though he had spoken more plainly, and he handed him the money without a word.

During the remainder of that day Paul was considerably mystified at the singular behavior of his friends. They indulged in the most wonderful winks

and nods to each other whenever they were where he was, and something which Ben showed them from time to time seemed to please them immensely.

Whenever he asked the reason for their unusual good-humor and apparent secrecy about something, he was told that he should know at dinner-time, but not before.

Without having the slightest suspicion as to what his friends had done for him, Paul was so excited by the evident secret which was being kept from him, that he was very impatient for the time to come when he could know what it was.

Never before had the boys seemed so anxious to be with him as they were during that afternoon, and he quite forgot their seeming coolness of the morning. One or all of them, except Mopsey, of course, who was obliged to remain at his stand in the absence of the boy who sometimes acted as clerk for him, kept near Paul all the day, and when it was time to go to dinner it seemed as if they were escorting him home.

Once or twice, while they were eating dinner, some one of the party had said, "Now, Ben, now!" but Ben had shaken his head significantly, and continued eating as if he had no other duty before him.

When the meal was finished, instead of getting up from the table as they were in the custom of doing, each one of Mrs. Green's boarders, as well as herself and Nelly, remained at the table, as if waiting for something, and Paul looked at them in the greatest surprise.

"Mister Weston," said Ben, gravely, as he pushed his



"MISTER WESTON," SAID BEN, GRAVELY

Mopsey was the only one who appeared to be at all averse to the generous deed, and there seemed to be a great struggle going on in his mind, when he should have been the first to agree to it, since he had more money than all the others, save Mrs. Green.

"Shame on you, Mopsey, for not speaking right up, and saying that you'll do as much as the others will!" cried Nelly, in great excitement, lest one of the party should frustrate the others in their good work.

"Why don't you give a feller a chance to say what he'll do?" replied Mopsey, angry with himself for having hesitated at such a time. "I'm willin' to come in with the rest, only I want to think it over first."

"Then you'll agree to it, will you?" asked Ben, anxious for the success of his plan.

"Of course I will; didn't I say so?" asked the pea-nut merchant, sulkily.

"Then it's all right," said Ben, joyfully. "An' now let's git what money he's got of ours in some way so's he won't know what we want it for, an' add enough to it so's to buy the ticket, an' give it to him to-night."

The others, with the possible exception of Mopsey, were eager to complete the good work at once, and Mrs. Green was called upon to tell them how much money was needed, and how much each individual would be obliged to give.

She was not very apt in the art of arithmetic; but after some little time, during which a good many figures were made, she informed them that the total amount needed

plate farther on the table, and arose from his seat as if he had a long speech to deliver, "us fellers have seen that you wasn't feelin' very nice at havin' to stay with us, an' we kinder thought you wanted to leave us 'cause things didn't go to suit you."

As he paused for a moment, Paul, who had been in a perfect maze of wonder at this preface to the speech, said, quickly:

"I'm sure things go to please me as much as you can make them; but you mustn't feel angry if I don't want to stay, 'cause you know just how it happened that I come here, an' when I think of my father an' mother an' my sister, I can't—help—feeling—"

Here Paul burst into a flood of tears at the thought that his companions were reproving him for grieving for those whom he loved so dearly, and whom he feared he might never meet again.

Ben hesitated at this grief of his friend, and for a moment it seemed as if he could not continue until he had tried to console him; but like one who has a duty to perform, and must do it as quickly as possible, he continued:

"We ain't layin' anything up agin you 'cause you

don't want to stay round here, for we don't blame you, seein's how you've got a good home to go to, an' if we had one we should tear round worse'n you do. But all the same we've seen how you felt about it, an' we've come to the 'clution that you'd better not stay here any longer."

Paul looked up in fear and surprise, for it certainly seemed as if he was being turned away.

"No," continued Ben, in a loud voice, growing more emphatic the nearer he approached the conclusion of his speech; "we've made up our minds that you've got to go, an' Dickey here 's all ready to take your place as one of the boarders. We give a pretty good show Saturday night, an' we got so much money out of it that we've bought this for you, so's you can go home."

Ben handed Paul the ticket, which he had opened to full length as he ceased speaking, and it was some moments before the surprised boy could understand it all. But when he realized that now he could go to his friends, if not to his parents, his joy was more than he could control, and from its very excess came the tears in an irresistible torrent.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



Pleasure shared  
is  
increased pleasure

Grief shared  
is  
diminished grief



## A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

She says she "hit it on the fly."  
Pretty, eager little Polly;  
And so, indeed, she did; but I  
Should say she "took it on the volley."

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

PARIS, FRANCE.

I was very much pleased to see my first letter in print, also to see the kind invitation to write again. I missed one number for a long time, for on board the *Odre*, the steamer that broke its shaft, and which was obliged to come over-undersail. We did miss it—oh, so much! but we have it now, and our file is complete, and we take a great deal of satisfaction in it. In my last letter I promised to tell you about these large French chestnuts. I ate one, and I thought at first it was delicious, but all at once I felt that my mouth was all pickered up, so one of us proposed boiling them, which we did, and we found them very good, but not half so nice as those at home. A French lady told mamma that they are used only for stuffing turkeys.

Although it is summer, I will tell you about the last holidays. Christmas was the first of them, and here in France they last for about three weeks, and it is such a merry time. I was rather disappointed in Christmas, for the French people think nothing of the day itself except as a holiday for church-going, and when our school-mates found out that we were to hang up our stockings and receive our presents on Christmas, they thought it was entirely the wrong time, for they were to wait for New Year's to receive theirs, which is the merriest and happiest day in the year to the little French girls and boys. We followed the customs of the people, and went to church on Christmas. We went to Notre Dame in the morning, where they had a full choral mass. We were allowed to go into the gallery which surrounds the altar by paying a franc each, and from there we were able to look down on the forty priests, one hundred choir-boys, and the archbishop, who conducted the mass. One of the priests plays the altar organ, and, in the distance, another organ is played in response, but we could not see the organist, he was so high up and far away; we could see the archbishop change his robes three times, and he washed his hands quite a number of times in a gold wash-bowl, in water turned from a gold pitcher. His robes were of velvet and satin, embroidered with pure gold, and the chalices which the archbishop and cardinal carried were of pure gold. One beautiful thing of the ceremony was that the boys of the church, when the archbishop, cardinal, priests, and altar-boys form a procession and march all about the church with their candles and gold-encrusted censers, they are dressed in the same dress as the boys of the church, and are dressed in his three-cornered hat and red knee-breeches, holding his gilt staff in such an important way that, in spite of the solemnity of the ceremony, I could not but think he must have himself as a drum-major. After this ceremony was over two men in elegant costumes brought in upon a staging which was placed on their heads two large silver plates of bread to be blessed. After this it was passed first to the priests, who took the larger pieces, which truly were enough for one's breakfast; then the small

er pieces were passed among the congregation. Twice while we were in church the contribution box, which is a red velvet bag at the end of a long pole, was passed, first for the church and second for the poor. We knew each time it was coming, for the beadle strikes the floor three times with his staff to attract the attention of the people, and have them get their money ready. I wish I could tell you how beautifully the voices of the choir sounded, but I can't express it.

In the same church we went down to see the treasures. We saw the vestments which the priest wore when he married Josephine to Napoleon I., and we saw the gold service vessels which poor Marie Antoinette took her last sacrament before she was beheaded.

We went from there to the Madeleine, to the afternoon service and heard the most beautiful singing in a most beautiful church. After the service was over it was dark, and as we were coming out we looked down the Boulevard des Capucines, and it was all ablaze with light, and looked like a great fair, for during the day before stalls had been built on the outer side of the sidewalk, which is very wide, and with the brightly lighted stalls on one side and the stores so brightly illuminated on the other, it was a veritable fair in the open air. In these booths they sold everything from books and minerals to boots, lamps, etc., down to candy and playthings, and everybody was screaming and shouting, and all was excitement. At one booth a man came up, and in a very angry tone said to the man who was selling different kinds of porcelain-ware: "Why do you sell those things at such a ruinous price—below cost? Is it because you've not paid me, and expect to get off without paying?" "I am going for a policeman!" Upon that the man walked off, and everybody thought it was time to go. Things coming, so the man hurried, and bought all they could get hold of. And judge of my surprise when, upon my return, I saw the man who had gone off to find a policeman sitting behind the counter, and with a little smile, and a joke. I liked "The Ice Queen," "Jimmy Brown's stories," "Left Behind," and "Our Little Duke."

MARTIE L. E. S.

I shall be glad to hear about Martie's visit to Switzerland, of which a little private note gives information.

TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA.

I am a Southern girl, as you may see by my postmark. I live just one mile from the "Floral City." The climate here is called the "Floral City" place. The flowers here bloom in winter as well as in summer. I think HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is just splendid. I want to tell you about the things I like. It is so nice to have the clear water, and see the fishes and water-plants. If the Postmistress ever comes to Florida, she must visit Tallahassee and see Wakulla Bay, which is the most beautiful sea view in the winter. I went five months, and was there every day except one, and that was so stormy that it was impossible for me to go, as I live so far from school. I have one little sister, named Francie; she is seven years old. I am reading the Bible through.

MINNIE L. C.

CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I think HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is about as nice a paper as any little girl could read. I often read it when I am lonesome. Because I live where there are no little girls, I live on the bank of the Rahway river, and there are several large elm trees on the edge of the lawn, with branches overhanging the water. I live in a house that is over twenty years old. We have very beautiful sunsets, which are duplicated in the water. We have also a hickory and elm grove, and through it runs a brook that is as cold as ice-water. I go to school. I have to drive three miles every morning to the Friends' school, which is in Rahway. In winter sometimes I walk there and back, which is six miles. I have studied French and music and drawing lessons. We have a very nice teacher and school-mates, and think that helps to make it pleasant. Does that not agree with me?

IDA C. B. (aged 13).

TERRY, MISSISSIPPI.

This is my first entrance into your circle of writers. I am the archbishop's youngest son, and will soon be eleven. Would you not like to know what we are doing so far South now? We are now at the beginning of packing and sending our things to get my papa and my brothers now are almost as much a curiosity to us as our immense cotton fields used to be to the Northern people before the war, like James Dix's story. I have my papa, and my brothers. I have two brothers and two sisters. One of my brothers owns two little puppies. There are a great many peaches shipped from here.

NETTIE J.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

I live in Chicago, on the "South Side," a few blocks from Lake Michigan. I go to Francis School, and expect to be in the seventh grade next year. I have two little sisters—Helen and Mary. We have a pet cat, and Almie, our pony. South Park is very large. The walks and drives

are grand, and the flowers very beautiful. I wish I had room to tell you about the floral designs and rare flowers. After school mamma takes us in the phaeton, and we drive down the boulevards through the Park to the woods. I wish I could send you some of the pretty flowers we gather. I am ten years old, and like to write to you very much.

FLORENCE A. C.

KANSAU CITY, MISSOURI.

I am a little stranger to you. I have taken the paper ever since it was first published. I enjoy reading it very much, and watch for it each week. I take music lessons, and I am twelve years old. Please print this, as it is the first I ever wrote to the *Young People*. I am, dear friends, J. K.

Not a little stranger, but a dear little friend.

FORT KEOGH, MONTANA.

I saw in YOUNG PEOPLE, No. 238, a letter from a little girl describing Fortress Monroe. I was born in a fort in Kansas, and now live in Fort Keogh, Montana. This fort is not like Fortress Monroe; it is only a collection of quarters, barracks, and store-houses built on the bank of the Yellowstone River. When I first came here the country was a little better than it is now. We were busy chasing them, winter and summer, in 1880. The Indians then surrendered, and now the country is safe. Railway cars and a mail are here every day. This fort is not like the others. We were sometimes six weeks without a mail in the winter. It is very cold here in the winter. One Christmas-day it was fifty-three degrees below zero. Last winter another little girl and I self had our toes frozen. We have guard-mounting every morning, and in the winter, when the men wear their fur coats, they look like little bears. We had a pond on the parade-ground in the winter, and skated on it. We go to school daily, and had a dancing school for the children, which has just closed. We have a little parade ground in May last. We ride on horseback in the summer, and go to the Buttes and climb them, and have lots of fun. I know a good many of the Indians. One of them, named Red Cloud, was a robe; it is very warm to sleep under in winter. I never saw any of the artillery, except some of the Fifth Artillery in Philadelphia in 1880. We used to have the whole of the Fifth Infantry at Fort Keogh, and four companies of the Second Cavalry—fourteen companies in all. BESSIE R.

MONTREAL, CANADA.

We are a little timid about venturing to write, for the Post-office Box always seems so full, but perhaps you may find room for our letter, as it is the first time we have written. We are cousins, and as one of us lives in Brooklyn and the other in Montreal, we do not see each other very often, which renders each visit very precious. This is the first time we have written to each other for a year and a half. Although we are big girls, we are still childish. How odd were you when you stopped playing with them? I (Clara) am studying music, and am very much interested in the articles on that subject. I have finished Beethoven's "Sonata Pathétique." We both take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and think no other paper can surpass it. We are very fond of the very numerous note-paper, in which we have no two sheets alike. We exchange with our friends, and do not intend to use any until we have the box filled. We will now close, with best wishes to all.

CLARA L. B. and FLORENCE H. R.

Still like to look at pretty dolls, but it is a very, very long time since I stopped playing with them. I advise you to keep on taking care of yours as long as you can.

SHAWNEE COUNTY, KANSAS.

I am a little boy ten years old. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for one year. I think it is a very good paper. I like "The Ice Queen" and "Left Behind" best. I have a pet dog; his name is "Wee Wee." We go to school every day, and jump up on chairs. The other day I was climbing up on a porch, and I fell and cut my head. The cut was four inches long and half an inch deep. I had two doctors and one barber. I go to school, and I am in the fourth grade. Our school let out May 9th. I have a brother seven years old, and in the second grade. I have a sister in the first grade. We had a little colored girl that I played with a great deal. I had a play-house, and I played we had some chickens. I threw out feed for them, and my mother said I was a good boy. I have always called him chick.

JOHNSTON D.

Two doctors and a barber! Poor boy!

MOUNT PARK, CALIFORNIA.

I have often thought I would write to you, but have never done so until now. Have you ever been in France, Italy, or any other city? What fun the boys and girls who live in New York must have in cold weather, skating and coasting, and watching the snow-flakes coming down! We poor boys in California have no such fun. We have the dismal rain in the winter, dripping—oh, so dreadfully!—down the window panes, instead of the soft, downy snow. Have you not a great many thunder-storms in summer? We never do. Here



it is June, and to-day everything is entirely June. The birds are singing, and where I sit writing I can see the sun shining brightly on the lawn, wet with dew. Can you not imagine it all? I suppose you have heard of Governor Stanford. He has a very large place here. I will describe it. You enter a large gate, and drive over a wide road for quite a distance. On one side there is a creek; on the other, miles of land. When you approach the house, there are wide lawns with trees and a beautiful statue. The house is old, of adobe, but very handsome; the wide verandas and sloping roof tell it to be of the old style. Farther on, the Governor has a great many large stables, and drive over a wide road are raised. Altogether it is a most beautiful place. I am fourteen. D. I. M. E.

SOUTH BEACH, CLIFTON, STATION ISLAND

I have a goat that came from the Black Hills, and I have a village-curt and a two-seater wagon, so that one of my sisters can drive with me, and I have two sisters: one is eleven years old, and her name is Maud, and the other is Marie, and she is nine. I am six. We live on an elegant place, very near the beach, and we go in bathing every day; it is charming. In the winter we slide down-hill, and have great fun; we have two horses, and we go in driving with us; his name is Kaiser. We have two old cats and many kittens; some of them live at the stable. We have lots of chickens, one of them is a cock, and we have a pig. We have a horse and carriage, and drive every day to the boat for papa. The story I like best in *Young People's* is "Ten Days a New-boy." I like the stories in *Young People's*, and I hope I will be good enough to print in the paper. I hope so. My name is LE BARON B. JUN.

DARKEE, PENNSYLVANIA

Our home is situated in a very pleasant place. We can plainly see the Delaware River and the ships sailing on it, and on clear days we can see quite a distance in New Jersey. I am ten years old, and before school closed I studied Scripture, penmanship, reading, spelling, grammar, arithmetic, philosophy, geography, drawing, composition, and recreation. When school began I started in multiplication in arithmetic, and when it closed I was multiplying fractions, and I am at school before. If Jimmy Brown is a boy, I think that if he is old enough to write such good stories, he is old enough to know how to behave. God tell him so. We have a garden, and last year we had fresh fruit on the table for supper from the time that strawberries first came until peaches were gone. I hope you will publish this letter, as I would like to see how I fall in print. HANSAR W. O.

LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS

I have written to you once before about my experience with a spider. I am still at work with my herbarium. I do so much to a clever woman, and hope that every little girl who reads this will try to be the same. This time I shall tell you about a bird that I have often watched. I am sometimes solitary but amusing rambles in this delightful country. You have doubtless heard of the mocking-bird (*Turdus polyglottus*), and I have just listened to his latest song. He is not at all a pretty bird, but his singing is simply wonderful. Yesterday I watched one whose mate has her nest in a cedar-tree. He was sitting on the branch of an old elm-tree, amusing himself in the most ludicrous imitations of other birds, when suddenly he perched himself on the topmost bough of the tree, and broke forth into a strain of melody the most wild, varied, and pathetic that ever I heard. Right in the midst of these enchanting strains, which gradually increased in loudness, the bird flew upward from the topmost twig, with outspread wings, continuing his note, as if overpowered by ecstasy. Dear Postmistress, I do so wish that you were here to hear them yourself, but as that can not be, I am going to try and send you one when they are large enough to take the trip. MABEL C.

Thank you ever so much for the kind intention, dear, but I would rather hear you tell of the sweet singing of a free mocking-bird than to listen to the notes of a poor little being of the woods pining his life away in a cage. So you must not send me one. If you did, he would not live long in captivity, nor would he ever sing with the gladness of the one you describe.

POMEROY, ILLINOIS

We have two little kittens: they play with mamma's flowers, and tear them all up, and mamma says we will have to give them away or keep them shut up. We have lots of flowers: we have big roses, pansies, daisies, white carnations, pink, balsam, phlox, and many others. I have two canaries. We had two mocking-birds, but they both died. I am seven years old, and am in the fourth grade of school. I have been four years old, and another ten. We have taken *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* three years, and like it very much. Our Little Dancer, "The Little Queen," and "Ten Days a New-boy" are the best stories. I think. I am sick this week, and can not work

or play much. I have a little friend living near who has a little pony and buggy, and she often takes us out driving. I am writing this myself, and hope you can read it all. Mamma gave me a scrap-book for my birthday present. I have four dolls: one is four years old, two are two years old, and one is of an unknown age; my big doll is named Gracie, and is as big as my littlest brother when he was two. I am afraid my letter is too long, so I will say good-by.

ANNA MAUD C.

REDDING, CALIFORNIA

We came to Redding from Rouseville, Pennsylvania, four years ago. I have been here for two years, situated on the Sacramento River, in full view of Mount Shasta and Mount Lassen.

We have the best school-house north of Sacramento. I like my teacher, and I like it very much. I have been promoted twice this term, and am at the head of my class. I am a very good student, but I have read *Evangelism*, *Heavenly*, *Miss Standish*, and *Lady of the Lake*.

My papa is a physician, and is superintendent of the Sunday school.

I am glad to hear of the books you have read. You must read *Murmon* and *Maquail's Lays of Ancient Rome* next.

CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE

I am a little girl ten years old. My brother takes *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*, and I like it very much. I have two pets, a canary-bird named Rando and a pretty black and white kitten I call Pippin. I think the name suits her exactly, for she is very sly indeed. At night, when she is sitting in the cage, she will run and jump up on the back of the chair and pull the curtain until it flies up, which she thinks is great fun. I would tell you about a society some of my little school-mates and I, numbering ten, got up for the benefit of the little orphans. We had President, Vice-President, Secretary, and Treasurer. We met every Saturday afternoon at three o'clock at one of our houses. We called it the "Daisy Club," and made little round pinhearts and filled them with cold pins, and sold them for ten cents to the gentlemen we knew. We made 210, and before last Christmas we went down-town and bought handkerchiefs, collars, ribbons, etc., and packed them in a box and sent it over to the little Orphans' Home. I am making a crazy quilt out of silk, satin, velvet, and plush. I can embroider very nicely.

My brother has a large dog, an Irish setter, we call Don, and we like to play with him very much. NELLIE H.

FERRIS, MISSOURI

I have a number of aunts, uncles, and cousins both in Brooklyn and New York. Our whole family look forward with great pleasure to the coming of this interesting paper; it is always passed around the table many times, each one seeing something new in it. All the children tell about their pets: I have only one, and that is a large Maltese and white cat; and she is very smart. I was not absent, tardy, or dismissed from school once this year. GERTRUDE W. F.

DANVILLE, ILLINOIS

I saw, not long ago, a letter from two girls, Maudie A. and Clara G. M., living in Watertown. As I know them both, I was very glad to see it, and I hope you will print my letter, as I want them to see this. Our vacation has begun, and I expect to have a very good time.

MARY L. (11 years of age)

TUNDELA, ILLINOIS

I live eight miles from Tuscola on a very pretty farm, which is two miles from the timber. There is a creek which runs through the timber, where many people go to fish. I have been there fishing twice this spring. I had lots of fun both times. Papa is knitting a sweater, and he is glad when it is done, so we can go fishing. There are several large ponds on our farm, which have a great many fish in them. MAUD F.

DEAR CHILDREN.—My Eddie is a helpless invalid from paralysis; can read, write, etc., but can not take a single step. This morning he said "Mamma, I feel as ugly as a bear. What will you do with me?" I told him I didn't know, but would tell the *Young People's*. He has had this dear paper from the No. 2 number. It is one of my poor darling's bright spots. Some of you know about Eddie through this same paper. Now, dear children, shall I tell you why boy who "feels as ugly as a bear"? He can not run, and he is the cool sweet air, and enjoy this lovely life month as you are doing; so leave your play a few moments, and send us some letters to cheer the long lonely days. The love I had for my own boy has grown so large that I think it will cover all the *Young People's*—Editor, Postmistress, and all by this time. DEIRDRE TO.

EDDIE SMITH.

15 Lincoln Avenue, Fergus Falls, Minnesota.

I hope this blessed little paper will live and

prosper till our children's children are old and gray—don't you? Good-by now. FROM EDDIE'S MAMMA.

Of course, some of you will do what you are asked to by Eddie's mamma.

CLARE L. H.: I am sorry the hail-storms have so often harmed you. I hope your papa's crops may be saved this year.—C. H. Hale, Guilford, Connecticut, has no more stamps. He will return their postmarks to the correspondents who have received no reply from him as yet, if they will send him stamps for return postage.—Alma Z. Albert M. B., Maggie G. C., Mabel S. M., John G. Jun., Grace H., Lorette W. L., Lillie Lou, H., Louise N. L., and Julia S. J. will accept thanks for their letters, and Edith Lucinda A. for her story. She will, no doubt, write very well in time.—R. M. May's "Birthday Story" is very pretty, but not quite good enough for publication. Try again.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

THREE NUMERICAL ENIGMAS.

1.—I am composed of 9 letters. My whole was a farm-house outlay.

My 1, 7, 3, 4, 5 sings in the green wood.

My 6, 7, 8, 9 is worn on cold nights by fair

My 9, 8, 2, 1 should be closed when it rains.

My 3, 4, 5 is tempting to mice.

My 1, 2, 3 is a nickname. LILLIE N

2.—I am composed of 9 letters, and am a term in arithmetic.

My 4, 5, 3 is an animal.

My 8, 7, 5 is a negation.

My 4, 3, 2 is an apartment on wheels.

My 4, 3, 2 is a preposition.

My 9, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8 is a place for waiting.

JOSIE R. BOLTON.

3.—I am to be found on the map of New York, and I am composed of 11 letters.

My 1, 2, 3 is a receipt.

My 5, 6, 3 is a nickname.

My 9, 8, 11 is an animal.

My 4, 9, 11 is a verb.

My 10, 3 is a preposition.

My 3, 11, 4 is close by.

My 3, 6 is negative.

My 5, 6, 7, 3 is a favorite name for boys.

WALLACE H. KREP.

No. 2.

AN EASY SQUARE.

1.—A musical instrument. 2. A notion. 3. Vegetables. 4. Comfort. JOSIE R. BOLTON.

No. 3.

ENIGMA.

First is in hot, but not in cold.

Second is in hold and also in mould.

Third is in hum and also in sum.

Fourth is in hue, but not in blue.

Fifth is in flower and also in clover.

Whole is known the wide world over.

L. M. HOFFMAN.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No 244

No. 1.—

P	E	T	O	L	D
P	E	A	R	L	E
L	A	R	E	D	E

T	A	D	A
A	W	E	D
T	W	I	N
E	D	E	A

F	L	A	G	E	M	A	L	E
L	I	K	E	A	R	E	A	E
A	K	I	N	L	E	E	S	E
G	E	N	T	E	A	S	T	

No. 2.—

F	L	A	G	E	M	A	L	E
L	I	K	E	A	R	E	A	E
A	K	I	N	L	E	E	S	E
G	E	N	T	E	A	S	T	

No. 3.—

F	L	A	G	E	M	A	L	E
L	I	K	E	A	R	E	A	E
A	K	I	N	L	E	E	S	E
G	E	N	T	E	A	S	T	

Corkscrew.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Lillie Blinn, John C. Granger, John, Sadie Ann Clapp, Clara Brown, William A. Scherer, G. Bollinger, Lillie Northrup, Gracie Jones, Maggie P. Coppens, Mary L. McEwen, Clara G. Moore, Willie Frazer, Albert Hebb, Forrest R. Trafford, Edie Concedo, C. W. Reynolds, C. J. Barrett, John Spring, L. C. D., Amy Page, Jim and Dick F., Rosa Carlisle, Madge Erskine, Winifred Gordon, Charles C. Ames, Maude Eve Brown, Clara L. Barnes, and Florence E. Randall.

The answer to "Who Was He?" on page 570 of No. 243, is Benjamin Franklin.

[For EXCHANGES, see 24 and 244 pages at once.]

AN ESTHETIC  
CONCERT.

BY G. B. BARTLETT,

AUTHOR OF  
"NEW GAMES FOR PAR-  
LOR AND LAWN."

THIS graceful little entertainment can be prepared by children at short notice, with little trouble, if close attention be given to these simple directions. The spectators will be amused to see a row of sunflowers and daisies of various heights — one to nine feet — with a child's face forming the centre of each.

After singing a few solos and choruses, the music for which may be found in any of the many books of songs for home and school, or speaking a dialogue, the wonder of their friends will increase when one or more of the flowers slowly grows from the floor to the ceiling. This growing process will be described later, but first the still garden will be sketched, with the material needed for its preparation.



"DID ANYBODY SAY, 'WHAT TIME IS IT?'"

To begin with, procure a curtain of brown cambric, with the dull side out, large enough to cover the opening behind the folding-doors, or as large as the end of the room from floor to ceiling. In case there is no opening between two rooms, this curtain is stretched very tightly across the end of the room, about eighteen inches in front of the rear wall. Behind this curtain step-ladders, tables, chairs, and stools are placed, so that the head of the highest child will be one foot from the ceiling, that of the next child a little lower, and down to the lowest child, who may lie or kneel upon the floor. The order may be varied at will by having short and tall flowers mixed, according to taste.

After the children are in line behind the curtain, and close to it, the flowers are sewed upon the cambric to match each face, and a round hole is cut, through which each head is thrust to the ears. The flowers are made by covering rings of pasteboard, cut about the size of each face, with yellow paper. These rings are one inch in width, and the petals of the flowers are pasted upon them of yellow or white paper, as desired for the sunflowers or daisies, each being cut out in rude imitation of the real. Strips of green paper one inch in width are sewed under each flower to the ground or floor, and leaves of various sizes also are cut from green paper, and fastened to the cambric. A shawl may be hung up in front while the children are getting ready, and dropped or drawn aside when the concert begins, at the conclusion of which the heads are all withdrawn at once.

To make a growing flower, boards must be fitted from the floor to ceiling of the room, with a space between them just the width of each lace in front of the ears. The boards are covered with brown cambric, and a curtain of the same color is hung on the wall behind them. The curtain already described is also behind the boards, and so close as to touch them, as they stand three feet from the back wall of the room. On the back of these boards parallel wires are stretched, on which the flower curtain runs up and down on rings. For this purpose the curtain which has the flowers sewed upon it is cut into strips just wide enough to reach from one wire to the next. The child who

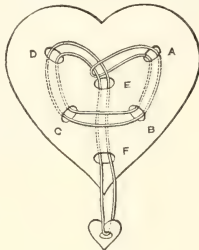
is to make the flower grow first lies upon the floor, then slowly rises to the knees and feet, and then to a cricket and chair, to which an assistant guides him. In most cases it will be needful only to have one arrangement for growing either at the centre or end of the curtain.

This amusement can be adapted to various seasons and festivals, as not only the songs and dialogues can be changed, but the flowers also. If it is desirable to prepare the flowers very hastily, they may be painted in water-colors on a white sheet, which can be stiffened by a coat of glue and water, and the holes for the faces can be cut out. A rose garden is also very pretty, and a copy of the flower is very easy to paint well enough for the purpose, as the light need not be very strong, and must always be placed in front of, and never behind, the flower curtain.

## THE HEART AND STRING PUZZLE.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 576 of No. 245.

PULL out some slack, and pass the loop downward through E, upward through F, and lastly over the small heart.



Draw back the string through E and F, when it can easily be taken off.



## GARDENING.

Pretty Polly planted her doll in a sunny garden bed. "I hope by fall it'll grow as tall as a big French doll," she said.

# HARPER'S

# YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 248

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, JULY 23, 1884

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



## AN EXTRACT FROM JOHNNY SEARS'S JOURNAL.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

ON BOARD SHIP *TIGER*, AT ANCHOR IN PEKHO RIVER.



At the time I left home I promised mother that I would keep a regular journal for her to read when I got back. I've only missed two days since we sailed from New York for China, almost six months ago. I was seasick those two days. And when a fel-



low is seasick he don't care about keeping journals or anything else, except to keep still—if he can.

I'm fifteen years old to-day. Last birthday I remember that Mr. Landers, the high-school teacher, kept me in at recess because he caught me drawing a picture of father's ship, the *Texas*, under full sail, on my slate, instead of doing my sums. I've seen a good many funny things since then, I tell you—whales, water-spouts, a big iceberg, a cyclone, and lots more that I've written down in different parts of my journal; but what has happened in the last two days has beat all the rest put together.

It's kind of lonesome in the cabin to-night, for father has gone ashore, Mr. Richards, the mate, is in his state-room, and father don't like me to go far'ard among the men any more than I can help. So I think I'll pass away the time by writing down all I can remember about what has happened since yesterday morning in regular story form.

You see, the ship was chartered to take a cargo of rice from Tien-tsin, which is a little town on the Peiho River. When the consul came aboard after we arrived (we had a hundred and seventy days' passage from New York), he told us that they were having lively times in Peking, which is the imperial city, some twenty odd miles up river from where we are lying.

As near as I can understand, the Chinese have broken some sort of treaty with the English, and fired on one of their war vessels from a fort on the coast. So the English and French forces got together and attacked the city, and they've been burning the palace and plundering right and left.

Somehow the crew got hold of this. I shall always think that the second mate, who heard the consul's talk with father, told them. That very night it was his anchor watch from twelve to two, and when Mr. Richards went on deck to relieve him, the second mate, the crew—except Bob Grant, an old man-o'-war's man—and the long-boat were all missing. They had started for Peking to get a share of the plunder.

This was a pretty serious matter. There was no one left aboard but father, Mr. Richards, Bob, Joe, the colored cook, Li, the Chinese steward, and myself. There was a great deal to be done to the ship after such a long voyage, and no sailors nearer than Canton or Shanghai. Finally, after thinking it all over, father decided to send me up to Peking with a letter to the American Consul, asking him if possible to have the men hunted up by the authorities and brought back to the ship. Mr. Richards could not be spared to go, because father had to be ashore seeing about the cargo, and he did not care to leave the ship without an officer on board while he was away.

"See that you don't get into any scrape, Johnny, and be back by to-morrow noon at the furthest," father sang out from under the quarter-deck awning, as, with Li, the steward, and old Bob for my boat's crew, we pushed off from the ship's side. "You look out for him, Li," father added, to the steward, who had just shipped his oar. And Li, who never could pronounce the letter "r," called back, "Alle light, Cap'n," and away we went.

Now I didn't quite relish the idea of being looked out for by the steward. I thought I was quite old enough to look out for myself. And I was just a little bit jealous that father seemed to think so much of Li, and Li of him. The way of it was this: Father took him off a dismasted junk ten years before, when Li was quite small—say, six years old—and the only living person left aboard. He had been in the *Texas* ever since—cabin boy first, then cook, and finally steward. Whenever the ship was in port long enough, father would hunt out some mission school where there was a class of Chinamen, and send Li, and so he picked up "pigeon English" quite fast, and, what's more, got so he could read the New Testament. You ought to see his state-room. The walls are just covered with pictures he

cut from the illustrated papers, and cards with tea-chest writing on them. Over his berth there was an old photograph of father framed round with tissue-paper and peacocks' feathers; under it a printed text that some one gave him at Sunday-school: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." And everything in the room is as neat as wax.

Well, after we got a few miles up the river I forgot everything except what was going on around us, and the curious sights that met my eyes. On the right side, within a few yards of the river's bank, were collections of small huts built on piling driven deep in the mud. Bob called them "closets on stilts." The door was on the back side, and there was a plank sidewalk to go ashore on. A fellow could sit on the platform with his legs hanging over and catch fish enough for breakfast without going away from the house at all. These river-dwellings, as they call them, only cost about five dollars, and if a man builds one worth ten, they think he's a bloated bondholder, and say he is putting on too many airs for *that* neighborhood.

When we reached the grand canal, that is cut right from the river to the city itself, it was hard work to get our boat along without bumping into some other fellow's. But we managed to pull through, and while we were making the boat fast close to the stone steps that lead up to the custom-house, who should I see but one of our run-away crew—English Ned they called him—stretched out in the stern-sheets of our ship's long-boat, smoking.

"Holloa, youngster," he called out, as cool as you please, "so *you've* come up to 'ave a 'and in the fun, eh?"

"Not exactly," I answered, sort of short and sharp, for I didn't quite relish being spoken to in such a familiar sort of way; "but I've come to spoil *your* fun, as you'll see when the American Consul gets after you fellows."

"Sorry Cap'n Sears should 'a took so much trouble," said Ned, knocking the ashes from his pipe, "because we've had our fling, and as soon as the crew gets down to the boat, which 'll be sometime before dark, we're all comin' back to the ship, 'ceptin' the second mate, as got shot quite accidental yesterday whilst the li'imperial palace was bein' sot afire and looted."

Well, I didn't quite know what to do then. If Ned was telling the truth, considerable trouble and expense would be saved. Anyway, I made up my mind to wait till toward evening before I went to the consul's, so leaving Bob to look out for the boat, I started up-town to look round a bit, taking Li with me.

In a big city like Peking, with over two million inhabitants, a fellow can't see very much in one afternoon. I'd like to have had about a week to look round in, for I can tell you it was tremendously interesting. The first business street that we struck was all given up to one kind of trade—making and selling coffins. It wasn't a very lively place, and we got out of it as soon as possible. Then we came to another, where nothing but china-ware and bric-à-brac, and the loveliest lacquer-work that you can imagine, was sold; and then came the jewellers' quarter, with wonderful gold and silver filigree-work, and the book-stores where we could see the funny-looking Chinamen at work with pencil-brushes making pictures on rice paper. We passed a butcher's shop where there were great piles of ducks split and salted, little pigs all ready for roasting, and, if you'll believe me, I counted as many as two dozen cats and dogs all dressed for cooking. Li told me that it is only the poor people who eat them. "Dog-meat not bad—allee same like veal," he said. But, for my part, I'll take the veal every time.

Well, pretty soon we came to one of the streets where some of the skirmishing had been going on. A big "joss-house," or temple, and four or five large buildings, had been sacked, and the front was riddled with bullets. The first thing I saw was the body of a young Life-Guards man lying right across the pavement, and a little further on



three dead Chinese soldiers. It made me feel sick and faint. I told Li that I guessed we'd better get into a healthier neighborhood, and he seemed to think the same, so we hurried away pretty lively.

We had got almost to the end of the street, and could see the open water of the canal, when I heard a lot of men singing,

"Then fare you well, my bonny young girl,  
We're bound for the Rio Grande"—

one of the sailor choruses that you hear aboard ship when the crew is getting the anchor up. And then down a little narrow alleyway came our runaway crew, "shantying," as they call it, at the top of their voices.

Of all the funny sights! Two or three of them were trundling push carts that were just loaded down with all manner of beautiful and expensive things from the summer palace that had been plundered and burned by the soldiers. One fellow had a whole armful of bundles of pink and yellow satin. Another wore a lot of silk crape with threads of gold running through it hung about him like a cloak. And the drollest sight of all was to see a long-legged sailor—French Peter I think he is called—rigged out in the full court dress of a Chinese mandarin. He wore the cap with the little button on the back of his head, and carried in one hand a copper kettle full of trinkets and jewelry, while in the other he was flourishing a silk banner with a big green dragon embroidered on it.

Well, I laughed till I cried—I couldn't help it; but Li's face never changed. I suppose he was thinking of the sorrow and suffering that all this plunder taken from his countrymen represented.

The men, or some of them, nodded to me as they came up. They probably knew my errand, and as they were heading for the boat, of course it wasn't my place to say anything, so I followed along with Li close at their heels.

The streets and shops were completely deserted in this part of the city. Once in a while we could see a yellow face scowling at us through a window, but nothing more.

I was walking behind the Frenchman, and Li behind me. All at once one on the lower floor of one of the houses poked a long gun out of a half-open door, and aimed it directly at Peter, who, when he saw it, dodged back behind me, sort of pushing me into his place, though without meaning to.

I heard the click and "fis-s-h" of the matchlock, and at the same instant Li jumped in front of me and seized the gun-barrel—to throw it up, I suppose.

It was too late. "Bang!" went the gun, and poor Li, clapping his hand to his breast, fell over backward. Some of the fellows dropped their plunder and bolted into the house, but the Chinaman had got away.

I got down on my knees beside Li.

"Don't cry," Li said, in a kind of half whisper; "no use. You tellee Cap'n I *did* look out for Johnny allee same as he ask me."

I was so worked up that I don't remember what I *did* say. But I took hold of his hand and held it; I couldn't think of anything else to do.

"Good-by. Chinaman Li b'lieve Melican God save his soul—Cap'n say so." And then Li never spoke again. The men took him up and carried him into the house.

"His countrymen 'll have to see him buried," said Billy Edwards, a Welshman, and as it was all we could do, we left him there, and hurried down to the boat. One of the men took Li's place in my boat, and after the others had loaded up their own with the plunder they had secured, we started to row back to the ship in company, getting alongside somewhere about midnight.

Father was too glad to get the crew back to say much to them, though it wouldn't have done any good either way. But I never saw him so cut up about anything as he was when I told him about poor Li's death. He isn't a man

that talks much, and he walked backward and forward in the cabin without saying anything for quite a while, and I saw him draw the back of his hand across his eyes two or three times. Finally he took up the hand-lamp and went into the outer cabin, and by-and-by I heard him hammering away in my state-room.

"You'd better turn in now, Johnny," he said, when he came back; so I said, "Good-night," and marched off. I found out what the hammering meant. Father had taken the motto down from Li's room and tacked it up over my looking-glass. And every morning when I wake up I shall see that text to remind me of Li:

*"Greater love hath no man than this—that a man lay down his life for his friend."*

But I hear the boat coming alongside, and that means father, so I will close for to-night.

## VACATION.

BY SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT.

"BE wary, be wary," says Mother Trout  
To her young ones down in the brook,  
"For I know by the chirre of the grasshopper,  
And the way things gen'ally look,  
'Tis time for vacation, and murderous boys,  
And make-believe flies in the water to poise."

"Ah me! ah me!" cries a mournful gull  
To her mates by the sounding sea,  
"Now 'tis growing so hot in the shadiest spot,  
Dark visions are harrowing me  
Of maids that wear wings on their bonnets bold,  
And terrible youths with a gun in their hold."

"Be shy, oh, be shy," clucks the speckled hen  
To her brood in the farm-yard warm,  
"For this, sweet things, is the time that brings  
Summer boarders back to the farm,  
And a plump spring chick is gobbled like dew  
By this terribly wicked, rapacious crew."

"Alas and alas!" croaks a wretched frog,  
With a hoarse, shrill voice, in the pool,  
"By my dreams do I fear that the time is near  
When city children are let from school,  
And there is some terrible tragedy,  
Some dark fate, in store for my people and me."

"Oh, sisters mine," sighs a cat-tail fair,  
With her delicate foot in the bog,  
"Now shortly, ah me! we shall seized be  
For a pattern to work on a rug,  
Or to pin on the wall of some gloomy room:  
My sad soul tells me vacation has come."

## INSECTS.

BY SARAH COOPER.

INSECTS themselves are mostly small, but the class to which they belong is the largest class in the animal kingdom, and it contains more than two hundred thousand species.

These little creatures are found in all the countries and oceanic islands that man has reached, inhabiting hot springs as well as the coldest streams. Humboldt found them on the Andes far above the line of perpetual snow, and Darwin, on the early voyage of the *Beagle*, found a dragon-fly two hundred and fifty miles from land.

Insects have no internal skeleton, but they are covered with a horny skin. The head, thorax, and abdomen are entirely distinct, and each part is mostly divided into segments (Fig. 1).

Conspicuous upon the sides of the head are the large round eyes, which, examined through a microscope, will be found covered with numerous flat surfaces or lenses (Fig. 2). These are called compound eyes, for they consist of a great number of eyes crowded into one mass; and they have the power of looking in all directions at the same time. In addition to their compound eyes, most insects have three simple eyes placed between them. The

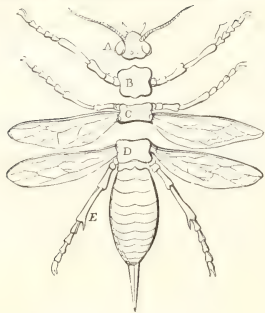


FIG. 1.—DIAGRAM OF AN INSECT.

A, The Head; B, C, D, Segments of the Thorax; E, Abdomen.

antennæ, or feelers, are also interesting, and you will find great variety in their shapes.

To the thorax are attached three pairs of legs, and mostly two pairs of wings. These wings are thin and delicate, and they are very large in proportion to the body. They are supported by a net-work of hollow tubes which inclose air-pipes and blood-vessels side by side, and the motion of the wings assists in airing the blood.

The abdomen has no limbs, and it often ends in a piercer or sting. You may have noticed in larger insects a curious sliding in and out of the segments of the abdomen. This bellows-like action helps to change the air in the air-tubes.

The œsophagus (gullet) leads into a crop from which the food enters the gizzard, where it is crushed and passed on to the true stomach (Fig. 3). Insects have no distinct heart, and the blood is propelled by the contraction of eight sacs, which allow it to flow only toward the head. The blood is colorless, and it fills the irregular spaces left between the organs.

Insects breathe by tracheæ, which are air-tubes passing through every part of the body. Being filled with air, the tracheæ supply the blood abundantly with oxygen, and at the same time diminish the weight of the body. These tubes are composed of elastic threads wound in a close spiral (Fig. 4), which gives them great strength and lightness, and prevents the possibility of their being pressed together and closed. The tracheæ open on the surface of the body in small holes, called "stigmata," which are arranged on the sides of the thorax and abdomen, and are so contrived as to admit air freely, while they exclude water or dust. A drop of oil on the abdomen of an insect will kill it by closing the stigmata and causing suffocation.

No insect is known to have a voice. The various noises of insects, so commonly heard, are caused by the rapid vibration of their wings, or by rubbing the wings together.

Most young insects are very different from their parents, and before reaching their perfect state they pass through a succession of changes called "metamorphoses." As *butterflies* are familiar insects, let us take them for an example, and study the changes through which they pass.

From the eggs of butterflies are hatched young caterpillars. The mouth of a caterpillar is fitted for chewing, and it crawls over the plant upon which it was born, eagerly devouring the green leaves. It grows rapidly and sheds its coat several times. During this period of its existence it is called a "larva."

At length the larva leaves off eating, and enters the "pupa" or "chrysalis" state. Wrapped in a dry skin, and hanging head downward suspended by a silken thread, it remains for a time apparently dead. Shut up, however, in the silence of this temporary prison, a marvellous change is going on; and when the skin bursts a full-grown butterfly appears, furnished with wings and arrayed in bright colors. It is now one of the most attractive insects, in no way reminding us of the caterpillar from which it sprang. When the butterfly first leaves the case its wings are crumpled and moist, and, before attempting to fly, it

rests awhile until the wings stretch out to their full size. The delicate hues of the butterflies are due to the small feather-like scales which cover their wings. The scales overlap each other (Fig. 5).

Great changes have also taken place in the mouth, and henceforth a butterfly sucks the sweet juices of flowers through a slender tube,



which, when not in use, may be rolled up spirally under the head. Our beautiful insect has now reached the "imago" or perfect state, and the great aim of this part of its existence is to choose a mate. In this it makes no mistakes. The imago of its own kind



FIG. 2.—HEAD OF A BEE, SHOWING COMPOUND EYES, SIMPLE EYES, AND ANTENNÆ.

pupa, and the imago (Fig. 6). Their larvæ pass by the various names of caterpillars, grubs, and maggots. By keeping a few caterpillars you may watch for yourselves all these interesting changes. Directions as to the best methods of catching and preserving butterflies and moths



FIG. 3.—ALIMENTARY CANAL OF A BEETLE.

a. Pharynx; b. Crop; c. Gizzard; d. Stomach; e. Biliary tubes; f. Intestine.

lodge upon the moist surface of the pistils as the insects brush past them, and in due time seeds are produced.

Many of our moths resemble butterflies, and as both of these insects change from caterpillars, it will be well to notice some of the differences between them. In the first place, true butterflies fly only in the daytime. Their antennæ are long and thread-like, with knobs at the end. When at rest, the wings are generally folded and held erect above the body, thus concealing the more brightly colored upper surfaces, and affording the insect some protection against its enemies. The under side of the wings often resembles in color the flower upon which the butterfly feeds.

Moths fly only at night or during twilight. The body is generally stouter and more robust than that of the butterfly. Their antennæ are



FIG. 4.—TRACHEA OF AN INSECT, SHOWING ELASTIC SPIRAL THREAD.

seems to be impressed upon its fancy, so that it never mates with any but its own species, and the insects know each other when they meet, just as they know the right flowers to feed upon. In the same way the female butterfly selects the proper spot for her eggs, generally placing them on some plant whose leaves are suitable food for her caterpillar children.

Nearly all insects pass through these three conditions, the larva, the pupa, and the imago (Fig. 6). Their larvæ pass by the various names of caterpillars, grubs, and maggots. By keeping a few caterpillars you may watch for yourselves all these interesting changes. Directions as to the best methods of catching and preserving butterflies and moths have already been given in YOUNG PEOPLE in articles by Mrs. Helen Conant, to be found in Nos. 142 and 189.

What could possibly seem more aimless than the joyous, careless flitting of a butterfly! Floating hither and thither through the bright sunshine, and folding together its elegant wings above the choicest flowers, its life appears a most luxurious one; still it has its own part to play.

It is a well-known fact that most bright-colored flowers are dependent upon the visits of insects (especially of bees) to perfect their seeds, and thus keep up a succession of new plants from one year to another. The showy petals attract the attention of the insects, and they enter the flowers to obtain the honey which is stored up in the bottom of the tube. In so doing, grains of pollen adhere to their heads and wings, and are carried from one flower to another. These pollen grains

brush upon the moist surface of the pistils as the insects brush past them, and in due time seeds are produced.

Many of our moths resemble butterflies, and as both of these insects change from caterpillars, it will be well to notice some of the differences between them. In the first place, true butterflies fly only in the daytime. Their antennæ are long and thread-like, with knobs at the end. When at rest, the wings are generally folded and held erect above the body, thus concealing the more brightly colored upper surfaces, and affording the insect some protection against its enemies. The under side of the wings often resembles in color the flower upon which the butterfly feeds.

Moths fly only at night or during twilight. The body is generally stouter and more robust than that of the butterfly. Their antennæ are

tapering, and sometimes beautifully feathered (Fig. 7). They do not fold their wings in repose, and their larvæ inclose themselves in silken cocoons.

Silk-worms, the most useful of these insects, are extensively cultivated for the silk of their cocoons. When the pupæ are ready to leave the cocoon they make a hole for their escape, which breaks the thread of silk. To prevent this it is customary

to kill the pupæ by submitting their cocoons to a great heat. The cocoons are then soaked in warm water to soften a gummy substance which they contain, so that the silk may be wound off in an unbroken thread. The length of a thread of silk has been estimated to be 900 feet.

In commencing its cocoon the larva attaches the silk to some fixed object, then winds itself in its own web, thickening the cocoon upon the inside. The moths of the

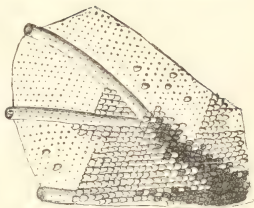


FIG. 5.—SCALES ON THE WING OF A MOTH.

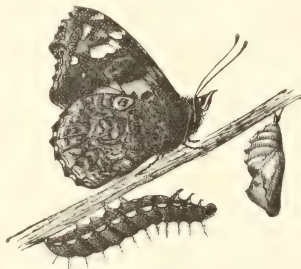


FIG. 6.—BUTTERFLY IN THE LARVA, PUPA, AND IMAGO STATES.

silk-worm have grown so helpless from confinement that the female is nearly as motionless as if she had no wings, and the male merely flutters around his companion without leaving the ground. It has been found that after three generations raised in the open air they recover their lost power of flight.

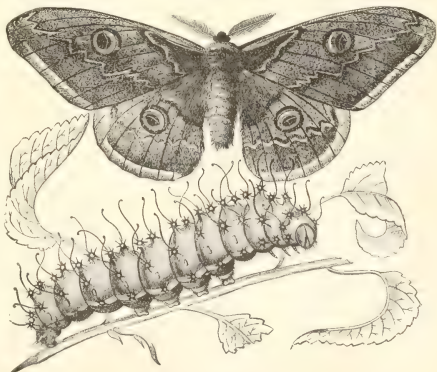


FIG. 7.—MOTH AND LARVA.

## "LEFT BEHIND." OR, TEN DAYS A NEWSBOY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"TOBY TYLER," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," "RAISING THE 'PEARL,'" ETC.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### A JOYFUL MEETING.

IT is highly probable that one might have searched over New York city that night and not found a happier household than that of Mrs. Green's.

Paul was so wonderfully happy in the thought that he was going back to Chicago, where, even though he could not see his parents, he should find relatives and friends, that he could talk of little else. Even the theatre was forgotten by him, for when Mopsey spoke of the necessity of getting another boy to take his place in the dramatic company, he hardly gave the matter a thought, save when he said that he hoped they would make plenty of money out of it.

And Paul's partners were happy, more happy than they could possibly have been by any other outlay of their money; Paul's pleasure reflected on them to such a degree that they became almost as much excited as he was before the evening was over.

Good Mrs. Green alternately laughed and cried, until she seemed to realize that such nervousness was not exactly suitable to the occasion, and then she busied herself by reading one of the papers Ben had brought home.

Master Treat had spent so much time on the good work he had carried through so successfully, and then had paid so much more attention to the boy he was going to surprise than to the sale of his goods, that, instead of helping Johnny, as had been his purpose when he took some of his papers to sell, he was a drawback, and the consequence was that Mrs. Green had three evening papers to read, while Messrs. Jones and Treat had been "stuck" just that number.

After she had joined in the general rejoicing over Paul's good fortune, with her daughter and her boarders, and found that she was marring rather than adding to it by her nervousness, she ceased to pay any more attention to what was said by those about her, but became interested in the advertisements of fruit for sale.

Suddenly she came across something which seemed to surprise her greatly, for she took off her glasses, wiped them as though she mistrusted that which she saw was on the glass and not in the paper.

After satisfying herself that she was not the victim of an optical delusion, her face was a remarkable sight, exhibiting, as it did, surprise and delight alternately.

It appeared as if it was difficult for her to speak, for she tried several times before she succeeded in saying:

"Listen to me every one of you, an' if I ain't mistaken, Paul will be more glad to hear this than he was to get his ticket. This is what it says in this paper, word for word:

"Paul Weston—that's in big letters. 'Any one who can give information of Paul Weston, who strayed from an outward-bound steamer on the afternoon of the seventeenth, will receive a handsome reward by calling on the undersigned. Said boy is ten years old, light hair, blue eyes, nose slightly turned up, and at the time of his disappearance was dressed in dark blue clothes. He would most likely be trying to make his way to Chicago, and any one who has seen such a boy will please communicate at once with Rufus Weston, Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York city."

"There, what do you think of that?" and Mrs. Green looked around at her circle of listeners, who appeared to have been stricken dumb with astonishment.

"Why, that means me," exclaimed Paul, suddenly, as

if he had thought some one else was spoken of. "An' Rufus Weston, that's my father! He didn't go away, after all. An' now somebody tell me where that hotel is."

As he spoke he had grasped his coat and hat, running from the house at full speed, before he even knew which direction he should take.

There were none of this party who had a very clear idea of what they were saying or doing just then; but as the most important thing, in their minds, was to see this father of Paul's, who had come at a time when his son was about to go home without his assistance, each one of the boys started out in the same rapid way, overtaking their more excited companion just as he was stopping to consider which direction he should take.

"This way, Polly!" shouted Ben, waving his hand, and starting along as if he was going to a fire.

No one thought of walking, for it seemed as if every moment was precious then, and that they might not find him if they were two or three minutes late. On the ran at full speed, and when they stood in a row before the clerk of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, they were so breathless that they could not speak distinctly.

"Polly's come to see his father," said Ben, after they had stood there so long that the clerk was about to order one of the porters to turn this quite dirty and very ragged crowd, who appeared to have come there simply to look at him, out of doors.

"Who is his father?" asked the man, hardly believing that any guest in that hotel would claim a son from that rather disreputable-looking party, for Paul looked almost as dirty and ragged as the others did.

"His name is Rufus Weston," said Paul, speaking in a low voice because of the tears that would persist in coming in his eyes, so much afraid was he that his father was no longer there.

Almost every one in the hotel knew Mr. Weston's story, and no sooner did he hear the name than the clerk, calling one of the servants, ordered him to show this odd-looking party to Mr. Weston's room.

Paul almost ran ahead of the man in his eagerness to see his father, while the others were inclined to remain quite a distance in the rear, awed by the elegant things they saw around them, and not quite certain whether they ought to follow their friend or not.

Finally the man stopped before one of the doors, knocked, and Paul rushed into the room. The boys heard a scream of delight, and then they were shut out, as if their companion had forgotten them entirely.

Ranged close to the wall, opposite the door which Paul had entered, wondering whether they ought to go or stay, four boys stood in bewilderment, hardly daring to speak. Porters, servants, and guests passed them with looks of wonder at the motionless line, who appeared to be trying to make themselves as small as possible, so that they should be in no one's way, and each time they were favored with a look of scrutiny or surprise, they fancied that they were to be ordered to leave the house at once.

"I guess we'd better go," whispered Dickey, after one of the porters had looked at them unusually hard.

"Yes," replied Mopsey, in an injured tone; "he's got all he can out of us, an' we sha'n't see him again."

"Now don't you go to tryin' to be a fool, Mopsey Dowd," said Ben, indignantly. "Polly ain't the kind of a feller to forget his chums, an' I'm goin' to stay here till he comes out if it ain't till mornin'." S'posin' you had a father that had got lost, an' you'd jest found him, wouldn't it be quite a while afore you'd think of such a lot of duffers as we be?"

Mopsey was silent, but not convinced; he shook his head in a knowing way, as if to say that his companions would soon see that he had spoken the truth, and then he tried to push himself further into the wall, in order to occupy less space in the hall.



For fully ten minutes the boys stood there, first on one foot and then on the other, like motherless chickens in a rain-storm. Then the turning of the handle of the door caused them to straighten up into what they intended should be careless attitudes, as if they had intended to go right away, but had been delayed by the discussion of some important question.

It was Paul who came out of the room, and if the boys had had any doubts as to whether they had done right in staying, they were convinced now, for their companion looked around as if he was absolutely certain they would be there.

"Father wants to see you; come in," he said, holding the door open for them to enter.

But they were not disposed to accept the invitation. They had waited to see Paul, not his father, and they had an idea that they should not feel exactly at their ease in that handsome room.

"Come in," insisted Paul. "There's no one here but father, and he wants to see all of you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### CAMPING OUT.

#### V.—CAMP PLEASURES AND DUTIES.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

"THE first duties of a camp," began Captain Archer, on the fifth evening, as soon as the party was seated, "are those which insure its absolute cleanliness, and no camp can be a pleasant one where this is neglected. All refuse from cooking, bits of meat, bones, potato parings, coffee grounds, etc., should be burned.

"Empty tin cans or boxes should be thrown far out into the lake.

"The space between the shanty and the fire should be swept every morning with the camp broom, which is made by fastening a bunch of birch twigs to a strong handle.

"The blankets and other bedding should be aired and sunned for an hour or two every morning, and then folded carefully and piled in the back part of the shanty.

"Enough fire-wood should be collected each day, so that you will not be compelled to hunt for it after dark.

"Probably the most important of all camp duties, and the one most dreaded by the majority of campers-out, is that of washing dishes. It is a disagreeable duty, and should be performed by each in turn. Do not be satisfied with jabbing your knives and forks in the earth, and rubbing your greasy plates and kettles with a handful of sand and a little cold water; and never leave the dishes unwashed for 'just this once because we are in such a hurry.' A kettle of hot water should always hang over the fire, and after the dishes have been scraped and all the *débris* of the meal has been thrown into the fire, they must be washed in warm water, with soap, and a dish rag torn from your large piece of unbleached muslin; dry them on a dish towel torn from the same piece of muslin, put the table dishes away on a shelf in the shanty or the dining-room, and give the cooking utensils a good sunning. Give your frying-pan an occasional scrubbing with soap, ashes, sand, and hot water."

"You say, 'Put the dishes away on a shelf in the shanty or dining-room,' Uncle Harry," said Bob; "but we haven't got any dining-room."

"So we haven't; but one of the combined pleasures and duties of the second day will be to build one. To do this, cut four stout forked poles seven feet long, and set them firmly into the ground six feet apart, in the form of a square. Fasten two poles into the forks, lay across them half a dozen light rafter poles, and cover these with spruce or hemlock boughs. Beneath this shelter, which should be erected near the cook stove, build a table of four posts supporting a broad piece of hemlock bark nailed to them,

and two benches made of logs squared on two sides, and supported on stout stakes. A dining-room of this description will add materially to your comfort. When finished it will look like this:



"Another grand combination of pleasure and duty will be effected by building in your shanty a genuine woodman's bed, which, when properly constructed, is the most sweet-scented, elastic, and delightfully comfortable couch that ever a tired camper lay down on. To make it, cut a head log the length of which shall be just the width of your shanty, and roll it inside against the rear wall. A smaller log of the same length will be placed in position along the front of the shanty as a foot log. Fell several young balsams, strip from them every twig of about a foot long, and collect these in a great pile in front of the shanty. Cover the floor of the shanty with small flat spruce boughs, containing as few sticks as possible, and in these stick the balsam twigs, beginning at the head log and working toward the front. Stick them in one by one, as close together as possible, butt-ends down, and tops inclined just a little backward. It will be a long and somewhat tiresome job; but, when finished, you have a bed a foot thick, and more elastic than the best hair mattress, that well repays all labor spent in its making. A finishing touch may be added by scattering over it a few handfuls of finest hemlock 'browse,' or twig ends.

"To complete the bed, stuff the muslin pillow-cases that you have taken along with hemlock and balsam browse, tie the ends, and you will have no longings for the feather pillows left at home.

"Thus you see that camp duties consist of what you would consider pretty hard work if you were compelled to do it at home. They comprise house-building, wood-chopping, bed-making, sweeping, dish-washing, and cooking. On the other hand, its pleasures are only those which are attractive to the genuine lover of nature in all her phases, and to any other, camp life quickly proves tiresome and unprofitable. The greatest pleasure of all is to be out-of-doors, to breathe the air of the mountains and the woods, and to throw off entirely the restraints and conventionalities of the city. Row, fish, hunt, swim, chop wood, go on long exploring expeditions, have a few good books, try your hand at sketching, select specimens, and invent new comforts for your camp; in other words, keep busy at something all the time, and you will thoroughly enjoy your camp life.

"Visit all the other camps about the lake, and get acquainted with their occupants. You will find very pleasant fellows among them, and you will pick up more good ideas regarding camp life by carefully watching other campers-out than I have given you in all these talks. Even their mistakes will teach you valuable lessons.

"Go into camp with the full determination to make the best of everything, and to be under all circumstances as jolly as Mark Tapley. Follow this rule, and you will enjoy your camping-out; neglect it, and you will wish that you had chosen to spend your vacation in some other way. Our next talk, which will also be the last, will contain 'A Few Hints and Recipes.'"



### SWINGING IN THE BARN.

**W**HAT feature of vacation-time can compare with "going to Grandpa's," and what so jolly among the pleasures there as the delights to be enjoyed "in the barn"? As one of our favorite writers told us long ago in the pages of the *YOUNG PEOPLE*,

"Oh, a jolly place is Grandpa's barn,  
Where the doors stand open throughout the day,  
And the cooing doves fly in and out,  
And the airs are sweet with the fragrant hay."

Oh, the games of hide-and-seek, when refuge is taken in Dobbin's empty stall; the break-neck ventures among the eaves in search of swallows' nests; the new calf; the nests which Biddy steals, and only the children can find; the swing which Eben, the hired man, puts up because "those city young 'uns is comin', ma'am!" Oh, the ever-new, the never-ending delights of Grandpa's barn!

But Mrs. Brine tells it better than we can:

"For Grandpa's barn is the jolliest place  
For frolic and fun on a summer's day,  
And e'en old Time, as the years slip by,  
Its memory never can steal away."

### NEDDY'S STORY.

BY F. J. TASSELL.

**I** BELONG to a race remarkable for two rare and admired traits of character—humility and patience. We are also credited with traits neither rare nor admired—obstinacy and stupidity; but these latter, where they exist among us, are far from being inherited; they are a result produced by harsh treatment received from those who in the creative scale rank above us indeed, but often fall below us in ignorance and cruelty.

My origin is shrouded in mystery. Left at an early age to shift for myself, with no record of ancestors either dead or alive, I inclined to the belief that, like Topsy, I never was born, but "grewed." Certainly I was "raised" on a farm, the scene of my earliest recollections being a farm-yard. In this situation, surrounded by various other animals, though by none of my own kind, with plenty to eat, the time passed pleasantly. Though rough in appearance, I had the advantages of youth and a hardy constitution, and was generally thought to be good-looking. The quiet of my life was relieved by the frequent demands made on my services by the young members of the firm—

"WHAT A FROID AND HAPPY JOXNEY I WAS!"



er's family. To show that my education was not neglected, in the way of teaching me "a trick or two," an instance may be given.

One of the boys was fixing the crupper at my rear, another was impatiently striving to force the bit between my unwilling teeth. The one behind mischievously touched me in the flank—a very ticklish part—causing me to nip with my teeth the brother in front, much to his astonishment. Indignantly he gave me a kick in the ribs, and hit me over the head with the bridle, while the cause of the trouble abused me for "a vicious young brute." Thus are the innocent often made to suffer for the guilty.

On another occasion a friend of my little master boasted that he could ride me; that I could not unseat him. Mounting me bare-back, the contest began. I tried in many ways to get rid of him—ran against gate posts and fence, placed head between forelegs, arched back, and kicked up vigorously, but without success; he stuck to me like a leech. Seeing that I could not throw him fairly, I used my last resource, which was to lie down and roll. This trick, only practiced on objectionable strangers, was more than my rider bargained for. Picking himself up, he regarded me with a look of contempt, and remarked, "Well, of all the tricky donkeys I ever saw, he's the trickiest."

About this time, having now attained my full growth, an important change occurred. The farmer sold me to a butcher. The change was not at all to my advantage. Heavy burdens were put upon me; blows were not spared, urging me to exercise strength I did not possess. The butcher's trade seems to blunt the finer feelings of those who follow it. Accustomed to inflict pain and to kill, they appear to lose the feeling of pity. So it was with this man. In his hands, what with hard work and poor fare, I made a sorry appearance. For refreshment after labor, regardless of the weather, I was turned into a pasture to pick a scanty meal on grass cropped pretty close by the hungry sheep, and if not satisfied with this, to eat thistles, which I often did. Thistles may be well enough when nothing better offers, but it is quite a mistake to suppose that we prefer this prickly diet.

My new master, in his rough-and-ready way, was fond of fun when some one else was the subject. At a country fair one day he entered me for a donkey race. The peculiarity of the race was that the last to reach the goal was declared the winner. Owners changed donkeys, so it was the interest of each rider to get the animal he rode in among the first. The whole thing is a mean reflection on the donkey, and for this reason I refused to run. My rider tried in every way to start me, but to no purpose. Twisting, turning, kicking, biting, I did everything but go forward. The result of this firmness on my part was that I obtained a double victory—the defeat of my rider and the race. The butcher, of course, praised my conduct, and offered to sell me on the spot for a hundred dollars, thereby provoking a horse-laugh from the crowd, to which I mockingly responded with a loud "hee haw."

Happily for my future usefulness, this kind of life lasted only a short time. A kind-hearted lady, seeing my poor condition, took pity on me. In becoming her property I went into the best of quarters. In place of neglect and hardship, I was well cared for and kindly treated. I was living in clover. The family consisted of the lady and two daughters, the youngest of whom was lame. It was my pleasant duty every fine day to carry this helpless child, the elder sister walking by my side. Sometimes there were two of us. Another little girl in the neighborhood owned a donkey, and she would occasionally ride out with us, accompanied by her brother. We were a happy party. With a pretty new bridle and side-saddle, never was donkey more delighted or willing than I in carrying my frail little mistress. The picture on the preceding page will show you how I looked in the performance of my duty, and what a proud and happy donkey I was.

But as all things come to an end, so did this. The little girl grew old enough to be sent to school, and I was sold. I became the property of a very respectable vender of vegetables. Being of a contented mind, I did not repine on being removed to a humbler sphere of duty. The work was light and agreeable. Every evening I might be seen in the street drawing a two-wheeled wagon, on which were displayed many varieties of garden-stuff. My new master was a favorite with all his customers. In crying his wares he could be heard from one end of the street to the other, the one word announcing our approach being, "Vegetaballs!" with a prolonged accent on the last syllable.

There was one house, I noticed, which had for him a special attraction, where he always staid the longest: it was where a neat and pretty maid-servant appeared. For her the finest potatoes and cabbages were selected. Once I saw him rather awkwardly give her a bouquet of flowers. She seemed pleased with these little attentions, and often, with a kindly pat, addressed to me words of endearment, to which I was by no means insensible, though I have thought since that it was in this way the young woman expressed her feelings for another. This thought awakens in me a hope that my master's modest home may soon be graced by the presence of a loving wife—a hope, I suspect, not confined to my own breast.

Many a story could I relate of the families we supplied; my ears are ever open to a bit of gossip, but what comes to me in this way I keep to myself. I will therefore not prolong this history, the moral of which, I trust, will not be overlooked. It is briefly comprehended in these lines:

Feed me well and kindly treat me,  
Then, I'm sure, you'll never beat me.

## RIDING A WHIRLWIND.

A STORY OF THE RUSSIAN CAUCASUS.

BY DAVID KER.

"YOU see that big white stone yonder, close to the bridge? Well, just at that very spot I was once as nearly killed as any man ever was who lived to tell of it."

The announcement was a startling one, and made me look at my travelling companion with more attention than I had yet given to him.

We were winding slowly up a seemingly endless hill-side in a queer little cart just big enough to hold ourselves and our flat-faced Tartar driver, who kept cheering on his stumbling horses with a succession of yells worthy of a hyena. All around us huge dark green mountain ridges, wooded to the very top, surged up like rolling waves, while along the steep rocky slope on the other side of the valley ran like a long gray seam the railroad, along which we ought to have been travelling at that moment. But about a week before my arrival the whole hill-side behind us had suddenly flopped over like the leaf of a book, and carried the railway track and everything belonging to it with a rush right down into the valley.

"I was an engine-driver on the line when it was first opened," resumed my companion, seeing that he had attracted my attention, "and it wasn't bad fun either, on the whole. The language was rather a puzzle at first, I must confess; but after a while I picked up enough to make myself understood, and then I went along well enough.

"My Russian mate was a very good fellow, and we were just like two brothers together, although we never managed to get hold of each other's names properly. He was called 'Yakov Ivanovitch,' or James the son of John (it being the correct thing in Russia to call every one by his own name and the name of his father), but as I couldn't quite bring my tongue round to 'Yakov,' I turned it into Jacob. Then he, again, having heard me called 'Jack' by somebody, turned that into Yack, and so we remained Yack and Jacob to the end of the chapter.



"In the fine summer weather, when there was no snow to block the line, and when the hills were green and the sky was bright overhead, we quite enjoyed our work. But there was *one* place that we never liked, and we always breathed more freely when we had got past it. I dare say you can guess which bit it was—that piece of steep hill-side that I showed you just now, away t'other side of the valley.

"If the line had gone up zigzag, as it ought, it would have been all right; but they must go and run it up as straight as they could, so that 'twas just like climbing the side of a house. Fact! our steam wouldn't help us there, and we had to be wound up or let down by a wire rope, like that new railway up Mount Vesuvius. Of course one couldn't help thinking of what would happen if the rope broke; and although I don't call myself a coward, I can tell you my heart was in my mouth every time we went over *that* piece.

"Well, one day we were just getting ready to start the down-train from Tiflis, when up came two big trucks loaded with government stores, which we were to take in tow. I thought at once of that bit of hill-side, and what a strain this extra weight would be upon the wire rope. However, there were our orders, and we had to obey 'em; so we hitched the trucks on, and away we went.

"I remembered afterward that Jacob seemed gloomy and out of sorts that day for the first time since I'd known him, just as if he had a guess of what was coming, poor fellow! However, all went well till we came to the steep bit where the wire rope was. And then, just as we were a little way down it, there came a shock that threw me off my feet, and away we flew like a bullet from a gun. The rope had parted!

"After that everything seemed just like a bad dream, when you keep on falling and falling for thousands of feet, without ever getting to the bottom. The rush of the train, as it flew along like a mad thing, took my very breath away, and turned me quite sick and giddy; but I had just sense enough left to remember that there was a cleft in our way, with a bridge over it, and close to that bridge a great heap of soft earth, and *there* I made up my mind to *jump* off.

"I tried to make Jacob understand what I meant to do, for I knew it was the only chance, but I might as well have talked to a stone. He had lost his head altogether, and was sitting huddled up in a corner, with his face on his knees, all now; and as I was trying to rouse him I caught sight of the bridge right ahead of us.

"I felt cold all over at the thought of what was coming, but there was nothing else for it. I shut my eyes, and out I flew like a rocket. But the rush of the train had given me such a send-off that, instead of alighting upon the earth heap, as I intended, I shot right across bridge and gully and all, and pitched head-foremost into another pile of loose earth on the opposite side.

"When I came to myself again, and looked down into the valley, the whole place where the pretty little station had been was just like an earthquake. The train had leaped from the rails just opposite the platform, torn it up like a bit of paper, and gone through the house behind it as a cannon-ball might go through a pane of glass. The broken timbers, the locomotive, cars, trucks, stores, and what not were all tumbled together in a heap, the bare sight of which was enough to tell me what had become of poor old Jacob. Ugh! I can't bear to think of it now.

"When all was over, and things began to be got to rights a bit, they went up and measured that flying leap of mine, and the whole length of it from point to point was good *thirty-seven feet*, and something over. It's a fact, although perhaps you mayn't believe it; but I can't blame you if you don't, for if it hadn't happened to myself I wouldn't have believed it either."

## THE ACCOMMODATING CIRCUMSTANCE.

A Tale of *pe* Olden Time.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

V.

THE armed giant was a quiet and obliging fellow, and he offered to carry the old woman on his shoulder, which she found a very comfortable seat.

Toward evening they arrived in sight of the town of Zisk, and the Baron said to the grandmother, "I am very much afraid you will lose your giant, for when the Prince sees such a splendid soldier he will certainly enlist him into his army."

"Oh dear!" cried the old woman, slipping down from the giant's shoulder. "I wish this great fellow was somebody who could not possibly be of any use to the Prince as a soldier."

Instantly there toddled toward her a little baby about a year old. She had a white cap on her funny little head, and was very round and plump. She had scarcely taken three steps when she stumbled and sat down very suddenly, and then she began to try to pull off one of her little shoes. They all burst out laughing at this queer little creature, and Litza rushed toward the baby and snatched her up in her arms.

"You dear little thing!" she said, "the Prince will never take you for a soldier."

"No," said the Baron, laughing, "and she can never grow up into one."

It was too late for the Baron to see the Prince of Zisk that day, and the party stopped for the night at a little inn in the town. The next morning, as the Baron was about to go to the palace, he asked Litza what was her business in Zisk, and if he could help her.

"All my godmother told me to do," said the young girl, "was to give this box to the noblest man in Zisk, and of course he is the Prince."

"Yes," said the Baron; "and as I am on my way to the palace, I may help you to see him."

"Go you with the Baron," said the grandmother to Litza, "and I will stay here and take care of this baby. And as soon as you come back I will change her into a long-legged man with two chairs on his back, and we will get home to my cottage as fast as we can."

When the Baron and the young girl reached the palace they found the Prince in his audience chamber, surrounded by officers and courtiers. Litza stood by the door, while the Baron approached the Prince and respectfully told him why he had come.

"You are the very man we want!" cried the Prince. "I have conceived a most admirable plan of conquering my robber foes, and you shall carry it out. The day after to-morrow is Christmas, and these highwaymen always keep this festival as if they were decent people and good Christians. They gather together all their wives and children, and their old parents, and they sing carols and make merry together all day long. At this time they never think of attacking anybody or of being attacked, and if we fall upon them then we can easily destroy them all, young and old, and thus be rid of the wretches forever. I have a strong body of soldiers ready to send, but they must be led by a man of rank, and all my officers of high degree wish to remain here with their families to celebrate Christmas. Now you are a stranger, and have nothing to keep you here, and you are the very man to lead my soldiers. Destroy that colony of robbers, and you shall have a good share of the booty that you find there."

"Oh, Prince!" exclaimed the Baron, "would you have me, on holy Christmas-day, when these families are assembled together to celebrate the blessed festival, rush upon them with an armed band, and slay them, old and young, women and children, at the very foot of the Christmas

tree? No man needs occupation more than I, but this is a thing I can not do."

"Impudent upstart!" cried the Prince, in a rage; "if you can not do this, there is nothing for you here. Begone!"

Without an answer the Baron turned and left the hall.

They sat down under a tree in a quiet corner of the palace grounds.



Litza, who still stood by the door, did not now approach the Prince, but ran after the Baron, who was walking rapidly away. "This is yours," she said, taking the iron box from her little bag. "You are the noblest man."

The Baron, surprised, objected to receiving the box, but Litza was firm. "I was told," she said, "to give it to the noblest man in Zisk, and I have done so."

When the Baron found that he must keep the box, he asked Litza what was in it.

"I do not know," said Litza; "but the key is fastened to the handle."

They sat down under a tree, in a quiet corner of the palace grounds, and opened the box. Something inside was covered with a piece of velvet, on top of which lay a golden locket. The Baron opened it, and beheld a portrait of the beautiful Litza. "Why, you have given me yourself!" he cried, delighted.

"So it appears," said Litza, looking down upon the ground.

"And will you marry me?" he cried.

"If you wish it," said Litza. So that matter was settled.

The two then went to the inn, and told the grandmother what had occurred. She looked quite pleased when she heard this story, and then she asked what else was in the box.

"I found so much," said the Baron. "that I did not think of looking for anything more." He then opened

the box, and, lifting the piece of velvet, found it filled with sparkling diamonds.

"That is Litza's

dowry," cried the old woman. "It was a wise thing in her godmother to send her out to look for a noble husband, for one would never have come to my little cottage. But it seems to me that the box might as well have been given to you at your castle. It would have saved us a weary journey."

"But if we had not taken that journey," said Litza, "we should not have become so well acquainted, and I would not have known he was the noblest man."

"It is all right," said the grandmother, "and your dowry will enable the Baron to buy his castle again,

and to live there as his ancestors did before him."

The grandmother desired to leave Zisk immediately, but the Baron objected. "There is something I wish to do to-day," he said; "and if we start early to-morrow morning on horseback we can reach my castle before dark."

The old woman agreed to this, and the Baron continued: "I would like you to lend me the baby for the rest of the day; and when the sun-dial in the court-yard shall mark three hours after noon you will please open this piece of paper and wish what I have written upon it."

The grandmother took the folded piece of paper, and let him have the baby. She

and Litza wondered much what he was going to do, but they asked no questions.

The Baron had learned that it was a three hours' walk from the town to the stronghold of the robbers, and just at noon he set out for that place, carrying the baby in

his arms. Before he had gone a mile he wished that the baby had been changed into somebody who could walk, but it was too late now.

At three hours after noon the grandmother was about to open the paper, when Litza exclaimed—



H.P.

ed, "Before you wish anything, dear grandmother, let me read what the Baron has written."

Litza then took the paper and read it. "It is just what I expected," she cried. "He has gone out to fight the robbers, and he wants you to change the baby into that great armed giant to help him. But don't you do it, for the Baron will certainly be killed; there are so many robbers in that place. Please change the baby into a very strong, fleet man who knows the country, and who will take the Baron in his arms and bring him back here just as fast as he can."

"I will wish that," said the grandmother. And she did so.

The Baron had just arrived in sight of the robbers' stronghold, when he was very much surprised to find that instead of carrying a baby in his arms, he himself was in the grasp of a tall, powerful man, who was carrying him at the top of his speed toward the town. The Baron kicked and struggled much worse than the baby had, but the man paid no attention to his violent remonstrances, and soon set him down in the court-yard of the inn.

"This is your doing," he said to Litza. "I wished to show the Prince that it was not fear that kept me from fighting the robbers, and you have prevented me."

"You have proved that you are brave," said Litza, "and that is enough. The Prince is a bad man; let him fight his own robbers."

The Baron could not be angry at this proof of Litza's prudent affection. And the next morning the party left the town on three horses, which the Baron bought with one of his diamonds. The tall, fleet man who knew the country acted as guide, and led them by a by-road which did not pass near the School for Men. They arrived at the castle early on Christmas-eve, and the Baron sent for his servants, his friends, and a priest, and he and Litza were married amid great rejoicing, for everybody was glad to see him come to his own again.

The next day Litza and the Baron asked the grandmother to show them her magical servant in his original form. The old woman called the tall, fleet guide, and transformed him into the Green Goblin of the Third Word. This strange creature wildly danced and skipped before them, and taking a watermelon and three pumpkins from his pocket, he tossed them up, keeping two of them always in the air.

The Baron and his wife were very much amused by the antics of the goblin, and Litza exclaimed: "Oh, grandmother, if I were you I would keep him this way always. He would be wonderfully amusing, and I am sure he could carry you about, and scare away robbers, and do ever so many things."

"A merry green goblin might suit you," said the old woman, shaking her head, "but it would not suit me. I want to return to my own little home, and what I now wish is a suitable companion."

Instantly the goblin changed into a healthy middle-aged woman of agreeable manners, and willing to make herself useful. With this "suitable companion" the old grandmother returned, after the holidays, to her much-loved cottage, where she was often visited by the young Baron and his wife; but although they sometimes asked it, she never let them see the green goblin again.

"When a circumstance is just as accommodating as you want it to be," she said, "the less you meddle with it the better."

THE END.



#### FISHING FOR FUN.

BY THOMAS CAKE'S SONANT.

"Oh, the pretty little fishes!  
How they're darting in and out  
Mid the stones that lie about  
In this cool and limpid pool!  
See their dainty fins and tails.  
See their white and gleaming scales  
Flashing up a silvery sheen  
The stones between,  
Where the waters deep and cool  
Swirl and eddy through the pool!"

"Oh, the happy little fishes!  
Why do you, my little lad,  
With your cruel hook invade  
Where in play, the livelong day,

Whisk the finny tribes about?  
Is it fair to drag them out  
On the bank in agony  
To pant and die?  
In their cool retreat, I pray,  
Let the happy creatures stay."

"Oh, the cunning little fishes!  
From the waters cool and sweet  
Of their shady deep retreat  
We, too, think it would be sin  
Them to drag with cruel hook.  
And, besides, if you will look,  
There's no danger to the fish,  
Whate'er my wish;  
For the hook I'm casting in,  
It is just—a crooked pin."







the longest river in the world, and that the world is round. I should be happy if I could go to Greenland and see where the world ends, as it does in the map. I have such a funny little sister and brother. I know you would laugh if I told you— that is, we can't hear all they do and in one day even. They are regular greenaway children. We have a cunning Jersey calf, a lame chicken, and two kittens for pets. My kitten is a black cat, and the calf is brown and white. We love the little kittens very much—more than the cook does, for she says they bring fleas, but I feel sure that she is mistaken. I feel sure that the cat is a real cat, and I feel sure that the calf is a real calf. The bride was dressed in cream-colored bunting, trimmed with wine-colored satin; she wore a hat and a veil, and a crown in Alabama two years. Our home used to be in Wisconsin. Perhaps some time I will tell you about the little colored children we see here.

Your little friend, RUTH GREY B.

I shall be very much pleased to have another letter from little Ruth one of these days.

ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS.

I am thirteen years of age, have lived in town all except the last two years of my life, and if you were to ask me which is the best country in the world, I would say "Country life, to be sure." I think wild birds sing much more sweetly than tame ones, and wild flowers are by far the loveliest of nature. I love to read the stories and letters of the Post office Box.

JESSIE GUTHRIE S.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

I live near a farm in Bay Ridge. We have the water very near us, so we can go in bathing, which I very often do. I once had a nice little white rabbit, which I called Chirp, but one day it ran away from home, and I have never seen it since. My brother had white mice given to him, but one morning when he awoke he found the cage empty, and the mice dead, and the poor mice could not be seen. I told him I thought the other had escaped, which proved to be true. It came back, but it died soon after. It was a cat which killed the other mouse. I suppose the Post office Box, have told you about their success in school, but I hope you will not forget to read my letter, for I have much success also. I was promoted from the second grammar grade of No. 2 school into the graduating class. I am not a very good writer considering how high I am, but I mean to try harder next time. SADIE H.

SAVANNAH, CONNECTICUT.

I enjoy my HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I have not taken it very long. I have a brother who was seven in May, and he enjoyed the story of "The Educated Pig" very much indeed. I have a very dear friend, She is five weeks older than I. We play together a great deal; one of our most frequent games is jack-stones. We each have a doll and carriage, and that our dear Postmistress does not know what goobers are; they are peanuts. I go to a private school, and I study geography, reading, spelling, arithmetic, grammar, history, and now that it is vacation, I give private lessons in drawing, and like it very much. I belong to a society called the Mission Band; we are working to raise money to educate a child in India. This is my first letter to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I hope to see it in print.

ANNETTA H. A. (11 years old).

Thank you for telling me what goobers are. I belong to a Mission Band myself, and am very much interested in a great many children, not in India only, but in other far-away lands. In what part of India does your child live?

ALBANY, GEORGIA.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for one year, and this is my second year, and I like it very much; I like "Let Behind;" or, Ten Days a Newspaper. I have written you before, and I hope you will ever do come, you must come to see me; I will be so glad to see you! I am thirteen years old, and I am four feet five and a quarter. I have a little sister named Ella, and a cat named Glitte. I wonder if other girls my size like to play with paper dolls; I do. Much love to you, dear Postmistress.

The Little Housekeepers have had quite a recess, but they are thinking of beginning again in earnest as soon as the weather shall be cooler. I shall be glad to have you join them, and the nice receipt you sent shall appear with the next that we publish.

Thanks to the lady who sends the following directions, which we are sure will lead the child

dren to try an experiment in animal-making. I presume a great many mamma's will hear little voices saying, "Please give me a lemon," after they learn here.

#### HOW TO MAKE A FIG.

Take a good-sized fresh lemon. Let the end where the stem was represent the snout. With a sharp penknife raise two little pointed pieces of rind about half an inch long, a suitable distance from the snout, to represent the ears. Get six matches having dark ends; break off two of them, leaving the sulphur ends about an inch long; sharpen them and stick into the matches from the snout, to represent the ears. Stick the remaining four in the body for legs, taking care to put them in proper places to enable piggy to stand upon. The pointed end of the lemon forms a cute little tail. When you get tired of playing with him you can kill him and eat him, provided you are careful not to put sulphur into his body. The effect of the little fellow is washed is so comical that one presented suddenly to view in school last week came near upsetting the gravity of teacher (myself) and pupils.

FORT DAVIS, TEXAS.

M. B. A.

NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.

Unlike most other children, I have no settled home; my father being in the United States Navy, we move from place to place. I am now in Newport, which is a very interesting place. Being so entirely surrounded by water, the Atlantic Ocean and Narragansett Bay, there is every opportunity for enjoying boating, fishing, and bathing, all of which I enjoy very much. The town itself is very beautiful, filled with elegant villas of the wealthy, and besides the harbor, there is a fort. There is a very old stone tower which has been here for centuries. I am twelve years old, and go to school, and study reading, writing, arithmetic, history, geography, and music. I like painting, and music. I enjoy HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much.

M. S. P.

PUNICUT, CALIFORNIA.

My cousin, who lives in San Francisco, wanted me to write; he sends me this paper. All the other girls tell about their pets, so I guess I will. I have a little canary bird named Winnie, and a guinea pig named Puff. I also have a cat with three little kittens. Our fruit is just beginning to get ripe now; I wish I could send the Postmistress some pears and apples. I have a dog from us; my mamma is up visiting her to-day. I am the youngest, and am thirteen years old.

EISE G.

DEER PARK, LONG ISLAND.

I live on a large farm, containing about three hundred acres. There are some of the most beautiful views I ever saw. The land is completely covered with moss and deer feed. We often go up on a high hill and watch the sunset. We can see the ocean from the hill on which we go berrying. I have been sick for seven weeks, and I suppose I will not get promoted with my class. My brother, sister, and I go to a public school which is nine miles from here, in the spring I rather enjoy it. I am very fond of reading, and my favorite books are *Little Women*, *Last Days of Pompeii*, *The Swiss Family Robinson*, *A Tale of the Prairie*, and *The Fur Country*; my favorite stories in YOUNG PEOPLE are "Nan" and "The Ice Queen." I have two sisters and one brother; I am the youngest of the family. My cousin from Brooklyn comes here and spends the whole summer every year. We have very good times. We are only a few miles from Babylon, which is a great summer resort, and across the Sound is from Babylon is Fire Island Beach, which is right on the ocean, and we sometimes have sailing parties, and go there and spend the day. I haven't any pets except a dog, which is the pet of the family; he is jealous if you pet any other dog or even the cat; his name is Don Pedro. I am thirteen years old.

LILLIAN M. W.

If you grow well and strong this summer, you will easily make up for lost time on your return to school.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

I have written to you once before, but as my letter was never printed, I am going to try again. I am going to ask two favors of you. One is, can you give me a real nice name for a baby? I have a female cat. The other is: my brother sent me a dear little St. Bernard puppy; he is jet black, and I want to know if you will be kind enough to tell me some nice uncommon tricks to teach him?

ELLA S. G.

The children will please assist Ella. Give her a name for Madame Puss, and tell her some clever and laughable tricks for her doggie to learn.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am nearly ten years old; my birthday is on the 23d of November. I went to Elizabeth a little while ago to see my cousins, and then went

to New York, and there mamma subscribed for HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for me. I like it very much. I have never been able to find out who the puzzles are. I think that "Old Tom Duncie" is perfectly lovely, and I like "Ten Days a Newspaper" very well.

MARY L.

Don't be discouraged. If you keep on trying, you will guess the puzzles after a while.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I have taken great pleasure in reading the letters written by the boys and girls in the Post-office Box of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I have taken it for about a year and a half, and like it very much. I like Mrs. L. C. Little's stories, and wish she would write all the time for this paper. I am twelve years old, and my birthday is the 3d of May. I received quite a number of very nice presents. I have two pets—a sweet little canary-bird that is very tame, and will come and kiss you when you call him, and a charming little dog that knows a great deal, and is a champion ball-player. Last summer when I was in the country a gentleman found a nest with five little birds in it. Some one was pulling down an old house, and the mother bird must have got frightened, for she forsook her nest, and the gentleman gave all the little birds to me. I fed them about six weeks, and with bread soaked in water, but they all died.

ANNA H. G.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE four years, and like it very much, especially the story of "The Ice Queen." I go to school, and like it very much, but I have been quite sick, and was not able to go for last week. I am twelve years old, and I have a little kitten that is full of play, and it always knows when it is time to come in. I will be fourteen years old next March. With love,

SADIE VAN C.

BRIDGEWATER, NEW YORK.

I live about thirteen miles from the popular watering-place, Richfield Springs, on a beautiful farm called Wagon Hill. I have a very good dog, and I enjoy fishing very much. A short time ago we caught seven large fish. One night last summer my little brother and mamma were out walking, and it was quite dark, he said, "Mamma, why don't you light his lamps?" which I thought very quaint, for he was only two years old.

JOSE C.

#### PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

##### BEHAEDS AND CURTAILINGS.

1. I am hard to climb—behead me, and I am sick. 2. I am vapor—behead me, and I am a yoke of oxen; curtail me, and I am a Chinese production. 3. I am a bird—behead me, and I am a propeller boat. 4. I am a vessel—behead me, and I am food for horses. 5. I am a vision in sleep—behead me, and I am a certain quantity. 6. I am something round, and behead me, and I am the part of the foot; behead me again, and I am a fish. 7. I am a chicken—behead me, and I am a bird. 8. I am meat—behead me, and I am something cold. 9. I am a behead me, and I am a boy's nickname. 10. I am a tree—behead me, and I am something with a point.

LULU BRUCKMAN.

No. 2.

##### TWO EASY SQUARES.

1.—1. A small animal. 2. To encourage. 3. To hire. 4. A girl's name. 5. A girl's name. 6. Open surface. 7. The back of anything. 4. A market.

FLORENCE MAY.

No. 3.

##### A DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. A verb. 3. Part of an amphitheatre. 4. Part of a beam. 5. To supply with. 6. A beverage. 7. A letter.

CHARLES DAVIS.

#### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 245.

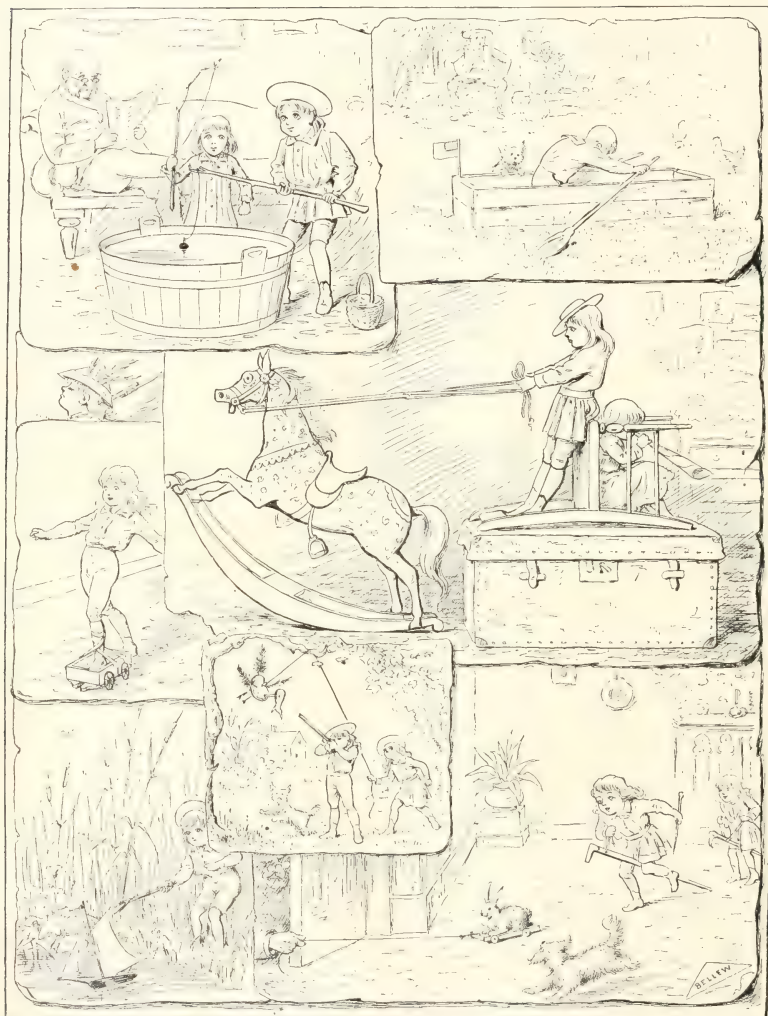
No. 1.—Thames. Hames. Mast. Ham. Me. A. Shamme. Stems. Same. Seat. Scum. Hat. Mat. She. He. Tea.

No. 2. Kittens.

No. 3. — F L A T — I O N G — G N E — G E E — A N T E — N E A R — T E E M — G E R M

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Sadie H., Fred Seligman, John Thomas, Edward C. G. E. Rinsley, Kate Cooley, Charles B. Davenport, Gertie Wilson, Amelia Richards, Amy Dawson, Arthur I. Townsend, Agnes Richardson, Kenneth Montgomery, and James Johnston.

[For EXCHANGES, see 24th and 3d pages of next.]



THE GOOD TIMES THAT WE HAVE.

# HARPER'S

# YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 32

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 5, 1884.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

## JOHNNY AND THE CATAMOUNT.

A TRUE STORY OF A NEW HAMPSHIRE BOY.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY

JOHNNY MAXON was a young pioneer boy who lived up among the White Mountains of New Hampshire some seventy years ago or more. His father was one of the earliest settlers of that region, and the country was as yet thinly inhabited. The nearest neighbors of the Maxons lived more than two miles away, on the other side of King's Mountain.

The pioneer's cabin stood in a little valley under a hill,



"A MOMENT THE CATAMOUNT AND THE BOY STOOD GAZING AT EACH OTHER."



in a very romantic spot. Looking up through the long vista of trees, they could see the crown of Mount Washington looming up grandly to meet the sky. On all sides towered the mountains, now near and now distant, gloomy and frowning in the twilight, but beautifully green and enchanting under the glow of the summer sun. The valley itself was level and luxuriantly fertile, divided by a large, swiftly flowing stream, a tributary of the larger Saco that poured down from the mountain not many miles distant.

The region was almost a hunter's paradise, abounding in all manner of game. Minks, coons, and foxes frequented the woods and streams, and many a large pack of peltries was carried by the pioneer in his semi-annual pilgrimage to the distant city. Larger and fiercer animals were in the woods, but they seldom troubled the settlers, though the bark of the wolf and the scream of the panther were sometimes heard among the lonely hills at night.

Johnny was fourteen years old, and large for his age. He had a lithe, compact, sturdy frame, and was keen-eyed as an Indian. Accustomed to the use of fire-arms from his earliest years, he had become as expert as the oldest hunter with the rifle. In fact, at the shooting-match of the preceding Thanksgiving, when all the settlers for miles around, and several friendly Indians, had competed for a prize at "the Corner," the name of the nearest hamlet over the hills, Johnny had been declared second in the contest, an old Indian by the name of Pete Christo only coming in before him. This feat had earned him considerable fame, and the boy, as was natural, felt somewhat proud of his abilities as a marksman.

The fall during which the event occurred that we are about to relate, Johnny's father told him that he should have the profit on half the skins he caught, and the boy had set resolutely to work in order to make the pile as large as possible. Steel-traps and colleagues were set in all manner of imaginable places in the woods, and the banks of the river were lined with cunning snares. At first he met with immense success, as the rapidly growing pile of peltries in the wood-shed testified. Every night he came up from the woods laden with an armful of skins, some of them valuable ones. His eyes grew bright as he thought of the silver dollars that would be his own—all his own, to do as he pleased with—when the next spring came round. He had long wanted a new rifle, like the one Jack Follansbe had at "the Corner." He fancied the amazement his new purchase would create in the breast of the aristocratic innkeeper's son, and he thought so much about it that he could almost feel the rifle in his hands. His pleasant dream was disturbed by a series of unforeseen misfortunes.

The season had a little more than half expired, and Johnny was congratulating himself that if his luck continued he would have more than enough to purchase his cherished rifle. But one night he came up to the cabin with empty arms and a rueful countenance. All his traps that were found sprung had been visited and the spoils was stolen. But by whom? The boy's first suspicions fell on young Follansbe, but on second thought he was forced to give up that idea. The distance was too great, and Jack could find much more attractive spoil nearer home. Then he ran over in his mind the wandering Indians who would be likely to commit the theft. He could think of only one, and that one he had good reason to know was fully as much as forty miles away trapping under the shadow of lofty Lafayette.

Before the boy reached home he became convinced that the robbery was not committed by human hands at all. He had found in one trap the leg of a mink, and on close examination he saw that it had been separated from the body by the teeth of some animal. He was sure that no knife had done it. It was plainly the work of a lynx or a wolf, so he thought.

The knowledge that there was an animal of such destructive habits in the neighborhood was not particularly pleasant. Johnny did not care so much for his own danger, but when he thought of all the mischief it would commit, and the possible loss of his prospective rifle, he did not feel in the best of moods. Whatever kind of animal it might be, he knew that it would occasion him a great deal of trouble before he could destroy it. The amount of fur that he would be likely to lose he did not dare to think of.

He spent the most of the next day in the forest, but he did not succeed in discovering the presence of any animal larger than a coon, which he shot and skinned. On visiting his traps, however, he found that his cunning enemy had been there before him. Every trap, with one exception, had been visited and the game destroyed. Vexed beyond measure, the boy skinned his solitary prize and went home, tired and miserable.

Affairs continued so for more than a week, only a few of the animals he should have caught passing into his hands, and at last he declared that he should take his traps up. That very night, however, there came a visitor to the settler's cabin, and Johnny by his advice, put off his announced intention for a time.

The visitor was none other than the friendly Indian, Pete Christo, who frequently was the guest of the Maxon family, having taken quite a liking to the bright, active lad. Before the cheerful blaze of the ample fire-place they fell to discussing the singular disappearance of the trapped animals, and the assumed character of the thief.

"It's no wolf," said Pete, with grave assurance. "More likely it's a lynx. The whole thing's just like the trick of one of them varmints. I lost a whole season's labor by one of the skunks, upon the 'Coggin two winters ago. They're cunnin' er than any wolf you ever heered on. But I killed the varmint—that was some satisfaction—and got ten dollars bounty besides his hide."

"Well, we will see to-morrow if something can't be done to this one, if you are willing, Pete. I haven't caught a glimpse of him yet, but my traps are visited every day and robbed."

It was now the 25th of November, and the season was quite cold. In the afternoon there was a little spit of snow. At about four the two set out together to visit the traps, Johnny leading the way. The first trap visited was a colleague, which they found sprung, and the animal, a large mink, crushed under the weight. His pelt was quickly disposed of, and they marched on to the next. Here they found the thief had been at work. The trap was sprung, but it was empty. A coon's leg between the sharp jaws showed what the prize had been.

"This was done some time ago," observed Pete, "or at least before the snow fell. The brute had time enough to visit all your traps before this. But I hope we shall find his tracks."

"Pete," said the boy, "we shall hardly have time to make the circle together. So let's separate. You can follow the blazed trees. At the foot of each one you will find a trap. I will go up the river. We shall meet at Leaping Rock."

Leaping Rock was a bold, high precipice about two miles up the valley. It derived its name from the fact that a deer pursued by a panther had leaped from the cliff, followed by its fierce enemy, and both had been dashed to pieces by the fall. This occurrence had happened the very year the settler had moved into the valley, and it was Pete Christo himself who had found their crushed remains a few days after. So the Indian knew the place well.

"I am agreed," he replied.

The boy watched the tall form of the red man as he strode off into the forest, then shouldering his gun, he turned his own steps up the bank of the river. Thick un-



derbrush skirted the stream, but he knew the path, and went on without much trouble.

One trap he found un sprung, and he proceeded to set it more cunningly, just under the bank, for in this part of the river the minks and musk-rats were quite numerous, and he had occasionally seen an otter.

Intent upon placing his trap in the best position, the lad did not take heed to his steps, and slipping on the snow, he fell forward and crashed into the river. As he fell he seized his gun, and dragged that into the water with him. The river was not deep, and Johnny was soon out again, having experienced nothing more serious than a cold bath, and the consequent uselessness of his rifle. The latter was by far the worst thing that could have happened to him, as he discovered afterward.

Johnny cared nothing for his wet skin and dripping clothes, being almost as tough as an otter, and placing the trap to his satisfaction at last, he went on again. The next trap he found sprung, with nothing in it, and for the first time he noticed tracks, those of a very large animal, too. He recognized them as those of a wolf.

"Old Pete was wrong this time," thought the boy to himself as he pushed on. "I wonder what he will say. Whew!"

His exclamation of surprise was caused by the sight that met his eyes, or rather the absence of that which he should have seen. The trap at this place was missing. That as well as the game it contained had been carried away. He could see the marks in the snow where the chain had dragged as the wolf bore his prey away.

Johnny felt the least bit angry at the loss of his trap, which was a stout steel one that had cost half a dollar in Boston the preceding autumn. It was bad enough to lose his skins, without having to undergo this extra loss. Never stopping to think of the danger, the brave lad started in pursuit of his rapacious enemy.

The track led off sideways from the river up toward the thicker forest on the hill-side. It was easy enough to follow, for not only were the foot-prints of the animal plainly visible, but the burden it bore made a peculiar mark in the snow. The boy followed it about a mile, and then he stopped.

He had heard the jingling of a chain but a short distance ahead. He was nearing his quarry, and he must be very cautious.

Bending down under the drooping undergrowth, Johnny peered sharply in the direction of the sound. Almost with his first glance he saw the thief which he was pursuing. He felt his hair rise under his cap as he noted the huge size of the great beast.

It was a great gray wolf, gaunt and fierce of aspect. The animal was snarling savagely, for the chain had caught against a shrub, and seemed to resist the wolf's attempt to dislodge it. He succeeded at last, however, and was struggling on again, when a sharp fierce cry startled the echoes.

Johnny had his rifle at his shoulder, and was pulling the trigger, forgetting in his excitement that he could not discharge the weapon. He saw a huge lithe figure shoot like a ball from an oak near by, and light directly upon the back of the wolf. As the ball uncoiled itself, the boy could see that it was the terror of the American woods, the panther.

There was a short, bloody battle in the wild wood. The two fierce animals growled, and bit, and tore with savage ferocity. Tufts of hair flew up into the air, the snow was trampled and crimsoned with blood. Such a struggle could not last long. It was brought to a close by the wolf falling dead. The next moment the panther was lapping the flowing blood.

What impulse possessed the boy to do as he did he never knew, but the next instant he sprang forward, and struck the catamount a heavy blow on the head with his

rifle. Its effect was not what he expected. The animal only recoiled, but the rifle was shattered, the stock only remaining in the boy's hands. There he was, weaponless, facing an animal whose natural strength and ferocity were increased tenfold by the tingling wounds gained in its late conflict.

A moment the catamount and the boy stood gazing at each other; then, with a fierce growl, the furious brute gathered for a spring.

It came, but Johnny was ready for it. As the form of the panther quivered in the air, the boy pushed his broken rifle stock before him, and thrust it directly into the gaping jaws of the bounding monster.

The boy was staggered by the shock, and fell backward, the catamount passing over him. He arose to his feet, half dazed, and looked around him. Despite the unpleasantness of his situation he could not help laughing at the antics of the animal.

The sharp-pointed iron had been driven with such force into the animal's throat that no effort of the panther could dislodge it. Rearing on its hind-legs, it would frantically paw the air; the next moment it would sit on its haunches and make frenzied attempts to draw out the weapon which occasioned it so much agony. The brute's yells of rage and pain were thrilling.

"Down there, boy; I want a chance to shoot," cried a voice, and Johnny, as he stooped low, saw Pete levelling his weapon.

The report of the Indian's rifle followed, and the echoes had not died away when the huge beast toppled over, with a bullet in its brain.

"You're a brave one, an' no mistake," exclaimed Pete, as he grasped his young friend's hand. "No other young 'un would have laughed when he was liable to be chewed the next second, an' you're cool as a young pumpkin now. Wa'al, I reckon you won't lose no more pelts. There's what took your game."

"Which one?"

"Why, the catamount, of course. The other critter was, probably only a chance visitor. Wa'al, lad, here's something for your loss, anyhow. I reckon the bounty on these 'ere hides will purty likely make ye whole."

And they did. The next season Johnny had his long-wished-for rifle. His traps were let alone, and he never killed any more catamounts. The animal's skin was preserved as an heirloom, and when Johnny was an old man he was never prouder than when he was telling his grandchildren the story of his narrow escape from a catamount.

## THE BABY'S BREAKFAST.

BY MARION MITCHELL.

"COME, breakfast is ready,"  
Calls Gretchen, the dear.  
"Come, Ponto and Mousie,  
Our breakfast is here;

"Come, birdies—I'm waiting  
To share it wiv you;  
Come twick, for I'm hungwy,  
So hungwy! Ain't you?"

With a chirp and a flutter,  
A bark and a purr,  
They answer her summons  
To breakfast with her.

The cat nestles closer,  
While Ponto, in pride,  
Like a stately old soldier,  
Keeps guard at her side.

So every bright morning  
They come at her call,  
For they know her and love her,  
And she loves them all.



### A CHARITABLE DOG.

BY MARY B. DODGE.

**I**N the YOUNG PEOPLE of July 3, 1883, there were some verses descriptive of Gyp. One of the most descriptive read as follows:

"Two brownest of eyes soft peering  
Through a shock of shaggy hair,  
Two brownest of eyes shown drooping;  
And a tail, whisked everywhere,  
Brown, like his early pecker,  
Yet white at the waving tip.  
This is our doggie's outline,  
Our loveliest, kindly Gyp."

Now you have Gyp's portrait before you as drawn from a photograph by our artist Mr. F. S. Church. As you probably guessed, he is a thorough-bred Spanish poodle, sometimes called Spanish truffle-dog, from the habits of his race of hunting truffles, which grow under-ground, and are prized as a great delicacy by lovers of good eating.

But Gyp is merely a *nom de plume* of Bret—a name that, having since become quite distinguished, we will no longer from motives of modesty withhold. For now we can not think the celebrated author Bret Harte, for whom Bret is called, could possibly object to such liberty, in view of the many little children made happy by his canine namesake's genius and exertions.

Through Bret's kindly efforts, these poor little children of tenement houses are being coaxed into cheery life by coming in contact with green fields and sunny air through the kind management of the Fresh-air Fund, to which Bret contributed over a hundred dollars. This sum supplies two whole weeks of summer recreation for some seven hundred or more, I believe, dear children who would otherwise never know what it is to have a healthful vacation.

Perhaps when our young readers hear how Bret swelled the fund of this beautiful charity, some of them may also be able to utilize the charms of their pets, of whatever kind they may be, to make even one little boy's or girl's heart leap with joy at beholding the many sweet things which summer provides in the country.

It was in July last year that we all went to the Catskills. There were four in the party, including Bret. Of course I have to count Bret, as the railroad officials are in the habit of counting him, charging baggage-car fare if not passenger coach fare.

Tannersville was our point of debarkation. There it was that Bret first became so popular through his various performances that it was suggested to make a show of him for some charitable purpose, at so much per head entrance fee. The first entertainment, arranged with but little forethought, netted about twelve dollars, which was immediately forwarded to the *Tribune* office, New York, for the benefit of the Fresh-air Fund.

At Mulford's the entertainment was varied by vocal and instrumental music by some accomplished young ladies, and twenty-seven dollars was forwarded by those in charge; while from the "Kaaterskill" sixty-nine dollars went toward making pale cheeks rosy and sad eyes bright.

At the Kaaterskill we met the gentleman at whose house the idea of the Fresh-air Fund first took form. His sister, a lovely woman, was a closely housed invalid. Mr. Parsons, afterward the great leader in the movement, was calling upon and conversing with her, when the seed of good which has grown into so glorious a charity was dropped between them in the course of conversation, and out of it has bloomed the tree of healing which has succored so many poor little waifs.

Now tell me is not Bret, who has helped in this great cause, worthy of a place in YOUNG PEOPLE? And is he not also worthy to be known as a charitable dog? For surely he made no little sensation in the circuit where he was accustomed to move during those two months' sojourn in the mountains. Young ladies would send him (as people carry to Jumbo) choice bits of candy, and the boys for miles around always had a hearty greeting for him whenever they chanced to meet; wagon-loads of excursionists would scream out, "There's Bret!" "There's Bret!" A man of wealth even made an offer for him of fifteen hundred dollars, but his master could not then be induced to accept money in exchange for his devoted and talented dog friend.

Bret's tricks were easily learned; they are "playing dead," and coming to life only at warning of "The police!" showing how he used to gain his living by stealing handkerchiefs out of coat pockets; throwing cake off his nose and catching it whenever, in counting, his master comes to the number *three*; creeping, as babies do before they walk; sitting up and smoking a pipe; carrying meat to his master without eating it; hunting his master's hat, or a ball, or handkerchief, and distinguishing between these articles—in short, some thirty odd in all.

### THE STORY OF A RING.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "MULFORD'S BARGAIN," ETC.

I



It was a broad hoop of gold curiously studded with gems. Selma had only once or twice caught a glimpse of it, and these occasions were when her aunt Margaretta opened what was known as the "lavender chest" in the Red Room at Colonel Greene's house in Lenox.

The fascination it had for the little girl may perhaps be accounted for by the fact that everything in the Red Room

had a charm of its own, a peculiar air of mystery and romance and dignified seclusion. It partook of the general character of the house in being large and stately, and fur

nished in old-fashioned woods and colors. There was a huge four-poster bed between the two doors hung with red damask curtains. The windows had a little swell to them, and what used to be called "box seats," and these were cushioned with red damask, a trifle faded, perhaps; but they were so different from anything Selina ever saw anywhere else that they always captivated her. The bureau, with its brass-handled drawers, the little shining satin-wood tables, the fire-place, and tall mantel, with a row of quaint adornments, all seemed to belong just to that room and no other.

But the chief delight of the room was its alcoved recess. There stood the "lavender chest," above which were two long and narrow windows, with no curtains save what a tall fir-tree outside cared to give.

No one had ever told Selina much about that old chest, but she knew that it had been brought from India for her great-grandmother, the same whose picture hung opposite the fire-place in the wide hall down-stairs. As one of Selina's first impressions in life had to do with this picture, it made her think all the more of the quiet closed chest of drawers in the rarely used old room above.

Selina was about five years old when she came to live at Colonel Greene's in Lennox. Her parents had died in the Sandwich Islands, where Dr. Greene, her father, had done noble work, and the little girl was sent home to her only near relations, her grandfather, the old Colonel, and her aunt, Miss Margaretta.

With the first days of her coming, Selina's memory has very little to do. There is on her mind a general impression of a fine, dim old house, with wide halls and curving staircases, with little windows here and there, and steps going up and down in unexpected places; of warmth and tenderness, and a great many good things to eat, and a pretty, soft bed to sleep in. She recalls a small old gentleman who cried over her sometimes, but had little to say, and a very beautiful lady, with shining dark hair, kind eyes, and long sweeping satin or silk dresses. This was Aunt Margaretta; and then, as I say, came the first clear impression.

It must have been a winter's day, for the hall fire-place was bright with logs that burned and crackled cheerily. Selina was lying on the rug before the fire with one arm around the dog Fido's neck, and her little lazy glance wandered to the picture opposite the fire.

She can always remember the vivid impression it made. It represented a very pretty young lady in a queer little white crêpe gown, with a short waist and short sleeves, and her hair in a puff, but with some curls on her forehead; and on one of her fingers, which was held up near her chin, was a curious ring. It was studded all over with stones which in the pic-

ture looked dull enough except when the fire-light danced on them.

"Aunt Margaretta," said Selina, "who is that lady in the picture?"

Miss Retta, as she was called, looked up from her work, and answered:

"Oh, Selina, didn't you know, my dear? That was your great-grandmamma."

"And was that her ring?" asked Selina, who thought she would like to have one for herself very much. She held up her little fat third finger, and tried to poise it near her chin like her great-grandmamma in the picture.

Miss Retta laughed. "Yes," she said. "Come, my dear, if you like, and I will show you the ring. I have to get something out of the lavender chest." And so Selina skipped along at her aunt's side, up the wide curving stairs, down the hall, and a side corridor, to the door of the Red Room. Miss Retta took out her keys and pushed one into the lock. It was rather hard to turn.

"Why do you lock this door?" little Selina asked,



"EFFIE STOOD STILL A MOMENT ON THE THRESHOLD."

holding her aunt's hand a trifle tighter, for it frightened her a very little to go into a room that was kept locked.

"Because your great-grandmamma wished us to, dear," was the answer; and then Selina remembers the awe-struck sensation she had when the door was pushed open and her aunt led her in.

The bed-curtains rustled a little, and it was chilly, but from that hour the Red Room held Selina's fancy captive. She was perhaps an imaginative child, but she enjoyed making up stories about the old room, and never asking its secret. It had one, she felt very sure, but it was far more delightful to *imagine* about what it might be than to hear the facts.

Miss Retta walked directly over to the alcove, and taking out her keys again, fumbled among the drawer locks, opening one after another.

The drawers were full of all sorts of old-fashioned things. There were some carefully folded dresses, some yellowish muslins and laces, some long gloves and mitts; a pair of funny little high-heeled black satin slippers, and a long yellow silk parasol with a deep fringe.

The last drawer was pulled out, and in it the first thing that caught Selina's eye was a sandal-wood box, with the cover off, and in it lay a shining circlet like the one of the great-grandmamma down-stairs.

"Oh, there it is!" Selina said, with a jump.

Miss Retta took out the ring, and slipping it over one of her own slim white fingers, held it up in the window for Selina to see.

It was of dull gold, and the gems were of shining pale green, with a red stone in the centre.

"It is Oriental," Miss Retta says; "that means, it came from the far, far East. When Grandmamma Livingstone was in India one of the princes there gave it to her husband, and there was a strange story connected with it, but you wouldn't be old enough to understand it."

Selina gazed with silent admiration. The lights in the stone flickered and danced with little points of flame, and it almost seemed like a real live thing to the child.

"When I am older and large enough," said Selina, gravely, "I shall always wear it, and try to hold my hand like the great-grandmamma down-stairs."

Miss Retta only laughed. She slipped the ring back into its place, locked up the lavender chest, and presently led the little girl down-stairs.

## II.

One day, when Selina was about ten years old, a cousin of her mother's came to take dinner at Lennox on Thanksgiving-day. They were talking about India, where this Captain Livingstone had spent two years, and Miss Retta asked him some question about a famous precious stone which had been stolen.

Selina listened eagerly as the young man described the great value which the Orientals place upon stones.

"You see," he said, "they are so superstitious about them. They guard the diamonds, or rubies, or jaspers set in the heads of their idols night and day, believing something terrible will happen if they are lost; and we in this country know very little of the various kinds of precious stones to be found in India. They are many in number and in name which we never hear of."

He went on to tell two or three stories that made Selina shudder; but all the more interest had she in the ring called the "Calman" in the family, because of its origin, and which, so far as she knew, had not been disturbed for three years.

Selina's school life was very busy for a year or two after this; then came her dear grandfather's long illness and death, and Miss Retta, who with her little niece was left quite alone in the world, started out for a year of Western travel.

When they returned to Lennox it seemed a most delightful change. The rooms and halls were aired and

cleaned, and in some instances newly furnished. But when anything was to be altered or made over, Miss Retta would sit down and sigh, and wonder if by any possibility they could not "get along" without disturbing the old fashion of things; and in Selina, who was now a tall girl of fourteen, she found a warm ally.

"No matter if the Livingstones are coming to spend the summer, Aunt Retta," she exclaimed one day, "I wouldn't change the dear old house. I'd leave everything as it is. Make it clean, of course."

To this Miss Retta had replied:

"Very well, Selina. I don't know but you are right. We will have the house cleaned and made comfortable, and not try to buy these new wall-papers or furniture, but" Miss Retta spoke decidedly—"we won't open the Red Room at all. There is no need of it."

So sweepings and dustings and airings went on. Doors stood open for the June sunlight to pour in. The big blue vases in the halls stood full of summer flowers, and Selina went hither and thither, glad to make life a holiday. The unknown cousins came—a whole troop of them; and during the summer they held a sort of happy sway over everything, playing in-doors and out, going to picnics and to clam-bakes, rowing on the river, and watching the summer boarders as they came and went.

At last they themselves went away.

During all this time all that little Selina had thought of the Red Room was to hint once or twice to her cousin Effie Livingstone about its secret, and just a word or two about the ring. But this had been said after a long, warm day's boating, when Effie and Selina were resting in the hammock near the barn.

"Oh, what funny little windows!" Effie said, suddenly.

"I never saw that room, Selina."

"Of course you haven't," Selina answered. "They belong to the Red Room, and it's never opened. I don't know why; I believe our great-grandmother wished it kept locked; but oh, Effie!"—and here Selina's memory warmed with thought of the "Calman" lying in its box just inside those sun-lit windows—"there's such a wonderful ring in there! all shining over with precious stones, but no one can have it—at least Aunt Retta doesn't like to be asked about it."

Selina's cheeks grew red. She felt she had perhaps been imprudent. "Let's go and see if the horses are put up," she said, suddenly jumping up; and the two children sauntered off to the stables, where old Jim Neggott was grooming the ponies.

This might be very enjoyable, but in Effie's mind lingered a desire to know more of the "Calman"; if possible, to see it. She did not dare ask her cousin Retta, nor had she much more courage with Selina, who, for all her love of fun, was upright and honorable to a degree that sometimes puzzled Miss Effie. She feared just a little the flash of Selina's eyes in case she should suggest their stealing their way into the Red Room.

Once Selina had said to her, "Oh, Effie, *could* you do a mean thing?"

And that had only been because she had suggested to Selina to take the bait off the boys' hooks. So she decided it was wiser not to test her cousin's ideas about honor any further.

## III.

When Effie got back to New York she often thought of the Red Room, hidden, locked away, with its one shining treasure lying in the darkness of the drawer away in the corner. Oh, if only she could see it!

Before long the opportunity came. In February of that year there was capital skating and sleighing at Lennox, and during the early part of the month an invitation came for the cousins to go to Lennox.

The two Livingstones, Virgil and Effie, arrived early in the morning, and Effie and Selina were soon closeted up



in the latter's room, talking over every recent event in either life, and planning for the morrow. There was to be a tea party, and some grown-up friends were expected from New Haven. Altogether the day promised much that was delightfully exhilarating even in prospect.

The elderly company began to arrive about three in the afternoon. Selina and Effie had talked so much to each other, and they and Virgil had skated so long, that there came a sort of lull in their satisfaction in each other's society.

Deborah, the cook, was busy making cake, and Selina said, suddenly, she thought she would run down-stairs and see if it was ready.

The children were all in the hall, sitting on a lounge before the fire. Miss Retta's work-table was at the left of them, and as Selina spoke, Effie's sharp little black eyes had wandered toward the stand.

On top of a strip of embroidery lay Miss Retta's keys—a dozen or more hung on an old-fashioned silver hoop.

When Selina asked her cousins if they cared to go down-stairs with her, Effie only shook her head.

An idea had occurred to her mischievous little brain, and she only longed to be alone to put it in operation.

Virgil and Selina started off. Effie glanced about her cautiously; then feeling like a conspirator against the peace, she rose, stole over to the basket, and with one more swiftly careful glance, seized the keys, hid them in the folds of her dress, and darted up the stairs. She was determined to see the Red Room for herself.

So far as the success of her scheme went, she could not have chosen a better opportunity. Miss Retta was with the newly arrived guests down in the library. Selina and Virgil were in the kitchen. Not a person nor a sound disturbed the solitude and stillness of the long hall and little corridor as Effie flew down them. She felt sure she would not soon be followed, and quite enjoyed finding the right key and fitting it into the lock.

The door creaked open, and Effie stood still a moment on the threshold, even her careless mind fluttered by what she was doing.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## CAMPING OUT.

VL—A FEW HINTS AND RECIPES.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AS the party met on the sixth and last evening of the "Camping Out" talks, Captain Archer found the three boys examining their note-books, and preparing to ask him questions on points that had been overlooked.

When they saw that he was ready for them to begin, Aleck asked, "Do you think we shall be much troubled by black flies or gnats in the woods, Uncle Harry?"

"Yes, my boy, I have no doubt you will. During July and August they are apt to be very troublesome. With care, however, your gnat-proofs will insure comfortable nights; and I would advise your taking with you a preparation of one ounce oil of pennyroyal, two ounces of castor-oil, and three ounces of pine tar. Let this simmer over a slow fire, and bottle for use. Upon the first appearance of black flies rub your face, neck, and hands thoroughly with it.

"In our last talk I spoke of the importance of cleanliness and neatness in your cooking and about the camp. I want you to remember that personal neatness is equally desirable. Many persons, even those who are neat at home, seem to think that in camp it is just as well to be slovenly and dirty. You will remove all your clothes once a day, and take a bath in the lake, or at least give yourselves a brisk rubbing with crash towels, and you will be as careful in other personal matters as though you were at home.

"It is a common practice in camp to turn in 'all stand-

ing,' as the saying goes, or with all one's clothes on; but you will find it very much more comfortable to remove all your clothes upon going to bed, except your flannel shirts.

"As you are going into the woods during the close deer season, I would not carry more than one gun for all three of you. Let it be a good double-barrelled shot-gun, and take with it about fifty loaded shells.

"For fishing-tackle take along a few dozen strong assorted hooks, several stout lines, and a small book of flies—not more than a dozen apiece. Do not bother with bought rods, but trust to the woods for them.

"When you become tired of fish, catch frogs. They are considered delicacies on first-class tables, and add a pleasant variety to woodman's fare. Catch them with a light rod, short line, and small hook baited with a bit of scarlet flannel, or at night by use of a jack-light. Stupefied by its glare, they will let you pick them up. Kill your frog by a tap on the head, cut off his thighs and hind-legs, skin them, roll them in Indian-meal, and fry brown in hot oil or pork fat.

"You will also probably have an opportunity of adding squirrels to your bill of fare. When you have got your squirrel, chop off his head, feet, and tail, cut the skin crosswise of the back, and strip it off in two parts, fore and aft; also cut the body crosswise into two parts. Throw them into a kettle, and let the hind-quarters parboil until tender. Then fry them, until of a rich brown, in oil or pork fat, hissing hot. Use the fore-quarters for a stew.

"To make a stew use almost any kind of flesh or fowl. The chief thing to be remembered in making a stew is to stew it enough. An old camp jingle runs thus:

'A stew that's too little stewed  
Is understood to be no good.'

"Let your meat boil for more than an hour, or until it begins to fall from the bones. Add potatoes, pared and quartered, an onion sliced, salt, pepper, and a thickening made of flour and melted butter, to be stirred in gradually.

"In making a meat soup provide plenty of meat, and do not be afraid to let it boil. It is hard to boil it too much, and three hours is not too long. When nearly done, scrape a potato into the soup for thickening, and season with salt and pepper.

"To cook rice, let a cupful soak overnight. In the morning pour off the water in which it has soaked, place it in a kettle of cold water, and boil it slowly, without stirring, until the kernels are soft. Remember to salt it. Rice is good with condensed milk, sugar, butter, or syrup. It is good to add to your soups and stews, and it is particularly good when added to the batter from which you make your griddle-cakes.

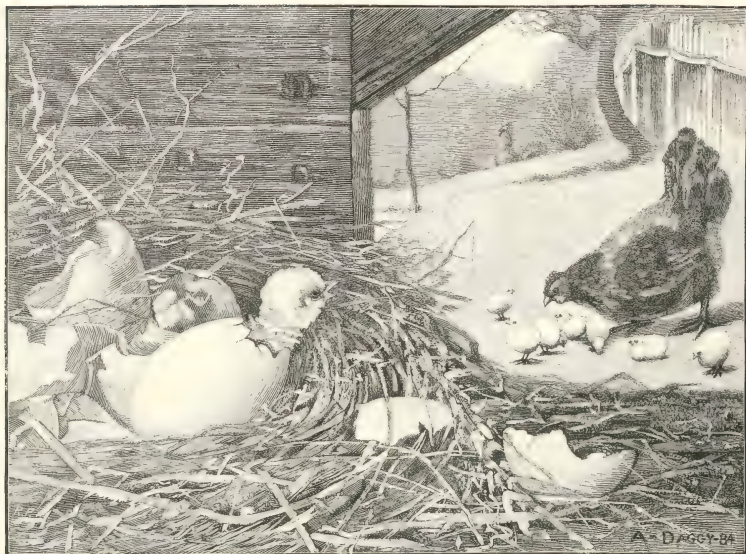
"To make mush stir corn-meal into boiling water; season with salt. Eat hot with syrup. Save what is left over, and fry it next morning. The same rule applies to hominy.

"I have said nothing to you about baking bread, beans, or anything else, because you can not bake properly without some kind of an oven, and the Dutch oven, which seems to be the only kind adapted to camp use, is heavy and awkward to carry.

"There are many niceties of camp cooking which you must learn by observation and experience. I could easily occupy six more evenings in talking to you on this subject alone; but my furlough has expired, and to-morrow I must leave you. I hope your camping expedition may prove entirely successful, and that you may find the lessons I have given you of some value."

"Oh, Uncle Harry, we are sure to, and I know we are going to have a splendid time. I only wish you were going with us," cried Ben.

"So do I, with all my heart, my boy; but as I can't, and as I shall leave before you are up in the morning, I will now bid you good-night and good-by."



"WAIT FOR ME."—BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

WAIT for me, mamsey, sisters, and brothers.  
 I didn't get ready as soon as the others;  
 But I'll be as jolly a chick as the rest  
 When once I have hopped half a yard from the nest.

Wait for me, please. I am all in a flurry;  
 The brood chipped their shells in too much of a hurry.  
 But just let me scramble out there in the sun,  
 And my mamsey will see I'm her very best one.

MUMMY CROCODILES.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

IN some parts of Egypt in ancient times the crocodiles of the Nile were held sacred, and had bands of priests to conduct their worship. This reverence is said to have begun in the fact that King Menes was preserved when in danger of drowning by a crocodile which took him upon its back and set him safely ashore.

Menes was the most ancient of the Egyptian kings, and is supposed to have lived three thousand or more years ago, so that it would be rather hard to prove this story true, and you may doubt if you like.

At the town of Arsinoë, according to history, the priests nourished a sort of pet crocodile named Suchus, which was fed upon bread, flesh, and wine offered to it by strangers. It was preserved in a particular lake, and whilst reposing the priests would approach the animal, open its mouth, and put the food within its jaws. After its repast it usually descended into the water and swam away, but it would suffer itself to be handled, and pendants of gold and precious stones were placed about it.

As with the beetle, the ibis, and other sacred animals,

crocodiles were preserved as mummies when they died, and there is now known a place where thousands of these mummies are stored away under-ground. This is at the summit of a rocky mountain near Ma-abdeh, on the east bank of the Nile.

Those who descend remove nearly the whole of their clothing, on account of the heat, and, led by native guides, squeeze through a narrow entrance in the rock into a deep pit. At the bottom is found a low rough sort of tunnel, through which everybody must crawl on his face in single file, paying out a ball of twine behind him, in order to find his way back. This emerges into a cavern, where the heat is intense, so that the perspiration starts from every pore, and great numbers of bats flock about the lights, often putting them out.

This is only the first of a long series of caverns, in the last of which are stored thousands of mummied crocodiles, from big ones several feet in length to babies only a few inches long. The large ones are tied up in palm leaves only, while the little fellows are carefully wrapped in mummy-cloth, and then made into bundles of five or six together. Visitors usually bring away two or three of these relics of the ancient religion as mementos.



"DON'T WANT TO GO TO BED, NURSEY."

## "LEFT BEHIND."\*

## OR, TEN DAYS A NEWSBOY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"TOBY TILLER," "MR. STILES'S BROTHER," "RAISING THE 'PEARL,'" ETC.

## CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

MOPSEY was the first to enter. He had settled in his mind that they ought to be invited to see Mr. Weston, and he considered it his right to go in because of the money he had contributed toward Paul's ticket to Chicago. The others followed him; but they did not appear as confident as he did.

Whatever extravagant idea Mopsey may have had as to the way in which they ought to be received by Mr. Weston, he was not disappointed. Paul's father welcomed them in the most cordial manner possible, and had they been his most intimate and esteemed friends, they could not have been received more kindly.

Paul had given his father a brief account of his life since the time he learned that the steamer had sailed without him, and he had spoken in the warmest terms of the boys who had befriended him when he was in such bitter trouble.

After the boys had entered the room, Mr. Weston explained why it was that he was still in New York city, when it seemed almost certain that he had sailed for Europe.

In a very few moments after the steamer had started from the pier, Mrs. Weston had asked him to send Paul to their cabin, she needing his services in some trifling matter. When Mr. Weston looked around for his son, of course he could not be found.

A hasty and vain search was made, and then the boy whom Paul had left behind to acquaint his father of the important business of buying tops that had called him away told his story. This he would probably have done before had he known which one of the many passengers his new friend's father was.

Leaving his wife and daughter to continue the journey alone, Mr. Weston had come back with the pilot, and from that day until then he had searched for his son, never once thinking that almost any newsboy in the vicinity of City Hall could have given him full particulars.

Paul had told his father of the generosity which his friends had shown in devoting all the theatrical funds, and nearly all of the money they had individually, to the purchase of the ticket to Chicago. Then after Mr. Weston had told them how it was that he had remained in the city, he said, as he took the ticket Paul was holding in his hand to give back to his friends:

"I shall keep this ticket, boys, even though Paul will not need it, for we shall sail for Europe in the next steamer. I want it as a reminder of generosity and nobility as shown by four boys who could not have been blamed if they had let the lost boy work his own way back to his home. I shall have it framed, with your names written on it, and when any one asks the meaning of it, I shall tell them that it was bought for my son by four noble boys of New York city."

Ben's eyes fairly sparkled with delight as Mr. Weston bestowed this praise, and Mopsey drew himself up at full height, as if the idea of doing the charitable deed had originated with him, instead of his having been opposed to it.

"Now, boys," continued Mr. Weston, "I shall try to do something toward repaying you for your kindness to Paul; but first I have another matter to settle with you. I advertised that I would give a reward to any one who should

bring me information of my son. You have done that by bringing the boy himself, and are therefore entitled to the sum I should have paid any one else."

As he spoke he handed some money to Paul, and he in turn handed it to Ben, who said, as he took it rather unwillingly,

"We don't want any pay for comin' here with Polly, an', besides, it warn't very far, so we won't say nothin' 'bout it."

"All we shall say about it, my boy, is that you will keep that money in order that I may keep my word. To-morrow we will see what can be done to reward you for your kindness to Paul, and he and I will call at your house some time in the evening, where I hope you will all wait for us."

Ben concluded from this that Mr. Weston wanted to be alone with his son, and he said, as he went toward the door,

"We'll keep the money, though it don't seem jest right. It kinder looks as though we was takin' what didn't belong to us, an' the only way I know of to get square on it is for us to give a show all for you alone, an' let you come in for nothin'."

Mr. Weston seemed highly pleased at the novel idea, and he told them, as he shook their hands in parting, that he would be obliged to give the matter some considerable attention before he could accept any such generous offer, but that they would talk the matter over the following evening.

Paul bade them good-night, with the assurance that he would see them the next day, and the boys marched out of the hotel, saying not a word, but looking as if they believed they had grown considerably in importance during their call.

Once in the street, Mopsey stopped under the nearest gas-light, and asked Ben to see how much money Mr. Weston had given them.

Ben unfolded the bills, which he held crumpled up in his hand, and the surprise of all four may be imagined when he unrolled five twenty-dollar notes.

"Jinks!" squeaked Dickey, with delight, after he had turned four consecutive hand-springs to quiet himself down a little, "that's a hundred dollars; an' if we don't swell round with that, it 'll be 'cause we don't know how to put on style."

Then, quite as fast as they had left Mrs. Green's, they ran back to relate the startling news, and surprise their landlady and her daughter with the treasure that had come because of their generous act.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## A DAY'S PLEASURING.

As may be supposed, Paul's good fortune in finding his father was the topic of conversation during the forenoon following that happy event. There was even more excitement in the news-selling world than there had been when the fact was first circulated that Ben and Johnny were getting up a theatrical enterprise.

Of course the good fortune that had come to the firm through Paul was soon known, and whenever one of the partners passed a group of merchants in his same line of business, he was sure to be pointed out as one of the boys who were the happy possessors of a clear hundred dollars.

As it was quite likely that Paul and his father would come down-town during the day, no one of the merchants knowing the facts went very far from City Hall, lest he should miss the chance of seeing them. There was a great deal of pride shown because they had had a rich man's son among their number, even though it had only been for a few days, and those who had tried to drive him away, during the first of his attempts to sell papers, now tried to show how often they had befriended him.

\* Begun in No. 336, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.



Some even allowed such flights to their imaginations that they came to believe Paul's father would give them money enough to make them all rich, and they began to think of the five cents which they had spent for a theatre ticket as just so much money given directly to Paul.

But the boys who had actually received money from Mr. Weston were so much excited by the wealth which had so suddenly become theirs that they could do no business at all that day. From the time they had reached home with the hundred dollars in their pockets they had been in earnest discussion as to what they should do with their money.

Mopsey had used every argument he could think of to show that it was not only wise but proper for them to invest it all in their theatre. So earnest was he in his attempts to have it thus expended that he took upon himself the great labor of figuring the cash returns of ten performances at the same amount of receipts as those of the previous Saturday. The result showed that they would receive in return the amount of their investment and considerably more.

Ben was willing that a small portion of the amount should be spent for the purchase of a curtain and for more secure foot-lights; but he insisted that the greater portion of it should be invested where it would be safe.

Dickey was of the same opinion as Ben, and he further proposed, since Mopsey was so anxious to carry out his ideas, that rather than spend it all on their theatre, he was in favor of dividing it, so that each could do with his share as he thought best.

Johnny advised buying or starting a news stand in some good location, and this Mrs. Green seemed to think was the most sensible plan of all. Of course the boys knew that she and Nelly each had a share in the money, and her advice had great weight with them.

But they could come to no decision that night.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A FEW PRACTICAL DIRECTIONS FOR YOUNG SWIMMERS.

**S**WIMMING baths have come to be a popular institution in all our sea-board cities. The jolly youngsters on the next page are in full enjoyment of the fun to be had by a half-hour's plunge in the cool salt-water, and they also have an opportunity to learn the art of swimming from a competent master, who is employed in all such places to teach those who wish to learn.

Swimming ought not to be looked upon as an accomplishment, but as a necessary branch of education. Accidents will always happen; boats may be upset, and a rising tide while bathing will occasionally prevent us reaching the shore. These dangers the power of swimming will effectually guard against.

Perhaps the best way of seeing how you ought to swim is to watch a frog in a tub. You will see the limbs drawn up, and then extended, so as to cover as large a surface of the water as possible, and next, the hind-legs brought together so as to reach out in a straight line behind the body, while the force of the stroke shoots the animal through the water.

Try and imitate the frog in your own room. Get a stool (a music stool will do), or put a couple of hassocks one above the other, and use them instead. Place yourself on the top, face downward, draw the knees up as close to the body as you can, and bring the hands under the chin, palms downward, thumbs and fingers straightened, and close together.

Now strike out arms and legs together in this way (counting "one"): push the hands straight out, with the two thumbs touching each other, and there they must remain right out in front of you all the length of the stroke

while you are moving through the water. At the same instant that you push out the hands, kick out the legs right and left (not straight behind you), with the toes turned back to make the soles of the feet flat against the water when you get there, and keep the feet as far apart as possible. When the knees are straight, keep them so, and say "two," for the second motion, and sharply bring the heels together, with the legs fully stretched out. This last motion will drive you through the water and carry you well forward. Pause an instant in this position, with the arms and legs all in the same straight line, and the stroke is complete.

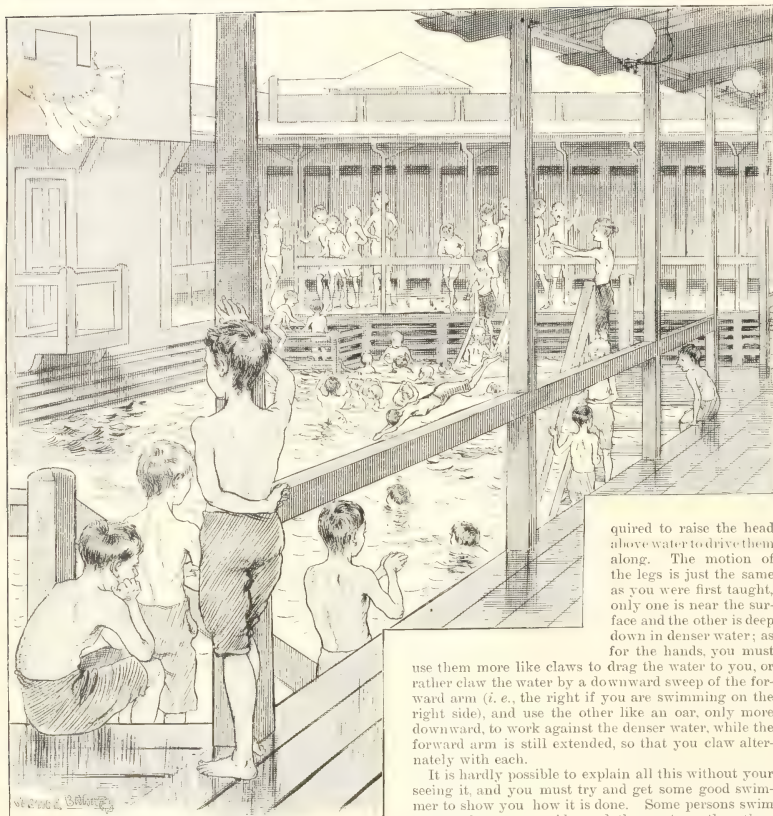
Now you are ready for the next stroke, and you may say "three," and prepare for it thus. Sweep the hands right and left with a semicircular motion, and hollow the palms slightly, pressing downward with them, until you bring them back to the chest; this will raise the head well above the water and enable you to take breath without fear of any water entering the mouth: as you bring the hands back, draw up the knees close under the body, and begin again. *One*, strike out; *two*, bring the heels together; *three*, draw back the feet and hands, elbows and knees close to the body. Get some one to count for you if you can, and take plenty of time. Do not hurry on any account, and when you get into the water dwell as long on the stroke as possible until the mouth (mind it is kept shut) sinks just under water; then is the time to raise the head by preparing for a fresh stroke, and drawing back the hands.

This is swimming on the face. You may swim very fast in this way if you remember the three motions, and if you strike out vigorously and dwell on the stroke while you are offering the least resistance to the water. At first you may have a little difficulty about taking breath, but don't think about it. While you are pressing the hands downward, the head and shoulders will come well out of the water, and you will soon get in the way of taking breath at that moment without ever thinking about it. Keep on practicing this for some time until you are quite perfect, and then you may take to the water confident that a very few days will be sufficient for you to support yourself; speed will come later on with practice.

You had better begin by trying to swim in water breast deep. Walk out on a calm day until the water comes up to the chest, then turn round, and throw yourself forward on your face with your arms out; your feet will rise off the ground, and you can strike out slowly. Every stroke will carry you into shallower water, but do not let your feet touch the bottom if you can help it. When you are tired, roll over on your back, and gently paddle with the hands extended at right angles to the body, while you slowly strike out the feet just as you did in swimming on your face.

If you press your hands downward, you will raise the head, as before, but you will rest better if you throw the head right back with the ears under water, and fold your arms across the chest; in fact, you will very likely be able to float in this position without any movement of hand or foot, but if you gently strike out with the feet, you raise the head a little, and are less likely to have a wave wash over your face. If this happens, do not be frightened; you are not sinking, and the water only washes over you because it is quite impossible to meet with an absolutely calm sea except on very rare occasions.

*Floating* is more difficult than swimming on the back, especially in fresh-water, which is not so buoyant as salt; but when you can swim a little on the back, gradually cease all movement, let the feet come together and float up to the surface, throw up the chest a little, but not too much, and throw the head well back. You may either leave your hands stretched out, or bring them to your side and lie perfectly still. Some persons can float



A SWIMMING BATH.

much more easily than others, but do not be disappointed if you do not fall into it at once; you will do it after a time.

*Swimming on the side* is your next step, and is the fastest way of getting through the water, mainly because you thus present less surface to the water in the direction you are moving, but partly also because you get deeper down and you strike against somewhat denser water. In this mode of swimming turn on the side, and push out the arm on the same side far beyond the other, letting the head fall on the shoulder and the mouth drop under water, while the other hand works in front of you, but downward like a paddle. Some good swimmers let nearly the whole face go under water in this position, and remain there except at the moment of coming up to breathe, and they do so because they use the force which would otherwise be re-

quired to raise the head above water to drive them along. The motion of the legs is just the same as you were first taught, only one is near the surface and the other is deep down in denser water; as for the hands, you must

use them more like claws to drag the water to you, or rather claw the water by a downward sweep of the forward arm (*i. e.*, the right if you are swimming on the right side), and use the other like an oar, only more downward, to work against the denser water, while the forward arm is still extended, so that you claw alternately with each.

It is hardly possible to explain all this without your seeing it, and you must try and get some good swimmer to show you how it is done. Some persons swim one stroke on one side, and the next on the other, and they make each arm describe as nearly a circle as they can, swinging each alternately high in the air, and as it falls on the water they roll over to that side, then sweep the arm downward and backward, when the movement is repeated on the other side. It is very fatiguing, but very effective for a few strokes. This also is better learned by imitation.

*Treading water*, on the other hand, wants no teaching at all; just paddle with your hands, and fancy you are walking upstairs, and you will find yourself, if not exactly walking to the top of the water, yet supporting yourself without much trouble. This requires deep water. Allied to this is

*Swimming like a dog*. - Strike out each leg alternately along with the opposite arm; thus, right leg and left arm and left leg and right arm together. All these variations of movement are a great resource if you are upset and left in the water for a long time, for the change in the muscles used is almost as good as a complete rest.

# THE SONG OF THE GOSSIP.



1  
One old maid,  
And another old maid,  
And another old maid - that's three -  
And they were agossiping, I am afraid,  
As they sat sipping their tea.

2  
They talked of this,  
And they talked of that,  
In the usual gossiping way  
Until everybody was black as your hat,  
And the only ones white were they.

3  
One old maid,  
And another old maid,-  
For the third had gone into the street-  
Who talked in a way of that third old maid,  
Which never would do to repeat.



4  
And now but one  
Dame sat all alone,  
For the others were both away.  
"I've never yet met," said she, with a groan,  
"Such scandalous talkers as they."

5  
Alas! and alack!  
"We're all of a pack!  
For no matter how we walk,  
Or what folk say to our face, our back  
Is sure to breed gossip and talk."



H. PYLE.





BRIDGEVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS.—I am a very little girl, and my mamma and aunties read me your letters in the Post-office Box, and I just love to hear about your toys and pets, and thought perhaps you would like to hear about mine. My mamma had a big sand pile put for me to play in. I have a shovel there, and a hoe and rake and spade, a little bucket, wheel-barrow, and a wheelbarrow. I build railroads in the sand, and make tunnels and bridges. (Papa is superintendent of a railroad, and that is how I happen to know about them.) Then I have a swing out in the yard that Uncle John sent me from Michigan. The seat can be drawn out and made into a nice little bed that I can lie down in and swing. I have a hummock, too. The grape arbor, but when I like most now is my tricycle; Uncle Dimp taught me how to ride it. Then I have a little buggy to take my dolls riding in. I take rides on papa's horse sometimes. Some one always holds me on and leads the horse, though. I had a nice horse that ran on wheels; his name was Billy. He would nod his head all the time he would be going, but something got the matter with his neck, and his head fell down inside of him. I have two play-houses—one in the back parlor and one on the upper veranda. I enjoy reading this letter too long to tell what is in them, but if any one would like me to write another letter I will (Auntie Tat will copy it for me, as she has done this one, I know). I was baptized last Sabbath, and my name is—

RUTH CAROLINE K.

One little girl has good times; hasn't she?

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

This is my first attempt at writing to strangers, but I have written a few letters to my grandma and auntie, who live in Columbia, Ohio. I expect to tell them a visit before vacation is over. My uncle Fred, who is a lieutenant in the navy, used to tell us about the places and people he had been to, and it was very interesting. We shall all be glad when he comes to see us again. Last Christmas he gave us HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for a present. We enjoy it very much. We liked "The Ice Queen" very much. We are now reading "Left Behind," and are very much interested in it. We can hardly wait for the next number to come. Papa and mamma enjoy reading it. We all think the boys' theatre very funny. I hope Papa will find his papa and mamma. I have a little brother Charlie, nine years old, and a little baby brother, but he has measles now. I have a lot to Sunday-school and church. We take the text every Sunday; if we do this for one year, we and the other boys will get a gold dollar from our pastor. We have not missed one since the first of January. I like to go to school, and I am the general monitor of our room, and one of the best scholars in my classes. If you think this letter is good enough, I should like to see it in print.

NAT. H. L.

MESA VERDE, COLORADO.

I enjoy so much reading the letters from the little children that I thought, I would like to write about my mountain home in southern California. We live sixty miles from San Diego, which is the oldest city in the State. We have no railroad, and we go to the stores in stage-coaches. We are 3000 feet above San Diego. Our neighborhood is called La Mesa Grande, which means the great table. It is named by the Spaniards. There is an Indian village called a rancho on this mesa, about seven miles from us; and several hundred feet below us, in a beautiful valley, is another rancho named San Juan. There are all Spanish names, given when the Spaniards settled here. The Indians speak the Spanish tongue, which they learned from the priests of the missions many years ago. The Indians here have some very curious festivals. They are ingenious, and make clay vessels and do very pretty things with quail, and they make baskets of different shapes, some of which have deer and people on them. These are very strong, and some will hold water. On Good-Friday they had a race, and tried to get in, but was always driven away. On Easter-Sunday they put an effigy of Judas Iscariot on a high cross, and they rode on the hills, and through the brush until Judas and the saddle were torn to pieces. The Indians are great gamblers. They are very fond of horse-racing, and of whiskey. We have Indians, half-breeds, and Mexicans in our school. The Indians do not like the white people very much. Some of them have herds of goats. The white goats are very pretty on the green hillsides. In

the San Ysabel are beautiful flowers; the yellow violet we have no blue, nemophila, and a hundred more. The hill-sides are blue and white with lilacs. There are many different kinds of ferns and mosses here, and some very pretty ones. We like to go to public schools in the morning and have twenty minutes' recesses in the morning and an hour at noon. I think "The Ice Queen" was a very good story. I have not taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very long, but I like the stories very much.

NETTIE I.

This is a very good descriptive letter.

SALIDA, COLORADO.

I am a boy ten years of age. There are mountains all around Salida, and in some of the mountains in the mountains the snow is, in winter, fully a hundred feet deep, but in this beautiful valley we have no snow, and have a growing city only four years old, and already it has over 3000 people. I came here with papa when the town started, and I believe that we shall have a big city yet.

ARTHUR R.

You are a pioneer boy. One of these days you may be Mayor of Salida, or one of its most prominent citizens.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

I am thirteen years old, and I have successfully passed the examination for the High School. I take music lessons, but have stopped now until October. I have only one pet, which is a canary-bird named Pete. I think all the stories in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE are splendid. I wrote once to you, but never received an answer. I hope this will be, as I want a little friend in Georgia to tell me.

LIZZIE C.

OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

I have a large cat and a pony and cart. I am twelve years old, and have a sister who is ten. I have a lovely French doll, which has fourteen dresses and six bonnets. I go to school. I like to write letters, ever so much. I received this paper, the first year it was published, in the bound volume, which I still get every Christmas from New York.

CHRISTIE R. M.

BRIDGEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA.

I live in the country, away down here in North Carolina, but I go to school in town, where my papa and my uncle have a large tobacco factory and store. It is very interesting to see the tobacco-workers—how fast their fingers fly. Many of them are colored people, and some are no larger than I am. They often sing together, and have sweet, full voices that people passing by often stop to listen. I have quite a good little collection of minerals and stones, some rare and curious ones, such as pea-stone from Canada, very hard; flexible sandstone, coralline, and chalcodony from this State, besides many others. My brother Tom and I made a small threshing-machine, and have threshed out a nice lot of wheat for a small machine.

JAMIE L. K.

AUBURN, NEW YORK.

My home is in Washington, but I am here for the summer. I write to tell you of the Auburn State-prison. It is a beautiful building, and reminds me of a fort. On the extreme top is a soldier—of course not a real soldier, but a soldier made of copper; he wears the old Continental uniform, and has stood there for years. I have been to see the convict meals much in the dining-room. You ascend a flight of steps, and look into the court-yard, and see them marching in squads. A sort of men pass to the convict's cell, some serve their lifetime. Just back of the prison proper is the State Asylum, for those who after their entrance are found to be insane. They are held in high iron-walled grounds to keep the prisoners from escaping. The windows of the cells in which they sleep are all heavily grated with iron bars. They are made of stone, and they have no windows, and large quantities of shoes.

HENRY R.

The Bible says the way of the transgressor is hard. Some of these prisoners may have had happy homes once. All were once little innocent children, but they have broken the laws, and must pay the penalty.

BRANDSBURG, ONTARIO.

I am one of your little girls that read this delightful paper. I live in the country on a farm. There is a creek that runs through our farm, so you may be sure we have fine times wading in the water. The year we were born was a flood, and it jammed before our house, and the water came all over our fields. We could sail a boat in grandma's garden. He is a sailor, and was always down around the creek. I think it put in his mind of the ocean. I have a cow; grandma gave her to me, and she called her Jessie, after myself. I am learning to milk. The first time I saw last spring were a robin, a gray bird, a blue jay, and an old black crow. I would like to see the birds in the far-away South. I am piecing a quilt for Jacob's school. My mother is a very good lesson. I go to school, and study arithmetic.

reading, spelling, grammar, geography, and writing. If you ever come to Canada, come and see me. We get HARPER'S BAZAR, MAGAZINE, and YOUNG PEOPLE. One day my brother went into the shop and asked if there were any YOUNG PEOPLE in town, and the gentleman told him, "Yes, lots of them." I was ten years old on the last day of May. We have three lambs and one calf; what do you think would be nice to call the latter?

Fanchon, Whiteface, Rosie, Fairy, Fleetfoot, are pretty names for a calf.

FULTON HILLS, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am almost ten years old. I go to school in the winter, but now it is closed; I study reading, writing, spelling, mental arithmetic, and geography. I have two sisters, and one brother. We live in the country, and have much fun both summer and winter. We have no pets now. We had a pet squirrel last summer, and it was very cunning. It would come into the house and carry things out of mamma's work basket, and would go upstairs and gnaw the tassels of the curtains. I thought it was a great deal of fun, and when school began it missed us so that it ran off, and never came back. We have two cats, named Colonel and Ned, and a dog named Jack; he is thirteen years old.

MATTIE S.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

I am a little girl nine years old, and go to school. I have one brother older than I; his name is Robert. We have lived in California three years. We had a good many pets; we had chickens that were so tame we could pick them up any place in the yard, and we also had guinea-pigs, rabbits, cats and kittens, and a bird. I have been in Honolulu, Sandwich Islands. Mamma takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for us; we like it very much.

KATIE C.

WEST GARDEN, MASSACHUSETTS.

I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE since the 62d number, and it grows more and more interesting to me. I was fourteen years last April. I have three sisters and two brothers. I have a piano at home, and I can play quite well on it. I play at school, for the children to sing, on an organ. I do not like the organ nearly as well as the piano, but I have a little piano at home, and I can play quite well on it. I like to read, and I like to write, and I like to draw. How do you think I write, for one who uses her left hand?

DELIA M. L.

Wonderfully well, but you should use the right hand too.

ATTICA, NEW YORK.

I am very anxious to find out whether little Papa will find his papa and mamma. I got a piano for Christmas, and have been taking music lessons twice a week. I have a little brother, who is nearly five years old, and his name is Frankie. I have a cunning little kitty that is all Maltese. Please publish this letter, because I want my dear cousin to see it, and it is the reason I have it. I have ever written on any paper. I am ten years old.

GRACE R. J.

RURAL, WISCONSIN.

I have a pony named Pocahontas, a bird named Grant, and I did have a kitten named Topsy, but it ran away. I am at my grandma's house now. I live in Eau Claire, and go to school every day. I enjoy the paper very much. I like "Nan," about the best of any of the stories.

NELLIE MCG.

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA.

I am a little girl nine years old. This is the first letter I have ever written to you, and I hope you will print it. Mother gave me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for my birthday. My mother and my brother and I are going to have a little garden this summer. I do not go to school; my mother teaches me. I study geography, spelling, grammar, and writing. I like to read and to play on the piano. I am writing this myself on the caligraph. Your little reader,

M. E. L. E.

BROOKTON, NEW YORK.

I go to school in the winter. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since the first number. I never had any brother or sister, and I am often very lonely. We have five little birds. I take music lessons twice a week. I wish Mr. Otis would let me have a dog. I would like to go to a good way soon. Is there a sequel to "Toby Tyler?"

NELL L.

"Mr. Stubbs's Brother" is a sequel to "Toby Tyler."

ELIZABETHTON, NEW YORK.

The Postmistress said that we should not begin with our age, so I do not begin with my age. About a week ago my brother received an answer to an exchange which he sent to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and being in the country, he did not receive it quite as a while. It had been sent to our city home. After receiving it







A TANDEM. WITH THE CART BEFORE THE HORSE.

## ENIGMA.

BY E. M. TRAQUAIR.

WHAT is that serpent, tell me—  
Not bred on earth, I ween—  
In courage, strength, and swiftness  
Whose like was never seen?

With loud and fearful bellow  
She darts upon her prey;  
At one fell swoop the rider  
And strongest horse will slay.

The highest points she chooses;  
She seeks the coat of mail;  
Nor lock nor bar can save you  
If she your house assail.

The strongest oak she'll shatter  
As if a blade of grass;  
She'll break the strongest fetters,  
And burst the gates of brass.

This monster (need I name her?)  
But once her power tries;  
Her own wild flames devour her,  
And when she strikes she dies.

## INSECTS PLAYING AT SEESAW.

IN strolling through the woods I have often noticed insects and various animals engaged in games and sports that did not differ greatly from some of those which children play. Once I saw two ants who were having a mock battle; another time

two flies were detected in a real game of tag, I hiding behind twigs and leaves, and then darting out and away.

A wise professor once watched a solemn toad at play. It was standing on its hind-legs, holding in its mouth a twig exactly as if it were trying to play the flute. I once saw a game of seesaw which actually occurred, although it might have been purely accidental. A toad-stool that grew in a damp spot beside the walk formed the rest, and across it had blown a spear of hay or grass, so that it almost balanced.

While the spear was thus balanced a butterfly came sailing along, and seeing the invited roost, alighted for a moment's rest. But a moment later a comical green grasshopper, with two long waving whiskers, was seen to alight upon the other end of the seesaw, just bearing it down, and as he advanced up the spear he was in turn raised in the air by the butterfly.

## THE UNITED HEARTS.

BEND with pincers two pieces of iron wire, about the sixteenth of an inch in diameter, as shown in the diagrams,



only about three or four times the size. The details of the ends of the wires are shown below, about natural size.



The bending of these ends must be carefully followed, except that the loop formed by A may be at right angles to the loop formed by B, instead of being flat, as drawn. This arrangement makes the solution less obvious.

Galvanized wire is recommended, as it does not get rusty. The wire should not be of soft iron, like bottle wire, or the hearts will not keep their shape, but it must be soft enough to



yield readily to the pressure of a pair of pliers, such as are generally combined with wire-nippers.

The puzzle is to link the hearts together, or, if given linked, to separate them.



A FAN PARTY.

THEY were asked to a beautiful ball  
In spacious and elegant hall  
But the night was so hot  
That dance they could not  
Which made the ice-cream so cold

Said they, "We will patiently try  
To wait, without murmur or sigh,  
Till the ice-cream is brought;  
But we'll never be caught  
Again at a ball in July."

HARPER'S

# YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 359

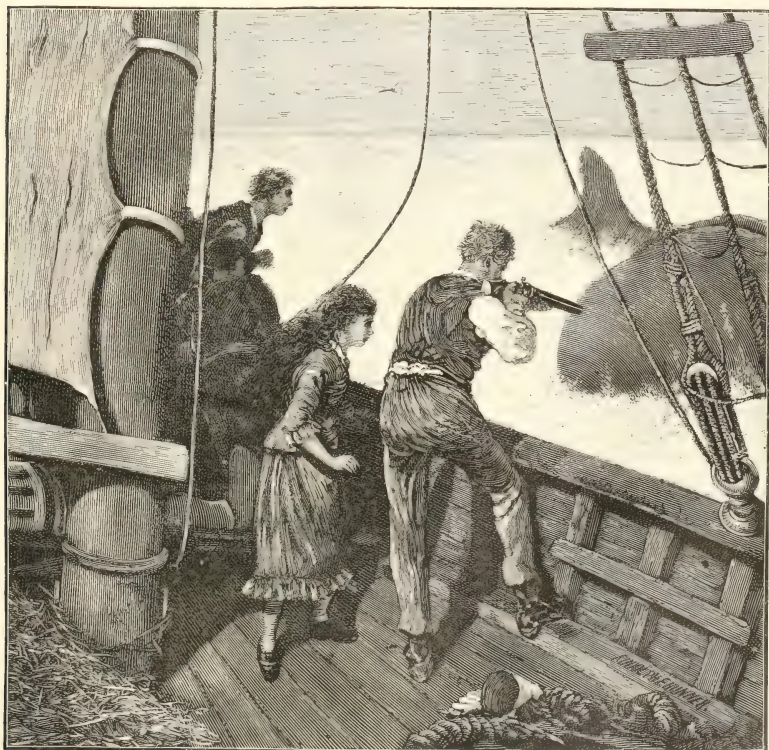
PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 12, 1884.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.60 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



"ZE BIG FEESH VOS RUN AWAY MIT DER 'DOLLY.'"—SEE PAGE 643.



## THE "LUCK" OF THE SCHOONER "DOLLY."

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

A WAY back in the year 1804—eight years previous to what New-Englanders are accustomed to call "the war of '12," in which year the famous naval duel between the *Enterprise* and *Boxer* took place off the coast of Maine—good old Deacon Elnathan Jones built and launched from his own little ship-yard the schooner *Dolly* (called after his wife, whose baptismal name was Mary Alcidora Matilda, a for those days—well proportioned vessel of some eighty-five tons burden. In the early times of which I write, the *Dolly* was considered to be altogether too large for ordinary coasting purposes.

"An eighty-ton schooner!—who ever heard of sech a thing?" growled one old sea-captain, blissfully unconscious that in less than three-quarters of a century four-masted schooners capable of carrying nearly two thousand tons dead-weight would be built. And let me add, in this connection, that in those days a full-rigged ship of three hundred tons burden was looked upon very much as you and I, dear reader, would regard the great iron four-thousand-ton ship recently launched at Belfast, Ireland.

But as I was saying, the good schooner *Dolly*, in the year of our Lord 1804, was regarded as an enormous piece of naval architecture, and certain sea-faring men, in making mention of her, were accustomed to refer to the vessel in question as Jones's Folly. But, all the same, the good Deacon believed that his new enterprise would pay—and he was right.

In due time Deacon Jones was gathered to his fathers, and by the terms of his will his eldest son Ichabod was forbidden to sell the schooner except in the event of the direst necessity.

"Without beeing Superstitious"—so ran the document, which is yet on file in a dusty pigeon-hole in a certain county record office—"I have a fancy that ye pet name of my Beloved wyfe Mary will bring good Fortune to ye vessel and her owners, hence it is my express wish and desyre that s'd vessel be kept in ye family so long as may be for Interest of all concerned."

And so it is that through several successive generations the schooner has been owned and commanded by some one of Deacon Jones's descendants. In the war of 1812 Captain Jordan Jones, of Machiasport, took out letters of marque, and transformed the *Dolly* into a privateer for the time being. In less than six months the little vessel captured and brought into the port of Castine three prizes, the value of any one of which was more than double that of the schooner herself. Ten years later, while in the West India trade, the *Dolly* herself was captured by the then notorious pirate Maxwell, who put a prize crew, consisting of four men and his second officer, on board her.

One of the Windward Islands, where the buccaneers had their stronghold, was her destination. But there was a cask of spirits in the hold; the pirates became intoxicated, and Captain Jordan Jones, Jun., managing to free himself from his shackles, released the three men composing his own crew, bound their previous captors, and brought them into Salem, Massachusetts, where, according to local history, they were hung in chains.

And so down through the years the *Dolly* was in many respects what is called a "lucky" vessel. In summer-time she carried lumber from Bangor to Boston; in winter, if freights were good, ran down to Mexico for mahogany, or Cuba for sugar. During all her voyaging the *Dolly* was never known to lose either spars or sails, and after more than seventy-five years of service Captain Adoniram Jones was wont to proudly boast that the "ol' *Dolly* was jest as sound as the day she was rushed off the stocks."

But while the *Dolly* was lucky in this particular respect, in a financial point of view she was unlucky as the

years went on. The increase of steam navigation and a corresponding decline in freights had made a marked change in the vessel's receipts.

"We won't much more'n pay our runnin' expenses *this* trip, *Dolly*," Captain Adoniram rather gloomily observed, as on a certain bright June morning the old schooner, with a deck-load of baled hay, lay becalmed a few miles to the eastward of Cape Ann. The sun shone down on a glassy sea, unruddled by a breath of wind, and as the vessel rose and fell on the long sluggish swells, the "flap" of the reef points against the slating sails, and perpetual swing and squeak of the booms, had a most exasperating effect upon the Captain's nerves, the more particularly as being suggestive of a probable day's delay in arriving at Boston.

"I'm afraid not," cheerfully answered *Dolly*, the Captain's fifteen-year-old daughter, who had been named after the vessel with which his fortunes and misfortunes were so intimately connected. For following close upon the death of his wife, a few years previous, came the loss of his little property, since when neither Captain Adoniram nor his daughter had been able to claim any other home than the schooner's cabin, which, however, was comfortably and even cozily fitted up, *Dolly*'s sleeping-apartment being a tiny state-room in the after-part of the vessel.

"No gettin' into Provincetown to-night, *that's* certain," remarked Eph Cummings, the Captain's nephew and entire starboard watch, as he leaned in a leisurely—not to say indolent—manner against the wheel, chewing a bit of hay pulled from the nearest bale.

Captain Adoniram shook his head.

"There's no chance of gettin' anywhere for the next twenty-four hours, far's I can tell," he returned, rather despondently, "and there's Cap'n Cracker all ready for sea, and we layin' here becalmed with all his 'gear' aboard. Plague take sech luck, I say!"

"Gear," let me explain, is a term used by sailors to describe the entire outfit of a boat. In the case of a whale-boat it would include six to ten harpoons (or "irons") and lances, properly arranged in beekets, boat knife, hatchet, spade, waifs, lantern, compass, line-fox, etc. Captain Cracker, of the whaling brig *Sea Fox*, having bought the "gear" of a condemned whaler in an Eastern port, had shipped the same to Provincetown per schooner *Dolly*, and was impatiently awaiting its arrival.

Meanwhile *Dolly*, who was a slim, hazel-eyed girl, with a profusion of crinkly dark hair flowing from beneath the cape of her sun-bonnet far below her waist, was gazing intently through her father's battered canvas-covered spy-glass at some occasionally appearing jets of vapor dimly outlined against the distant horizon. Captain Adoniram's attention was attracted in the same direction.

"What is it, *Dolly*—a sail?" he asked; then in the same breath bellowed, as from the mast-head of a whaler, the loud voiced, long-drawn, "A-r-r-r blows! a-r-a-r blows!" indicative of whales "spouting" in the distance; for Captain Adoniram, in his thirty odd years of sea-faring life, had made more than one whaling voyage, and the old instincts peculiar to this class of sea-farers were still strong within him.

"I thought you see a breeze comin', and, so fur's I can see, it's nothin' but some old whales," muttered Ephraim, in an injured voice.

Whales were no novelty in the eyes of the youth, who had often seen them blowing in the distance while on different coasting trips. And Ephraim, who had quite a taste for good eating, was anxious to get into port, for having been four days out, the beans had run short, and Eph was as fond of pork and beans as the most pronounced Bostonian.

Whales? yes; but as the spouts increased in number and nearness, even Captain Adoniram was fain to remark that he'd be "hornsnoggled"—the nearest approach to pro-



fanity that he ever indulged in—if he ever see such a passel of 'em together to once in all his born days. Humpbacks, with the curving protuberance not unlike that peculiar to the back of a camel projecting above the water, lean, long-bodied "right" whales, noted for making more fight than oil, immense "bowheads" from the northern seas, and most formidable in appearance among them all perhaps was the cachelot, or sperm-whale, with his square, blunt head and lance-like lower jaw, with which in his anger he can cut and slash at an overturned boat until it is reduced to splinters.

On they came, a mighty phalanx of marine monsters, puffing and blowing out great jets of vapor with a noise like that made by so many low-pressure Mississippi steamers. They surrounded the schooner, lashing the surface of the sea into a smother of foam in their clumsy gambols, and at times coming so near the vessel's side as to cause young Mr. Cummings to turn very pale, and remark that if he'd 'a' knowed it was goin' to be any sech trip as this—dead calms, and whales pretty nigh comin' right in on deck—he'd 'a' staid to home on the farm.\*

"There isn't any danger, is there, father?" asked Dolly, who had been watching this really wonderful sight with the deepest interest, not unmixed with a little natural fear as some whale would rise to the surface, almost directly under the schooner's quarter, with a snort—if I may so express it—like the steam from a gigantic escape-valve.

"Land sake alive! no, child," answered her father, whose eyes were glistening with excitement, "and I only wish—"

The sentence was not completed. All at once an immense mountain of dun-colored flesh, down whose glistening sides streamed vast sheets of foaming water, rose to the surface so close as to touch the vessel's hull with his huge body.

But this was not all. Being still "on soundings," the anchor lay on the rail with one fluke projecting outboard, ready for letting go at short notice. And as the leviathan of the deep threw his vast head in the air, bringing his jaws together with a vicious snap, the outboard anchor fluke in some way hooked itself just inside the thick folds of flesh at the junction of the jaws, and in another moment disappeared from the rail, while after it flew about fifteen fathoms of chain.

Then came a jerk which shook the schooner from stem to stern, causing Ephraim to fall over the barrel of the wheel with great expedition, while Captain Adoniram, quite bewildered, ran forward to see what the trouble was.

He very soon found out. The *Dolly* was rushing through the calm water at a rate far exceeding any previous record that she had made, even when driving before a cyclone in the Caribbean Sea under the merest rag of sail. As the terrified Belgian who composed the entire port watch expressed it, "Ze big feesh vos run away mit der *Dolly*."

For almost the first time in his many years of sea-faring life, Captain Adoniram was puzzled to know just what to do. A cold-chisel with which to have cut one of the links of the tautened chain would have solved the difficulty, but unfortunately there was nothing of the kind on board.

"Mebbe he'll tow us straight inter Provincetown—he's headin' diree' for Cape Cod," grimly observed the Captain, glancing at the compass.

"But, father"—began Dolly, when a new and unexpected danger threatened them.

Suddenly slackening his mad onward rush, the whale "milled" round, and lay motionless for a moment or two—the chain hanging in a great blight, over which the vessel was carried by her own impetus, directly toward the monster.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Captain Adoniram, tugging excitedly at his grizzled beard, as the recollection of the loss of the ship *Essex* by a blow from the head of an infuriated whale flashed across his mind, "he's a-layin' for us. What'n creation *are* we goin' to do."

"Father," eagerly cried Dolly, who, though very pale, had behaved with remarkable coolness from the very first, as the remembrance of an incident narrated by her father came to her as a sort of inspiration, "perhaps a bomb-lance would frighten him."

Catching eagerly at the suggestion, the Captain dived below, and in rather less than five seconds appeared on deck with a heavy rifle of extraordinarily large bore. Charging it with a thimbleful of "Dupont's best," he rapidly pressed down upon the powder a hollow pointed iron tube some six inches in length, which is filled with an explosive material that the powder lights when the gun is discharged. Capping and cocking the heavy weapon, Captain Adoniram raised it to his shoulder, and not a moment too soon.

The whale, beating the water with his tremendous flukes, was backing with an evident purpose of getting more headway for his intended blow, while the vessel was so near that those on board could easily see his small eye, which seemed to gleam with rage.

The ribs of the whale are so near together that oftentimes the bomb-lance, imbedded in the thick blubber, strikes one of the great bones, and explodes harmlessly in the oily mass. But it was not the first time that the Captain had sighted a whale-gun, and as the cachelot started for the *Dolly*, Captain Adoniram fired.

The "thud" of the bomb-lance as it penetrated the monster's hide was followed by a dull explosion, and the enormous whale, throwing himself entirely clear of the water, fell back with a crash that churned the surrounding sea into a mass of foam, and then with one great gasp the mighty leviathan of the deep rolled partly over upon his side, and the waves were crimsoned with his life-blood, while the great body of whales on every side struck off at a terrific rate of speed, as though by common consent.

"That 'ere bomb-lance went right diree' to the critter's vitals," shouted Captain Adoniram, dropping the gun and hugging Dolly wildly; "and if we can tow him into Provincetown, he's worth a clean six thousan' dollars, for he'll try out eighty barrels *sure*!"\*\*

I should like to describe to you how with infinite difficulty the whale was secured alongside, the slack chain hove in, and a breeze springing up shortly afterward, the *Dolly* slowly made her way to Provincetown with her valuable prize, which was readily disposed of to old Captain Sylvester for a little more than the sum mentioned by Captain Jones; but I have already made my story longer than I at first intended.

But though Dolly the maiden, who is now a well-grown young lady of eighteen, no longer follows the sea (the Captain having bought a snug little home near Rockland, Maine), *Dolly* the vessel does; and only last week, after a thorough overhauling, she began her voyaging again, and Captain Adoniram Jones confidently declares that she's bound to make his fortune, before he gives up sea-going, "in spite of fate."

\* The schooner *M. E. Miller*, Captain Young, arrived this morning (June 23, 1884), from Savannah after a passage of nine days. Captain Young reports that on June 20, at noon, in latitude 35° 50', longitude 74° 14' W., during a dead calm, the vessel was surrounded by a school of whales, which could be seen as far as the eyes could reach, coming to the surface and blowing. They came so close to the vessel that they could be reached from the deck with a common harpoon.

\* The whale caught by the crew of the schooner *Lizzie P. Simmons*, of New London, at Cumberland Inlet, turned out to be more valuable than was at first supposed. The exact returns of the sale were as follows: from whalebone, \$12,250; oil, \$8,490; total, \$20,740. This is the largest amount ever realized from a single whale.



"THE PROSPEROUS ONE."

## MR. THOMPSON AND THE RABBITS.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

"**H**E does look like a rabbit."

"He! That homely fellow! Why, you are insulting your species."

Mr. Thompson looked around. He was sitting on a bank under the shade of the hedge, thinking of Miss Angelina, when he heard the conversation which begins our story. He insists that he was wide awake. "Do you think I could sleep when my mind was full of her?" he inquired, in an injured tone, when I suggested he might have been napping; so I did not pursue the subject further, and we will accept his statement that he was wide awake.

Mr. Thompson looked around. There, only a few feet away, sat two rabbits, eying him intently. One was a large fat rabbit, with long sleek ears held straight up in the air; he had a deep voice, and a general appearance of self-satisfaction and importance; he looked as if he might be a politician or a successful merchant. The other was thin and ragged, his ears hung down dejectedly, and he appeared as if a full meal had been a stranger to him for many a day. Mr. Thompson at once concluded that he was a sort of hanger-on of the great man, and felt his heart go out toward him in pity for his miserable appearance.

In the mean time the two were gazing at him curiously, in much the same manner as one would look at some new kind of bug or a curious animal.

"He does resemble a rabbit, now I see his full face," admitted the larger of the two, after a few moments' thought.

"Especially about the ears," said the other, with a titter.

Mr. Thompson frowned. To resemble a rabbit in the face was bad enough; but about the ears—the rabbit's ears were at least six inches in length—was *too* insulting. The rabbit did not seem to regard it in the same light, however; he seemed to think the insult was on the other side, for he shook his own long furry ears in token of disapprobation, and favored his follower with so severe a look that the poor fellow sunk back with a most dejected expression.

"He is growing more like a rabbit every minute," said the prosperous one, after a pause. Another interval of silence, and he exclaimed, "He *is* a rabbit!" and continued to stare at Mr. Thompson in open-eyed wonder.

As for that gentleman, he was not aware of any change in himself until he attempted to brush away a fly which had been annoying him, and to his astonishment found that his hand came in contact with a long furry ear. He looked at his hands, soft, brown, and furry; they certainly were rabbit's paws.

His movements had for the moment frightened the rabbits, but they soon recovered themselves. The larger one approached Mr. Thompson with a pompous air, and said, in a patronizing tone,

"Will you tell me, my good fellow, how you managed to change your appearance so suddenly, and by what right you masquerade as a respectable rabbit, when you are really a horrible man?"

"I don't know how I changed," responded Mr. Thompson, meekly; "and as for being a horrible man, I don't see why you should call me that: I never did you any harm."

"All men are our natural enemies," said the rabbit.

"I am not," urged Mr. Thompson, eagerly. "I am the friend of all the animals."

"You are?" replied the rabbit. "Well, I suppose I must take your word for it, though appearances are against you. Didn't you say the other day that you were very fond of rabbit pie?"

Mr. Thompson could make no answer, but looked so unhappy that the rabbit relented, and said, in a more kindly tone, "But now that you have become one of us, I presume that you will give up all such depraved tastes."

Mr. Thompson said that he would. After another approving look, the rabbit said,

"Won't you come and take a look around the grove?"

Mr. Thompson followed him. Presently they came to a small hole under the root of a thick bush.

"Here is my house," said the rabbit. "Come in."

Mr. Thompson followed his guide. The hole was not more than three feet deep, and the chamber at the end was barely large enough to turn around in. Curled up in it lay Mamma Rabbit and four young ones, soft brown little things, about the size of young rats. After Mr. Thompson had admired the young ones sufficiently he followed his new friend into the open air, and they both sat themselves at the root of a large oak-tree.

"How old are your children?" inquired Mr. Thompson, politely.

"Two weeks to-morrow," answered the proud father.

"But they look older; they they a— their eyes are open," said Mr. Thompson, hesitatingly.

"Oh yes. Rabbits are unlike dogs, or, in fact, most of the smaller animals, in that we are born with our eyes open. Another thing about our eyes is that we can see behind us as well as in front, and they work independently; when I am running I can look behind with one eye and in front with the other;" and the rabbit presented a most comical appearance, with one round eye gazing straight ahead, and the other cocked toward his stump of a tail.

"How extremely interesting!"

"Oh! there are a great many interesting things about

us. Did you ever know why when chased by dogs a rabbit will run up a hill if one is near?"

"No," said Mr. Thompson.

"Well," continued the rabbit, "a rabbit's hind-legs are longer than the front ones, so he can run up a hill as fast and rather easier than he can on a level, while a dog, having all four legs of the same length, is of course obliged to go more slowly."

"Strange!" muttered Mr. Thompson, making a mental note of the story.

"Yes. And another thing," continued the rabbit: "we are much more forward than other animals. When twenty days old we begin to take care of ourselves. What would you great clumsy men think if your babies were to make their own living before they were a month old?"

"How long is the average life of a rabbit?" inquired Mr. Thompson in reply.

"About eight years, if he is not killed either by men, or dogs, or cats, or weasels, or foxes, or hawks. You see, we are constantly pursued. The English poet Cowper had three tame rabbits, one of which died from an accident at the age of nine, and another died when eleven. He was very fond of them; he called them Bess, Tiny, and Puss, and describes the tricks they used to play—how Puss would jump on his lap, and nibble his eyebrows and lick his face in order to coax him to go into the garden; how Bess became jealous of the cat, and pursued her into the corner, giving her such a beating that it was ever after impossible to persuade her to come into the room where the rabbits were."

"Why, you seem to be remarkably well informed concerning the history of your race."

"Oh yes. There is one story that I want to correct; that is, about the 'Hare and the Tortoise' and the great walking match they had. I have tried it any number of times, and always with the same result. I would arrive at the goal, get tired of waiting, and long before the tortoise came up I would be miles away. Then he would claim the race," concluded the rabbit, in an injured tone.

"Why are your ears so long?" queried Mr. Thompson.

"So that we can hear our enemies when they come. You see they can be turned in any direction, so that they act like great ear-trumpets; besides, our hearing is very acute. But if you want to see ears, you should see the great Colorado rabbit, or, as 'he is known in the West, the jackass-rabbit. His ears are often over a foot long, and when he runs he lays them down over his back like a blanket. But here comes a woman; let's run!" exclaimed the rabbit, interrupting himself.

Mr. Thompson looked. It was Miss Angelina. Run from her! Perish the thought! He cried out to his rabbit friend that she would not harm them, but it was of no use. The rabbit disappeared under a bush, and Miss Angelina approached, totally unconscious of Mr. Thompson's presence. When but a few feet away from her he sprang to meet her. With a wild scream she dropped her book, her parasol, her fan, her handkerchief, her opera-glass, her smelling-salts, her fancy-work, and the various other trifles which a lady always carries with her when she starts for a ramble in the woods. She ran down the road screaming, and Mr. Thompson picked up her hand-

kerchief between his teeth and started after her. But it was of no use; encumbered with her handkerchief, he could make no headway, and soon gave it up.

Now Miss Angelina, as soon as her fears had subsided, made a detour, and also bent her steps toward the hedge. As she approached, Mr. Thompson rose politely. There was another very shrill scream, which caused Mr. Thompson to mutter, "There she goes again!"

But this time it was a scream of joy. She sprang toward him, and exclaiming, "Oh, save me! save me! I have been chased by a horrible great animal, a wolf or a bear," she assumed a graceful position, and fainted in Mr. Thompson's arms.

After considerable effort Mr. Thompson restored her to consciousness, and, in order to re-assure her, told her the whole story. She believed it all, and promised solemnly "never to breathe it to a living soul," which is how I came to hear of it the next day, when it was all over the boarding-house.

## THE STORY OF A RING.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "MILDRED'S BARGAIN," ETC.

### IV.

JUST as it had always been since the day Selina first entered it was the Red Room now. Large and still and old-fashioned—the bed so sombrely hung, but so smooth and white; the fire-place and andirons clean, yet looking as though no fire had ever smouldered there; and to the



"SELINA," SHE WHISPERED, "IT IS GONE!"

right the recess, with its queer windows, and the large, quaint lavender chest.

Very carefully Effie made her way into the room, and to the desired spot; and then, standing before the chest, she tried one key after another, until with quivering fingers she opened the upper drawer.

She would have been delighted to have examined the contents of the entire chest, but as that could not be, she looked eagerly for the special treasure. It was a long time since that chest had been opened. The drawer creaked, and its contents shook up and down, giving out a faint odor of lavender, and a little cloud of dust. But there was the box. Effie pulled the cover off, and lifted the "Calman" ring delightedly to her view.

Dazzle and sparkle went the lights in the stones. They did not fascinate the more matter-of-fact Effie as they had Selina, but still she felt that enough of romance and mystery was connected with them to make the moment and her adventure very interesting.

She slipped the ring on her largest finger, and held it up to see the light shift back and forth, and in the fading afternoon glow she danced up and down, smiling half mischievously, half gleefully.

How she would like to tease Selina! Selina the proper—the model. Effie laughed to herself, and no sooner had she thought of this than her quick mind determined upon putting it in practice.

She pushed back the drawer, and ran out of the room, holding her treasure tightly, and locking the Red Room door with a little bang.

No one was in the hall; she saw that at a glance; and tossing the keys back into the basket, she hurried down the kitchen stairs.

"Selina!" she called, and danced into the pastry-room, where Virgil and his cousin were watching some pigeons outside the window.

"I'm a witch," she went on, in a saucy, teasing voice, "and I found a treasure, and I shall keep it forever to call up other witches with."

All her life long Selina will remember her feeling of ice-cold horror as she looked up to behold Effie with her hand high above her head, and the "Calman" flashing on her brown forefinger.

"Effie!" she screamed—"oh, Effie, put it back! How did you get it? It will bring you ill luck if it is taken out. Oh, Effie! Effie!"

But Effie was not going to lose her pleasure in tormenting Selina. Around and around she danced, slipping away as her cousin tried to grasp her arm, while Virgil looked on not particularly interested, for what did he care for the "Calman"?

"Effie," cried poor Selina, tears in her eyes and voice, "here comes Deborah. You must give it back."

"No, no," replied the other; "I shall keep it, and I shall be a witch. I shall always be your witch cousin."

"Effie," once more faltered Selina. She moved forward, when suddenly a look of horror came over Effie's face. She stopped short, and put out her hands tremblingly.

"Selina," she whispered, "it is *gone*!"

"Ah," cried Selina, "don't tease any more!"

But Effie's distress was only too real. As if by magic the ring had vanished.

But how or whence? The well-scrubbed floor of the pastry room was searched by the two children thoroughly; its few articles of furniture turned upside down; the folds of Effie's dress, her pockets, shaken in and out, but with no result.

The "Calman" had disappeared.

Deborah's steps were heard crossing the stone flagging outside.

"Come," whispered Selina, "let us hurry upstairs and

think what to do. Of course we must tell Aunt Retta; but oh, what *shall* we say to her?"

Effie's cheeks were pale, and her lips trembled.

"I will tell her the truth," she said, a little proudly, "but not just yet, Selina, because it would spoil all the fun."

"We must tell her at once," said Selina, sternly.

Effie shook her cousin by the arm. "Selina," she said, in as determined a voice as she could assume, "listen to me, miss. If you venture to speak of it for a day or two to Aunt Retta, I'll do something perfectly horrible!"

The children were in the upper hall by this time. Selina looked with a beating heart in the direction of the library, whence Miss Retta and the visitors would soon appear.

"Do you hear me, miss?" inquired Effie, giving to Selina's arm another shake, and a look even more terrible than her last. "I shall *tell a lie* if you do, and then all your life long you will have it on your conscience, and when you are dying they will say to you, 'Where is your poor cousin Effie, who went to wreck and ruin because you made her *lie*?' and, if I am dead, I will haunt you—and—and—"

"Oh, Effie! Effie!" pleaded Selina.

It is to be feared that if the one cousin had a strong imagination, the other was not lacking in her power to make improbable things seem very likely to occur and to appear horrible, and Effie, who could not in the least comprehend Selina's scruples, was delighted by the effect her words had produced.

"I agree to wait a day or two, Effie, if you *promise* then to tell the truth, and the *whole* truth."

Selina spoke like a judge who softened a just sentence strongly against his will.

Effie slowly let go her grip on Selina's arm.

"I never break my word," she answered, solemnly. "I promise to tell it all the day we leave."

If Selina had to suffer for her cousin's mischief-making, there was at least the consolation that she would speak the truth finally, and then, thought the child, perhaps Aunt Retta knew of some magic power whereby the "Calman" could be summoned back. Which will prove, I hope, how very strongly Selina had allowed her superstitious fancies to take possession of her.

As for Effie, her high spirits returned speedily. Since it *was* lost, she rather enjoyed having been the centre of what nobody could help considering a startling adventure. It would do so well to tell the girls at school; it would certainly make her an object of interest before the grown-up cousins, when she came to relate the story; and always delighted to think of herself as conspicuous, Effie rehearsed the scene over and over in her own mind, taking so much comfort from her part in it as to decide at last that Selina was a "silly goose" to care at all.

"And don't you see," she said to Selina, when they were dressing for the tea party next day, "it will make that picture of great-grandmamma so much more valuable. They can go on and tell how singularly the ring was lost; and I am a Livingstone, though you are not," she added, compassionately, "so it is quite right I should have looked at it."

"On the sly?" said Selina, with contempt.

"Any kind of a way," retorted her cousin, though with a little deepening of color. "And perhaps I'll get papa to have my picture painted in the act of losing the ring. It will be vanishing in smoke. There might be some East Indian forms clutching at it."

But at this, though she laughed, Selina had to shudder.

Effie was in the full tide of good spirits, however, and continued: "And I'll tell you what, Selina, I think I'll begin to 'go in,' as Virgil says, for everything East Indian. That will make me all the more remarkable when I'm a young lady, and people hear my story. I shall learn East Indian dances—see."



And Effie began whirling about the room, uttering various wailing sounds extremely unlike anything Selina had ever considered music.

In the midst of this entertainment, however, came Miss Retta's voice at the door, and Effie, a little abashed, stood still, while Selina began to laugh nervously.

"My dear Effie," said Miss Retta's quiet voice, "what are you doing? Come, children, you will be late."

Selina's heart had begun to beat lest something had been heard of the great loss, but Miss Retta went away showing no sign of its discovery; and if anything could have made Selina forget her grief, it would have been the tea party.

Never had the old house looked brighter or happier; never had its rooms and its hostess seemed so hospitable. The young folks sat at one end of the table, from which peals of laughter continued to be heard, and then the presents designed as "valentines" began to be distributed. They were handed about on a silver salver, each one done up in paper, with the name of the recipient on a pretty card.

Selina took hers eagerly, opened it, gave a little cry—half dismay, half delight—for it was one of the great-grandmammy's East Indian bracelets.

Miss Retta, from her end of the table, smiled and nodded at her niece.

"Selina is so fond of old things," she said to everybody, "particularly if they come from India. I can't imagine why she has always been so devoted to India."

A burning blush spread itself over Selina's pretty, fair face; she looked at her aunt, as much as to say, "Can't you tell why?" but words would not come. The old sense of preserving the secret and the mystery of the Red Room overcame her desire to say out what she felt. She held down her head, twirling the bracelet about, and as she put it on she saw a look of deep vexation on Effie's face.

Effie had opened her parcel. It contained a pretty pair of ear-rings, but they were newly bought, and had none of the distinction which belonged to Selina's gift. What she might have said was prevented by Captain Livingstone suddenly remarking:

"By-the-way, Cousin Retta, where is the dear old 'Calman'? I heard so much of the charm and value of green sapphires in India that I long to have another look at it. The Indian sapphire of that peculiar hue is growing rarer and rarer every day. As well as I remember it, the ring was set with pale sapphires, and a hyacinth in the centre. Can we see it?"

Miss Retta's beautiful face had lost some of its tranquil expression. She smiled, waited a moment in silence, and then rose, saying, "I will go and bring it down, and let you all see it."

Selina will never forget that moment. Any time she shuts her eyes and thinks of it she can see Miss Retta's tall figure going down the room, her dark velvet dress sweeping the polished floor, her face a little downcast as she went out of the door. Then—the door being left open—they all watched Miss Retta cross the hall and go with stately steps up the stairs. Selina counted the time it would take her aunt to reach the Red Room door, to unlock it, to find the drawer, and then—oh! Selina could think no further. She began to have a great pity for poor Effie.

That light-hearted young person was trying her best to attract Selina's attention, and the latter, looking up, saw a mocking smile on her cousin's face.

"I will tell it all," she whispered.

By the time Miss Retta's steps were heard returning, Effie had straightened herself, and began to wear an air of triumphant vanity.

Selina had expected a cry or some loud demonstration from her aunt, but there was none. She came in very quickly, and there was no sound for a moment from her

lips. Then the girl thought anything would have been preferable to the pained, horrified expression on her face. She said, very quietly,

"A strange thing has happened. The 'Calman' is not in its place."

Captain Livingstone laughed. "Shades of our great-grandmother!" he exclaimed. "Think of such a thing! Haven't you put it away somewhere else, Cousin Retta?"

Obedying a common impulse, everybody had followed Miss Retta out into the hall. She turned to look at the Captain, and shook her head solemnly.

"Certainly not, Alfred. The 'Calman' is never touched. It has been locked away in that drawer for nearly fifty years. You know that my mother had a strange superstition about it—just as her grandmother had—and could not bear to have it worn."

"Of course it is stolen, then," said the Captain, in quite an altered tone. "Those gems are worth three or four thousand dollars."

"Oh!" came from one of the company whom no one had noticed, and Effie darted into the centre of the hall, and tried to command every one's attention.

"Listen to me everybody. I will tell the truth, and I will tell it you."

It was so surprising an announcement that every one *did* keep silent and listened with rapt attention to Effie.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE BIRD'S SONG IN THE NIGHT.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

SMALL Ada woke one summer night  
(Asleep for hours she'd been),  
And saw outside her window some  
Moon-flowers peeping in;  
And from the sky the big round moon  
Itself looked down on her,  
And in the whole wide world there seemed  
To be no sound nor stir.

So silent were all things, her heart  
Beat with a nameless fear,  
When suddenly a little bird  
Near by sang, loud and clear,  
A pretty trilling song that rang  
Out gaily on the night,  
As though the singer's heart was full  
Of innocent delight.

And as he sang, "Dear birdie, thanks,"  
The child said, joyfully.  
"You tell me that if you are not  
Afraid, I should not be,  
For the angels who take care of you  
Watch over me will keep.  
Good-night, dear bird." And very soon  
Once more she was asleep.

## TWO BRAVE BOYS.

BY ELIOT McCORMICK.

TO find examples of courage one does not need to go back into history. Nearly every day we read in the papers of brave deeds which people are doing, and it very often happens that they are done by boys and girls.

Not long ago the story was told in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE of a courageous little girl who, when the house took fire, saved her baby sister from being burned. This time it is two boys who have distinguished themselves by rescuing two girls from drowning.

William and Frank Hardina are the sons of a Bohemian cigar-maker in West Farms, just above New York city. Frank, who is twelve years old, still goes to school, but William, being two years older, helps his father at home. In the family they speak the Bohemian tongue, but to the gentleman who interviewed them for this article their language was pure American. Most street boys in New York have a dialect of their own—a sort of "English as she is spoke"—which improves upon the ordinary

tongue by turning *th* into *d*, and using a great many words which neither Mr. Webster nor Mr. Worcester ever heard of. From these faults the speech of the Hardina boys is quite free; neither is it marked by any foreign accent.

Before coming to New York they lived in Springfield, Massachusetts, and Detroit, Michigan, and it was in the latter place that they learned to swim.

"They'd chuck us into the water," said the elder, by way of explanation, "and we'd either have to swim or sink." So by practice in the art the boys became as much at home in the water as out of it. They were told, too, by their father that if they ever saw any one drowning,

Annie and Mamie, who live in Tremont, a short distance from West Farms, had gone on a picnic one afternoon in July, with Annie's aunt and some other friends. The picnic was held in a grove on the banks of the Bronx River, and near by a Sunday-school picnic was also being held. Any one who has travelled on the Harlem and New Haven railroads will recollect the winding little stream that follows the course of the road, as one nears New York, with as many twists and turns as if it were a serpent. Near the shore the river is shallow enough, and in parts of its course it drifts lazily along, and clearly shows the pebbly bottom. But here and there are treacherous holes where

the water is at least thirty feet deep, and where one might drown as easily as if the little brook were Long Island Sound or the Atlantic Ocean. With care, however, bathing is not unsafe, but whether it was or not, the girls had promised themselves this sport as a part of the picnic. So, having put on their bathing-dresses, they waded out into the water, and stood there for a time watching the motions of Annie's brother, who had swum out beyond them, and was vainly urging them to "come ahead."

By-and-by the brother got tired, and struck out down the stream. The girls then turned their attention to themselves, and playfully tried to see which could "duck" the other. Moving backward step by step, they were getting out into the river, and, without knowing it, one of the great holes was yawning behind them. Now they are on the brink of it. Suddenly one steps over, and with a loud cry, striving to recover herself, grasps the other and drags her down into the watery depths. Before those who are watching from the shore can realize what has taken place, the children have disappeared, and only the widening ripples show where they have sunk. Wild shrieks go up from the shore, and one woman, who is Annie's aunt, be-

comes frantic with terror, and is about to leap in after them. Two mounted policemen gaze stupidly on the scene, unable to do anything, for neither can swim.

No one has noticed two barefooted boys who are fishing on the bank not far away. All at once there is a cry, "We'll save them!" followed by a splash, and two heads are seen swimming in the water. The two boys are the Hardinas, and they have remembered their father's advice.

Quick as they were, however, the girls had already risen and sunk twice. Only one more chance remained, and as one of the girls came up for the third and last time to the surface, William grasped for her, and holding her tight, made for the shore. It was Mamie Carroll, the smaller of



WILLIAM AND FRANK HARDINA.

they must not hesitate to jump in. "Don't wait to take your clothes off," said the father; "even if you do get them wet I sha'n't punish you."

So instructed, they knew what they were to do when the time came. I don't suppose they ever imagined it would come, but all the same they were prepared; and being ready to use one's knowledge is quite as necessary as to have the knowledge itself. I don't suppose, either, that Annie Overpacker and Mamie Carroll ever imagined that they would owe their lives to the circumstance of the Bohemian boys being tossed into the Detroit River. But our lives hang together by very queer threads, and this is what actually happened.

the two, leaving the older and heavier girl to the twelve-year-old boy. Frank, however, was not unequal to the task, and as Annie's head came to the surface he clutched at the long hair. But it slipped through his wet fingers, and the girl went down, catching at his foot and dragging him along with her. Kicking away her hold, he dived after her, and caught her once more. Then, throwing one arm around her neck, and holding her securely in that position, he rose to the surface, managed to place her on his back, and soon found himself in a place where he could walk to land.

When he could put down his burden—not a light one for a boy of his age—the people who flocked around found her insensible. Indeed, it took over an hour to revive her. Meanwhile the boys wrung out their wet clothes, and received the congratulations of the crowd and somewhat embarrassing embraces of the girl's friends. No one thought of offering any reward but the policeman, and he contributed fifty cents.

"The cop," says William, in telling the story, "gave me half a dollar; but I lost my fishing-line, and the red on my suspenders all came off on my shirt from the wet."

Beyond this, however, their garments were not damaged; and I have no doubt that Mr. Hardina kept his word, and that the boys were praised at home for their courage as much as they deserved. The picture, taken only one day after, shows just how they looked, and the clothes in which they performed the gallant deed.

Now it does not come to everybody as it did to the Hardina boys to save a person from drowning; but there are opportunities in every one's life for the display of just such qualities as these boys displayed—courage, intelligence, and what we call presence of mind, which is simply having one's wits about one, and knowing what to do in a difficult situation. This, after all, is the great thing to learn; and if the boys and girls who are better circumstanced than these two young Bohemian-Americans can only learn it half as well as they, they will have gained one of the most important lessons in life.



FLOWER ORACLE.

"SILK, SATIN, CALICO, RAGS."

"Shall I marry a prince with royal air, or a peasant homely as I be?"



# "LEFT BEHIND."\*

## Or, TEN DAYS A NEWSBOY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"TOMMY TYLER," "MR. SQUIBB'S BROTHER," "RAISING THE PEARL," ETC.

(CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.)

A DAY'S PLEASURING.

THE morning found the boys still divided in opinion as to what should be done with their great wealth.

None of the boys, not even Mopsey, were able to go to work that day, and the greater part of the morning was spent in City Hall Square, trying to come to some understanding about their money.

As a matter of course they remembered what Mr. Weston had said about rewarding them still further for what they had done for Paul. But since it was Ben and Johnny who had really cared for the boy when he did not know where to go or what to do, they would probably be the only ones benefited, although Mopsey felt that there was a great deal yet due him for the theatrical education which he had bestowed.

While they were still engaged in argument, and with no prospect of coming to any agreement in the matter, Mr. Weston and Paul stood before them. They had approached unobserved, because of the exciting discussion which had occupied the attention of the boys to the exclusion of everything else.

Mr. Weston had heard enough of the conversation to know that the question of what should be done with the money he had given them was under discussion, and after seating himself on one of the benches, with the boys all around him, he succeeded in gaining their confidence so far that they talked unreservedly before him.

When each one had advanced his views on the matter, Mr. Weston agreed with Dickey that it was better for them to divide it equally, and Paul figured out what each one of the six would have as his or her portion.

Then Mr. Weston offered them an invitation which almost took their breath away. He said that he could not keep his appointment with them that evening because of business matters which would require his attention, but instead he would invite them, as well as Mrs. Green and Nelly, to go to Coney Island with himself and Paul for a holiday.

Of course there was but one answer to such a proposal, and they accepted with the greatest pleasure, agreeing to meet him at the pier on the following morning.

Then Mr. Weston and Paul went to the steam-ship office to engage passage to Europe for the coming Saturday, and the partners went to startle Mrs. Green and her daughter with the wonderful news.

To their great surprise, Mrs. Green, even though she did own one-sixth of the hundred dollars, decided that she could not afford to close up her basket store for the day, even when she had been invited to make one of the pleasure party; but she was willing and anxious for Nelly to go, which was perhaps just as well.

Nine o'clock was the time when Mr. Weston had said that Paul and he would meet the party at the pier; but they, fearing lest they might be late, had arrived there a little before eight on the following morning, as full of pleasure as any five children that could have been found in New York city.

Ben and Johnny presented very nearly the same gorgeous appearance as on the night when they first called on Mrs. Green, while Dickey and Mopsey were attired in costumes that were models of their own idea of fashion.

Nelly, who looked very sweet and modest in her clean gingham dress, had tried in vain to persuade her friends to go in their usual working clothes rather than put on such a striking array. But each one of the boys indignantly repelled the idea of showing so little regard for the gentleman who was to give them so much pleasure, as not to make themselves look as beautiful as possible, and she could not persuade them differently.

It was hardly more than half past eight when they began to express their doubts as to whether Mr. Weston would arrive in time to take the steamer he had named, and they were fearing lest they should be disappointed, after all, when Paul and his father appeared.

Mopsey was in favor of giving three cheers as a mark of their appreciation for and admiration of Mr. Weston when that gentleman appeared at the head of the pier. Finding that his companions objected to it, he would have done all the cheering himself if Ben had not forcibly interfered by holding his hand firmly over his mouth.

Paul greeted his friends as warmly as if he had been separated from them for weeks instead of hours, and then the party went on board the steamer, feeling that they were justly the observed of all observers.

Mopsey explained everything they saw with a reckless disregard of facts, and if his companions had not known to the contrary, they would have thought that all his life had been spent on the steamers running from New York to Coney Island.

It was not until Mr. Weston asked him some question about the theatre that he laid aside the duties of guide and historian to launch out in glowing details of their temple of histrionic art, which must one day be the resort of the general public.

The others quietly enjoyed the sail, drinking in deep draughts of pleasure from everything around them, save Mopsey's loud knowledge and boasting.

Johnny seemed plunged in an ecstasy of delight, from which he did not emerge but once, and then it was to express the wish that he might always be a passenger on one of the steamers, with no other object than to enjoy the continual sail.

Nelly and Dickey sat side by side, speaking at intervals, while Paul and Ben discussed the latter's prospects in life, or spoke of the wonderful journey which the former was to make in order to rejoin his mother and sister.

As for Mr. Weston, he appeared to find as much enjoyment in the delight and wonder of his guests as they did in the sail, and there was every prospect that the holiday would be a great success.

When they landed, and were in the very midst of the pleasure-seeking crowd, which appeared to have no other aim than enjoyment, their delight and bewilderment were so great that even Mopsey was silenced, and could hardly have been induced to talk even if he had been directly approached on the subject of the theatre, or the new play he was supposed to be preparing.

After leading the way to one of the hotels, Mr. Weston, thinking that perhaps his presence was some check upon the full enjoyment of his guests, told them that they had all better go off by themselves to see what was new or wonderful, while he remained there until they should return, cautioning them to come back by dinner-time.

It would be almost impossible to describe all they did or what they said during that morning when they were enjoying such a day of pleasure as they never had had before. As Ben afterward expressed it, they "saw about everything there was to be seen, an' they scooped in about as much fun as ever anybody did who went to Coney Island."

Owing to Paul's watchfulness they were back at the hotel at the time Mr. Weston had said they would have dinner, and Dickey asked, wonderingly, as they entered, and Paul looked around for his father,

\* Begun in No. 236, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.



"Are we goin' to eat here as if we was reg'lar folks?"

"Of course we are," said Paul, decidedly. "We're all going to sit down to the table with father, and have just as good a dinner as we can get."

Dickey had nothing more to say; he was overwhelmed with the idea of acting like "reg'lar folks," and after that nothing could have astonished him.

Mr. Weston had engaged a private dining-room, in order that his guests might feel more at their ease than if they went into the public dining-room.

The boys and Nelly seated themselves at the table with as much solemnity as if they were participating in some very important ceremony, opening their eyes wide with astonishment as the waiter brought on the different courses, but never neglecting to do full justice to everything that was set before them.

Mr. Weston did all he could to make the dinner seem less formal, but he did not succeed until after the roast chickens were put on the table and the servant left the room.

Then, when they were alone, and with three whole chickens before them, their tongues seemed suddenly to have been loosened, and they talked as-fast as the most fun-loving host could have desired, until each one's plate was piled high with chicken and vegetables, when they relapsed again into silent activity.

That visit, and more especially that dinner, was a new experience in their lives, and one which they could never forget. They ate until it seemed impossible they could eat any more, and even then Dickey succeeded in disposing of an extra piece of pie, together with some nuts and raisins.

After the meal was ended, and before they started out again to take one more look at all that was strange around them, Mr. Weston said, as he handed Dickey and Mopsey each five dollars and Nelly ten:

"I want to return to some of you the money you paid for Paul's railroad ticket. Nelly has her mother's share as well as her own."

"But we didn't pay so much as this," said Dickey, in evident perplexity. "It only cost fourteen dollars in all."

"That comes near enough to the amount," replied Mr. Weston, "and you will oblige me by thinking that you have simply had returned to you the money you paid out. As for Ben and Johnny, who took charge of Paul when he was sadly in need of some one's care, I have got what I hope will be a pleasant surprise in store for them, and if they will come to the hotel at nine o'clock in the morning, Paul and I will show them what it is."

There was very little opportunity for any one to make a reply, for, as Mr. Weston spoke, he arose from the table, and then added:

"Now go and see all that you can until five o'clock, and then we will start for home."

It was a tired party who landed in New York quite early that evening, some going to Mrs. Green's, and two to the hotel; but they were quite as happy as they were weary, and had had such a day of enjoyment as they had never even dreamed of before, all of which had grown out of the simple act of befriending a homeless boy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## "WHAT MAKES YOU?"

BY M. HELEN LOVETT.

"YOU saucy thing!" said mastiff Don,  
To Fuzz, the fly.

"What makes you keep a-buzzing so  
When I walk by?"

"Why, noble sir, I'd like to know,"  
Said Mr. Fuzz.

"What makes you come a-walking by  
Just when I buzz?"

## HOW TO KNIT AND SLING A HAMMOCK.

BY LIEUTENANT WORTH G. ROSS, U.S.A.M.

DURING these warm summer days who is there that does not like to seek a shady nook and dream a few moments idly away in a hammock? And how many generations of men have enjoyed the same luxury! We are told that the hammock or suspended bed was invented by Alcibiades, the famous Athenian general, about 415 B.C., though the name is derived from *hamac*, an expression used by the natives of the Bahama Islands, and brought to notice by Columbus.

This word has since, with a slight change in its spelling, been universally adopted. There are a great many varieties of hammocks, some being made of tough grasses, others of canvas or cord. It is the design of this article to teach one method of knitting a hammock and getting it ready for use, all of which is a very simple process. The material employed may be either linen or cotton cord, though the latter is the more common, durable enough, and much cheaper.

There are two small implements required, a *needle* and a *fid*, both of which can be easily whittled out of wood with a sharp pocket-knife, the former of hickory or ash, the latter of ordinary white pine. (See Figs. 1 and 2.)



FIG. 1.

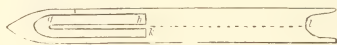


FIG. 2.

a half inches, and *g* *h* three inches, and the width about an inch, the whole being as flat as a view to strength will allow, and rounded at the edges.

Now procure one and a half pounds of macramé cord, *soft laid*, No. 24, which will cost about fifty cents, and two galvanized iron rings, two and a half inches in diameter, at six cents each. The entire expense of a hammock twelve feet long by eight feet wide will thus be sixty-two cents, which is considerably less than one of the same size could be purchased for ready made. After winding the cord into balls, fill the needle, which is done by holding the latter in the left hand and passing the cord from top to bottom, turning the needle briskly from right to left at each successive downward stroke (Fig. 3).

After the needle is filled, make a loop in the end of the cord as in Fig. 4, allowing the end to extend five inches. Make this fast to some suitable place. Take the fid in the left hand, place it under the cord near the loop and haul it taut, pressing the thumb on the cord and draw the cord tight, as represented in Fig. 5; through the loop and draw the cord tight, throw the bight (*p*) over the thumb as in Fig. 7, and then pass the needle up between the loop and that part of the cord that goes over the fid (Fig. 8), and make a knot at the edge of the fid by pulling firmly on the cord attached to the needle, keeping the thumb of the left hand securely in place to guide the bight (*p*). Remove the fid and repeat the operation, sticking the needle each time through the mesh last made.

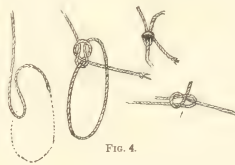


FIG. 4.



FIG. 3.

Be careful to keep the cord well stretched with the left hand. Make ninety-six of these meshes, or any number divisible by 2 that gives an even quotient, according to the width of the hammock desired—this lat-

ter being one-half of the number first knitted, as will be seen hereafter, or, in this case, about eight feet. Take the meshes thus made, and run a stout line through them, as in Fig. 9. Tie the line to a hook or convenient place, and knot the end of your cord to *x*, following the same method as in Fig. 4 (*t*). The foundation is now laid, and you can commence to knit back and forth until the netting is of suitable length. At the edges, or *selvedge*, take the turn around all the parts, which will make it stronger.

Although the principle of knitting is the same as previously explained, the knot, as we proceed, is slightly different, being more flat in shape, and thus adding materially to the comfort of the hammock.

Continue as follows: Instead of passing the needle up through the mesh, pass it down; when this is pulled tight, it will leave a half turn in the cord near the edge of the fid, as at *x*, Fig. 10; press it back with the thumb of the left hand, at the same time throwing the bight (*p*, Fig. 7) over to the left; now stick the needle up through the middle of the mesh, taking only one part, and make a tight knot by pulling the cord firmly down between the thumb and first finger. Care should be taken not to make what is called a *slip* knot, the difference being shown in the illustration. If a slip knot, however, should escape your notice in knitting, it can be easily remedied by pushing down the part *x* (Figs. 16 and 17), and tightening it. In knitting across, the meshes will accumulate on the fid, as shown at *x*, Fig. 10; when they become unhandy, turn the fid once or twice to obtain an even strain, and throw them off to the left. When you reach the opposite selvedge, take a turn round both parts, and knit back.

When the cord is exhausted in the needle, the end of the new supply should be knotted on the edge of the hammock instead of

among the meshes, as the latter method detracts greatly from the neat appearance of the work. To accomplish this, count the turns that are wound on the needle, and you can soon determine how much is required to knit three or four times across, and by taking the same amount each time no trouble in this respect will arise. The beauty of a hammock depends upon the evenness of the stretches.

To sling a hammock is to get it

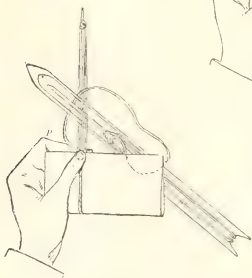


FIG. 5.

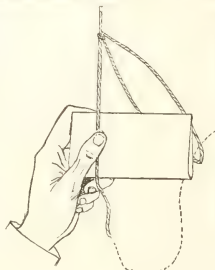


FIG. 6.

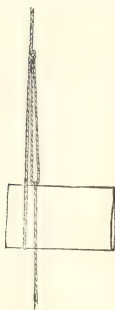


FIG. 7.

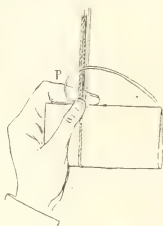


FIG. 8.

ready for use. For this purpose the netting is attached to *clews*, which hold it suspended. The number of clews is a matter of choice, one to every two meshes being a good rule. With a netting forty-eight meshes wide there would by this be required twenty-four clews, say, each



FIG. 9.

from two to three feet long. Cut twelve of these lengths, from four to six feet, middle then (which doubles the number), and pass them over your ring as in Fig. 11. Now interweave the cords alternately, as is shown in Fig. 12, after which take the two *outer* ones (*v* *y*) and pass

them between the ends and underneath the interwoven part as in Fig. 13. Proceed with the remaining cords in the same way, each time omitting the two outer parts after crossing them as explained. You will at last have reduced the number to two; tie these in a single knot, and your plaited work will appear as in Fig. 14. Repeat the operation with your other ring.

The next step is to secure the clews to the bed of the hammock.

When *stretchers* (Fig. 18) are used, small holes are bored in them, and the clews first passed through. The stretchers can be made any length that suits one's fancy, either straight or curved, the latter conforming more properly to the shape of the hammock. Pass a stick through the meshes at each end of the netting, and with strings suspend it temporarily. Fasten the rings at such a distance as will correspond to the length of the clews. Tie each clew separately to two (or any number preferred) of the meshes, seeing that all have an equal strain. Any knot will do that will not slip, though two half hitches (Fig. 15) are better.

In knotting your cords leave out sufficient ends, and do not trim them until the hammock has become thoroughly stretched, after which you can stop them down with thread and make a finish.

The hammock is now complete. A more beautiful one



FIG. 10.



FIG. 11.

could be knitted with different - colored cords, and decorated in various ways.

The course above employed can be applied just as well in knitting fish nets, minnow seines, or, in fact, nets of any description, the size of the fid always regulating the size of the mesh. With this intention a smaller twine would have to be used.



FIG. 12.

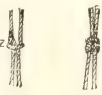


FIG. 13.



FIG. 14.

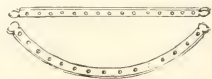


FIG. 15.—STRETCHERS.

## THE DOG AND THE CAT.

BY PALMER COX.



DOG and a pussy one fine afternoon  
 Set out on a pleasure trip in a bal-  
 loon,  
 Oh, Pussy was gray, and her eyes they  
 were green,  
 And she was the handsomest cat ever  
 seen;  
 And Ponto, the dog, why, he had such  
 an air,  
 That the prince of all doggies you'd  
 fancy was there.  
 And great was the wonder of old and  
 young people

When up they went flying clear over the steeple;  
 And long they stood gazing aloft at the skies  
 To see the brave couple send down their "good-byes."

They sailed to the left and they sailed to the right,  
 Now over the mountains, then lakes shining bright,  
 At times rising gently, and then with a bound  
 That frightened the life out of birds flying round;  
 And great was their pleasure until the balloon  
 Flew rather too close to a horn of the moon.



And people would cry, as the couple walked by,  
 "Oh, look at the pair that went sailing so high!"  
 While cream of the sweetest and meat that was rare  
 Were free to them always as water and air.



"Oh dear!" murmured Pussy, "I'm sure we shall die  
 If we are left hanging up here in the sky."  
 "Be calm," said her partner, "nor shed a bright tear;  
 With me at your side there is nothing to fear.  
 So don't begin wailing, for while you'd say 'Mew,'  
 Released from this danger, our trip we'll renew.  
 And soon they were floating away safe and sound,  
 And dropping quite gracefully back to the ground.

Then people ran round in a great shouting throng  
 To catch at the ropes that were dragging along,  
 And safely the journey was brought to a close  
 Not many yards distant from where they arose.  
 Then wild was the clapping and loud was the shout  
 That greeted the pair from their boat stepping out;  
 For never before, in the country or town,  
 Had creatures like them won such praise and renown.  
 Now, dressed in becoming and stylish attire,  
 They sauntered around or they sat by the fire;





## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

LAWRENCE, MASSACHUSETTS.

I love HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I love the dear Postmistress, who says such kind helpful words to the large family who read the letters in the Post-office Box. I am seven years old, but can not write well enough to send to you, so my mamma writes for me. In Lawrence there are many large mills, and strangers are always interested in looking at the crowds who pour out of the large brick buildings at the closing hour. About fifteen minutes before twelve the streets leading to the mills are filled with children who have pairs in their hands, in which they are carrying dinners to fathers, mothers, brothers, or sisters. Sometimes a boy who has an express cart will carry five or six pairs.

A few days ago two children carrying dinners, were passing near a brick wall, against which men who were digging a cellar had thrown the sand. The wall was old, and the pressure of the sand caused the wall to give way, and it fell outward upon the sidewalk, burying these two little children under a pile of brick and sand. When they were taken out one was quite dead, and the other lived but a few hours.

I would tell you about my pets and about my home, about my dear grandma and my grown-up sister, about the nice times I have with my little friends, about how happy I am all the day long, and how mamma calls me her "Little Sunshine," but my letter is too long already. ANNE R. C.

Thanks for your letter, little Sunbeam. I am sorry to hear of the sad fate of the two poor little ones.

CORANVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have no pets, but my papa has a horse and colt, of which my brother and I are very fond. We call the mare Fanny, and the colt General. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE nearly two years, and think it splendid. My little brother, aged eight years, is nearly wild over YOUNG PEOPLE, and when it comes he comes and hardly ever lets it go. As this is my first letter to the Postmistress, I do hope she will print it, so that I can surprise my papa, for he does not know that I have written. I have tried to copy butter-scotch in YOUNG PEOPLE, and think it very nice. I will send a receipt for gingerbread that your little girl may make. Please may I join the Little Housekeepers.

ALLIE A. M.

You will find the receipt in another part of the Post-office Box, and you may join the Little Housekeepers, of course.

VILLA NOVA STATION.

We have a goat and eleven rabbits and two dogs; one dog is a black-and-tan and the other a copper spaniel, and their names are Dot and Brownie. Dot's mother lives at Frankford. My uncle gave me Brownie, and Brownie likes Dot, and carries one in his mouth. Billy, the goat, is very cross. He got loose yesterday, and he chased us everywhere, and we had great fun. I have garden and I have pease and beans and cantaloupes. I am saving my money to buy celery plants. I am going to make a celery bed, and mamma is to buy the celery of me at thirty cents a bunch, as she would do in the market. I have planted two lines of corn in papa's garden; one line is coming up. I wrote you once before, and you did not put it in, but I hope you will put it in this time. O. B.

This little correspondent forgot to tell me in what State Villa Nova Station is.

INDIANHURST, NEW YORK.

I have lived in Binghamton a little over two months. I like it thus far, but not so well as Grand Rapids, Michigan, my old home. I have but one pet, and that is a canary bird. I sing almost all day long. I had a kitten, but had to leave it when I came here. I take music lessons, and like the study very much. I like "Left Be-

hind." I am not going to tell you my age. I want to see if you can guess it right. I love you very much. CORA E. S.

DORIS, ERIE, N. Y.

My home is in New York City, but this summer I am staying at Dobbs Ferry, a small place on the Hudson River. Our house stands on a hill, and we have a lovely view of the river and the grand blue hills that lie off on one side, and the green that line it on the other. We can see up the river ten miles, then it turns, and we can look out any more. There is a place here that Washington used to live in.

Up in Tarrytown there is a monument where Major Andre was captured, and on it is an inscription telling of the event. Some of the houses on the way to Tarrytown were built in the eighteenth century, and mamma says she thinks some of them must have histories, and I would like to know them. I have one pet, and that is a dear little white and blue cat named Blue Eyes. I am a little girl, and I would like you to please try to guess my age. I am reading *Stevie Family Robinson*, and like it very much. FLOY D.

I can not undertake to guess the ages of my little friends, but I think they are all remarkably proficient for their age.

SEABOARD, CONNECTICUT.

I live with my papa and mamma and one brother. I have not even one pet. My brother and I play on the piano. I am nine years old, and my birthday will come the first of next month. On my last birthday I had a party. It was such a surprise to me that I went upstairs and cried. My mamma told me I might go to ride about four o'clock with my cousin, when it was nice and cool. My papa is a printer. Good-by. IVA E.

SEANIS MEADOW, MINNESOTA.

I am a little girl eleven years old. I did not go to school now, because we are having vacation. I have a pet lamb, and its name is Frisky, and two pet canary-birds, named Dickie and Cherry. I have a pet pantam with three blue chicks, but they are not bantams, and she is all white. I have four sisters and one brother. I take music lessons from my sister. I send you some pressed flowers from my own garden. HELGA B.

Thank you very much, dear.

HUMBOLDT, TENNESSEE.

My brother Bennie takes YOUNG PEOPLE, and I love to have Thursday come, for that is the day that we get the paper. We all read it. I thought *The Fair for Sick Dolls* was just splendid. I have a little white cat named Dolly, and a pretty pet kitten we call Muff. They are the only pets I have, but I have a great many dolls, books, and playthings. Among other playthings I have a little stove, a doll trunk and buggy, and a beautiful china tea-set. I am seven years old. My sister is going to teach me "The Naming of Maryland" for a speech. It appeared in YOUNG PEOPLE. Box last winter. I wish Emily M. would write again; I think her letters were so interesting. I would also like Katie R. and Fletcher H. to write again. I am and my letter is really very long. I will stop. Your little friend, MATTIE LOU P.

Misses Emily M. and Katie R. and Master Fletcher H. are all invited to write again by the Postmistress as well as by their little admirer, Miss Mattie.

CARDEN, NEW YORK.

I am a little boy eight years old. I go to school, but now it is vacation. I am busy. I am going to John's next month, and expect to have a nice time, for he lives on a farm and has lots of horses. I send you a puzzle, and if you think it suitable, please print it. GEORGE M. G.

The puzzle is in the puzzle column.

ELBERON, NEW JERSEY.

I am twelve years old, and I am short for my age. I want to grow very much. Do you know what will make me grow? We have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since the beginning, and we all like it very much. I have four brothers and one sister. I am next to the youngest. We have four dogs—two fox-terriers, one scribe-terrier, and one collie. The collie will play with the other three sticks. We have nine canaries, and a white rat with pink eyes; it is very tame, and will crawl into anybody's pocket and go to sleep. I am

afraid if I write too long a letter it will not be printed, so I will stop. TINA T. W.

Dearie me! I shouldn't fancy its crawling into my pocket if I happened to be calling on you, Miss Tina. Eat oatmeal porridge and roast beef, run on errands for everybody all day long, go to bed early, and you will certainly grow taller than you now are.

TORONTO, CANADA.

I am a little girl eight years old. I live in Toronto. I have never written to the Post-office Box before, but I am going to try this time. I have no pets to tell about, except a little bird named Charlie; he is a lovely canary, and used to sing beautifully, but he has been mouling for some time, and does not sing very well now. I have one little sister named Gerda; she is six years old; she has pretty curly hair and big brown eyes. EDNA W. J.

BURKA, CHURCH, ARKANSAS.

Here is another little girl who would like to see her name in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I saw in the last number of YOUNG PEOPLE the letter of a little girl named Gerda, who had written about pumpkins and pop-corn in it, and you said you did not know goobers. Maybe you know them by another name; I have heard them called by four names—goobers, ground-nuts, and pop-corns. I think they are delicious, parched or boiled, when freshly dug. I haven't any pets, except a pony named Jimmie. She was given to me by my papa, who is dead. An Indian came to him to get him to cure his wife (my papa was a doctor), and for payment the Indian let him have the pony. The grown people say this is the warmest weather they have felt since 1850. I am one of your thirteen-year-old readers. JANET A.

VANHOLDS, KANSAS.

I am a little boy ten years old. I live on a farm near Vermilion. I have seven pets: a dog named Sam, a cat named Tom, a horse named Fan, and four pigeons. FRED F.

IRVING PARK, ILLINOIS.

I wrote the paper so much that I thought I would write to the Post-office Box. I have never seen a letter from Irving Park, although several children here take your paper. Irving Park is a very pretty place, and the grounds are very nice. The grounds are covered with yellow daisies. There are a great many evergreens, and when the snow is on them they look very pretty. I have just been examining for the sixth grade. I have four sisters and one brother. We have no pets. We set our bird Charlie on the window-sill to bathe, and the cat caught it and tore out its tail feathers and wings. We got it away, but it only lived one day. JENNIE L. V. (10 years).

Poor, wee birdie! How you must have cried!

PORTER, ILLINOIS.

I am a little girl ten years old. I have two little brothers, Charlie and Arthur, who are six and a half years old, and Arthur is three and a half. I have six dolls: their names are Carrie, Nettie, George, Anna Bell, Maggie, and Bessie. I live in the country with my grandfather. The house is a large old-fashioned brick one on the banks of the Choptank River. I have a very pretty little garden of my own; it has got some lovely flowers in it now. I go to school to study arithmetic, grammar, writing, geography, reading, and spelling. I am glad that summer has come, and I wish it would last. We gather chestnuts and walnuts in the fall. CARRIE W. V.

MARETTA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have been wanting to write for some time, but my mamma has always said, "Wait until you are older." I am now ten years old, and I have no pets except one old cat. My mamma and sister are away. I go to school, and study spelling, reading, arithmetic, and geography. I like my teacher very much, and I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since it was published, and like it very, very much. In a few weeks I shall have something right nice to tell our little ones. Good-by. ALICE H. SCROFT C.

Then you must write another letter.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

I am a little girl ten years old, and will be eleven this August. I go to school, and take piano lessons. I can play very well, and I like it very much. I have three brothers, and I love them, though I wish I had. Shall I tell you how I came to take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE? My brother was at school one day, and he happened to look into an empty desk, and there was one of your papers. He brought it home, and mamma liked it so much that she took it from that day on. MAG. G.

CLINTON, LOUISIANA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—Though I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for several years, this is







# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 251.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 19, 1884.

Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

## THE STORY OF A RING.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "MILDRED'S  
BARGAIN," ETC.

V.

"I WAS sitting here," Effie began, in a dramatic tone, "thinking of the Livingstones, and" (with a glance at the portrait) "how like I was to my great-grandmother, when suddenly a voice seemed to whisper,

*'You must have a look at my Calman.'*

"I saw the keys in the basket near me. I seemed in a sort of dream," said Effie, half shutting her eyes and moving her head back and forth an instant, "and found myself drifting up to the Red Room. The first thing I knew I had opened the drawer, and held the 'Calman' in my hand; and then I seemed to be on my way to the kitchen, and strange Indian figures seemed all about me, and I called Selina, and then I went into the kitchen, and found her there, and the Indian figures seemed to tell me to dance about. I did so, and suddenly the ring moved off my finger, and vanished up through the ceiling."

I could never hope to describe the effect produced upon the company by Miss Effie's audacious recital, nor the expressions on the different faces.

Selina was looking at her cousin, fairly stupefied by what she heard. Several of the young people were trying to stifle their laughter, and one or two of the elders looked decidedly disgusted.



GRANDMAMA'S RING.



Effie waited for a murmur of applause and anxious, mysterious glances. From under her half-closed eyes she soon saw that the effect was entirely different from what she had anticipated.

"The plain English of all this, Effie Livingstone," said the Captain, in a harsh, angry voice, "is that, with your usual impertinence, you took Cousin Retta's keys, got the 'Calman,' and lost it somewhere in the kitchen. You ought to be thoroughly ashamed of yourself, and if I were your father, I'd—"

Miss Retta came forward, looking extremely pained. "Stop talking nonsense, Euphemia," she said, a little sternly. "Who saw this performance? We must get at some rational account of it," added Miss Retta, looking about. "Selina, how was it?"

Effie's face was pale with mortified vanity and rage. "I'm glad it's lost!" she cried, fairly sobbing from ill temper. "You're all as hateful and mean as you can be. Oh, go on, Selina; tell it, of course. They'll believe you, no doubt."

"Hold your saucy little tongue, Effie," said her cousin Alfred.

"Effie tells the truth," said Selina, hurriedly, "in saying she got the 'Calman,' and brought it down to the kitchen, and lost it there. Of course I don't know anything about the Indians she saw."

Captain Livingstone threw back his head, and laughed loudly.

"Ha! ha! ha! No, Selina, my child, I don't suppose you do. Come, Cousin Retta," he said, sobering down, "the first thing is to search the kitchen."

Effie had rushed away; no one knew whither. The whole company aided in the search for the "Calman" ring. In vain Selina repeated the story and enacted over and again the places they had occupied when Effie danced about with the ring on her finger. No careful search, no lifting of loose boards nor seeking into crevices, no thought of every event of the day, brought the "Calman" back.

As Effie had said, it was *gone*.

The Captain's practical mind suggested a detective, and for months a vigilant person tried to find the ring; but the result was disappointing in the extreme, and at last Miss Retta declared that she would hear no more on the subject.

"There has been too much folly about that ring, Selina," she said one summer evening, as they were strolling about the garden. "I am ashamed when I think of how much harm caring so much for it has produced. I feel that I can never see Effie Livingstone here again, and your cousin Alfred has lost valuable time and patience in searching for it. I have fretted a great deal, all to no purpose, and"—Miss Retta broke off, looking at Selina with a smile—"and you, you foolish child, have got your head full of superstitious nonsense because of it. Do you know, Selina, my dear, I think we'll go away somewhere next winter. Where would you like to go?"

Selina's eyes brightened. "To India," she answered. "No, indeed," exclaimed Miss Retta, angrily; "we will never go there."

#### VI.

Where they decided at last to go was to the Pyrenees, away up in the mountains, where here and there little villages were settled down in the midst of the grandest mountains, the wildest, most verdant scenery.

Selina thrived in this happy country. She grew tall and strong, riding up and down over hill and dale, going on excursions to the quaint villages away up near the mountain's summit, talking to the peasantry, learning their dialects, and keeping an exhaustive diary—just the sort of life, any one would have said, to make her forget all about her "Indian craze," as Virgil Livingstone called it. Yet in all she did lurked some of the old fantastic idea that the "Calman" would be found some day, and that in

real truth it had been spirited away by Indian magic to the land of its birth.

She never talked about it. She had found out that Aunt Retta strongly disliked the subject. But one day, after they left the Pyrenees and were in Paris, she came home radiant. She had heard of an Indian store, away up in the outskirts of the town, where there was a collection of rare gems.

Miss Retta was out driving. The sunny apartment in the Champs Elysées which they inhabited was quite deserted. Selina had been out with a party of young friends, and had left them in order to satisfy herself about this shop, and now she rushed into her aunt's room, and fairly commanded Julie, the maid, to come out with her.

Julie was nothing loath, and very soon the two were out on the boulevards, and looking up a nice *fiacre* in which they could drive quickly to the diamond merchant's, two miles away. It was in a dingy street, a small shop, but as soon as Selina entered it her eyes brightened; for, besides the gems, there were all sorts of strange East Indian things—tall vases of bronze with delicate traceries, queer little carved ivory figures studded with turquoises and coral, idols and bamboo-work, all mingling form and color; and then at last the old man produced his case of stones, unset ones, a glistening array on a soft cotton-lined case.

Here were pale green chrysolites, paradots, deep red hyacinths, cat's-eyes, with their milky lights shifting as the old man moved them back and forth, bits of jasper and chalcedony, but no green sapphires, which the old man said were too rare for his purse. He told her the story of Polycrates, King of Samos, who, seven hundred years before Christ, possessed the most famous emerald the world has ever known, and thinking he needed discipline, threw it into the sea.

Selina started: had she not better give up *her* search for the "Calman"?

"Now a lady was here to-day," said the old man, slowly, "who had a very beautiful ring. There were four green sapphires, and in the centre a red hyacinth. It came from India long ago, and had been given her in America." Selina's eager, half-frightened look made him stop suddenly. "Is mademoiselle not well?" he asked, politely.

"Oh, tell me more of that ring!" exclaimed the young girl. "We lost one once. Was there anything engraved inside?"

The old merchant stroked his beard reflectively. "But, yes," he said, mildly; "it had three words inside."

"Ah!" cried Selina, "it is our 'Calman.'"

#### VII.

Miss Retta was considerably disturbed by Selina's long absence. Julie was with her, to be sure, but it grew dark, and the lamps were lighted before there was any sign of Selina's return; and then it was not the girl herself, but Julie, who came in, very much afraid of a scolding, but bringing a note from Selina, written in great agitation:

"DEAR AUNT.—"The 'Calman' is found; but the strangest part of it all is that the lady who owns it declares it was given her by Cousin Mary Weston, who said you gave it to her. I will tell you when I see you how I happened to come to this lady's house. It is No. 553 Rue de Rivoli. She is hunting up Cousin Mary Weston's letter about it. Will you come over here?"

Miss Retta was provoked, disturbed, and yet amused. She gave such a thing as the "Calman" to a feather-headed girl like Mary Weston? Never! Miss Retta, as she drove to the Rue de Rivoli, wished devoutly that she had never locked up the Red Room, or kept the ring like a mystery.

Selina was awaiting her in a bright parlor, where a plea-



sant American lady was hostess. The lady was certainly in possession of the "Calman," for Miss Retta no sooner entered than she beheld its familiar flash.

They all talked together for a moment. Selina had told this Mrs. Foster the story, and Miss Retta could only reiterate that she had never given it to Mary Weston, and its disappearance had caused the whole family the greatest annoyance.

"Well, what are we to do?" said Mrs. Foster, laughing.

"I'll tell you," said Selina. "Cable over to Cousin Mary."

"Excellent!" was Miss Retta's answer, and that evening the ocean carried the message:

"When did I give you my Oriental ring? Answer in full."

Selina was awakened early the next morning by the arrival of the answer, and her aunt's voice calling her to come into her room.

Miss Retta was holding a long paper in her hand, and fairly shaking with laughter.

"Selina," she said, "could you bear to have all your romance about the 'Calman' tumble down and be nothing at all?"

Selina only laughed, and put out her hand for the telegram.

"Mary Weston always put too many words in a telegram," remarked Miss Retta, as Selina read aloud:

"You put it in the birthday cake you sent me St. Valentine's Day, two years ago."

Selina stared stonily for a moment, and then she too began to laugh.

"Oh! oh! oh! Aunt Retta!" she cried. "I see it all now: Effie dropped it into the pan of cake, and Deborah cooked it, and you sent it to Mary Weston next day."

And back to her mind came the scene, the pastry-room with its table and the big pan of batter, and Effie whirling about with her hand held aloft.

"What are you going to do?" inquired Selina, when her merriment subsided.

"I'll tell you," said Miss Retta, decidedly. "I am going to request Mrs. Foster to keep it, provided no one again ever has any nonsense on the subject; and I am going to scold Mary Weston for forgetting to acknowledge her birthday box, and helping on this trouble; and one thing more, Selina—well, wait and see."

All of Miss Retta's decisions were carried out. What the last one was, however, Selina did not know until the June day on which they came back to Lennox.

The dear old house, as usual, looked a perfect home, but upstairs Selina found a startling change. The Red Room of old days was no more! Instead was a sunny sitting-room, furnished in pretty chintzes, gay and happy colors, with well-filled book-shelves, a nice work-stand, easy-chairs—everything for comfort and brightness.

"Now, my love," said Miss Retta, "the Red Room belongs to the past. You see how much people can do by indulging in foolish fancies, and not bringing common-sense to bear. If you had not felt the ring to be so mysterious, if Effie had not been so curious and then exaggerated so, if Mary Weston had been polite, if—well, it's no use," laughed Miss Retta. "I was the *first* foolish one, anyway."

Selina smiled. "No; Grandmamma Livingstone was the first," she said.

"So she was," returned Miss Retta. "Well, only one good thing has come of all the nonsense—Effie Livingstone, I hear, is greatly improved."

Which was true enough; yet Effie and Selina can never harmonize on the rare occasions when they meet. The least allusion to the "Calman" makes Effie uncomfortable and sullen, but as for Selina, she has ceased to think about it as a family treasure.

The old home at Lennox knows it only in the picture

opposite the fire. And the other day I saw Selina's own little girl looking at it wonderingly, and heard her mother tell her it was just a pretty ring which belonged years and years ago to one of her grandmamas.

THE END.

## FALLING-STAR—METEORITES.

**M**ETEORITES are composed chiefly of iron and stone, and fall from the skies. When they appear in the daytime, they come like a thick cloud passing swiftly overhead, and usually explode with a loud report. They are seen very frequently at night all over the country, and shine like a falling-star. One of the largest ever seen in the United States appeared about twenty-four years ago, in the still summer evening, coming from the west. It was almost as bright as the moon. It passed swiftly over the heads of thousands of observers. People in their country houses in Westchester County, men, women, and children, ran out of doors to see the unusual visitor in the sky. Many were very much frightened. But the meteor passed on, harming no one, and seemed at last to burst and disappear over Long Island Sound.

Many interesting stories are told of the strange appearance and violent explosions of these meteors in the sky. Yet no one seems ever to have been harmed by them. At night, April 5, 1800, a bright object of great size—"as large," it was said, "as a house"—moved over our country, and seemed to rush forward with terrible swiftiness. It gave a light as brilliant as that of the sun. It disappeared in the northwest. A violent crash was heard that seemed to shake the earth, and the meteor buried itself in the ground. Where it fell, trees were broken down and burned, the earth torn up, the vegetation scorched as if with fire.

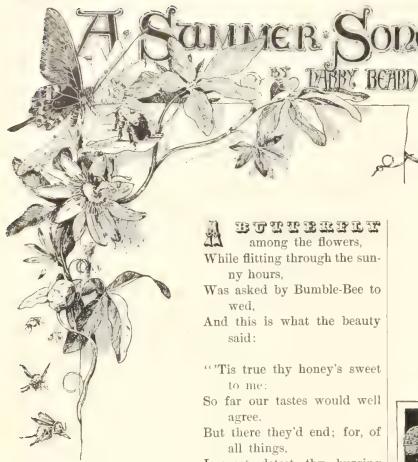
But the most brilliant display of meteors ever witnessed was on November 12-13, 1833, at night. Suddenly the whole heavens shone as if in flames, and countless balls of fire flashed for hours along the sky. It was a rain of fire. In all parts of our country, from Maine to Georgia, the people were awakened, and watched with wonder the falling-stars. Many fancied the earth was burning, and that they themselves would soon perish in the fiery furnace. The colored people in the Southern States, who were very ignorant, came out from their cabins, and often fell into wild convulsions of terror. They prayed, they shouted; they cried out, "The Day of Judgment has come!" The beautiful sight continued until morning. It has never appeared again. But meteors are always seen about the 12th of November, and every thirty-three years they come in great numbers. It would appear as if the earth at those periods passed through a cloud of them. None of them in 1833 fell upon the ground or did any harm. The meteors that come in November are called Leonids, because they seem to fall from the constellation Leo.

The stones that fall from the sky when the meteor explodes are black, brittle, and covered with a shining or dark glaze. Some of them are more than a hundred pounds in weight. They fall in all parts of the earth. The Chinese have recorded great numbers of them in their histories. Among the Greeks and Romans these black stones that fell from the skies were worshipped as if they were gods. One of them was called the *Mother of the Gods*. It was brought to Rome from the East, where it was said to have fallen from the skies in a cloud of fire. The ancient philosophers thought these black stones fell from the sun.

It is remarkable that these falling stones have never done any harm. They have usually fallen in the country or in the sea, or even far away upon some desert island. One may almost always see one or more meteors shooting over the sky on clear nights, and leaving behind a trail of light.

# A SUMMER SONG

BY LARRY BEARD



"With light abandon in mid air  
I float through life without a care:  
Dost think I'd change for life like thine  
Such fluttering happiness as mine?"

**A BUTTERFLY**  
among the flowers,  
While flitting through the sun-  
ny hours,  
Was asked by Bumble-Bee to  
wed,  
And this is what the beauty  
said:

"'Tis true thy honey's sweet  
to me;  
So far our tastes would well  
agree.  
But there they'd end; for, of  
all things,  
I most detest thy buzzing  
wings.

"They're stumpy, short; they're awkward, too,  
And several sizes small for you.  
Their everlasting busy noise  
Disturbs my nervous equipoise.



"From flowers, roses, and the  
clover,  
With pollen dust all covered over,  
And legs bedrabbled in the wax,  
Thou gatherest up thy honey tax

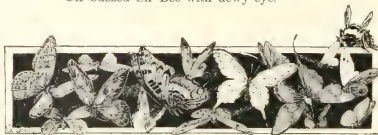


"With busy, endless, droning sound,  
From field to hovel underground,  
In direct line thou bringst thy spoil;  
Thou hast no thought beyond thy toil.



After a cold and driving storm,  
Sir Bee peeped from his house so warm:  
A soiled and crumpled something lay  
Half buried in the muddy clay.

"Poor winged worm! hadst taken me,  
I could have saved and sheltered thee.  
My honey's sweet; my house is dry."  
Off buzzed Sir Bee with dewy eye.



## "CAMP MELANCHOLY."

BY EDWARD IRENEUS STEVENSON.

I.

"IT'S altogether a very unlucky business!" said Allan.

"Been so from the start," grunted Joyce.

"First, a week's delay in getting off to camp; then when we did reach the place and settle down for fun, Allan's malaria. After that a most extraordinary lack of anything worth a shot. Next came—what came next, somebody?" pathetically asked Corry, breaking off his tale of woe.

"What came next?" said Stow, the third brother. "Why, the abominable weather came next, of course. Hope you don't forget that! Rain, rain, rain—drizzle, drizzle, drizzle. The woods soaking, the lake a tempest in a tea-pot; all of us hugging the fire to keep dry—until we were roasted."

"And now, last of all," interrupted Van, the least talkative and generally the most cheerful of "the four Pollaston boys" (as every one in their town called them)—"now comes this letter from father, telling us— But, there, we've got to go—that's all about it! We shall leave you, Ty, to meet Cousin Theodore and explain the reason of our running off without waiting for his arrival—and he our other guest! Looks nice, doesn't it?" Poor Van sighed, and whacked at a weed viciously with a joint of his fishing-rod.

The four Pollaston brothers were making complaint of their fate to a fifth member of their circle, who, I am glad to say, for the sake of variety, was no relation to them. Tybalt Mar, their intimate friend, stood leaning against a tree in front of them. His arms were folded, and his handsome face as cloudy as theirs. He had been invited by the four Pollastons to make one of their camping crowd. Good shot, capital fisherman, and, better than that, pleasant companion that he was, he had said "Yes."

Ty was anything except rich, and there was any quan-

tity of money in the Pollaston family. But that difference was never felt among these five lads. So they had, after the delay Corry spoke of, turned their backs on their home at B— when July came around. The railroad bore them northwest, northwest, almost out of civilization. A steamboat, and finally horses and a guide, had done the rest, landing the four on the wooded shores of Lake Michigan. A ruined hut stood there. It served them royally for a house. Plenty of groceries they brought, so starvation was not to be feared even when they failed to bring down so much as a rabbit. Stow's cooking was known and approved. Thus in spite of the really miserable weather which had overtaken them in their out-of-door life, in spite of Allan Pollaston's catching an ague that kept him in a bad plight for nearly a week, in spite of the remarkable scarcity of game in the region, why, the five boys had enjoyed their camp a good deal more than they knew, and now expected a cousin to join them in it.

Alas! a letter from Mr. Pollaston summoned the brothers back to meet their father at a village a day's journey from their forest retreat. A matter of business, he said, required their presence there with him—they could return to their camp and their friend Ty, and finish out the season if they liked. But come for a few days they must.

So they were going. Ty must be left to welcome Theodore. At least a week out of the precious vacation must be lost to four of the party. A long journey must be made—all for that mysterious cause "business." There was no help for it. No wonder that Allan and Corry and Van and Stow were out of sorts; and declaring that that new calamity caused their cup to overflow, named the scene of their retreat Camp Melancholy.

"Camp Melancholy!" repeated Joyce, and the party groaned in approval.

"Oh, I'll get along all right," said Tybalt, soon, with an effort. "You four will be away only about three days. Perhaps your cousin Theodore may turn up to-morrow. Then I will be alone for a less time. It's too bad to have such a break in our scheme; but then, as you all have said, we've been unlucky about health and sport and the weather so far. Possibly luck will change with this last stroke, and after you get back."

"Corry, Corry," called Stow, interrupting the general bawling; "isn't the time for fasting nearly over? I'm next thing to famished, as it were, so to speak. Surely that soup is done."

"Oh, gracious! My dear pot, my beloved kettle, have I forgot thee?" exclaimed Corry, leaping up from the moss and hurrying across to the fire. "It's all right," he declared, after examining the contents of his charges. "Come, fly about, every one. Plates! spoons! forks! Dinner is to be served, gentlemen."

They all seated themselves about the rough table which they had built, and fell to with a will. Corry's stew, the coffee, and some canned eatables were pronounced excellent. The eating and planning were at their height.

All at once Allan saw Ty drop his knife. Not only did he drop his knife, but he leaned forward across the table, staring out through the opening, and down to the shore of the lake. In a second of time he had sprung up, dinner and apparently everything else gone out of an excited head. He stood staring still through the open door.

"Look! look there!" he exclaimed to the other four. They quitted their seats. With eager questions each followed his directions. The startling cause of his actions was readily seen by them in a moment.

"A grizzly!" whispered Stow, in his excitement, with a stare and a drawing-in of his breath.

The reader must know that Camp Melancholy fronted a kind of cove in the lake shore. There were shallows and ridges in the lake bottom just there, and in one instance the rock and soil had conspired and formed an actual if extremely narrow promontory, a couple of yards broad for all its length. If you out some distance into the water. The camping party had found it a spot excellent for fishing. Upon the extreme point of this cape Tybalt's chance glance had discovered, sitting in an upright position, coolly performing some ursine toilet ceremonies, a bear—a very large bear. In the hot haze the beast looked monstrous. A stout snag which had drifted toward the point long before, and remained fast where it struck the soil, brought out this unconscious stranger's shape and size by comparison.

"Quick! All down to the end of the raft!" said Van.

"Yes, best place for a shot! Hurrah for luck."

"No, don't do it! He'll see you."

In spite of which cautions the whole five in a half-moment longer found themselves running in a crouching fashion that an Apache might have approved. Ty and Allan led. Each availed himself of any shrubs or boulders that came handy as screens to their stalking. The small raft which, according to their guide's account, a former hunting party had made, used, and left for future campers' fire-wood, was tethered to the end of a rough dock. Out over this the boys darted lightly. The bear had kept his back to them, or he certainly would have perceived foes. As the two best shots, Ty and Stow levelled—Stow with the aid of Corry's shoulder. Bruin swung round in full profile. Then his great head veered directly about. One glance must have satisfied him.



"BANG WENT THE GUNS!"

He dropped on all fours. Bang went the guns. Away went the bear. What witchcraft attacked the bullets of our young Nimrods? Certainly neither marksman hit. The great creature, in place of turning square about, and then retracing his shuffling steps over the little point to the mainland, did a curious thing. He splashed into the water at his left, so that the ridge of rock was between him and the lads. They saw him strike straight out for the most distant sea-shore which was visible a quarter of a mile further beyond.

"At him again! Don't stir from here," called Allan. "You can spot him yet."

"We've one chance left!" cried Stow. "Hurry up with that gun."

"No use running," exclaimed Corry. "This is our best hold. How could you both miss him?"

The bear's bulky body could be distinguished making famous headway north. He was behaving precisely like a runaway dog, who knows of "a short-cut home," and makes all he can of it. Neither of the second shots from Ty's or Stow's muzzles did its duty. Then the group realized that the grandest prize of the forest—a prize grown more and more rare, and one which would have made amends for all ill fortune past or to come—had escaped them. Shameful climax!

But their mortification was pushed aside for the moment. Each one of the five had observed a mysterious fact concerning the big bear, now almost out of sight.

"What in the world could the thing have been?" asked Ty.

"It looked exactly like some sort of a collar," replied Van. They were walking dispiritedly up to the cabin.

"A collar! But where could he have come by it? It's not likely he's escaped from a menagerie."

"Part of some trap he has got the best of."

"It couldn't have been a real collar!"

"I saw something, for my part," said Ty, stoutly, "that looked like brass nails glittering on a collar in the sun. Yes, I should say that that bear wore a small leather arrangement with brass nails on it."

They discussed the little puzzle of the bear's curious ornament all the rest of the day; that is, when they were not groaning over his successful flight.

## II.

The next morning at dawn the four Pollaston boys set out to join their father, promising again to return to Tybalt within as few days as affairs would let them.

Ty hung about the cabin all the morning. He cleaned up the fire-arms, did his own cooking—not at all unpalatably—and waited for something to turn up, which did not turn up; nor did Theodore Traff. He felt quite as lonely as he had expected. It set him to wishing.

What had our friend to wish as he sat so seriously under the cedar? Much. He wished that he too could end up the summer by going away to a big military academy, as his four friends expected to do. He wished that he were growing up a rich fellow, or the son of a rich father, as was Allan or Van; instead of which our Tybalt was dependent upon the bounty of a by no means wealthy uncle, who had taken care of the boy simply because there was no other to do that act of charity. Ty's father had died before Ty was in his teens. Mr. Mar had had a partner in his business. A time came to the firm when it was absolutely necessary for them to raise a large sum of money in hard cash. Mr. Mar succeeded in getting it together, and his partner succeeded in quietly taking every penny of it into his own hands, and decamping westward or northward or perhaps to Europe with it, certainly to some place which had hid him very securely. The traitor had not been heard of again. Ruined Mr. Mar was broken down by his loss and failure. Within a month after Mr. Ware's flight he died.

Thus Tybalt Mar, who would otherwise have been a rich fellow, with an expensive school and college life as his portion, found himself in the state he was. He would have to carve his own way in the world, and begin the carving soon. This afternoon, alone in the forest, with no one to speak to, fate seemed to Ty unusually cruel. If that man Ware had only been an honest man! He, he had been the root of all Ty's altered lot.

Ha! A crashing in the brush just behind the cabin startled Ty violently, so buried in thought had our hero been. The thick rhododendrons and young saplings were being trampled aside by some heavy animal. Tybalt leaped up from his sitting posture. As he caught up a gun lying at hand, the brush parted with a louder crackling. Then appeared to the boy's eyes, wide open with surprise and alarm, a monstrous black bear, that on perceiving him immediately rose upon its hind-legs. Thus it stood, balanced, waving its fore-paws to and fro, and uttering a low snarl, apparently more in consternation than in anger.

And about the black bear's neck—Ty recognized it as if in a flash—was a collar, a thick leather collar, with glittering brass studs.

The mysterious animal that had escaped Ty's weapon yesterday had blundered directly into giving the humbled young hunter a wonderful chance to retrieve his disgrace.

Ty levelled his piece, his hands shaking so that he could scarcely attempt an aim. His finger was on the trigger. A tenth part of a second would have heard the rifle's report.

A man, tall, bearded, dressed in uncouth clothing, a gun slung at his back, leaped out of the shrubbery just behind the wonderful quadruped.

"Stop! don't shoot!" he called, holding up his hand. With the other he struck the bear on the neck. The great beast dropped at once upon all fours. Ty's gun nearly fell from his grasp.

"Who are you?" he contrived to ask. The wind had risen in the trees above, and carried his young voice toward the young man clearly.

"I own that bear!" called back the new-comer. "He is mine! He is tame!"

"Tame? Yours?"

"Yes, tame as a kitten. I tamed him myself. Who are you, boy, that you are so quick with your gun?" The tall man advanced toward Ty with a less startling air.

"My name is Tybalt Mar," responded Ty. He began to recover from the excitement caused by the sudden advent of these two visitors into camp. Only some one of the trappers of the region out to look after his traps—one who had a fancy for queer pets. That was all.

If he had been familiar with the face of the man before him, Ty would have been astonished at the change that had come over it when he said these words: "My name is Tybalt Mar."

As it was, he heard the trapper give a low exclamation. He saw his eyes run over his own face with a piercing look. "Ty—Tybalt Mar?" the other repeated. "And was your father Tybalt Mar, a merchant of X—?" He named Ty's birth-place.

"Yes," answered Ty. "He died a good many years ago. I was his only child."

"It is amazing! it is most wonderful!" exclaimed the strange trapper, as if to himself, and in the greatest astonishment. "My lad, my lad, I want you to answer several questions right straight off. My name is Dan Smith. Never mind General Washington there. Lie still, sir," Dan Smith said, sharply, to General Washington, who on hearing his name spoken had risen promptly, and shuffled a few steps forward as if to be introduced. "It will seem a queer thing to you, but I believe I have been in need of meeting you for a long time, young man. I would have met you surely, depend upon that, if I had reckoned you a living lad."



"I—dead?" exclaimed Ty, in bewilderment. "Where did you ever hear of me? Some mistake."

"You shall know everything after I have got done talking to *you*," said the tall trapper. "Sit down here on the grass. General, keep back, I tell you," he observed to his four-footed friend. "You scamp, by your running away yesterday, and making me spend most of the time since in scouring the woods for you, why, you may have done this young gentleman here a mighty big sort of a service. That's how you came to see him down on those rocks," he added, turning once more to Ty. "He slips away sometimes, and it is a miracle he has not been killed before this by men who don't know him, and what a good old beast he is. No, you may come here, General, and lie down by us," which General Washington did, thankfully.

"Some years ago," said Dan Smith, "when I first took to living in the woods, a man came tramping up to my door one morning, and asked for something to eat. He looked half starved, his clothes were muddy, he was lame and tired, and I guess he had been living in the woods for a week or two. He said his name was Thompson. He told me that he would be glad if I would take him in and teach him what I knew about hunting and trapping. Said he was tired of living in towns and cities, and wanted to be out in the forest a while. Odd story, isn't it?" and Dan Smith smiled. His accent was rough, but he spoke like a man of some education.

"Very odd," replied Ty. "Go on. You took him?"

"I did that," responded the woodsman. "He gave me a handsome sum of money when I consented. Well, this Thompson, my lad, staid with me, off and on, all of six years, I guess. Yes, full that. He built a cabin close by mine over yonder," and the speaker pointed to that edge of the distant shore for which General Washington had struck out on the preceding day, "and as far as I know that man never went near a settlement until his death. That took place by reason of a cold very unexpectedly one spring. And after he was dead I opened a package of papers he'd left expressly telling me to examine them. Then I found out who he had been all the time. He hadn't been John Thompson. No, sir."

Ty's young heart was thumping like a steam-pump; he could not tell why.

"In that package were papers, and along with them, my boy, a pretty big amount of money in gold and notes. The man's real name was Benjamin Ware."

"Benjamin Ware!" cried Ty. "Why, that was the fellow who ruined my father, and—"

"Just so," continued Dan Smith. "You see, after this Ware had got away, he was afraid of being tracked by settling himself where folks might find him out. So he made up his mind to turn backwoodsman. Here, with the money for which he had not a bit of use, living as he did, he finished up his life. He charged me in the letter he wrote to find out your father, tell him that he died begging to be forgiven for the evil turn he had done him, and gained nothing by, and restore the money to him. He'd not had a chance to spend much of it. Well, boy, I wrote; I advertised; I inquired; I did everything I could to get on the track of your father. At last I received what I took to be the very truest news. According to it, your father had died in another town, leaving no family of his own, and with only some distant kin of his to receive that money Benjamin Ware had trusted to me."

"Yes," said Ty. "You see, poor father couldn't hold his head up after he failed, and soon after we moved to the town where he lies buried."

"And you?" inquired Dan Smith.

"I was looked after by father's half-brother. He hasn't our name, and he lives in Ohio."

"So!" exclaimed the trapper. "That accounts for it. At any rate I had to give up hunting for any of his rela-

tions too. I never dreamed of his having a son, my boy. I put the money in the bank, down in Springfield, and there's all of fourteen or fifteen thousand dollars there this minute. Young Tybalt Mar, that belongs to you, and will come to your hands when you're of age. Isn't it a wonderful stroke of luck for me and you, youngster, that I met you?"

It would be hard to describe the exciting scene that followed. Dan Smith asked and answered many hundred questions before the sun had sunk low in the west. Everything satisfied him that the simple, straightforward story which Ty gave him in detail was entirely true, and that the heir of the small fortune the honest fellow had guarded all these years so jealously was at last met here in the Michigan woods which had sheltered the treacherous partner of Mr. Mar. Toward sundown Dan Smith left Camp Melancholy, agreeing to bring over papers and bank-book and what not the next morning. He did so.

"What will—what *will* Allan and Van and Corry and Stow say?" Ty asked himself the question all night. He did not sleep. How changed were all his fortunes! Yesterday he thought himself a poor lad, dependent on a not very willing kinsman for bread; to-day he was Tybalt Mar, with money enough to be free to complete his education when and how he chose, and to put himself on his legs in the world for life's journey.

Dan Smith appeared promptly next morning. With him and his accounts and papers came another friend. Before the work of looking over and explaining was through, Theodore Traft, the Pollastons' cousin, arrived with his guns and his guide. The unexpected discovery was explained to Theodore, and being a lawyer, he was able to be of great use in arranging matters.

"It's a regular romance, Ty," he said again and again; "only in most romances there are not such honest actors as Dan Smith."

"And the day before your cousins went they advised me to 'scare up an adventure' of some kind," laughed Ty. "I could never have imagined such a one as this, nor they either."

Their surprise and delight was enjoyed to the full next morning. The Pollaston brothers came trooping in about noon, bringing Mr. Pollaston himself with them to finish up the camping time.

During the extraordinary feast that Corry with his pots and kettles managed to spread, and their cheers over Ty's inheritance, which meant coming years of school and college that he would enjoy with them, the title they had given their camp struck each of them as a very funny mistake. With its new christening as "Camp Surprise" the curtain falls.

## HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

**I** HAVE no doubt that the boys and girls who read YOUNG PEOPLE are fond of fairy tales. Many of them have read the beautiful wonder stories which Hans Andersen wrote for children all over the world—stories which came from his loving heart, and find their way straight to ours.

Look at his quaint and homely but kind face, as the artist has drawn it, and then listen while I tell you about his life. Wherever he went, children clustered around him, eagerly attending to his bright and happy talk. He loved them all, and in return they gave him their love.

It was on April 2, 1805, that Andersen was born, at Odense, in Denmark. His parents were very poor, but very good, and a baby might have found a far worse home than the tiny room which was to Hans a dear warmly lined nest. It was crowded enough with the great bedstead, the table, the dresser filled with shining pots and pans, and the bench by which Hans's father made or mended



"THE CHILDREN'S STORY-TELLER"

ed shoes all day, while his mother did the house-work. But there was plenty of room in it for a great deal of fun and enjoyment.

The mother had pasted pictures over the walls until wherever the baby looked he saw a story. The father had a shelf full of books and songs, for though untaught, he had a poet's heart. There was another pleasure, and that was a garden on the roof, to which Hans climbed by a ladder when his limbs grew strong, and there for hours he would play among the budding plants.

Always in May, when the woods were lovely, the parents would go together to bring home green branches, with which they decked their home. And on Sunday afternoons little Hans and his father used often to spend hours in the forest strolling about or listening to the birds.

A very bright, cheery life the little boy lived in his earliest years. Everybody petted him. His mother sent him to school to learn his A, B, C, but made the teacher promise never to punish him. He was very gentle, and fond of dreaming in the sunny yard, under a tent made by placing his mother's apron over two currant bushes. Sometimes he played for hours with dolls, which he loved to dress.

Gentle as he was, he was fearless too. During the harvest his mother sometimes went to the fields to glean after the reapers. One day she and her friends were gleaning in the field of a very cross man, of whom everybody was afraid. A cry was raised that this wretch was coming. Sure enough, on he strode, flourishing a great whip, and calling the poor people names. They all ran away, and little Hans, not so strong as the rest, presently lost his wooden shoes, and found that the fierce bailiff was almost upon him.

He turned round, looked with his blue baby eyes right

into the angry face, and said, "How dare you strike me when God can see it!"

The harsh man stopped at once, lowered his whip, and patting the rosy cheeks, gave the brave child some coins from his pocket. It was an unheard-of thing, and Hans's mother exclaimed, "Truly, a strange boy is my Hans; nobody can resist him."

By-and-by the merry, easy-going years came to an end. The father died, the mother married again, and there was talk of apprenticing the lad to a tailor.

This did not delight Hans. His ambition was to be an actor or a great singer; and no wonder, for he had a clear high soprano voice of such sweetness that a throng gathered to hear him whenever he sang, and he had a talent for mimicry, and could invent plays of his own, in which he made his dolls and toys take the part of the several characters.

Andersen was only fourteen years old when, imploring his mother's consent to let him go and try his fortunes in the great world, he set off for Copenhagen. He had only a very little money, and his clothing was tied up in a small bundle. The neighbors told his mother that she would never see him again, and that it was dreadful to let a boy so young and so full of silly fancies go so far by himself.

One wise old woman, however, said: "Let him go. He will become a great man, and in his honor Odense will one day be illuminated."

At the city gates his mother and his grandmother kissed him and bade him good-by, and he was presently well on his way. By one rude conveyance or another he reached Copenhagen.

The first thing he did, when fairly away from home, was to kneel on the ground behind a shed and ask God's blessing.

Arrived at the capital, he soon found friends who were interested in him on account of his voice. A celebrated composer took him into his house, and gave him lessons. After a while, alas! the voice broke and lost its sweetness, and it seemed a great calamity. But what looked like misfortune was in reality an advantage, for it resulted in Andersen's being sent, for the first time in his life, to a good school.

Here, though often pained by boys who did not understand him, and by the curtness of the masters, Hans distinguished himself by diligence and by progress. A lad of nearly seventeen, thin and awkward, he was obliged at first to enter classes with little fellows; but he did not mind this, for he wanted to learn and to please his kind patron, Councillor Collin, of Copenhagen. He had to work hard, for, although he had written verses, he knew nothing of grammar, geography, or spelling, let alone Latin, which was one of his new tasks.

When a very little fellow an old washer-woman had told Hans that the Empire of China was directly under his feet. Sometimes he would go and sing as loud as he could, hoping that a Prince of China, hearing him, would dig himself up, and bring him a fortune. Years after, when declaiming or reading his beautiful stories to delighted audiences, he said that he would find himself watching for the Prince to pop up through the floor.

Well, the boy became a poet, and wrote novels, and finally began to write stories for children. His works are published in ten volumes, and many of them are filled with the sweetest, daintiest, and purest stories in the catalogue of children's literature. *The Snow Queen*, *The Ugly Duckling*, *The Tin Soldier*, *The Fir-Tree*, *The Darning-Needle*, and *The Little Girl with Matches* are among the favorites.

When his first works appeared they met with some sharp criticism. In company one day a learned divine was calling attention to words which were repeated in one of his stories, when a child of six, pointing with her dimpled

finger, said, "Sir, there is still a little word about which you have not scolded," and the little word was "and." It is to be hoped the good man was ashamed of himself.

The children adored Andersen, not in Denmark only, but, as his stories were translated, all over Europe. Little royal children made him welcome to their nurseries, and peasant children trooped after him on the roads. There was not a house in Denmark, from the palace to that of the poorest artisan, where a plate was not ready for Hans Andersen at any moment.

You may imagine that he was a charming guest. He was always ready to tell one of his beautiful stories. He would ask for a scissors and a piece of paper, and cut out the most marvellous things—fairy trees, houses, and castles. Nobody could arrange flowers as he could. He belonged to everybody, and in every house there was a corner which was his.

On his seventieth birthday the nation paid him a tribute of honor. The little town of Odense was crowded with visitors. A copy of his works in thirty-two languages was presented to him. Money was contributed to erect his statue, and to found a home for poor children in his name. It was a very happy day for the silver-haired old man, in whom the child-heart still beat.

Four months later, in the flush of August's beauty, he passed away from earth. The day of his funeral every shop in Copenhagen was shut, and the whole town put on mourning. One of the most touching incidents was that told by a by-stander, who saw a poor woman lingering in the church after the coffin had been carried out.

"I must find a leaf," she said, "to take to my little crippled boy at home."

Then she told how kind the poet had been to her son, sitting by his bedside, and telling him stories. She went home comforted by the gift of a rose.

There is no danger that the pious, simple-hearted Andersen will ever be forgotten while children live to keep his memory green.





## "LEFT BEHIND."

## OR, TEN DAYS A NEWSBOY.

IN THE VERGEE OF

"TOMMY TAYLOR," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," "RAISING THE PEARL," ETC.

## CHAPTER XV.

## THE GREAT SURPRISE.

IT was a tired party who landed in New York quite early that evening, some going to Mrs. Green's, and two to the hotel; but they were quite as happy as they were weary, and had had such a day of enjoyment as they had never even dreamed of before, all of which had grown out of the simple act of befriending a homeless boy.

If Mrs. Green had been able to understand what five children were saying to her all at once, she would have had a very clear idea of that day of pleasure; but as it was, when each was eager to tell the story, and all spoke together, she had only a general idea, until she was alone with Nelly.

After the attempt to enlighten her as to where they had been, and what they had seen, the conversation turned upon the surprise which Mr. Weston said he had for Ben and Johnny, and many were the speculations as to what it might be.

Mopsey was very certain that he had purchased one of the largest theatres in the city, and was to present it to them in due form; and so positive did he become as to the correctness of his idea that he would persist in talking about what they would do, after the two boys were installed there, to the exclusion of everything else. He even awakened them after they had gone to sleep that night in order to make them promise that they would let him direct the entertainments in case he was right regarding the gift of a theatre.

Of course the two most interested were in a high state of excitement as to the gift, although they did not try to guess what it might be. It was a difficult matter for them to go to sleep after they went to bed, so anxious were they to know what good fortune was to be theirs, and after Mopsey had awakened them they remained in anything but a sleepy condition for several hours.

But the morning came at last, as all mornings do come, and they were the first ones up and dressed, although they spent a great deal of time on their toilet.

Mopsey proposed that the others escort the two fortunate ones to the hotel, in order that they might learn what this great surprise was as soon as possible; but Dickey insisted that Ben and Johnny go alone, since Mr. Weston had not said anything about their bringing any friends with them.

It did seem to these two boys, after their companions had gone to work, that the hands of the clock would never point to nine. They had walked slowly from their boarding-house to the hotel, hoping to pass away the time by looking in the shop windows, and yet, walking as slowly as they did, they were on the sidewalk opposite the hotel as early as eight o'clock.

Since they could not content themselves anywhere else, they remained there until it should be time for them to call, speculating as to the good fortune that was to be theirs, and wishing the minutes would pass more quickly.

The clock was just striking the hour of nine when they entered the office of the hotel, and found Mr. Weston and Paul evidently awaiting their arrival.

Whatever the surprise was that Mr. Weston had in store for them, it was not in the hotel that they were to receive it, for as soon as they entered, Paul and his father started toward them, leading the way out into the street at once.

It was quite evident that Paul did not intend to allow himself to run any risk of betraying the secret, for he walked on ahead with his father, glancing over his shoulder every few moments at the puzzled-looking boys behind.

Through Twenty-third Street to Sixth Avenue Mr. Weston led the way, and after they had gone down the avenue some distance he entered a neat-looking little periodical and stationery store, nodding familiarly to the proprietor, as if he were a regular visitor there.

Now more than ever were the two boys perplexed, and they had just come to the conclusion that Paul's father was going to buy them something as a present, when the proprietor said,

"All the money which has been taken this morning is in the drawer, and unless there is something more you want to say to me, I will go, as I made an engagement down-town for ten o'clock."

"I don't think there is anything more to be said," replied Mr. Weston. "Of course you will come in whenever you are passing this way to see how matters are going?"

"Oh yes," and the man started toward the door. "I'll see that everything goes on smoothly, although I have no doubt but that the new proprietors will get along all right. The goods are all marked at the selling price, and there can hardly be any mistake made."

Then the man went out, and they were left alone in the store, which, to say the least, seemed a very strange proceeding to Ben and Johnny.

"Well, boys, what do you think of the store?" asked Mr. Weston; and as they hardly knew what reply to make, he added, "I hope you will like it, for I think you can make considerable money here."

"We make money here?" asked Ben, in surprise.

"Yes, for it all belongs to you. I bought the stock in your name, with myself as trustee, since minors can't hold property, and the rent is paid for one year. You must be careful to keep the stock well up with good, seasonable articles, and if you work hard, there is no reason why you should not have a good-sized bank account by the end of the year."

The boys looked at each other, and then at Mr. Weston, but appeared unable to understand what he meant. It did not seem possible that all those goods were theirs, and they were quite sure that they had misunderstood what he said, or that he was not speaking to them.

"All of these goods are yours—Paul's present to you for your kindness to him. I guess you will understand it after a while, and we will come back presently, after you feel perfectly sure about the proprietorship."

Then Paul and his father went out, leaving the two owners to stand looking at each other as if they were uncertain who they were. It was some moments before they spoke after they were alone, and Johnny went near the door, and stood on his head, in a grave, business-like manner, until his face was as red as a boiled beet.

After this feat had been accomplished, he appeared to feel considerably relieved, and he said, as he went close up to Ben, "Do you s'pose he meant jest what he said?"

"He must have meant it," replied Ben, but the look on his face told that even then he was uncertain about it.

Then the boys began to examine their stock, finding beautiful things such as they had admired from outside shop windows, but never believed they should really own.

When Paul came in alone, half an hour later, for he was too eager to know what his friends thought of their store to be able to wait any longer, he found the newly made proprietors in a state of delight bordering almost on frenzy. They shook him by the hands, hugged him, and once Johnny looked as if he would have kissed him had it not been that he was a little ashamed to do so, while they kept asking him over and over again if he was quite sure that his father had really given them that entire stock of goods, all for their very own.



Paul told them that on the first night that he was found, and after the story of what the two had done for his son was told, his father had spoken of doing some such thing. When he added that the money had been paid over that very morning in his presence, they became fully assured of their good fortune.

Johnny, by Ben's direction, started down-town to inform their friends of their magnificent gift, and to invite them all up to look the property over, which invitation, it is almost unnecessary to say, was accepted at once.

During the greater portion of that day the store was filled with such a crowd of newsboys and boot-blacks as was never seen in that vicinity before, and the other merchants looked out in alarm, as if they feared that a riot was in progress.

Dickey was almost as delighted as the proprietors themselves at this magnificent gift; but Mopsey did not hesitate to say that from what he had seen of Mr. Weston he fully expected that he would have been so sensible as to have purchased a theatre. The author also intimated that some folks did not recognize genius when they saw it, or he would have been both proprietor and manager of a theatre, in the place of Ben and Johnny being installed behind the counter of a periodical depot.

Paul had his father's permission to remain at the store all day, for he was as much delighted with it as were the new owners, and he received quite as much attention from the visitors as the goods did, all seeming to think him a curiosity, and all equally certain that they would have cared for him as willingly as Ben and Johnny did, had he met them first.

It was quite late in the afternoon when Mr. Weston returned to see how the new merchants were getting along, and both of them tried to express their thanks for what he had done for them; but it was a difficult matter to find words to convey all they felt.

"Don't try to thank me, my lads; but live so that you will merit the confidence I now have in you. The money which I have paid out to buy these goods is but a small part of what I would have been willing to give to have known that I should find my son alive and well. From what he has told me of you I believe that you deserve this start in life, and if you continue as honest and kindly hearted as I now think you are, you will repay me for this in almost as great a proportion as you already have."

After Mr. Weston had explained to them several details of business which it was necessary they should know, he went back to the hotel, taking Paul with him, but promising that he should come back and help them keep store all the next day, since it would be the last he would spend in New York for some time.

Neither of the boys thought of going home for anything to eat until it should be time for them to close the store, and in the evening Mrs. Green and Nelly called upon them to say that they had purposely delayed dinner until they could be there, when it would be made a sort of thanksgiving meal.

As a matter of course they were as much delighted with the store as any of the other visitors had been, and Mrs. Green took advantage of the occasion to point out to Mopsey what the difference might have been if he had refused to help a companion in distress, as he apparently had been on the point of doing when he was appealed to for his share of the money with which to buy the ticket.

Since there was quite a trade in daily papers at the new store, and it would be inconvenient for the two boys to buy and deliver their papers, and attend to the store at the same time, they made an arrangement with Dickey, whereby he should become a partner to the extent of one-third of the profits. Dickey became at once quite as happy as they were—a condition which it is scarcely possible to describe by words.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## MAX RANDER AND THE CIRCUS.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JUN.

SOON after our American speech-making, that I told you about last autumn, father and mother decided to move, bag and baggage, to London.

The day after our arrival was Thad's birthday, and among the presents he received was a bright gold sovereign, which father said he might spend as he pleased.

"Now, Thad," I observed, with my kindest "elder-brotherly" air, "remember this is your day, and that you can do or buy just what you like."

For an instant or two he made no reply. Then he suddenly broke out,

"Say, Max, this is Saturday, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, then," said Thad, drawing a long breath as he handed me his sovereign, "I want you to take me to the Oxford Circus. See, the omnibus that's just stopped over there goes right by it, and we'll be in time for the matinee."

"Oh, what a cherub of a brother!" was my inward thought, as, seizing the money in one hand and Thad in the other, I started for the 'bus.

We managed to reach it before it moved on, and scrambled to the seats on the roof in high glee. Suddenly it occurred to me that I had not yet inquired whether we were going in the proper direction.

"How stupid!" I reflected, as I shouted to the conductor to tell me how far it was to Oxford Circus.

"Hit's the hother way," he replied, with a grin, as he caught me by the left leg, which I was about to plant on vacancy in my eagerness to descend.

He helped Thad down, and then we both stood impatiently on the sidewalk, waiting for another 'bus, going the other way, with "Oxford Circus" on it to come along. At last we saw one, and got in.

And now Thad began to grow anxious lest we should be late for the performance, which it was natural to suppose would commence at two. It was ten minutes past that hour when we heard the cry, "Hoxford Circus!"

"Where is it?" I ventured to ask as we got down.

"Why, 'ere," replied the conductor.

"Well, I don't see anything that looks like a circus building or tent either; do you, Thad?"

"No; but p'raps it's down one of these streets a little way," he suggested. "S'pose you ask somebody, Max."

Accordingly I stepped in front of an old gentleman who was walking rather slowly, and said, "If you please, sir, will you tell me where the Oxford Circus is?"

"Just down this street, half a square from here, my son," he answered, pleasantly.

I thanked him, hurried Thad along, and when we reached the sort of square, looked carefully at every building within sight, but not a flaming circus poster nor even a plain circus sign could I see.

"Oh, hurry, Max!" pleaded Thad.

Spurred on to renewed exertions by this entreaty, I stopped a passer-by and repeated my query.

"Here it is," was the reply; and the man waved his hand carelessly in the direction of the building in front of which we had been standing, and passed on.

I glanced up, and saw on the corner of what I had taken for a simple retail store, the words, "Oxford Circus."

"A piece of stupidity in me," I reflected, as we entered the shop. "Of course I mustn't expect to find everything exactly the same as it is in America." And walking up to one of the counters, I threw down the sovereign and asked for two tickets.

"Two what?" exclaimed the clerk, who was a short young man with a long head.

"Why, two circus tickets," I returned, in a louder tone.

"How much are they?"

"Circus tickets?" repeated the man, staring at me as if

I were one of the genie in the *Arabian Nights* just coming out of the bottle. "What, circus?"

"Why, Oxford Circus, of course." And I tried to look as offended as possible at the disrespectful manner in which I felt my eleven years were being treated.

"Oh, ho, ho, ho! ha, ha, ha!" he suddenly burst forth. "This is a Mourning-Goods shop. 'Jackson's Emporium of Mourning Goods' at your service, young man. Have you lost any friends recently? If so, we'll fit you out; only we mostly deal with ladies;" and then began stuffing his handkerchief down his throat to stop another fit of mirth, while he slapped himself on one knee, then on the other, as if to drive the joke into each side of his body.

Naturally I became very indignant, while Thad, foreseeing that he was likely to miss the performance entirely, began to cry. I picked up the sovereign and gave it back to him, and was about to lead the way out of the store through millions of yards of black crape, bombazine, and all the habiliments of woe that ladies wear, when the clerk recovered breath enough to explain that Oxford Circus meant simply the circle formed by the junction of Oxford with one or two other streets, and that— But I did not wait to hear any more.

"I might just as well be in Germany or France," I reflected, bitterly, as we rode back to the hotel, "if I can't understand my own language."

Father thought the affair almost as good a joke as my adventure in Berlin, but he promised to take us to a real show and let Thad keep the sovereign too.

## A COUNTRY BOY'S LATHE.

BY B. T. NEWMAN.

NOW, when Nature is calling every one out-of-doors, it seems too bad to keep in the house for any sort of work. This feeling came over me once so strongly when I was a boy that I constructed a temporary lathe out under the trees, where all summer it proved a source of great amusement (Fig. 1). It stood near the house, where there were two trees, whose trunks measured about six inches in diameter, and were every way suited to my purpose.

Three feet from the ground I bored a horizontal hole in a line with the trees through the trunks of both, and two maple pins (after being sharpened to a point to serve as centres) were driven in. A piece of pine, sawed the required length, and having one end cut to a cylindrical shape, was placed between the pins, and they were driven in so as to catch the block. A sapling growing a few feet away was trimmed, the top bent over, and

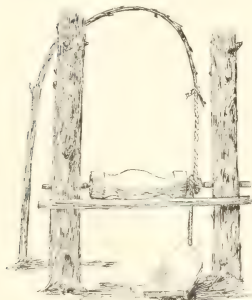


FIG. 1.

a rope attached to it that passed once round the end of the block, and was secured to a treadle two and a half feet long, the end of which was fastened to a peg in the ground. A stick was nailed across to serve as a rest for the tools.

This, after all, only answered for rude work; so in the autumn I commenced a more finished one, for the house, in this way: An old table was found, and between the legs two bars were nailed across for a support to the shaft,

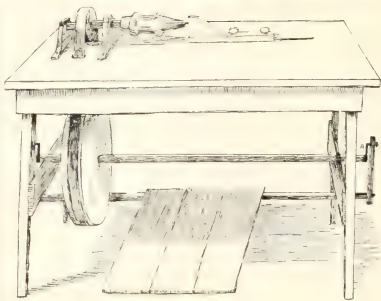


FIG. 2.

which was made of ash, and measured three feet long and one inch square. This just fitted the hole in a grindstone, that was used for the balance-wheel. Six inches from the ends of the shaft the corners were cut away to form bearings on the cross-bars, which were hollowed out to receive it. A leather strap was nailed over to keep it in position. The grindstone was next placed on the shaft, near one end, between the bearings, and wedged. Over it two brackets four inches high were screwed in position (see Fig. 2), six inches apart, forming a support for a shaft of a small wheel or pulley made of wood. In the end of an ash shaft one inch square and eight inches long were three sharp points made by driving in nails without heads, the projecting ends being filed to points; these, forced against the block, held one end firmly enough to turn. The places where the bearings came were cut in the form of a cylinder three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and corresponding places were hollowed to receive it, a small piece of wood being screwed on over each after the shaft and wheel were put in position.

A belt was made of an old trunk strap, passed round the grindstone and through two holes in the table over the little wheel, causing the latter to revolve very rapidly when the former was turned. This was done by a treadle put in the following manner: Two cranks were made (a, Fig. 2) by a blacksmith, and attached to the ends of the long shaft. They were three inches long, and had a knob on the end of the handle to prevent the connecting rods from slipping off. The latter were of hard wood, with a half-inch hole bored through near one end. They were then split six inches, allowing it to be placed on the handles. A screw was then put in to secure them, the lower ends being connected with a treadle made as in Fig. 2.

The second spindle at first was made immovable by inserting a cone of quarter-inch wire in a wooden bracket, which was screwed to the table; but finding it not always convenient to use blocks of the same length, and making it very difficult to hold them, one was arranged to slide, and could be secured in any position with thumb-screws. A long cut a quarter of an inch wide was first sawed in the table in the line of the short shaft, then a bracket three inches high was screwed to a short strip two inches wide, one inch thick, and a foot long. A similar strip was placed beneath, through which two thumb-screws passed. A piece of wire, being filed to a point and driven in the bracket, served for a centre. A movable block of wood three and a half inches high was used for a tool rest.

I found a great deal of pleasure and very little cost in turning all sorts of games and toys with these two lathes. Chess-men, base-ball bats, nine-pins, and many more articles I made, with simply gouges and chisels for tools.

## EDUCATED SEALS.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

SEALS, when carefully dealt with, make very pleasant pets, and are always gentle and affectionate. They will not only show their delight in their master by whining and licking his hand, and tossing themselves about, much as a dog might do, but may be taught to fish for him, bringing their captures like retriever dogs or trained otters.

There used to be two Scotch seals at Westminster Aquarium in London—perhaps they are there yet—named Mr. and Mrs. Toby, which every afternoon went through an interesting performance, showing how well they could learn when they had patient teachers. As the time for the performance approached, Mr. Toby would be seen swimming about his tank, and looking anxiously for Mrs. Toby and the keeper. When they appeared on the little stage beside the tank, Mr. Toby would flop up to meet them, and begin to help Mrs. Toby ring some bells. This done, he pretends to read the notes out of a music-book, and strums on a sort of zittern, clangs some cymbals, beats a tambourine, and winds up by a sudden dive into the water for a refreshing bath. While there, his keeper throws in sticks, etc., which the seal brings back to him like a retriever.

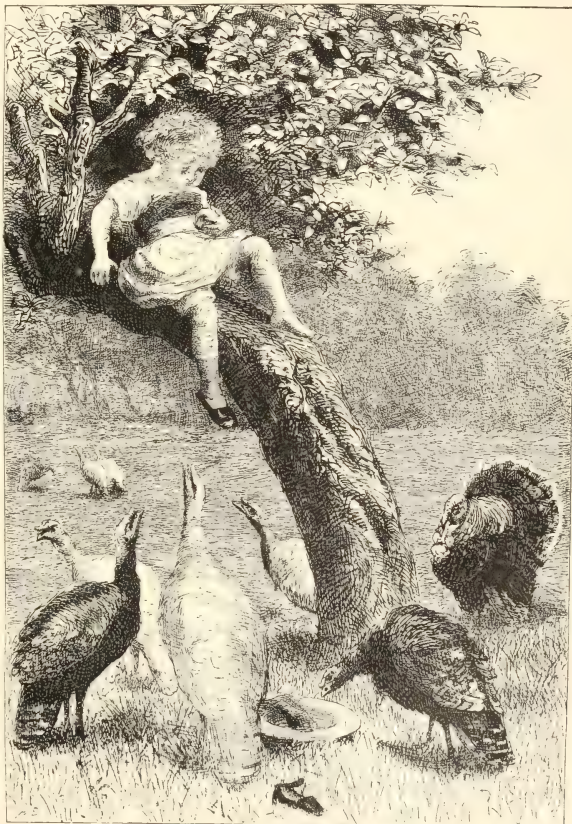
Having had their rest, both climb up the ladder to the stage again, and sit down to smoke their pipes like old sailors. When they have had enough of this, Mr. Toby fires all six barrels of a revolver, after which Mrs. Toby quite outdoes him by discharging two loaded muskets. The reward for each success is a morsel of fish.

The final performance used to be a very pretty one. Mr. Toby, in obedience to a command, would bring a small boat from the further end of the tank, a little boy would step in, and the seal would tow him rapidly around the tank. At the second round another little boy was taken aboard, and at the third round a baby girl took a seat in the boat, to the delight of all the children. Then Mrs. Toby went to help Mr. Toby, and together they carefully drew the tiny craft about, as though proud of their strength and gentleness.

Another very knowing seal was kept for some time in the Jardin des Plantes

at Paris. In the same inclosure with it were two little dogs, and they amused themselves by mounting on the seal's back, barking at and even biting it. The seal took it all in good part, and seemed delighted with them, though it would sometimes give slight blows with its paws, as if it did not mean to let the fun grow too boisterous. When the little dogs made their way out of the inclosure, the seal tried to follow them, and was not hindered from doing so by the rough and stony ground.

In cold weather the seal and his dog friends would all three huddle close together. If the dogs snatched the fish from the seal's mouth when he was feeding, he bore it patiently; but his conduct was very different toward other seals who shared his mess. When meal-time came there was always a stern combat, the strongest never failing to secure a lion's share of the feast.



A TERRIBLE SITUATION.







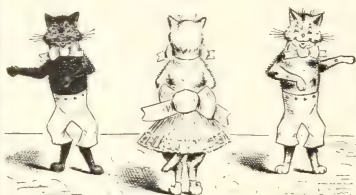


# The Spring Curtain.

a drama in five acts,

by *DeFrancis*

## I. WHICH?



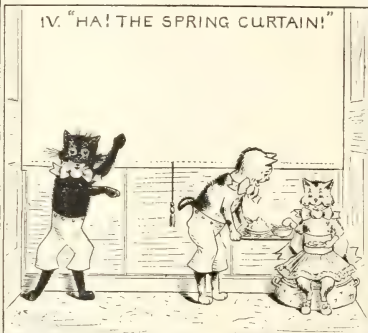
## II. THE CHOICE.



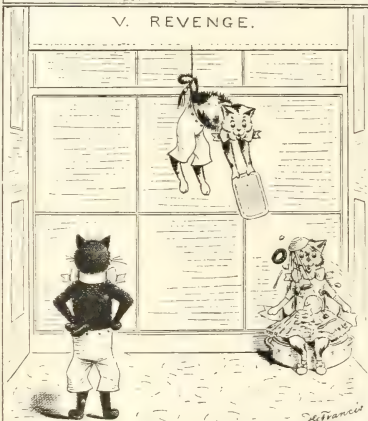
## III. THE RIVALS.



## IV. "HA! THE SPRING CURTAIN!"



## V. REVENGE.



### PHOTOGRAPHING AN ELEPHANT.

AN exciting scene took place at Cross's zoological establishment in Earle Street, Liverpool, not long ago. Mr. Cross wished to have his elephant, Jumbo II., photographed. Several photographers declined to do it, being afraid to face the animal, but one was found who undertook the task.

Early in the morning, before the place was open to the public, the elephant, which is always chained up with a heavy anchor chain, was unfastened and let out in the yard; but when he

saw the camera directed toward himself, and the photographer working at it and looking at him through it, he got excited, and with one blow of his trunk he smashed the apparatus. He was ready to deal a second blow at the photographer, when some of the staff of the menagerie rushed to his assistance, and succeeded in restoring the animal to his usual mild condition.

On being assured that the elephant would now keep perfectly quiet, the photographer commenced his work again with another camera. After several attempts he succeeded in obtaining a good negative.

# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 252

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 26, 1884.

Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



"A SURPRISE PARTY IT PROVED TO BE, SURE ENOUGH."—SEE STORY ON PAGE 674.





## CHAPTER I.

## PREPARING TO LEAVE THE OLD HOME.

OVER and over again had Mark and Ruth Elmer read the following paragraph which appeared among the "Norton Items" of the weekly paper published in a neighboring town:

"We are sorry to learn that our esteemed fellow-townsmen, Mark Elmer, Esq., owing to delicate health, feels compelled to remove to a warmer climate. Having disposed of his property in this place, Mr. Elmer has purchased a plantation in Florida, upon which he will settle immediately. As his family accompany him to this new home in the Land of Flowers, the many school friends and playmates of his interesting children will miss them sadly."

"I tell you what, Ruth," said Mark, after they had read this item a dozen times or more, "we are somebodies, after all, and don't you forget it. We own a plantation, we do, and have disposed of our property in this place."

As Mark looked from the horse-block on which he was sitting at the little weather-beaten house, nestling in the shadow of its glorious trees, which, with its tiny grass-plat in front, was all the property Mr. Elmer had ever owned, he flung up his hat in ecstasy at the idea of their being property owners, and tumbled over backward in trying to catch it as it fell.

"What I like," said Ruth, who stood quietly beside him, "is the part about us being interesting children, and to think that the girls and boys at school will miss us."

"Yes, and won't they open their eyes when we write them letters about the alligators, and orange groves, and palm-trees, and bread-fruit, and monkeys, and Indians, and pirates? Whoop-ee-e! what fun we are going to have!"

"Bread-fruit, and monkeys, and pirates, and Indians in Florida! what are you thinking of, Mark Elmer?"

"Well, I guess 'Osceola the Seminole' lived in Florida, and it's tropical, and pirates and monkeys are tropical too, ain't they?"

Just then the tea bell rang, and the children ran in to take the paper which they had been reading to their father, and to eat their last supper in the little old house that had always been their home.

Mr. Elmer had for fifteen years been cashier of the Norton Bank, and though his salary was not large, he had, by practicing the little economies of a New England village, supported his family comfortably until this time, and laid by a sum of money for a rainy day. And now the "rainy day" had come. For two years past the steady confinement to his desk had told sadly upon the faithful bank cashier, and the stooping form, hollow cheeks, and hacking cough could no longer be disregarded. For a long time good old Dr. Elmer had said:

"You must move South, Elmer. You can't stand it up here much longer."

Both Mr. Elmer and his wife knew that this was true; but how could they move South? where was the money to come from? and how were they to live if they did? Long and anxious had been the consultations after the children were tucked into their beds, and many were the prayers for guidance they had offered up.

At last a way was opened. "And just in time, too," said the doctor, with a grave shake of his head. Mrs. Elmer's uncle, Christopher Bangs, whom the children called

"Uncle Christmas," heard of their trouble, and left his saw-mills and lumber camps to come and see "where the jam was," as he expressed it. When it was all explained to him his good-natured face, which had been in a wrinkle of perplexity, lit up, and with a resounding slap of his great hard hand on his knee, he exclaimed:

"Sakes alive! why didn't you send for me, Niece Ellen? why didn't you tell me all this long ago, eh? I've got a place down in Floridy, that I bought as a speculation just after the war. I hain't never seen it, and might have forgot it long ago but for the tax bills coming in reglar every year. It's down on the St. Mark's River, pretty nigh the Gulf coast, and ef you want to go there and farm it, I'll give you a ten years' lease for the taxes, with a chance to buy at your own figure when the ten years is up."

"But won't it cost a great deal to get there, uncle?" asked Mrs. Elmer, whose face had lighted up as this new hope entered her heart.

"Sakes alive! no; cost nothin'! why, it's actually what you might call providential the way things turn out. You can go down, slick as a log through a chute, in the *Nancy Bell*, of Bangor, which is fitting out in that port this blessed minute. She's bound to Pensacola in ballast, or with just a few notions of hardware sent out as a venture, for a load of pine lumber to fill out a contract I've taken in New York. She can run into the St. Mark's and drop you just as well as not. But you'll have to pick up and raft your fixin's down to Bangor in a terrible hurry, for she's going to sail next week, Wednesday, and it's Tuesday now."

So it was settled that they should go, and the following week was one of tremendous excitement to the children, who had never been from home in their lives, and were now to become such famous travellers.

Mark Elmer, Jun., as he wrote his name, was as merry, harum-scarum, mischief-loving a boy as ever lived. He was fifteen years old, the leader of the Norton boys in all their games, and the originator of most of their schemes for mischief. But Mark's mischief was never of a kind to injure anybody, and he was as honest as the day is long, as well as loving and loyal to his parents and sister Ruth.

Although a year younger than Mark, Ruth studied the same books that he did, and was a better scholar. In spite of this she looked up to him in everything, and regarded him with the greatest admiration. Although quiet and studious, she had crinkly brown hair, and a merry twinkle in her eyes that indicated a ready humor and a thorough appreciation of fun.

It was Monday when Mark and Ruth walked home from the post-office together, reading the paper, for which they had gone every Monday evening since they could remember, and they were to leave home and begin their journey on the following morning.

During the past week Mr. Elmer had resigned his position in the bank, sold the dear little house which had been a home to him and his wife ever since they were married, and in which their children had been born, and with a heavy heart made the preparations for departure.

With the willing aid of kind neighbors Mrs. Elmer had packed what furniture they were to take with them, and it had been sent to Bangor. Mark and Ruth had not left school until Friday, and had been made young lions of all the week by the other children. To all of her girl friends, Ruth had promised to write every single thing that happened, and Mark had promised so many alligator teeth and other trophies of the chase that, if he kept all his promises, there would be a decided advance in the value of Florida curiosities that winter.

As the little house was stripped of all its furniture, except some few things that had been sold with it, they were all to go to Dr. Wing's to sleep that night, and Mrs. Wing had almost felt hurt that they would not take tea with her. But both Mr. and Mrs. Elmer wanted to take this



last meal in their own home, and had persuaded her to let them have their way. The good woman sent over most of the supper she had intended them to eat with her, and this, together with the good things sent in by other neighbors, so loaded the table that Mark declared it looked like a regular surprise-party supper.

A surprise party it proved to be, sure enough, for, early in the evening, neighbors and friends began to drop in to say good-by, until the lower rooms of the little house were filled. As the chairs were all gone, they sat on trunks, boxes, and on the kitchen table, or stood up.

Mark and Ruth had their own party, too, right in amongst the grown people, for most of the boys and girls of the village had come with their parents to say good-by, and many of them had brought little gifts that they urged the young Elmers to take with them as keepsakes. Of all these none pleased Ruth so much as the album, filled with the pictures of her school-girl friends, that Edna May brought her.

Edna was the adopted daughter of Captain Bill May, who had brought her home from one of his voyages when she was a little baby, and placed her in his wife's arms, saying that she was a bit of flotsam and jetsam that belonged to him by right of salvage. His ship had been in a Southern port, when a woman, with this child in her arms, had fallen from a pier into the river. Springing into the water after them, Captain May had succeeded in saving the child, but the mother was drowned. As nothing could be learned of its history, and as nobody claimed it, Captain May brought the baby home, and she was baptized Edna May. She was now fourteen years old, and Ruth Elmer's most intimate friend, and the first picture in the album was a good photograph of herself, taken in Bangor. The others were only tin-types, taken in the neighboring town of Skowhegan; but Ruth thought them all beautiful.

The next morning was gray and chill, for it was late in November. The first snow of the season was falling in a hesitating sort of way, as though it hardly knew whether to come or not, and it was still quite dark when Mrs. Wing woke Mark and Ruth, and told them to hurry, for the stage would be along directly. They were soon dressed and down-stairs, where they found breakfast smoking on the table. A moment later they were joined by their parents, neither of whom could eat, so full were they of the sorrow of departure. The children were also very quiet, even Mark's high spirits being dampened by thoughts of leaving old friends, and several tears found their way down Ruth's cheeks during the meal.

After breakfast they said good-by to the Wings, and went over to their own house to pack a few remaining things into the hand-bags, and wait for the Skowhegan stage.

At six o'clock sharp, with a "toot, toot, toot," of the driver's horn, it rattled up to the gate, followed by a wagon for the baggage. A few minutes later, with full hearts and tearful eyes, the Elmers had bidden farewell to the little old house and grand trees they might never see again, and were on their way down the village street, their long journey fairly begun.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE STARS AND STRIPES AT THE FARTHEST NORTH.

BY SHERWOOD RYSE

THE records of Arctic travel form at once the saddest and the most inspiring chapters in the history of human heroism and unflinching devotion to duty. For nearly three centuries the North Pole has been a magnet that has attracted the most daring navigators and adventurers, only to repulse them and compel them to fall back. Who shall count the lives that have been lost in those terrible



MAP OF THE POLAR REGIONS.

frozen seas, or tell the tale of woful suffering which has again and again been the lot of the brave spirits who attempted the almost impossible task?

The same stories of hunger and hardship and death come to be told again every few years, with other actors in the cruel scene, perhaps, but with the same ambition and stern daring urging them on.

The recent rescue, by the ships *Thetis* and *Bear*, of the brave Greely and his gallant band of survivors, opens up to us another sad yet glorious page in the history of Arctic exploration, and while the sacrifice of human life has been great, the results have been also great. In one respect, indeed, the Greely expedition must be looked upon as the most important of all that have hitherto set sail for the icy barrier that guards the pole, for two of its members succeeded in forcing their way nearer to the pole than any human being had ever been before.

Up to that time the honor of the "farthest north" had rested with England, Commander Markham, of her Royal Navy, having planted the British flag in latitude 83° 20'. In May, 1882, Lieutenant Lockwood, an officer of the Greely expedition, passed this point, and having penetrated about four miles further north, was forced back by open water, but not before he had unfurled the flag of the United States in the highest latitude that man had ever reached. As a visible token of his success he brought back with him the flag that Commander Markham had



NORTHWARD!—LIEUTENANT LOCKWOOD ON HIS WAY.

left to mark his highest point eight years before. Never before was a rival's standard so bravely won.

The story of the Greely expedition is such a long one that but a mere outline of it can be given here. It is three years since Lieutenant Greely and his twenty-four devoted comrades were landed on the shores of Lady Franklin Bay by the steam-ship *Proteus*. Their object was scientific exploration, and their plan was to spend three summers and two winters in the rugged north, so that they might be ready to take advantage of the earliest moment when the return of daylight and the opening of the season of travel should allow them to make excursions from their head-quarters into the unknown region beyond. They were well provided with food, and they were to be relieved each summer by ships which were to bring provisions, and leave them in places which had been determined upon.

With this comfortable assurance, the party settled down for a long winter in camp at Fort Conger, on the shore of Lady Franklin Bay. Some idea of the awful gloom of an arctic winter may be gathered from the fact that from October 15 until March 1 the sun was entirely out of sight. Nevertheless the party kept up their spirits, and relieved their lonely life by various little devices in the way of amusement. It is almost sad to think of the pleasure these rugged heroes took in the privilege which their commander granted to each one of choosing the dinner that should be served on his birthday.

On Christmas-day the party was made happy by the gifts that unknown friends had given them before leaving home, chief among which was a plum-pudding made by the hands of the wife of their commander. When there were no days to celebrate, when their books had all been read and re-read, and each man had contributed his share of anecdote or adventurous narrative for the entertainment of his fellows, the men amused themselves by writing bills of fare of the dinners they would like when relief came.

Lieutenant Greely says the life was far from a lonely one. The quarters were heated by a large coal stove, which kept the temperature within-doors at about 50° above zero. Scientific work engaged some of the men several hours each day under the commander's direction. Others were employed in various camp duties for an hour or two; and the rest of the time was spent in amusements. The coming of spring found the party in good health and high courage. The sun had come again, after nearly five months' absence, and returning day urged the explorers on to fresh exertions.

On April 3, 1882, Lieutenant Lockwood, accompanied by Sergeant Brainerd and an Esquimau, started out with a sledge loaded with provisions and drawn by a team of stout dogs, without whose patient faithfulness and hardy endurance arctic travel would be doubly difficult. The object of the gallant Lockwood was exploration northward. The polar ocean was a mass of ice, and they crossed it without much difficulty. For forty days they pushed on, and on the 16th of May they succeeded in planting the American flag nearer to the North Pole than ever human foot had penetrated. The most northern land reached was named Lockwood Island, after its discoverer, and a yet more distant point, that could be seen but not reached, was named Cape Robert Lincoln, after the Secretary of War, under whose auspices the expedition had been sent out.

But this, the most noteworthy, was not the only effort that was made during the open season to fulfill the objects of the expedition. Lieutenant Greely himself made two excursions into Grinnell Land, on one of which he ascended to the summit of a mountain 5000 feet high, which he named after President Arthur, and from which, by the aid of a telescope, he was able to make several valuable geographical observations.

Thus the short summer was passed in active work—a season that was rendered cheerful, after the gloom of win-

ter, by the long-present sun, though the temperature still rendered the use of fur clothing a necessity.

In the fall of 1882 the party settled down at their old camp, Fort Conger, for a second winter. For six months they remained inactive. Their supplies were still sufficient to enable them to hold out until the time when the relief ship should come to them, and with unwearied resolution they sat down to await their release from the dark and fierce hand of winter.

Cut off from all communication with the rest of the world, the days passed slowly for them, but they had lived through one such season, and their courage did not fail them now. In the spring they came forth well and full of courage. Not a man had been lost in these two years of arctic experience.

Their camp at Fort Conger was so far north that they had reason to fear that the promised relief ship would not be able to reach them; so, as soon as it was possible to travel, preparations were made to abandon the camp and seek a more southern point on which to spend the third winter. The place selected was Cape Sabine, about two hundred miles south of Fort Conger, and on the same side of the sound that separates Greenland from Grinnell Land.

The cape was reached after a perilous voyage in which their steam-launch was lost. Here they had a reasonable hope of finding provisions left for them by the promised relief ships. They did not know that, owing to misunderstandings at home, the supplies of food had been stored on the other side of the sea, at a point called Littleton Island, which they had no more chance of reaching, when the day of their sorest need came, than they had of reaching the well-stocked markets of New York.

In October, 1883, they settled down in their last camp, and from that time forward until their rescue they were a brave band of men resolutely staring a slow death from starvation in the face. Little by little the scanty supply of food was consumed, notwithstanding that every scrap was accounted for, and every ration carefully weighed out. When their stores were gradually getting lower and lower, they gathered scanty supplies of shrimps and lichens with which to help prolong their lives.

In January, 1884, the first brave fellow fell a victim to the hardships of their fight against cold and famine. Three months later another, an Esquimaux, followed him. Then death became a frequent visitor at that terrible camp. One by one they fell off, worn out in the struggle for bare life, and when the rescuers came they found only seven survivors of the hardy twenty-five who had passed two winters in the frozen seas. The brave commander, Greely, was one of those who lived, and has returned to tell the noble yet harrowing story of their gallant fight; but the brave

Lockwood, whose name now crowns the annals of arctic exploration, was not among those who heard the welcome voices of the deliverers. He had been beaten in the unequal contest, and death had claimed him two months before. When shall his name die?

Relief came only just in time. Another day or two would have shown the rescuers nothing but the corpses of those for whom they had dared so much and labored so hard. Six only of the ill-fated voyagers have lived to return to the country for whose honor they had been willing to sacrifice even life itself.

## BETSY BIXBY.

BY JAK.

I.

**B**BETSY'S mother was an invalid. Now it is not only very hard for an invalid to be an invalid, but it is generally more or less hard for others in the house. In this case it was more hard for Betsy and Betsy's father and Betsy's little sister, for the Bixbys were wofully poor.

Mrs. Bixby felt very keenly the difference her illness made in the family, and the sorrow for that was added to all her pain and weariness, so that she was not a very cheerful companion, and this increased Betsy's trials.

They lived in a dreary little house on a dreary little street. It would have made one's heart ache to see it, and know how great a heart there was bravely hiding its own sorrows, and taking so much bitterness patiently.

In the first place, Betsy had all the house-work to do,



"A BRILLIANT IDEA HAD ENTERED THE MIND OF BONES."

from making fires to baking and sweeping, and not only sewed on the rickety second-hand sewing-machine, but often with a needle and thread, although Mrs. Bixby, when she felt well, did some of the sewing as she sat up in bed.

It is not in human nature for a young person, or any person perhaps, to do so much and enjoy so little without feeling dissatisfied and miserable at times, and Betsy experienced such times. One of them always occurred when some boy or girl passing by called out in a high key, "Betsy! Betsy Bixby!"

This salutation was often made when Betsy was washing dishes by the kitchen window, or when the bread was being kneaded, and some youngster looked in.

As this is getting rather perplexing, it might as well be stated that Betsy was a boy. His real name was Jonathan, and that was what his father and mother always called him.

One day when Mr. Bixby came home he found Betsy in the little cluttered-up back entry, sitting upon a barrel behind the door, crying.

Betsy often cried, but it was seldom that any one saw him; he usually did his crying nights after he had gone to bed. Mr. Bixby felt more miserable than ever himself when he saw that brave, patient boy in tears. He was a man of very few words, and he only said, "What ails you, Jonathan?"

At this question, spoken in a very sad tone, Betsy only blubbered the more. "Every one but me is a-going to work," he sobbed.

One would have thought, to see the boy busy with baking, sweeping, washing, and ironing, that he had work enough there without going anywhere for more.

"Well, I don't know what we can do. You know your mother couldn't get along without you even if Ellen and I could."

Jonathan slipped off of the barrel, and going into the kitchen, began chopping something in a tray with great energy.

"I'll have the hash ready pretty soon, pa," he said, in what seemed a cheerful tone.

## II.

Now the cause of Betsy's trouble was this: In the great factory at the end of the village there were two vacant places, and Mr. Bigelow, the owner, had just sent word to a number of Betsy's friends for them to call on him that afternoon. When they were fairly seated in the office attached to the great building, Mr. Bigelow addressed them as follows:

"You see, young gentlemen, that although I have two vacancies, there are six applicants. This is nothing unusual; we have often had twice as many applications for one vacancy, and that has set us to choosing carefully. We began to do this in the higher departments when we found there were so many applicants that we could take our choice. The consequence was we picked out perfectly steady, temperate men, and there is not a man in our employ who uses strong liquor or fails to pay his debts. We are beginning now to choose carefully in regard to boys. You know that for some time past we have taken only such boys as had a good reputation at school?"

"Yes, sir; yes, sir," said the boys, each of whom had a good name at school for behavior and scholarship, without which he would not have ventured to apply.

"But it is argued by some that it is not always the best scholars who make the best business men, and I think that is so. In a mechanical business like ours good judgment and careful handiwork are the great requisites. But we wish to combine with these qualifications good manners and good morals. Consequently, I have decided to allow no boy to enter the factory hereafter who uses profane language or indulges in tobacco in any form."

At this point two of the boys looked very conscious,

and their countenances fell, for one of them smoked, and the second was guilty of the other fault mentioned.

"In regard to the first matter, I have decided to institute a test. Each young man who applies for a place will bring some article of his own handiwork. He must furnish the names of three witnesses that the article shown is wholly his own make. Two weeks will be given for preparation. Consequently, two weeks from to-day, at 6 o'clock P.M., such of you as wish to join in this test will come here with the articles you have made, and leave them, with your names attached, together with those of your witnesses and vouchers. After that the two appointments will be given to the two young gentlemen who have succeeded best in their undertakings."

The six boys went out from Mr. Bigelow's presence considerably impressed with the difficulties in the way of gaining a place in his establishment. But it was considered so fortunate a circumstance to become an employé in this factory, on account of its reputation for fair wages and good treatment of the workmen generally, that the four boys who neither used tobacco nor profane language concluded to try.

"I can make a good mechanical drawing, I think," said one, who was taking lessons at the drawing-school.

"And I can make a pretty fair box," said another. "I made one for mother, Christmas, out of box-wood, and she thought it was quite handsome."

"And I can make brackets," said the third.

The fourth would-be competitor was a smaller boy than either of the others, who were well-grown boys of fifteen. He was only thirteen, and small of his age.

"I can't think of anything I can make, except kites," he said, with a dejected air.

The other boys laughed.

"Any fellow can make a kite," said one.

"Yes, indeed! You had better give up, Bones," said another. Bones was his nickname, on account of his being so slender. His real name was John Mac.

Just then they were passing the Bixby house.

"Let's go in and tell Betsy," said Phil Peters, the boy who could make boxes.

"Let's," seconded the best-dressed boy, who attended drawing school.

Accordingly they all went in to tell Betsy, who was so good-natured that he was a favorite, in spite of the boys' contempt for the kind of work he had to do.

The boys were so engaged with their story that no one but Bones noticed how sober Betsy looked all the time, and how once in a while he dashed his ragged coat sleeve across his eyes.

As soon as they were on their way home, Bones left the rest of the boys at a corner, and pretended to go toward his own house; but he only made a circuit around a square, and came back to Betsy's. Bones was Betsy's best friend among the boys, and had never called him anything but Jonathan, for the reason, perhaps, that Betsy had never called him Bones.

"Jonathan," he whispered, after going in very softly, and shutting the door noiselessly behind him, "would you like to get into Bigelow's?"

"I can't," replied Betsy, trying to keep a stiff upper lip, although he was in danger of letting some tears fall into the pan where he was mixing water and yeast together for bread-making.

Just then Nelly, who was something of an irrepressible, came racing down the street with a doll in skirts without a bodice, and one leg gone.

There was no time to lose. A brilliant idea had entered the mind of Bones. He sprang forward and whispered something in Betsy's ear.

"Poh! that wouldn't do," said Betsy, with almost an air of irritation.

But Nelly had entered, and the subject being thus end-



ed for the present, Bones went home with the brilliant idea still working in his brain.

As soon as he found a good opportunity Bones had a little talk with his mother. To his delight, she did not throw cold water upon his glowing idea, as Betsy himself had done, but declared that it was a very brilliant idea indeed, and she hoped Betsy would take his advice.

The next day Bones went over and held a consultation with Betsy.

After that, Betsy was mysteriously busy, and spent fifty cents of his very limited savings on the best of material with which to make his final experiments. The results of these secret experiments were regularly intrusted to Bones, who carried them home to his mother, and brought back encouraging reports.

When the end of the two weeks arrived, each of the four boys carried his production to Mr. Bigelow's office. Bones brought two articles—one was his own and the other Betsy's.

That evening they received notice to call at the office the next day at 7 P.M., as Mr. Bigelow had decided to give the appointments in the presence of them all.

### III.

At the appointed time they were seated in a row in front of Mr. Bigelow's desk, upon which were the five mysterious articles, covered with a large sheet of brown paper.

Betsy's sober face looked soberer than usual; Bones looked doubly anxious, half on his own account and half on Betsy's; the other boys looked curious and expectant.

"Well, young men," said Mr. Bigelow, smiling, "we will now decide this great question. Your productions having been pronounced upon by an impartial board of examiners, I am prepared to announce the result."

He removed the brown paper, and disclosed the five articles. There were the kite, the box, the drawing, the bracket, and the result of Betsy's patient experiments.

At sight of the latter all the boys except two smiled and looked at Betsy. Those who did not smile were the latter and Bones. Betsy blushed.

"This box," said Mr. Bigelow, taking up the box and opening it, "has a serious flaw in it. You will observe that although the box itself is quite neatly made, the lock is put in carelessly, the edges about it are uneven, and it is not set in perfectly true."

He passed the box to the boys, and they easily saw these defects.

"As for the drawing, it is very neat and handsome, and I should have pronounced it perfect had I not sent it down to the young gentleman's teacher at the drawing-school, who said that there was a serious error in it which would have to be corrected before a workman could make use of it.

"This bracket is very pretty in the distance, but it needs finishing; the edges should have been smoothed, the parts joined more firmly, and the surface oiled or varnished.

"The kite, as you see, shows considerable study and ingenuity. You will notice that it is in the shape of a hawk, and that the wings are so arranged that if the kite were flying the wings would be liable to flap in quite an amusing and natural manner. The only defect about it, Johnny, is a very serious one indeed. In elaborating the kite so much, you have forgotten to preserve the necessary lightness; in consequence of which it will not fly."

Bones's face fell almost an inch, not so much at losing the place as at having made so serious a blunder; he had not taken the precaution to try the kite.

"However, the excellences of the kite are so great, especially in the line of ingenuity, that the judges have on the whole voted it a success."

Bones's face shortened, but Betsy fairly trembled as Mr. Bigelow took up the remaining article.

"You observe that a large portion of the loaf of bread furnished by Master Bixby is missing. You have heard it said that the proof of the pudding is in the eating; it is just the same of bread. I took part of the loaf home, and we had it on the table for supper. No one but myself knew where it came from, and it excited considerable interest and inquiry: first, because all agreed it was a very superior article, and secondly, because I would not tell who made it. My wife, who is an excellent cook, and prides herself on her bread, said it was better than she could make, and no one seemed inclined to dispute her, so I thought that verdict was sufficient. It was also remarked that it was very handsome bread, baked to exactly the right degree and the right color.

"Now it seems to me," he continued, "that a person who does in the best manner possible the work which comes in his way, no matter how homely it is, will do whatever work is placed before him in the same faithful manner. Acting upon this belief, I have concluded that the best of the two places now vacant in the factory shall be given to Master Bixby, and the other to Master Mac. As for the other boys, they must try again. If they are really very anxious to enter our factory, they know how to work for that object, and I hope to see them in our employ eventually."

Mr. Bigelow then returned each of the articles to its owner, giving Betsy the remains of his bread wrapped up in a piece of the brown paper, with the direction to show it to his parents.

When Betsy's father and mother learned that he had an opportunity to work in the Bigelow factory for five dollars a week at the start, and the prospect of an increase of wages before long, they saw the advantage, which Mrs. Mac came over to urge, of their hiring a woman to do the work at Betsy's expense, and letting him accept the situation.

After that none of the boys called Jonathan Betsy any more. He proved so apt and capable a workman, and so fine a young man in appearance, as soon as he was able to buy a suit of new clothes in place of his worn and outgrown clothes, that the whole fortune and appearance of the Bixby family began to undergo a change. His mother even commenced to gain in health through the more comfortable aspect of affairs. Mr. Bixby lost his air of patient sadness. Nelly became so proud of her brother that she began to grow more thoughtful herself, and quite lady-like in her manners. In fact, life brightened in every way for the Bixbys.

## HILDA AND THE BIRD.

BY E. M. TRAQUAIR.

**L**ITTLE bird, little bird, up in a tree,  
What is the song you are singing to me?  
A melody sweet which I know full well,  
But what the words are I can not tell.

Is it to tell me how merry and gay  
The life you are living from day to day?  
How you built your nest in the fair spring-time,  
And watch o'er your young ones in summer's prime?

Or is it to vie with the wild wind's sound,  
When blossoms and leaflets are dancing round,  
That you pipe a measure so sweet and clear,  
For lady-birds, beetles, and bees to hear?

Sweet song-bird, I wish you could tell me true  
If you love me as dearly as I love you.  
Hearken! I'll chirp in your own glad way  
To let you know all I have got to say.

I knew it, I knew it, you dear wee bird!  
You trill it out plain, though you speak no word.  
God made you so happy, and bade you love me,  
And sent you to sing me your song from the tree.



AN UNLUCKY HORSESHOE.

### THE CHILDREN'S HEALTH HOME AT WEST CONEY ISLAND.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

**S**TANDING by itself midway between West Brighton and Norton's Point, and away off from the Manhattan and Brighton beaches at Coney Island, where little New-Yorkers and Brooklynites play merrily in the sand, or take joyous dips into the surf, is the Children's Health Home, which is shown in our picture. Sanitarium you may call it, if you wish to use a learned word, but I prefer the simpler title. It was planned, built, and presented to the Children's Aid Society of New York city by Mr. D. Willis James, and has been occupied this summer for the first time, having been opened for guests on the 23d of June.

This pretty Home, with its olive-tinted paint, faced with red, its many windows, and its splendid view of the Atlantic, is a hotel for the poor and the sorrowful, where all the conveniences are free. It is intended only for sick babies and their mothers, though older children who are delicate or crippled are sometimes allowed to come, especially when they are not strong enough to enjoy the rough sports of the well children, for whom there is a summer Home at Bath, Long Island.

The Health Home stands "four-square to all the winds that blow," with an ocean frontage of 300 feet. It is 100 feet long by 40 wide, and it has a wing 65 feet in length. At present it has room to entertain about one hundred and thirty guests. There are sixty-eight beds in the great dormitory—another Latin word which has made itself at

home in English, and means sleeping-place. I wish you could see those beds. The bedsteads are of iron, tipped with shining brass knobs, and they are really artistic and beautiful. Every bedstead has a spring mattress of fine netted wire, upon which is an excellent bed, covered with the whitest of sheets, a soft woollen blanket, and a dainty white spread.

When I was there the other day there were sixty mothers and sixty pale, sick infants in the Home. As it was Tuesday, the poor little things had not yet had time to show what a week at the seaside could do for them. They come on Monday, and stay until Saturday afternoon, unless, as sometimes happens, a shorter period of rest and refreshment so restores a little ailing one that its mother

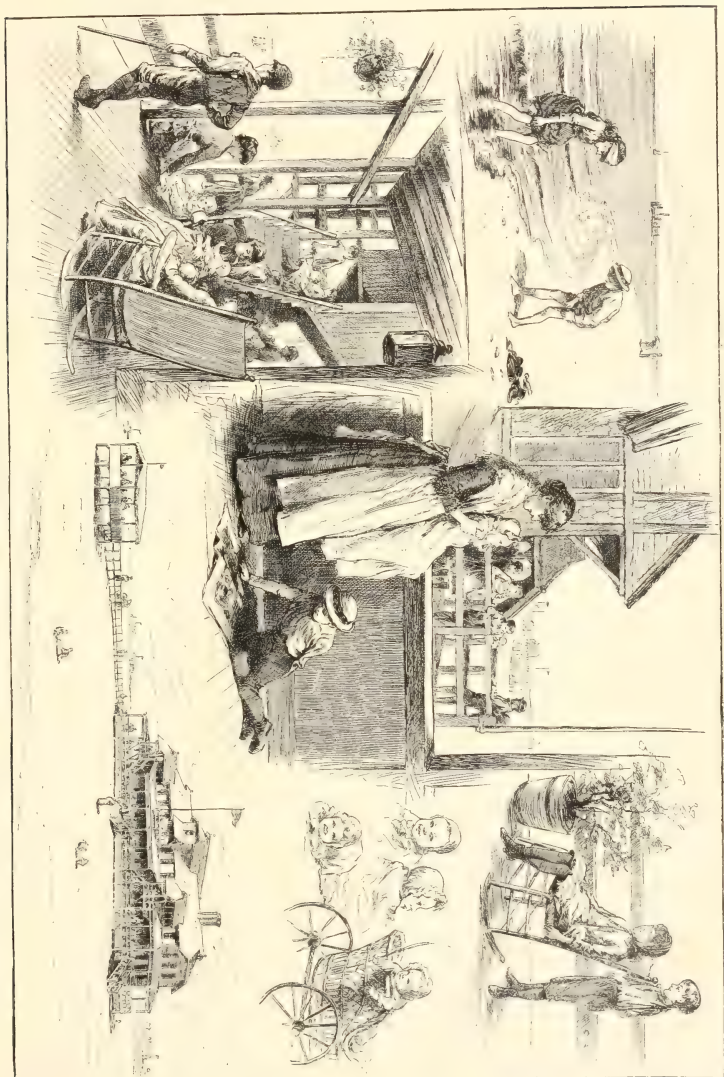
feels ready to go home with it, and give her place to somebody else in greater need.

Besides the able Superintendent, Captain Mathews, and his kind wife, there is a doctor who lives at the Home, and has a perfect drug-store in his cozy little office, so that at any hour of the day or night he is ready to advise and help in case of illness. But I was pleased to hear that he is a doctor who does not approve of giving much medicine. There are also two nurses, each of whom has a little room quite near the dormitory, so that if a mother is anxious about her baby at night, she can receive assistance without delay. Connected with the dormitory is a bath-room, and every morning between eight and ten the babies are bathed, enjoying the cool water as much as sick babies can.

I did not see one laughing, cooing, crowing, dimpled baby among the whole sixty who were at the Health Home. All without exception were thin and drooping and heavy-eyed, and some of the wee faces were as wrinkled and thin as though they belonged to very old persons. Oh! how sad they looked! But Mrs. Mathews said they were growing brighter every hour. Perhaps, they would be quite "pearl" by Saturday morning. In some cases, when another week will plainly do a great deal of good, a mother is allowed to return on Monday for a second visit.

When the mothers and babies arrive they are at once invited to a large room fitted up with basins, into which water may be turned from a faucet, and here they must wash thoroughly. Each mother is then presented with the key of a small wardrobe or locker containing five drawers, and this is hers while she remains at the Home.

THE CHILDREN'S HEALTH HOME AT CONEY ISLAND.



No distinction as to color, race, or creed is made in the reception of these poor people, and all nations and religions are represented from time to time, but Mrs. Mathews tells me that they like to be present at the evening worship, which makes them feel that they are one family, with one kind Father in heaven who cares for all His children.

The Children's Aid Society, which has done so much for poor little ones in New York, issues cards which are distributed by city missionaries in the homes where they are needed. They are printed both in German and in English, and state that "delicate, weak, and sick babies may be sent, in charge of their mothers, to Coney Island for a few days. No well children are taken." Two offices are named, one up-town and one down-town, and the applicant has only to present herself and babe, with a card furnished by the missionary, on which is her name and address and the signature of the dispensary doctor, testifying to the fact that her babe is ill. She will be taken as soon as possible, perhaps having to wait a day or two for a vacancy. The Society transports her to the island and back without charge.

The Health Home is dependent upon the gifts of the charitable for its support. Money to carry on its work may be sent to the Sick Children's Mission, Mr. Henry Calder, Superintendent, No. 273 Henry Street, New York. Baby carriages which you no longer need at home, the little ones there having outgrown them, will be of great use at the Health Home. Clothing of all sorts for little ones under three years of age and for their mothers can be used, as many of the women are very destitute. Scrap-books, little pails and shovels, toys, etc., are all welcome, for the use of those who are old enough to play. Often a mother bringing her baby must also bring along an older child because she has no one to leave it with, and in some instances surgical cases from the hospitals have been sent here, that a poor maimed boy or girl may get a chance of recovery.

This is lovely Christian work, which the Master blesses. Are there not many who will lend a helping hand for His sake?

## "LEFT BEHIND:"\*

### OR, TEN DAYS A NEWSBOY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"TOBY TAYLOR," "MR. SUTHER'S BROTHER," "RAISING THE 'PEARL,'" ETC.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

##### IN CONCLUSION.

VERY proud were the three partners as they locked the store that night, and, with the keys in their pockets, walked home with Mrs. Green and Nelly, surrounded by quite a numerous escort of their particular and intimate friends. The different stores which they passed, into which formerly they had hardly dared to enter, even when they were pursuing their legitimate business, seemed suddenly to have become very shabby affairs, since they had one of their own which was so beautiful.

Of the meal which followed, Mrs. Green made quite a feast, in order to celebrate the good fortune which had come to two of her boarders. A cold boiled ham, with smoking hot potatoes, and followed by pies and fruit, made up a dinner that the boys would have thought fit for a king, had it not been for the remembrance of the "swell affair" at Coney Island.

All were in the best of spirits save Mopsey, and when Dickey asked the cause of his trouble, it appeared that the present of the store was a severe blow to him, since it de-

prived him of nearly all his theatrical company, as well as partners in the enterprise.

"I'll tell you what it is, Mopsey," said Ben, after he had whispered to Johnny and Dickey, and they had nodded their heads as if agreeing with what he said, "we'll give you our share of the theatre, 'cause, of course, we can't spend any time actin' now that we've got the store, an' you an' Nelly can own it alone. You can get some other actors, an' we'll buy tickets every time you have a show, whether we can come or not."

This present was all that Mopsey needed to make him as happy as if he had been given an interest in the store. He began to think of such of his friends as he was quite sure would make bright and shining lights in the dramatic world, and was so generous as to offer to tell the present company all about the play as soon as he should have it mapped out in his mind.

That night, when the partners lay down to sleep, it seemed almost as if they had grown several inches, of so much more consequence did they seem to themselves, and Johnny said, just as Ben's eyes were closing in sleep: "Now we're reg'lar folks at last, ain't we?"

And Ben quite agreed with him.

As Paul had arranged, he spent the next day after Ben and Johnny had become "reg'lar folks" with them in their store.

No shop-man ever felt more pride in selling goods than they did. Paul acted as clerk, and a very inquisitive one he was, too, for he insisted in looking everywhere, so that he should know just what kind of goods his friends had for sale.

Trade was very good, and when at the close of the day the money was counted for about the fifteenth time, and it was found that they had sold twenty dollars' worth of goods, there was not one of the four who did not believe that in less than a year Ben and Johnny would be numbered among the merchant princes of the country.

When it was time for Paul to go back to the hotel they began to discuss the question of escorting him to the steamer, for he was to make one more effort to start with his father for Europe, and it was quite certain that there would be no mistake this time.

The steamer was to sail at ten o'clock, and of course all the boys could not go, since some one must be left to attend to the store, though who that unfortunate one would be was a vexing question, till Ben said:

"I'm the oldest, an' so I s'pose it must be me. I'll have to say good-by now, Polly, for I can't see you in the mornin'. When you come back, be sure an' come up here, won't you? An' if you'll write to us, Johnny an' I'll answer you back, for we're goin' to study awful hard, now that we've got a store of our own, an' it won't be long before we can write an' figger an' do all them things."

Paul promised that he would write to his friends regularly, and when he left the store with Dickey, to be sure that he did not miss the way, Ben felt more sad at parting with him than he would have thought it possible for a boy to feel who owned one-half of such a beautiful store.

The business of selling newspapers seemed about forsaken the next morning, for fully forty newsboys and at least half a dozen boot-blacks were at the pier to say good-by to Polly Weston, the boy who had once seemed so forlorn, and who had played Hamlet so successfully.

Paul was highly pleased at such attention on the part of his acquaintances, and he presented nearly all of them to his father, who was not a little surprised at the number of friends his son had made in so short a time.

After Paul had said good-by to each one individually, and was just about going on board the steamer, Mopsey stopped him, taking him aside with a great show of secrecy.

"I own all the theatre now, Polly," he whispered, "an' when you come back I'll let you be one of the actors, an' I'll fix up a play where you'll have all the best chances."



Paul thanked Mopsey for his kindness, but before he could say whether he accepted the generous offer or not, his father called him, and he was obliged to go on board, leaving the sole proprietor and author of the theatre at a loss to know whether he should write a play especially for Paul or not.

Then the huge steamer started slowly from the dock, and Paul stood near the stern, where he could see his army of small acquaintances, the greater portion of whom had been so kind to him when he most needed friends.

The ragged crowd were all swinging their hats, and Paul had just begun to wave his handkerchief, when Mopsey saw the chance to bestow a very delicate compliment. Jumping on a pile of merchandise, where he could better see and be seen, he waved his hat furiously, and shouted in his shrillest dramatic key:

*"Three cheers for Polly, an' three more for Polly's father!"*

Then that crowd of boys swarmed up over everything that would raise them more prominently into view, pushing aside any one in their way, and both looking and acting like a hive of bees getting ready to swarm, until they stood high above all the others.

"Now!" shouted Mopsey; and then the cheers were given with a will that startled the officers of the ship into looking around to see what distinguished passengers they had on board.

Then Paul waved his hat, the boys cheered again, and the ship was so far out into the stream that no more courtesies could be exchanged.

It is now two years since Paul Weston started for Europe, and he is expected home in a few weeks, as Ben or Johnny will tell you in case you should make inquiries.

In that time very many gradual but no startling changes have been made in the boys whom we left in New York; therefore it may be assumed that Paul has also changed considerably, and in all probability for the better.

Ben, Johnny, and Dickey are still in business in the place Mr. Weston purchased for them; but one would hardly recognize the dirty, ragged boys whom Paul first met in the neat, gentlemanly little tradesmen who are so courteous to their patrons, and so prompt in all their business transactions. That they did study, as Ben told Paul they would, is shown by their manner of speaking, their accounts, which are kept in the most perfect order, and their general information when one enters into conversation with them.

And their business has improved quite as much as they have. By strict attention to it, and by honesty in all their dealings, they have gained new customers so fast that they are now obliged to use every available inch of space, and they intend to hire the next store, making the two into one large shop, as soon as Mr. Weston comes home to advise with them regarding it.

They still board with Mrs. Green. She has gone out of the fruit business now entirely, has moved into the dwelling directly over their store, and does nothing but attend to her boarders. Nelly, when she is not at school, acts as clerk for the boys, and is very useful to the firm during the rush of morning and evening trade.

Mopsey has gone out of the theatrical business altogether. He gave two more performances, but they were not as successful as he had fancied they would be, and required more of his time than he could afford to give. He has given up both play-writing and acting, very much to the benefit of his regular business. He still sells peanuts at Fulton Ferry, and has capital enough to start on a larger scale, which he says he shall do in another year.

Dickey met Tim Dooley, the boy who made him bankrupt, about a year ago; but he didn't try to make him return any of the money he had stolen. Tim was do-

ing a small business in the way of blacking boots, having reaped no benefit from his ill-gotten gains, and Dickey contented himself with reading Master Dooley a lesson on the crime of theft, showing in his own prosperity what honesty and industry will effect.

Paul kept his promise, and wrote to his former partners very regularly. He did not neglect his studies while he was away, and in the last letter which the firm received from him he stated that in a few weeks he should return for the purpose of going to school in this country. He also wrote that his father had promised to let him remain a fortnight in New York, during which time he would be with his old friends, and again live over the time when he was a newsboy for ten days.

The story of Ben and Johnny is a true one, and their start in life is not without many parallels. To be sure, it is but seldom that such opportunities for advancement come; but each boy has it within himself to win his way in the world quite as much as either Ben, Johnny, or Dickey. May every one who has followed the fortunes of these three boys thus far so live that by the same earnest, honest purpose and integrity he may stand as high in the estimation of those around him as do these boys who knew no home until they made one for themselves.

THE END.

## HOW TO RIDE A BICYCLE.

LET us suppose that the reader has had no experience in bicycling, that his bicycle is new, and that he himself is unacquainted with any of the mysteries and secrets involved in the art of riding it.

In the first place, he will do well to make a practicing ground of some retired spot where the road makes a gentle slope. Before commencing, let him remove the pedals from his machine. The place and time selected, and a friend chosen to help him in his efforts, he should lead his steed some little distance in order to become acquainted with its movements and action. Then taking his position at the top of the slope, and full in the centre of the road, he should take his place in the saddle, grasping a handle with each hand. He must now get his friend to support him by placing one hand on the spring behind him, and the other on one of the handles.

Now let him muster as much confidence as he can, and try to feel as if nothing unusual were going on. He will then give his friend the word, who will gently propel him forward, at the same time watching his opportunity, as soon as a little "way" is gained, of slipping entirely behind the rider, and supporting the machine by placing both hands on the spring behind.

The rider will soon find that his weight is more on one side than on the other, which will, of course, produce a tendency to fall; this he must endeavor to counteract by gently pulling the handle on the side toward which he is inclined to fall; this will, as it were, put the wheel under him, and so enable him to regain his equilibrium.

At first the rider will find that he pulls the handle too hard, which will cause him to overbalance on the opposite side; the other handle must then be pulled, and so on. This must be done until the bottom of the declivity is reached, when the machine must be pushed to the top, and the routine repeated. At first his course will be very irregular, but after a little practice he will soon find the exact amount of "pull" required to prevent a fall, and to steer tolerably straight.

Having now so far mastered the balance, he must replace the pedals, and repeat his little journeys as before; this time, however, placing his feet on the pedals, and pressing slightly on the descending pedal. This must be done at first *very slightly indeed, no effort being made to propel the machine* (which will run fast enough by itself



THE MEET.

down the hill), but only to become accustomed to the circular motion of the feet, in combination with balancing. When the beginner can descend from top to bottom of the hill without a spill, he may dispense with the services of his friend.

Turning has next to be mastered: This will be found easy enough by turning the wheel in the direction wished to be taken, and at the same time *inclining the body slightly to that side*.

To dismount, the learner must lean well forward over the handles, and stretch out his left foot until it touches the backbone; the foot should then be pushed along the "bone" until it comes in contact with the step, when he must raise himself from the saddle by a slight pressure on the handles, bring the right foot round, and step lightly to the ground. These operations should be gone through several times, in order to become accustomed to the motions and positions.

Now for *actual riding*: The machine should be taken to some clear, even, and spacious piece of road, with perhaps the slightest possible downward inclination. The rider must then take his position as in mounting when the machine is stationary, and putting his left foot on the step, must give a few hops or slight pushes with the right, and raise himself so as to stand on the step. In this position he must guide the machine until the impetus gained by the hops is exhausted.

This operation must be repeated several times until some confidence is gained, and no attempt should be made at first to get into the saddle, or the result may not be satisfactory. When sufficient confidence has been gained, the mount may be effected by giving a little extra impetus with the foot, and taking the opportunity, when the right pedal is just ascending, of *gliding* gently into the saddle. The pedals must then, of course, be worked as before. Care must be taken in mounting not to *jump* into the saddle,

especially if it is a light machine, but to glide into it as gently as possible.

With a little practice the rider will soon feel at home on his new mount. He will in all probability at first require assistance in dismounting, as that needs a little more confidence. There are various ways of dismounting, the neatest, easiest for a beginner, and in my opinion the proper way, being

*By the step.* This is done as directed for getting off the machine in the first instance, the only difficulty being that at first it requires a little confidence to lean forward sufficiently to find the step. A slight extra impetus must be given to the machine, the step sought for, and, that found, of course it is easy enough to dismount. If there is any difficulty about this, or it is found that the impetus is insufficient, the pedals should be regained, and a fresh attempt made. With a little practice, the rider can be off in an instant by this method.

The other ways may be learned afterward. One is—

*The vault*, which is effected by placing the right hand on the neck of the saddle, close to the head, and vaulting lightly to the ground. It must be done quickly, and has an advantage over the backward spring, in that it places the rider on one side of his machine, and therefore in a better position as regards running with it. Besides this, there is not the liability of damaging the foot or rear wheel.

*Dismounting by the pedal*, another favorite plan, should be practiced with each leg, so as to be able to get off on either side, according to circumstances. It is done by resting the weight with one foot on the ascending pedal, at the same time bringing the other leg over the backbone, and jumping to the ground. It requires a little practice, is tolerably easy, and is very neat when well done.

Mounting and dismounting mastered, the bicyclist need be dependent on no one, but can ride anywhere with confidence and pleasure.



## venture some · Boldness.

A tailor came a-walking by,  
The fire of courage in his eye.  
"Where are you going, sir?" Said I.

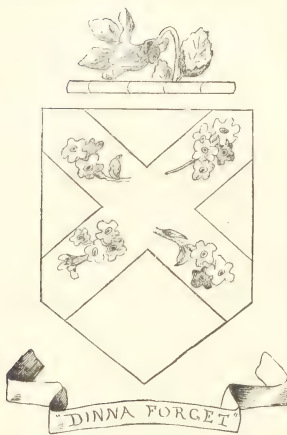
"I slew a mouse  
In our house,  
Where other tailors live," said he,  
"And not a Jack  
Among the pack  
Would dare to do the like; pardie!  
Therefore, I'm going out to try  
If there be greater men than I;  
Or in the land  
As bold a hand  
At wielding brand as I, you see!"

The tailor came a-limping by  
With woful face and clothes awry  
And all his courage gone to pie.

"I met a knight  
In armor bright,  
And bade him stand and draw," said he;  
"He straightway did  
As he was bid,  
And treated me outrageously.  
So I shall get me home again,  
And probably shall there remain.  
A little man,  
Sir, always can  
Begreat with folk of less degree!"







## SOMETHING VERY CHARMING.

**A** MONIE, my Little Housekeepers, these must be not a few who have been learning how to paint pretty plaques, to sketch beautiful bits of landscape, and to embroider daintily in linen, silk, or worsted. Perhaps some of those who live near together would like to form themselves and their school-mates into clubs, each to have a motto of its own, and an appropriate badge, which all the members shall be entitled to wear. How does the idea strike you, girls? Taking it for granted that you will find it pleasant to name the happy little club after a favorite flower, which you may adopt as your own emblem or symbol, I shall advise you to watch the Post-office Box more eagerly than ever for the next few weeks.

From time to time you will find here, given for you to copy, either with pencil and brushes and bright colors, or with your needles and silks, the pattern of a flower. Work or paint this on a bit of ribbon, and let each little lady wear it as her special decoration, and the token that although she is a useful little housekeeper, she does not mean to despise the ornamental part of her profession, but intends to make her home as attractive as she can.

My little readers may not know very much about heraldry, which is a subject interesting to those who study the history of old families and races, but still most of them have seen coats of arms, and are aware that their grandparents took great pride in them. Here is a coat of arms for you, my dears, which I think far more charming than fierce eagles, stubborn bears, frowning lions, or wise owls.

In this device the dear little blue forget-me-not is prominent. The division of the shield (call it saltire, if you wish to use the strictly proper term) is silver, on a blue field. Field means the ground or surface of the shield. The forget-me-not on silver means innocent remembrance, and the St. Andrew's cross, which is the shape of the saltire, signifies discipline. On a field of blue, it means truth. Innocent remembrance inclines the mind to truth. The violet on the crest is a symbol of fidelity, and the whole is finished by the tender little motto, "Dinna Forget."

The Postmistress would like you to let her know whether or not you shall be successful in copying this lovely device. Perhaps some of you would enjoy painting it on a screen to shade the glass when it is too brilliant for mamma's eyes, or else to use it on a book-mark to present to a brother or cousin away from home. Such a convenient thing to slip into a letter, you observe.

"But," say the boys, "where do we come in? We seem to be left out of this fascinating plan, and we don't think it is fair." Not at all, young gentlemen. There is something very entertaining which you may do. If you will rummage through the top shelves of the book-case, or go to the town library, you will very likely discover a grand old book, somewhat neglected, entitled *Embossed Stationeries*—a book every boy ought to read. In its pages you will find ever so much that is delightful and new to you, precisely because the book is a gossiping history of old times, when the knight-errant rode gallantly to the tournament with the ladies' favors on their sleeves, and the heralds went before them bearing the shields and telling the brave deeds they had done.

Some of you may take down Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*, and read about Enid and Elaine to the girls as they paint and embroider. Again, there will be those among you, boys and girls both, who can draw and paint, and some who are perhaps hoping to become great artists. From any that can do so we should be glad to receive new and fresh designs, so that each of our numerous clubs of Little Housekeepers may in time be provided with a distinct and beautiful badge, accompanied by some appropriate motto. The Postmistress will wait with great interest to see what comes of this suggestion. So you see, young gentlemen, you have an interest in the very pleasantest part of the work, and are not left out at all.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD, MASSACHUSETTS.

My aunt has taken a cottage here at Martha's Vineyard—a beautiful island off the coast of Massachusetts. The cottage is very near the sea. You can hear the breakers roaring all the time. There are very high cliffs, and waterfalls to be seen from the porch. We have a garden, and we bring home and model into all kinds of shapes. Once I made a clay baby, and put it on top of a very high cliff; when I went there some time after, I found a letter from home, but it was not published, so I think I will try once more. I thought "The Fair for Sick Dools" was very good, also "Left Behind" and "Our Little Dunc."—**JESSIE H.**

My little readers may not know very much about heraldry, which is a subject interesting to those who study the history of old families and races, but still most of them have seen coats of arms, and are aware that their grandparents took great pride in them. Here is a coat of arms for you, my dears, which I think far more charming than fierce eagles, stubborn bears, frowning lions, or wise owls.

In this device the dear little blue forget-me-not is prominent. The division of the shield (call it saltire, if you wish to use the strictly proper term) is silver, on a blue field. Field means the ground or surface of the shield. The forget-me-not on silver means innocent remembrance, and the St. Andrew's cross, which is the shape of the saltire, signifies discipline. On a field of blue, it means truth. Innocent remembrance inclines the mind to truth. The violet on the crest is a symbol of fidelity, and the whole is finished by the tender little motto, "Dinna Forget."

The Postmistress would like you to let her know whether or not you shall be successful in copying this lovely device. Perhaps some of you would enjoy painting it on a screen to shade the glass when it is too brilliant for mamma's eyes, or else to use it on a book-mark to present to a brother or cousin away from home. Such a convenient thing to slip into a letter, you observe.

I have written to you before, and have had my letter published, and I also have seen two letters from cousins of mine. You may perhaps remem-

ber me. I had no pets till on the 24th of last month a darling little brother came to us. My birthday is on the 22d, and mamma says I may name him, and we may celebrate our birthdays on the 23d. I intend to call him after papa; he weighed ten pounds when he was born, which is quite a large weight for so small a baby. I have been away at the Isle of Wight, but I came home on my thirteenth birthday. My little sister Kitty is away also, but she is coming home soon to see baby. I think this letter is quite long enough now, and I will close, only begging you to publish this.

LELIA S. M.

A baby brother is a pet indeed. How good you must try to be, Lelia, for when the little fellow begins to notice people he will very likely copy you in many ways.

HUMBER, MARIANNA.

I have seen so many nice little letters in the Post-office Box that I thought I would write one myself. I have a little friend whom I love very dearly, and with whom I have played ever since I can remember; her name is Pearl. Next week we will have to part, for her papa is going to move away, and we may not play together for a long time. I shall be sorry to part with her. I am nine years old, and, like Bessie B. C., have a brother named Robbie and a sister named Grace. I have a cousin Charley, of whom I am very fond.

EMMA L. G.

I remember what a grief it used to be to me, in my childhood, when some dear little companion had to move away; and oh! how vexed I felt when people used to smile at my inconsolable fate! So I sympathize with Emma in the loss of Pearl as a daily playmate.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

I think that little girl who carried home the tarantula was very brave, because I have been reading in a book of mine about spiders, and it said the tarantula is one of the most poisonous of the spider family. I am eleven years old. I have a garden, which is very pretty this summer. I have a brother five years old and a sister nineteen. I wrote a letter before, but it was not published, so I think I will try once more. I thought "The Fair for Sick Dools" was very good, also "Left Behind" and "Our Little Dunc."—**JESSIE H.**

JESSIE H.

BATELLE, NEBRASKA.

I am a little girl ten years old. I like to read the stories and letters. School is over for the summer. When I attended it I read in the Fourth Reader and studied spelling, geography, grammar, arithmetic, writing, and drawing. I have a cat and nine dolls. We have no swing, but a hammock instead, which I think is a great deal nicer. And I have a pair of roller skates, and whenever I go to the Park I take them with me, for there is always a long, smooth sidewalk, and it is fun to skate from one end to the other. For Christmas, I received a large doll dressed in white lace with a pink sash, three story-books, a pair of paints, a box of crayons, a red satin pin cushion, a box of toy animals, with all the nuts and candy I could eat. I thought that was a very nice gift. I have some very splendid stories. We live in a nice house, surrounded by shade trees, and besides these we have a large orchard. I think it is fun to pick fruit. I wish Lizzie W. A., of Orange, New Jersey, would please write again, because I think her letter was very nice.

BIRDIE.

HILLSBOROUGH, ILLINOIS.

Hillsborough, as the name indicates, is built among the hills, and the country for the most part is mountainous. We have a great many different kinds of birds. The prettiest one, I think, is the scarlet tanager. The plumage of the male of this species is a brilliant scarlet except the wings and tail, which are of a deep black; the iris of the eye is coral red; the legs and feet are of a light blue. The female is green above and yellow below; the wings and tail are brownish-black, edged with green. We have two or three different kinds of fish. The prettiest is the prettiest. The head, throat, and upper parts of the back and wings are black; the whole under parts are a bright orange, deepening into a vermillion on the breast; the legs and feet are blue or lead-color. A pair of Baltimore Orioles built their nest in a large elm-tree near our house. They build a hanging nest, and are sometimes called bird-bags.

They have swinging cradles in the tree-tops, don't they?

WATERTOWN, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl eight years old. I have only one pet, a little sister three years old. I have three sisters that are older than I. I have a little cousin, and her name is Kitty; she is nearly eight years old. She stays with me a good deal of the time. We have a great many together. We have another little cousin about our age; she lives in Milwaukee. She made us quitters long viz in April. My sister Edith and I go to school. There are two more girls. —**JOSEPHINE DEVEREUX S.**

MAGGIE Mc.

NEW YORK CITY.



I was very much pleased to have you ask me to write again—almost as happy as when I saw you in the morning. I have a new recipe for you now to make a "cabbage chicken," and I am sure you will laugh heartily when you see one popping around. All you need is one of your popovers, a few shreds and a hot cap with a tail. Take hold of your ankles with your hands and put them together into the sleeves of the shirt, turning it just back so that the cap will be at the ends of the shirt and tie them for the tail. Put on the cap to cover the whole head, letting the ruffle fall around the face. The more fun it is hopping around. Do it once, the more fun it is hopping around. If you do not understand all about it, just ask me, and I will tell you some of the fun that time I had. I feel sure of other things.

EFFIE H.

I will write you another letter, as my first one was not printed. We have four dogs and three horses; two of the horses are trotters, and the other one, whose name is Daisy, is a great pet. I have a bicycle, and enjoy riding it very much. The most fun I have is spinning top. About a month ago I went up to my papa's lumber camp; we went down to the landing where all the logs are kept, and had a nice time playing on them. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. Please print this letter.

ARTHUR H.

I am a little girl nine years old. I have a little sister eight years old, who has just gone to bed, and does not know that I am writing this letter, or she would want to write one too. We both go to the same school; we study geography, spelling, arithmetic, reading, writing, and music. Papa has taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for us ever since it came out, and I like the letters better than anything else in the paper.

This letter is from a little amateur editor. Success to *Sunshine Stories*, dear! May you have many subscribers like Uncle Ned!

I am writing this letter when mamma does not know a thing about it: if it is printed, I shall surely know it. I have a little baby house—a whole closet, with a piece of carpet on the floor. I have furniture in it—a real bedstead, a washstand, a bureau, a chest of drawers, a dining table, a little trunk, two little beds, two chairs, and lots of dishes. Last Christmas I had fifty-three or fifty-four presents. I don't remember them all, but I have a little bed, a little bureau, a little mattress for my dolls' bed from mamma, a little silk quilt for it from my sister (the oldest one), and a pair of shams from grandma. Last Christmas I had thirty-three presents. I began a little story paper last April. I made up two or three stories in the magazine, then I began a paper, and I have been writing ever since, and a good boy too. The regular price is ten cents, but my uncle Ned is going to take it the first of July, and he says he will give me a dollar for it. It is the only thing I have on paper. Its name is *Sunshine Stories*.

I wrote to you once before, but was not successful, so I am going to try again. I live in Lexington where are the first battle of the Revolutionary War was fought. Some of the old buildings are still standing, among these are Buckman's Tavern, the Munroe Tavern, and the old Clark house where Hancock and Adams were spending the night when Paul Revere came with the news that the British were marching to Lexington. People often laugh at our monument, because it is old-fashioned; but as it was erected soon after the battle, it ought to be old-fashioned. ANNA P.

They must be very unpatriotic persons who laugh at your monument, when they ought, instead, to take off their hats and feel very much awed.

My papa takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for me, and I think it is the nicest paper there is. I have for pets a bird almost twelve years old, and a Newfoundland pup named Duke; I have ten cats in the country. My school has ended, and I have not much to do. I play the violin, and I think it is very nice to play it. ELIZABETH SHAW O.

And you have ten cats! It fairly takes away my breath to think of it. Do you feed them on chicken and cream?

I am a little girl nine years old. I have four sisters and one brother. I live on a farm, and have a great deal of fun. I have no pets except six cats. My brother has three sheep and some lambs and a calf and a colt. We live two miles from any store. My sister and I have a garden. My father named one of my sisters Myrtle, and

another one violet, and my name is Jessamine; my mother says we should live good and fragrant lives because we have such names. I earned a prize last term for learning the multiplication table first in the class; but our teacher was taken sick two weeks before the close of school, so we did not have any Commencement-day, and I have not seen anything of my prize yet.

Your little friend,  
JESSIE P.

Oh, well, the honor is a great deal, and you will surely receive the prize some time. How I laughed when I heard that you had six cats. You must be tired enough of saying Scat ! Scat !

POINTE CUREE, LOUISIANA

My little niece, Annie Belle C., and I have been reading your nice papers this morning, and we found many interesting things in all of them. We were looking at the letters too, and thought we would write one also, to see how it looks in print. I have a dear aunt who is kind enough to write for me, and she says I write very well, so much! When I get through reading the paper, I give it to my sister's little children to read. We are all dreadfully interested in it, and I am sure that you would be overjoyed, too, and was good enough to let us escape it. I have such a nice little pony. He looks like a Shetland pony, and is a beautiful color. I have a dear sister, Annie Belle (my little niece) is staying with me, and we are going to ride him while she is here. I am eleven years old, and so is Annie Belle, but she is a year older than I am. I will tell you, I can say good-by, dear Postmistress. This is our first letter, and we hope you will print it

A TRUE STORY.

A TRUE STORY.

The seven weeks' summer holiday spent on the sunny slopes of Cintra, and among its forests of cork-trees, were past and all but over. The eldest son of the house was to go back to school in a fortnight, and his mother and father were compelled his parents to stay in the distant land. It was the evening before the steamer sailed. All had been made ready for the boy's going; even the pocket-money for the "half" was in his pocket. That evening, however, a great and sudden trouble. He went to see her, and trying to do what he could to help her, slipped into her hand the whole of the pocket-money which was meant to give him many a little pleasure at school. And he had not time to say a word of it that day when saving a word of what he had done.

The Postmistress read this story in a foreign magazine, and liked it so well that she wanted her young friends to read it too. Now where is Cintra, please? And how far away from home was our lad going without a cent of pocket-money? First class in geography, it is your turn.

We live in a little town on the Housatonic River, about ten miles from New Haven and eleven miles from Bridgeport. It is vacation now, and my boys are out of school. Curiosity has just commenced, and so have not got many, but hope to exchange with some of the readers of your paper. We have not taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE long, but think it is a very nice paper. We have not any pets except a black cat, and he is very cross. Love to all.

Your exchange will appear before long on the cover

I think I'll give you my description of an earthquake shock here in Havana. We were in class one day with our tutor, when all of a sudden the floor began to tremble. I saw my brother Willie run down stairs to see what it was; but the girl there said that the noise had been made by the wind blowing from the door. So they came upstairs again, and had just sat down, when there came another report, thousand times louder than the first. Then mamma and my brother Willie, my brother-in-law, my mother and my aunt Mary, the professor, Willie, the servants, and I following, and she ran into the patio, or courtyard as you call it. The houses are built of mud, and the walls are very thin, so they are filled with a cloud of smoke and dust. In a few minutes papa hurried home, and found us all safe. He said that he had never seen such a thing in the States, at Fort Hamilton. No damage was done to our house, except that a window had burst open, lock and all; but that wasn't

I suppose you think I'm a Cuban, don't you? I'm an American, although I was born here and have lived here almost all my life. I have plenty of brothers and sisters, as I've got three brothers and two sisters, the oldest sister being nine years old, and the youngest fourteen months old, and the most mischievous one, as she has just learned how to walk, and it was only a few days ago that she opened the cook's closet and took out a

bottle of oil, and was going to smash it on the floor, when the nurse came and took it away from her. I'm a boy eleven years old. Good-by  
H. D. L.

Now for my middle correspondents whose letters can not be crowded in, though I've tried faithfully to make room for them. **Josey M. W., Flo. E., Harry K. B.** of Erie, Pennsylvania; **Jack F. L., Conrad L. B.** of Port Robinson, Nebraska; **Pansy M. L., Allie Bruce S., Nolon G. G., Sadie H. G., Alvard J., Johnnie M., Eddie R. MacL., Hattie C., Annetta B., H. L., Josie S., William C., Dwight V. W., Florence M. M., Donna B., Katie McE., And A. L. C.** will please accept thanks. **William Huber, Jun.**, Hamilton, Ohio, would like **Charlie H. Leadbetter** to send him his address—**Marion Page**, 35 seventh St., S. E., Washington, D. C., would like to exchange letters with **John H. Smith**, 1111 N. 10th St., Elkhart, **Clara E., Allegheny**, Pennsylvania, receives three cards and three pieces of silk from somebody who failed to inclose her post-office address. Will she please send it, that **Ella** may return some paper flowers, as she promised. Exchangers should be very careful to always send their full post-office address when writing to each other.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS

## No. 1.

- 1.—1. Signifying increase. 2. Not shut. 3. Long grass. 4. Conclusions. HATTIE E. V.  
2.—1. To intend. 2. Comfort. 3. Venomous reptiles. 4. A little home. LAURA LEVY.  
3.—1. A marine inhabitant. 2. A good thing to have. 3. Really a sell. 4. Part of a house. MARTIN X. TOMLIN.

## 10.2

## HIDDEN TREES (TO NAVAJO).

1. A king in the level meadow. 2. The waves danced around my roots. 3. Its needles drop in every season. 4. Alma pleads to spare the trees. 5. It grows to a king's size. 6. It was hewn down with a woodman's axe. 7. Trees forsake our principal mountain-tops. 8. Paolo, custodian of the Park, comes to lock the gates. 9. By-the-hye, who has found out the puzzle? ЕЩЕКА.

## No. 3.

## TWO ENIGMAS.

- My second is in meal, also in loft.  
My third is in barrel, but not in hoop.  
My fourth is in fast, but not in song.  
My fifth is in lake, but not in pond.  
My sixth is in hymn, but not in ism.  
My whole is a city on the map of the United States. S. P. G.
- 2.—My first is in gale, but not in storm.  
My second is in cold, but not in warm.  
My third is in mug, but not in jug.  
My fourth is in man, also in rug.  
My fifth is in man, but not in boy.  
My sixth is in mend, but not in toy.  
My seventh is in bucket, also in jug.  
My eighth is in quart, but not in pail.  
My ninth is in row, but not in swim.  
My tenth is in trunk, but not in bough.  
My eleventh is in tree, but not in bough.  
My whole is the name of an oratorical statesman who died long ago. L. P. G.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 249

- No. 1.                    B. a. v. o. u. s.  
                             A. r. a. n. t.  
                             C. a. b. a. l.  
                             K. e. r. s. e.  
                             Y.
- No. 2.—Well begun is half done.    Fair faces need no paint.
- No. 3.—Frank    Fox    Place.    Brush    Sash.  
                    T-rout.   S-cow.
- No. 4.                    A                    A  
                    A   C   E   R   N                    A   C   R   T   D  
                    E   R   A                    T   I   N  
                    N                    D  
                    A                    O  
                    O   D   E                    I   C   Y  
                    A   D   A   G   E                    A   Y   O   R  
                    E   G   E                    Y   O   U  
   R

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Mary Dixon, John Van Blarcom, Jenny Stark; The Man in the Moon, F. C. H., Frank M. Wilmot, Ida Emma Hequemebourg, H. M. Rochester, Irma N., Dora Farr, Lansing Taylor, Thomas Hayward, and James Tiebout.

[For EXCHANGES, see 2d and 3d papers on p. 1.



THE EGG-HUNTERS BAFLED.

### THE FARM-YARD GAME.

BY FRANK BELLEW.

**T**HOSE boys! The girls felt that they had borne it just as long as they could. And Frank was the ringleader. Without his quick wits Katy's Arabella Miranda would never have taken a sea bath with her silk dress on, Jennie's lovely poodle would never have appeared at breakfast striped like a zebra, with his poor little nose painted pea green, the salt wouldn't have gotten into the ice-cream, and the luncheon baskets at the last picnic would never have swung from the highest limb of the tallest tree, whither no girl could ever climb. In short, Frank was the Jimmy Brown of that party, and something had to be done with Jimmy—no, Frank.

This was the origin of the Farm-yard Game. It was blue-eyed Katy that said so innocently, when everybody else was tired out and bored, and didn't know how to while time away, "Suppose we play Farm-yard."

No one knew how to play Farm-yard. "Well," said she, "I will show you. All of you sit round the room in a semicircle." They did so. "Now," she continued, "I will whisper to each the name of some animal in the farm-yard. One will be a horse, another will be a cow, another will be a sheep, and so on; and when I clap my hands and say, 'Ready!' all are expected to make the noise peculiar to the animal whose name I have given them as loud as they can."

Wily Katy went her rounds. To the first she said, "You are a horse, but the earthquake struck you dumb. When I say 'Ready!' don't you utter a sound." To the second: "You are a cow, but you were born tongue-tied. When I say 'Ready!' don't you utter a sound." To the third: "You are a sheep, but when I say 'Ready!' don't you utter a sound." And so on and so on.



THE NIGHT BEFORE THE FISHING EXCURSION.

If one wakes up before the other, he is to pull the string. They go to bed in their boots.

Katy came to Frank. "Now, Frank," she whispered, most coaxingly, "you are to be a donkey. When I cry 'Ready!' do you bray like all the donkeys of Naples concentrated into one noisy beast."

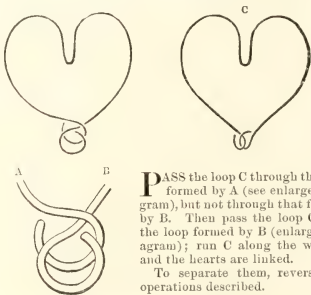
She took her place in the middle of the room, and cried out, "Are you all ready? One, two, three—ready!" and clapped her hands. Silence reigned, when suddenly one young gentleman burst forth with a loud and excellent imitation of a donkey's bray. There was a dead stillness in the room save his own voice.

Then finding himself all alone, Frank suddenly stopped, and gaped round. Every one was staring at him. A burst of laughter followed which fairly made the walls shake. Frank looked at Katy. Her innocent face was too much for him, and he too joined in the laugh.

Since then there has been peace. No more hidden croquet mallets, salt in ice-cream, or painted poodles. Katy has one bold champion to protect her from all ills. When he is asked how his fancy for her first began, he says, "That day she took a fellow down a peg, don't you know?"

### THE UNITED HEARTS.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 649 OF No. 249.



**P**ASS the loop C through the loop formed by A (see enlarged diagram), but not through that formed by B. Then pass the loop C over the loop formed by B (enlarged diagram); run C along the wire B, and the hearts are linked.

To separate them, reverse the operations described.

### MOTHER GOOSE.

**M**OTHER GOOSE was a real character, and not an imaginary personage, as we used to suppose. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Foster, and she was born in 1665. She married Isaac Goose in 1693, and a few years afterward became a member of the Old South Church. She died in 1757, aged ninety-two years.

The first edition of her songs was published in Boston (1716) by her son-in-law, Thomas Fleet. The house in which a great part of her life was spent was a low one-story building, with dormer-windows and a red tiled roof, looking something like an old English country cottage.



SINGULAR.

They both happen to wake up at the same time.

HARPER'S  
YOUNG PEOPLE  
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 351

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1884.

Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



"CAUGHT FAST IN THE TRAP WAS THE UNFORTUNATE TEDDY."—SEE STORY ON PAGE 590.



## UP STRATTON MOUNTAIN.

BY ELLA CHEEVER THAYER.

## I.

"ALL ready, boys! We are now prepared to cover ourselves with glory! See how we will conquer this rugged old mountain!"

"There'll not be much glory for me if I have to get up at five o'clock every morning!" grumbled Ben Downes, yawning.

"Ah! I say! haven't you growled long enough about that?" spoke up practical Tom Macy. "As for the glory," he added, glancing at Arthur Winfield, the first speaker, "we'll all come in for our share; but you can't expect to find but one regular hero in a crowd, Art."

"Then we will be likely to find out what his name is before we get back," responded Art. "Now for the start."

The boys filed off from the shanty of Brownson, the guide, where they had lunched, he leading the way with an axe slung over his shoulder. Arthur Winfield having been unanimously chosen captain of the expedition, followed after; next went Tom Macy; then Nat Swasy, a lad of a poetical turn of mind, who was apt to sprinkle his conversation with quotations; after him was Ben Downes, still scowling over his lost sleep; last of all, pale little Teddy Henly plodded along, bending under the weight of his pack.

Their way led through swamps and thick undergrowth, and soon progress was made difficult by great rocks, and fallen, decayed trees, which lay across the path.

Art followed the guide with the valiant air becoming a captain, and jumping lightly from rock to tree, succeeded in making his way along with an ease none of the other boys could equal. Poor Teddy especially had a hard time, and brought up the rear, stumbling and panting. At the outset "misfortune marked him for its own," as Nat Swasy said. Not a rock did Teddy climb without falling and rolling over and over to the ground, nor a tree without slipping on the bark.

"You fellows may call this fun, but I think it's hard work," fumed Ben Downes.

"Why didn't you stay at home, then?" queried Tom, impatiently.

Before Ben could reply, a loud crashing noise was heard behind them. It was instantly followed by some thick object which flew through the air, and, hitting against Ben, brought him to the ground.

Wrathfully gathering himself up, Ben discerned the force which had laid him low, in the form of Teddy, who was looking at him with an apologetic smile.

"Look here, young fellow!" exploded Ben, angrily, "you've done nothing but tumble about like a tumblebug ever since we started; but you needn't think I'm going to be a cushion for you to fall upon. I'd thank you to keep a safe distance hereafter."

"I don't blame you for being vexed," replied Teddy, good-naturedly. "I'm awful sorry I hit you."

Then scrambling to his feet and adjusting his pack, he added, "As far as I'm concerned, I've fallen so often that I am quite used to it now."

"Yes, and your back is so covered with moss and green that if we meet a bear he will take you for a vegetable," chaffed Tom.

"I don't care," replied Teddy, bravely. "I started to go up that mountain, and up I'm going!"

"That is right; don't be discouraged," said Art, approvingly, as he drew on his jacket.

"Just over there we caught a bear and three cubs not long ago," said Brownson, pointing out the spot, having waited for the boys to come up. "A little ways beyond was where an old bear once gnawed off his foot, and left it in the trap rather than be caught."

"Hurrah for the bear!" shouted Teddy, enthusiastically. "I tell you what, boys, I'd be proud to be a bear of that kind."

"I admire the old fellow's grit myself," remarked Art, approvingly.

"Nor you, ye proud—" began Nat, but was checked by a warning look from Tom.

Soon they came to West Branch, a large brook, which they easily crossed by the aid of old roots and rocks lying in its bed. Teddy, of course, went over into the water, but as it was not deep, he had no trouble in getting out.

"Don't ever be frightened about me, boys," he said, cheerfully, as he dragged his dripping, muddy self up the bank. "I am growing so used to this sort of thing that it comes quite natural."

"You beat any one I ever saw," exclaimed Ben, scowling at him. "It is bad enough to get along here, without a fellow being scared out of his wits every other minute by another fellow's accidents."

"If he doesn't make a fuss about it, I don't know why *you* should," said Tom, sharply. He was by this time as tired of Ben's complaints as he was of climbing.

They all pushed on as rapidly as possible from this point, for it was getting toward dusk, and there was no place to camp until the pond should be reached. After two hours more of hard climbing, during which Ben several times gave up in despair, and Teddy persevered patiently under his usual difficulties, they came in sight of the water.

Art was in advance with Brownson, and gave a cry of triumph, which was echoed by the weary boys behind; then, one by one, they straggled to the spot.

"Here we are!" exclaimed Nat, joyfully. "I feel as did the heart-sick followers of Columbus when the shores of the New World rose from the fog."

"I feel hungry," said unsentimental Tom, sinking down upon the grass.

When they had recovered somewhat from their fatigue they turned to and helped Brownson make the hut, and before long were eating their supper in front of a glowing camp fire. Laughter and jests prevailed, weariness being forgotten, and even Ben found nothing at which to cavil. Art was king of the feast, while Teddy fairly beamed with joy.

It was very late when they at last lay down to sleep in the hemlock hut.

## II.

Early in the morning Brownson shouldered his hatchet, and left them to their own devices, as they would need no other guide back than Winhall River, which flowed from the north end of the pond and down through the forest for fifteen miles.

The day unfortunately was cold and drizzly; but the boys bade defiance to the elements, Ben only finding fault, and spent the time gayly, rowing on rafts over the pond, firing pistols, and fishing, or rather going through the motions, for they made so much noise that not a fish rewarded their efforts.

"Never mind," said Art, "we've had the fun anyway."

Teddy, to his own surprise, had gone through the day without having anything particular happen to him; but now, just as they were ready to return to camp, he was missed. Art, the first to notice his absence, called to him, but received no response, and none of the boys could tell where he had gone.

"Oh, don't let's bother!" said Ben, impatiently. "He is in some of his scrapes, of course, and will turn up all right. Come on. I'm tired and hungry."

"No!" exclaimed Art, in ringing tones. "When you are in a scrape, Ben Downes, we'll leave you to get out of it as best you can if you wish, but we will *not* be so mean as to desert patient, persevering little Teddy."



At this both Tom and Nat shouted, "Right, Art!"

Then Nat remembered that some time since he had seen Teddy going along a bear path to the left.

"Perhaps an old bear has taken him off for supper," Ben suggested, with ill-timed fun.

Tom and Nat looked at each other in considerable alarm, and Art said, quickly,

"You had better go on to the camp, Ben, and see if he has found his way there, while the rest of us follow the path here."

With some grumbling Ben consented to this division, and Art led his two followers through a tangled trail, all raising the echoes with their shouts.

But no Teddy responded to the calls.

"I am afraid we are on the wrong track," said Art, at last.

As he spoke there was a crashing among the bushes, sounding at some little distance beyond.

"That may be Teddy!" cried Tom, hopefully.

"Or," added Art, in a low, excited tone, "a bear."

The crashing sound continued, seeming to recede as they advanced; but they saw nothing, until suddenly Art stopped and, raising his pistol, fired. At the same moment Nat and Tom perceived a large black object, which instantly disappeared in the bushes along the edge of a cliff ahead.

"It was a bear, but I didn't hit him," cried Art.

"You came just in time, though." These words, in a voice which, though tremulous, certainly was familiar, seemed to proceed from the ground, and gave the boys a start, for they could nowhere see its owner, although they stared about everywhere.

"Here I am," again said the invisible voice. "Over this way."

Art, in response, took a few steps forward, then stopping, uttered a loud exclamation.

Under the cliff was set a large bear trap, and caught fast in the trap was the unfortunate Teddy. Nat and Tom understood the situation at the same moment, and with many exclamations rushed to help Art get their comrade out of his unpleasant position.

Poor Teddy's lips were white, as with some recent terror, but a merry twinkle came into his eyes when he found himself free again.

"I tell you, boys, I know how to appreciate the feelings of a bear now!" he exclaimed.

"But how did it happen?" queried Art.

"I don't know, except that I was strolling along, watching a squirrel, when suddenly, snap! and here I was fast. I thought it a good joke at first, and a fit ending to my other exploits. I knew I hadn't come far, and supposed I should have no trouble in making some of you fellows hear. But when the lawful incumbent of the trap came, and looked down on me from the cliff, I didn't feel much like laughing!"

"You mean the bear?" asked the listeners, in a breath.

"His lordship himself. I couldn't tell whether he took me for some new dainty in the way of bait, or whether he was chucking at seeing me in the trap intended for him; anyway, I saw his teeth, and I preferred to think he was showing them in a smile. I heard you call, but didn't dare move, or even speak, for fear of putting the bear out of humor, and if Art's shot hadn't sent him flying away in haste, I can't tell what the result might have been."

"Think of being caught in a bear trap, while the bear looked calmly on! My! I should have fainted!" said Nat.

"It would have been too much for me to bear," added Tom, winking.

"That pun is worse than all," laughed Teddy.

"Well, I tell you what, boys," said Art, clapping Teddy on the shoulder, "this little fellow has too much pluck to give in to anything."

"Well, it was a fix, Art, and no mistake," said Teddy, reflectively. "I suppose the old bear has gone and told all the other bears about it, and they are having a good laugh at my expense now."

### III.

Of course Teddy's adventure formed the theme of conversation in camp that night, and through all the laughter and jests it was evident that his courage had won him respect even from Ben Downes.

In the morning they started on their return, following the river, and enjoying themselves as they went by floating down on logs and trying to get one another into the water. It is hardly necessary to say that Teddy required no assistance to this end. Reaching the Forks—a junction of Winhall River and West Branch—they concluded to camp for the night upon a small island near, which they reached by wading. Having built a hut, they went fishing, catching about fifty trout for supper.

At daybreak the downward march recommenced, over logs, high banks, fallen trees, and along a rapid stream.

Teddy distinguished himself in the usual way, only his tumbling exploits now added to his speed instead of retarding him as when ascending. Consequently he was quite a distance ahead, when suddenly he heard a strange rattling sound, followed by cries for help. Turning quickly, Teddy hurried back as fast as he could climb, and in a moment stopped appalled.

A few feet beyond was coiled a large rattlesnake, whose raised head swayed to and fro, just ready to strike, while on the ground, before the formidable reptile, grovelled Ben Downes, so paralyzed by terror that he was unable to make an effort to escape or defend himself.

"Oh! save me! save me!" he cried, as he perceived Teddy.

Teddy looked around despairingly. Unfortunately not a stick nor a stone was lying about in sight. Must he see Ben killed before his eyes?

The snake bent his head, and in another instant his fangs would have been fastened in his victim, but rushing up behind him, Teddy desperately grasped his neck, at the same time shouting, "Come quick and help me!"

The cowardly Ben, however, on realizing that his enemy's attention had been distracted from himself, jumped up and commenced climbing the nearest tree, leaving Teddy to his fate.

The snake was powerful, and its captor weak. Teddy felt his grasp relaxing, and knew that, deserted by Ben, the unequal contest must soon end. Everything seemed to swim around him as his benumbed fingers loosened. One horrible moment longer, and then, just as all was slipping from his hold, Art and the other boys rushed upon the scene.

As the snake gave way to their united assaults, Teddy fell backward, almost fainting, but safe.

He recovered immediately, however, and a few words put the excited boys in possession of the facts.

"I'll tell you what," exclaimed Tom, glancing up contemptuously into the tree where Ben still remained, afraid even now to descend, "it is easy enough now to tell who is not the hero of this expedition."

"Don't be hard on him; he was frightened," said Teddy.

Art looked around smilingly. "Our trip is almost over, boys," he said. "We are now in sight of Brownson's. You know we agreed to name our hero when we came down. Need I say who he is? Is it not he who has met from the first with a series of misfortunes, but who has never once complained, and has shown us, even before this last brave deed, that pluck and perseverance and good-nature can conquer all difficulties?"

With one accord the boys looked at the blushing Teddy. Then in a clear, enthusiastic voice, Tom shouted: "Three cheers for our Captain's hero, plucky Teddy Healy!"



EARTHQUAKES AT ARICA, CASAPUQUILA, AND KRAKATOA.

## A CHAT ABOUT EARTHQUAKES.

BY HELEN S. CONANT.

ON Sunday afternoon, August 10, 1884, the Atlantic coast of the United States, from Virginia to Maine, was shaken by an earthquake. The shock was the most violent on the coast of New Jersey, in New York city, and on the shores of Long Island Sound. Probably every little reader of *YOUNG PEOPLE* in that section of the country felt the strange movement, and wondered about this great, mysterious earth upon which we live.

When the earthquake occurred we were sitting quietly in a house on Brooklyn Heights, enjoying the beautiful Sabbath stillness. The sky was overcast, and all nature seemed hushed and tranquil. Suddenly we heard a strange sound, like the rumbling of heavy artillery, deep under the ground. Then the house began to tremble, and the floor seemed as if rocking under our feet. The glass pendants on a pair of antique candlesticks which stood on the mantel trembled and swung against each other with silvery tinkling. Then the sound and the strange motion died away, and all nature was tranquil once more. The mysterious disturbance lasted about half a minute.

We knew the instant the subterranean sound began that it was an earthquake, and we sat very still watching intently the marvellous display of nature's power. But when it was over we began to talk about it, and to pull down from the library shelves all the books that contained accounts of earthquakes in all countries. Here are some of the interesting things we read about.

It is very difficult to explain the causes which produce earthquakes. It has been clearly shown by scientific

men that the globe we call the earth is not a solid mass. Its interior is supposed to be in a heated, fluid condition, and that the slow cooling process which is constantly going on causes the outer crust of the earth to contract suddenly at times, forming great fissures and under-ground caverns. It seems natural that such gigantic movements miles below the surface should produce subterranean noises and tremblings which can be felt by the inhabitants of the earth who live above the depths where these movements take place. And if the convulsion is accompanied by the explosion of vast volumes of gases, as is supposed sometimes to be the case, it is not strange that the surface of the earth gets violently shaken.

Think how far away you can hear the noise and feel the jar of an explosion above-ground, or even of the firing of a large cannon, and then consider how insignificant are these small manifestations of human power; as compared with the mighty workings of nature, and you will not wonder at the terrible convulsions which at times have shaken portions of the earth's surface, overthrowing cities and even mountains in a moment.

The most wonderful destruction of a mountain was that which took place on the 26th of August, 1883, when the island and volcano of Krakatoa, in the Strait of Sunda, vanished beneath the sea. In the afternoon of that day there came suddenly a tremendous burst of subterranean thunder, and immediately the volcano of Krakatoa threw forth an ink-black cloud which overspread the sky. In a few moments a large fertile section of the island of Java was turned into a barren waste by a violent earthquake, and many persons were killed. Terrible explosions took place in the mountain. Its great sloping sides were blown

out into the water, and the volcano, together with the island upon which it had stood for unknown ages, crumbled away and disappeared. When the morning sun arose the ocean flowed over the spot where the mountain had stood, and the surface of the sea for three hundred miles around was covered with floating ashes and pumice-stone, while a choking smell of sulphur pervaded the air.

There is no portion of the earth's surface where shocks of earthquakes are not occasionally felt, but, except in volcanic countries, the ground trembles so slightly that no damage is done.

The inhabitants of those lands where great earthquakes occur never know at what moment their homes may become a heap of ruins. The shock comes suddenly, and it often happens that after hearing the rumbling noise the people have no time to rush into the street before they are caught and crushed by falling walls.

Some terrible earthquakes have taken place on the western coast of South America. In 1746, Lima, a beautiful city in Peru, was entirely destroyed. In less than four minutes about three thousand houses and many large, magnificent churches became a heap of shapeless rubbish. At the same time a great tidal wave swept in from the Pacific Ocean and completely carried away the sea-port of Callao. In the morning there was only a barren sand-bank where the night before had stood a populous town.

Lima and Callao were both rebuilt, and for more than a hundred years Peru was disturbed only by slight shocks. But in August, 1868, a terrific earthquake destroyed nearly every building in the large city of Arequipa, which stood at the foot of Misti, a volcanic mountain which for ages had been cold and silent. Immediately after the shock the summit of Misti burst out in smoke and cinders, and huge pieces of rock were hurled down its sides.

It was at this time that a great tidal wave swept on to the Peruvian coast two hundred miles south of Arequipa, destroying the sea-port of Arica, and carrying inland several great vessels, among which was the United States war-steamship *Waterloo*. So great was the force of this terrible rush of waters that the huge vessel of war, with its heavy guns and equipments, was thrown half a mile into the interior of the town. A graphic account of this wonderful occurrence was given on page 164 of the present volume of *YOUNG PEOPLE*.

In March, 1812, the inhabitants of the city of Caracas, in Venezuela, were startled by a loud report like the sound of a thousand cannon, and immediately the ground arose in great waves. Buildings rocked and fell, and in a few moments nearly ten thousand people were killed. Shortly afterward the volcano of the island of St. Vincent broke out in a great eruption. This volcano had been quiet for centuries. It is said that on the day the eruption took place a little negro boy was herding cattle on the mountain. Stones be-

gan to fall around him. He thought some mischievous companion was pelting him from the cliffs above his head. But he soon discovered that it was not bad boys, but the mountain itself which hurled the stones. Soon the mountain began to roar and tremble, and for three days poured out showers of ashes and lava.

Many portions of Europe and Asia have also suffered from great earthquakes. The complete ruin of Lisbon by a terrific shock was one of the saddest events of the last century. Not alone the coast of Portugal, but a vast extent of land and sea, was shaken by this earthquake. The great rock of Gibraltar trembled like an aspen leaf, and steam rose in many places from the Atlantic Ocean.

In central and southern Italy many notable earthquakes have taken place. One of the most severe of modern times occurred in March, 1881, when the pretty town of Casamicciola, on the island of Ischia, was ruined in a moment. At one o'clock on a sunny afternoon its inhabitants were tranquil and happy. Five minutes later their homes were nothing but heaps of stone and rubbish. It is a singular fact that the tower of the church remained standing, bearing aloft the great clock, the hands of which had stopped at the instant the fatal shock occurred.

## WAKULLA.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

### CHAPTER II.

THE SCHOONER "NANCY BELL."

A FEW minutes before nine o'clock the stage in which the Elmer family had left Norton drew up beside the platform of the railway station at Skowhegan. There was only time to purchase tickets and check the baggage, and then Mark and Ruth stepped for the first time in their lives on board a train of cars, and were soon enjoying the



"WHO IS HE? HOW DID HE GET THERE?"

novel sensation of being whirled along at what seemed to them a tremendous rate of speed.

To them the train boy, who came through the car with books, papers, apples, and oranges, and wore a cap with a gilt band around it, seemed so much superior to ordinary boys, that had they not been going on such a wonderful journey, they would have envied him his life of constant travel and excitement.

At Waterville they admired the great mills, which they fancied must be among the largest in the world, and when, shortly after noon, they reached Bangor, and saw real ships, looking like the pictures in their geographies, only a thousand times more interesting, their cup of happiness was full.

Mark and Ruth called all the vessels they saw "ships," but their father, who had made several sea-voyages when a young man, said that most of them were schooners, and that he would explain the difference to them when they got to sea, and he had plenty of time.

The children were bewildered by the noise of the railroad station, and the cries of the drivers and hotel runners, all of whom made violent efforts to attract the attention of the Elmer party. At length they got themselves and their bags safely into one of the big yellow omnibuses, and were driven to a hotel, where they had dinner. Mark and Ruth did not enjoy this dinner much, on account of its many courses, and the constant attentions of the waiters.

It had stopped snowing, and after dinner the party set forth in search of the *Nancy Bell*. By making a few inquiries they soon found her, and were welcomed on board by her young, pleasant-faced captain, whose name was Eli Drew; but whom all his friends called "Captain Li."

The *Nancy Bell* was a large three-masted schooner, almost new, and as she was the first vessel "Captain Li" had ever commanded, he was very proud of her. He took them at once into his own cabin, which was roomy and comfortable, and from which opened four state-rooms, two on each side. Of these the captain and his mate, John Somers, occupied those on the starboard, or right-hand side, and those on the other, or port side, had been fitted up, by the thoughtful kindness of Uncle Christopher, for the Elmers; one for Mrs. Elmer and Ruth; and the other for Mark and his father.

"Ain't they perfectly lovely!" exclaimed Ruth. "Did you ever see such cunning little beds? They wouldn't be much too big for Edna May's largest doll."

"You mustn't call them 'beds,' Ruth; the right name is berths," said Mark, with the air of a boy to whom sea terms were familiar.

"I don't care," answered his sister; "they are beds for all that, and have got pillows and sheets and counterpanes just like the beds at home."

Mr. Elmer found that his furniture and the various packages of tools intended for their Southern home were all safe on board the schooner, and stowed down in the hold, and he soon had the trunks from the station and the bags from the hotel brought down in a wagon.

The captain said they would better spend the night on board, as he wanted to be off by daylight, and they might as well get to feeling at home before they started. They thought so too; and so, after a walk through the city, where among other curious sights they saw a post-office built on a bridge, they returned to the *Nancy Bell* for supper.

Poor Mr. Elmer, exhausted by the unusual exertions of the day, lay awake and coughed most of the night; but the children slept like tops. When Mark did wake he forgot where he was, and in trying to sit up and look around, bumped his head against the low ceiling of his berth.

Daylight was streaming in at the round glass dead-eye that served as a window, and to Mark's great surprise he

felt that the schooner was moving. Slipping down from his berth, and quietly dressing himself, so as not to disturb his father, he hurried on deck, where he was greeted by "Captain Li," who told him he had come just in time to see something interesting.

The *Nancy Bell* was in tow of a little puffing steam-tug, and was already some miles from Bangor down the Penobscot River. The clouds of steam rising into the cold air from the surface of the warmer water were tinged with gold by the newly risen sun. A heavy frost rested on the spruces and balsams that fringed the banks of the river, and as the sunlight struck one twig after another, it covered them with millions of points like diamonds. Many cakes of ice were floating in the river, showing that its navigation would soon be closed for the winter.

To one of these cakes of ice, toward which a boat from the schooner was making its way, the captain directed Mark's attention. On this cake, which was about as large as a dinner table, stood a man anxiously watching the approach of the boat.

"What I can't understand," said the captain, "is where he ever found a cake of ice at this time of the year strong enough to bear him up."

"Who is he? How did he get there, and what is he doing?" asked Mark, greatly excited.

"Who he is and how he got there are more than I know," answered Captain Li. "What he is doing is waiting to be taken off. The men on the tug sighted him just before you came on deck, and sung out to me to send a boat for him. It's a mercy we didn't come along an hour sooner, or we never would have seen him through the mist."

"You mean we would have missed him," said Mark, who, even upon so serious an occasion, could not resist the temptation to make a pun.

By this time the boat had rescued the man from his unpleasant position, and was returning with him on board. Before it reached the schooner, Mark rushed down into the cabin, and called to his parents and Ruth to hurry on deck.

As they were already up and nearly dressed, they did so, and reached it in time to see the stranger helped from the boat and up the side of the vessel.

He was so exhausted that he was taken into the cabin, rolled in warm blankets, and given restoratives and hot drinks before he was questioned in regard to his adventure.

Meantime the schooner was again slipping rapidly down the broad river, and Mark, who remained on deck with his father, questioned him about the "river's breath," as he called the clouds of steam that arose from it.

"That's exactly what it is, the 'river's breath,'" said Mr. Elmer. "Warm air is lighter than cold, and consequently always rises, and the warm damp air rising from the surface of the river into the cold air above is condensed into vapor, just as your warm damp breath is at this very moment."

"But I should think the water would be cold with all that ice floating in it," said Mark.

"It would seem cold if we were surrounded by the air of a hot summer day," answered his father; "but being of a much higher temperature than the air above it, it would seem quite warm to you now if you should put your bare hand into it. We can only say that a thing is warm by comparing it with something that is colder, or cold by comparison with that which is warmer."

When Mark and his father went down to breakfast they found the rescued man still wrapped in blankets, but talking in a faint voice to the captain, and at the table the latter told the Elmers what he had learned from him.

His name was Jan Jansen, and he was a Swede, but had served for several years in the United States navy. Upon being discharged from it he had made his way to New



Sweden, in the northern part of Maine. But a week before he had come to Bangor, hoping to obtain employment for the winter in one of the saw-mills. In this he had been unsuccessful, and the previous night, while returning from the city to the house on its outskirts in which he was staying, he undertook to cross a small creek, in the mouth of which were a number of logs. These were so cemented together by recently formed ice that he fancied they would form a safe bridge, and tried to cross on it. When near the middle of the creek, to his horror the ice gave way with a crash, and in another moment he was floating away in the darkness on the cake from which he had been so recently rescued. That it had supported him was owing to the fact that it still held together two of the logs. He had not dared attempt to swim ashore in the dark, and so had drifted on during the night, keeping his feet from freezing by holding them most of the time in the water.

After breakfast, Mr. Elmer and the captain held a consultation, the result of which was that the former offered Jan Jansen work in Florida, if he chose to go to St. Marks with them, and Captain Drew offered to let him work his passage to that place as one of the crew of the *Nancy Bell*. Without much hesitation the poor Swede accepted both these offers, and as soon as he had recovered from the effects of his experience on the ice raft, was provided with a bunk in the forecastle.

All day the *Nancy Bell* was towed down the broad river, the glorious scenery along its banks arousing the constant enthusiasm of our travellers. Late in the afternoon they passed the gray walls of Fort Knox on the right, and the pretty little town of Bucksport on the left. They could just see the great hotel at Fort Point through the gathering dusk, and soon afterwards were tossing on the wild wind-swept waters of Penobscot Bay.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## FROM THE OLD GERMAN.

BY E. M. TRACAIR.

"GOOD-MORROW, morrow, Sunshine gay,  
I'll soon be up, and dressed, and out;  
So tell me what's the news to-day  
And what the birds are all about."

"The birds are all awake, my boy;  
Already, for the peaceful night,  
They sing their hymns of love and joy,  
For food and shelter, life and light.  
Would you, too, blithely live as they,  
Do as the birds do every day."

## AN ELAND HUNT:

A PAGE FROM A SPORTSMAN'S DIARY.

TUESDAY, September 11, 1883.—I wrote yesterday to Cousin Paul at Cape Town, and told him that my holiday had not brought me anything but fisherman's luck so far. After sending the letter southward by the young Boer whom we met Sunday, I decided to come further up the long valley. Although neither of my bush boys were anxious to advance, they saw it was no use to be obstinate. When I hired them I warned them that I was captain of this expedition.

We have seen no large game. I begin to believe that Bassa's story about seeing a herd of eland scampering toward the hills three days ago was nonsense. We are still too near settled regions, and the animals have long since been either killed or frightened off from the neighborhood of Kraal V—. So I don't give up hope. It is a beautiful night, as I go to bed. I am writing this by the help of an old blue lead-pencil and a spluttering tallow candle—the last candle I can seem to find. I must have

lost the rest, or that young Boer stole them. Query: Do Boers eat candles too, like the Russians?

Three days later.—Well, it is over. I shall go back (when I do) to the kraal like a conquering hero. A fine large eland, and a young calf as a present to little G—. It came about this way:

We had not advanced very far this morning before a loud exclamation from Bassa made me start and look toward where he and his cousin were slowly moving on ahead of me. We were picking our path carefully through some swampy land. Clear off to the northwest I saw a group of four-legged creatures that a good look with my glass (which useful article is still a mystery to Bassa) resolved into the promised dozen eland. They were feeding quietly enough—two bulls and several cows with their calves. They must have discovered us almost immediately as we came out upon solid ground. They were off like the wind, and I after them. I was fairly sure of heading them off before we could pass the stream which flowed from the low hills in sight.

The eland were fresh; so was my horse. At length I came so sharply upon the fugitives that I could see in what fine condition they were, bulls, cows, and calves. I selected a particular bull, and finally turned him from his family. My design was to keep him at a gallop—a gait far too violent for the eland to endure long. He plunged furiously forward. I flanked him in a fresh piece of soft ground, and gave him both barrels at a three-quarter sight from the rear.

He leaped upward and staggered. To my surprise, he did not fall, nor seem mortally wounded, but dashed wildly about in his spongy situation, covering himself with mud.

"Upon my word, old man," exclaimed I, "either I am partially blind, or you are copper-lined inside." But when I went to load again—shockingest of shocks! I found that by some stupidity the bullets I carried belonged to my heavier gun—safe in one or the other of Bassa's hands, miles back. In my haste to be off after sunrise I had carelessly accoutred myself all wrong.

There was the unhappy bull eland still floundering and sinking and panting in the little morass, apparently not bleeding overmuch, and with an excellent chance of extricating himself any moment, and leaving me in the lurch. I was in quite a state of frenzy. In vain with trembling hands did I shake up and turn over those miserable bullets. By no chance was there one of proper size included.

I did not attempt to reduce one of my wretched pieces of ammunition with a set of not overstrong teeth, which many sportsmen undertake, but instead pulled from my pocket as a despairing venture a certain round brass button which had most happily become loosened from a legging just as I was going to bed. I had hastily stuffed it into temporary safe-keeping.

It slipped into the bore of my piece capitally—a little loose; but with my teeth I supplied a wad from fragments of a Cape journal. The eland was fairly under way toward the edge of his extremely dangerous territory. Another second and he would be out of range, considering my miserable weapon. I fired. My brass-button bullet tumbled him over into the slime and dank grass. He struggled a little, and raised his head angrily as I came springing and splashing to his side. He was dead as a door-nail (which would have been almost as good a missile as that with which I had finished him up) by the time that, breathless and with soaked and muddled legs, I stood beside him.

In a couple of hours Bassa and his silent relative came up, and their exclamations of satisfaction were noisy and many. We had a feast that evening, and the next day by a lucky chance overlooked what I presumed was the same herd again, for it included only one bull this time. I killed a cow, and captured her young calf, as I have said.



AN ELAND FAMILY.

The little creature nearly starved before we reached the South Lake Stockade, but it revived apace, and is at present a genuine pet.

So ends my eland excursion. The next time I may have less or greater luck to report to you. If I stay until the month's end, your uncle Harwood proposes that we go north after elephant.

## THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

BY THE CAPTAIN.

ON an island in the St. Lawrence River stood a camp last month in which all the canoeists who read HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE would have been greatly interested. It was the great annual encampment of the American Canoe Association, and in it were gathered about three hundred canoeists, who came from all parts of the United States and Canada.

This Association is now four years old, and has nearly one thousand members. Any canoeist living in America, whose behavior proves him to be a gentleman, may be-

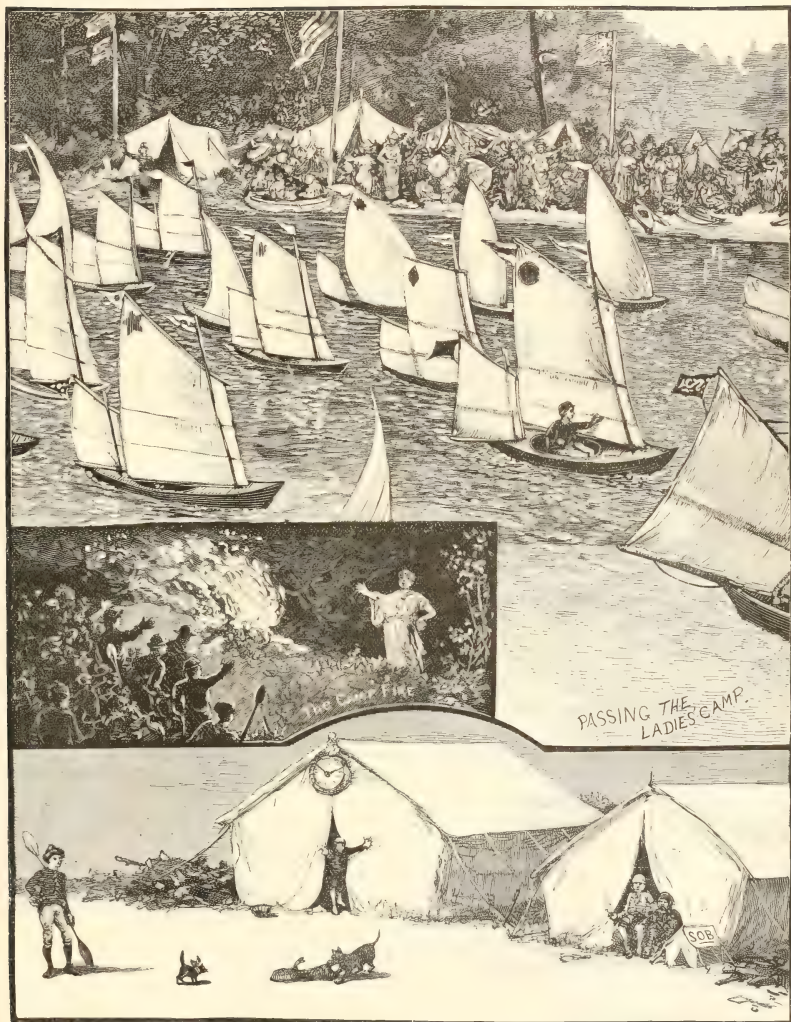
come a member by applying to the Secretary of the Association, and paying the dues, which are but two dollars for the first year, and after that one dollar annually. In August of each year a gathering, or "Meet," of the Association is held at some pleasant place previously selected, and here the canoeists go into camp for two weeks. At this Meet the members have a splendid opportunity of learning the practical details of camp life, and of studying all the latest improvements in canoes, their rigs, and outfits. Three days of the Meet are devoted to sailing and paddling races.

Fifty canoe clubs were represented at this year's Meet, and besides these many canoeists were present who do not belong to any club outside of the Association. Most of the clubs had large tents, above which from tall poles waved their various brightly colored flags, and around them were clustered the pretty little canoe tents, in which many of the canoeists preferred to sleep. Two of the most prominent clubs of the Association, the New York, and the Mohican from Albany, were camped close to each other.

In front of the New York tent hung an immense watch that had once done duty as a jeweller's sign. It was labelled "New York Time." Many of the visitors to the camp laughed heartily when they saw this huge watch, but when they

came to the Mohican camp they saw something that struck them as being even more funny. In front of the big club tent was the smallest tent ever seen. It was about a foot high, a foot wide, and eighteen inches long, was perfect in every detail, and had painted on one side the word "Sob." It was the tent of Sob, the Mohican Club dog, who lives in tents and canoes, and accompanies the captain of the club on all his expeditions.

Sob is a very small dog, of just the right size to travel in a canoe, and what he lacks in size he makes up in intelligence. He has learned a number of funny tricks, but none of them is funnier than one that was taught him in camp. This was to go cautiously over to the wood-pile of the New York camp, seize a stick of wood, and drag it over to the Mohican wood-pile. He often got hold of a stick larger than himself, and only succeeded by tremendous exertion in dragging it home. When he had accomplished one of these feats he would run to his master, all out of breath, but barking and wagging his tail, and would whine at him and pull him until he had visited the wood-pile, examined the stick that Sob had just brought, and said, "Good doggie."



SCENES AT THE CANOE CAMP ON THE ST. LAWRENCE, AUGUST, 1884.—DRAWN BY RUDOLPH BUNNER.



While the Mohicans boasted of their club dog, the Hartford canoeists were equally proud of their club kitten, a pretty little animal that enjoys cruising in a canoe more than anything else. While in camp she and Sob became great friends, and because he is a cat-nine, she was named "Cat-nine."

One day during the Meet Caten went out for a sail with one of her owners, and met with a sad accident. She was in such good spirits that instead of staying quietly inside the canoe, as she should have done, she frisked about the slippery deck, climbed up on the sail, and acted as though there was nothing whatever to fear. Suddenly there came a stronger puff of wind than usual, a quick lurch of the canoe, and in a moment poor Caten was in the water, swimming with all her might.

It must have seemed an age to the poor little kitten before the canoe could be put about, and she saw help approaching. She had sunk from sight twice before she was rescued and lifted, limp, dripping, and apparently lifeless, into the canoe from which she had fallen. She was taken to camp as quickly as possible, rubbed, dried, and nursed with the greatest care for a long time before she showed signs of life. Sob watched all the proceedings with evident anxiety, and in perfect silence, until he saw her open her eyes and make a feeble movement, when he began to bark joyously, and ran away in high spirits.

One day as the members of the Deseronto Club of Canada were sitting in front of their tents, they saw a tiny sail out in the river that seemed to be coming directly toward them. It kept straight on, and finally the boat to which it belonged went ashore on the beach in front of their camp. The canoeists picked it up and examined it with interest, for it was a genuine curiosity, and finally they hoisted it high up on a tree trunk above their tents, and kept it as their camp banner. It was a toy sloop, evidently of home manufacture, and probably built and launched by some Canadian boy; for it came from the direction of the Canadian town of Gananoque, five miles away. It could not possibly upset, for it was flat-bottomed, like a scow, and was provided with an immense centre-board made of a section of stove-pipe flattened out double. The block at the mast-head through which the throat and peak halyards were rove was a button, and the sail had been neatly enlarged so as to give it a better shape and a greater spread of canvas. Once during the canoe Meet it was again placed in the water, and Sob and Caten were put aboard as crew; but they only made a short voyage, for they expressed such a decided dislike for their craft that they were quickly taken from it into the canoes that were acting as escorts.

The two prettiest sights of the Meet were a daylight review of the entire fleet, under sail, by the Commodore of the Association, and a night review of the same fleet under paddle, but decked with myriads of Japanese lanterns. In addition to the lanterns each canoe burned beautiful colored fires, and from each were discharged Roman candles and other fire-works, until the whole scene was like a wonderful picture from fairy-land.

Every day wagon-loads of old stumps and dry wood were hauled to the top of Association Hill, back of the camp, and every evening they were made into immense camp fires, around which the canoeists gathered and told stories, sung songs, or listened to the music of a band, of which several came over from the mainland to serenade them. At one of these camp fires a ghost-like figure stalked into the circle of fire-light from out of the darkness, and delivered, in a most comical manner, a parody on Marc Antony's address at the burial of Caesar.

About half a mile from the canoe camp, on a wooded point, was another cluster of tents, in which were camped the families of many of the canoeists, for in this Association are members of all ages, from boys of sixteen to gray-headed men. In this "Ladies Camp," as it was called,

were many boys and girls who enjoyed themselves fully as much as their elders, if not even more.

At half past ten o'clock every night the clear, sweet notes of a bugle, blown in front of the Commodore's tent, advised everybody to go to bed, and ordered all loud noise to cease. At eight o'clock each morning the bugle ordered all flags to the mast-head, and at sunset its brazen notes sent them fluttering to the ground.

Besides seeing things to amuse him and make him laugh in this canoe camp, an observant boy would have picked up many bits of information that would be of use to him when it came time for him to go camping or cruising in a canoe. He would have seen all sorts of tents and cots and sleeping-bags, and canoe stores and tool chests and mess kits, and a hundred other things made for comfort and utility, but taking up the smallest possible space. Of all these things, I think, he would have been most interested in the canoe mess chest of one of the youngest canoeists present, a boy of about sixteen years old. It was just the size of Sob's tent—a foot wide, a foot high, and eighteen inches long, made of zinc, and had a wire handle on each end that folded down. Thus, when it was empty, it could be used for a pail to boil water in, to wash dishes, or in a dozen other ways. Its lid had a folding wire handle, and could be used as a frying-pan. Inside of it were six square double tin cans; that is, in each can was another, a trifle smaller, that exactly fitted it. Each of the outer cans had a folding wire handle on one corner, and a slight lip on the opposite one, so that it could be used as a coffee-pot, tea-pot, stew-pan, drinking cup, or for any kind of cooking in which it is necessary to boil water. The inner cans were for carrying provisions, and in them were coffee, tea, sugar, oatmeal, corn-meal, and butter. The tops of the inner cans were made deep, and could be used as cups.

It is probable that next year's encampment of the American Canoe Association will be held on this same island in the St. Lawrence, and by that time I hope that many of the boy readers of *YOUNG PEOPLE* will have become canoeists, and be able to enjoy for themselves the things they now read about.

#### BITS OF ADVICE.

BY AUNT MARJORIE PRECEPT.

#### ABOUT SMALL FEET.

**I** SAW Louie Arnold the other day, sitting in her room, and crying as if her heart would like to break, over, of all queer things in this queer world, a pair of new shoes.

Louie's great trouble in life is the fact that she happens to have a long and slender foot, when she admires a short and plump foot. She has a fancy that, between them, her mamma and the shoemaker are to blame for her foot, which she wants to look like Manie De Laney's. But mamma always insists that her little daughter's boots and slippers shall be a trifle longer than the foot (in Louie's opinion already too long), that the heels shall be low and broad, and that the shoe shall fit very nicely, but not cramp any part of the foot so tightly that the blood shall not have room to flow.

The shoemaker takes great pains to carry out her instructions. Louie's idea is that a very short, very tight little shoe, with very high heels, would make her look stylish. She would not mind limping about for a few days, as some of her school-mates always do when "breaking in" their new shoes.

"Just think of it!" she once said to me, in a tone of complaint; "I've never had to break in a shoe in my life. My shoes never hurt me, even the first day."

Happy little Louie! There are thousands of grown-up people who wish that twenty years ago their mothers had been as sensible and as firm as your mamma is now.



If you wear a shoe which is too narrow and too short, you will probably have both bunions and in-growing nails. The torture of these deformities is fearful, and after a while can not be borne with patience; the surgeon has to be called upon to cure one of the troubles, and the sufferer from the other has to go about in shoes like canoes for size.

A boy or girl who would like to be healthy and strong needs to take a great deal of exercise out-of-doors. As a person can not run, jump, climb, dance, or walk in tight, "choking" shoes, of course wholesome exertion in them is out of the question.

Aunt Marjorie's bit of advice is, Wear an easy shoe, have such a foot as nature has planned for you, and run about as much as you possibly can.

## WAS HE A HERO?

A TRUE STORY.

BY MARY DENSEL.

**T**HEY were all at the sea-shore during this very last July; among the rest, my little friend, with his aunt, who had taken care of him—wondrously tender and wise care—ever since his mother died, which was when Arthur was a baby, fourteen years ago.

The breezes at Prout's Neck were fresh and cool, very different from the close air which had wilted them in the hot city. The ocean, dashing against the rocks or surging up on the beach, was cool also; more than that, it is always cold on this headland off the coast of Maine.

That is why visitors can not take salt baths unless the blood flows quickly through their veins, else first a shiver, then a chill, at last a deadly coldness comes over them.

But a certain clergyman, who was stout and full-blooded, a hale and hearty physician, and our boy Arthur were ready for anything in the swimming line. They would probably have taken a dip in the open polar sea if they had chanced to summer there. At any rate, Prout's Neck did not daunt them. The stout clergyman was diving and ducking, the energetic doctor was plunging about in the water, while the "summer boarders" stood on the shore to laugh at their antics.

"Any under-tow?"

"Ten for every mother's son who puts his feet under water."

"Be sure the Jamaica ginger is on hand."

"Hot-water bags furnished gratis to thaw out frozen limbs!"

The water sparkled, tempting the reverend Doctor far from the shore, closely followed by the irreverent Doctor, who swam like a frog. But all at once the latter turned toward the land. The spectators noticed that he swam slowly; presently that each stroke came with an effort.

But he gained his foot-hold.

"No more for me to-day, thank you. There's cramp waiting for some one out yonder. Come, Doctor, come."

But the clergyman didn't answer. He was floating on his back.

"Resting for a fresh swim."

But the "rest" seemed to last a long time. A big wave carried him farther from shore. Could anything be wrong? An anxious thrill ran through the watchers. They strained their eyes. It became more and more evident that there was serious trouble. Some one cried, "Bring a rope."

A panic seized the group on the beach.

Farther and farther out floated the bather. He was trying to signal "distress." Only his head could now be seen. The ladies hurried their helpless hands. There was not a man near who could swim, excepting the physician, and it would only be a double death should he brave that icy water again.

The clergyman was losing strength. He could not keep above those rolling waves much longer. The distress became agony. To stand on that shore and see a man drown before one's very eyes was too horrible.

Suddenly the door of one of the bath-houses opened. There stood the slender figure of young Arthur Stearns, bare-armed, bare-legged, clad only in the close-fitting shirt and short trousers which left his limbs free play. He gave one intent look, and seemed instantly to understand the situation. Never a word did he speak. There was a quick bound to the water, a rush into the surf, and he had struck out toward the drowning man.

A cry of anguish went up from the beach. What could a child avail at such a time? The large man would seize him as one in his extremity clutches at a straw. They would be swallowed up by that pitiless water. How could they tell the awful tale to the childless father? How could the mother-aunt bear her misery when she saw her cherished child sink before her very eyes?

Steadily on swam the boy. His brain was working through all the excitement. This is what it told him:

"You remember, Arthur Stearns, how your auntie was once saved from drowning by some one's pushing her to land by pressing his hand against her feet held out stiff and straight."

"I remember," said Arthur.

"Keep clear of the Doctor's hands," added the steady brain.

"I will," answered Arthur, and swam quickly on.

The on-lookers, breathless with suspense, saw him come closer, closer—now reach the clergyman. They shuddered with fear lest he should be seized and dragged down.

He was pausing. One little hand was put under the Doctor's head. He was evidently speaking. No one could hear, but they could discern that probably his words were understood.

"I can push you ashore, sir, if you will keep your arms close to your side, and your feet together stiff, just as you are doing now. If you touch me we shall both drown."

The Doctor's sense had not wholly left him. He still knew enough to do as he was told.

With his left hand pressing the soles of the clergyman's feet, Arthur was making vigorous strokes with his free right arm.

Slowly, slowly, but surely, they were making progress. It was like a big man-of-war pushed by a tiny tug-boat. But the "tug" did valiant service. Nearer and nearer they came, till strong hands could reach out to draw the half-drowned clergyman to shore, and Arthur stood upright. His work was done.

Then they praised him. How those ladies did chatter and talk! They lauded the little hero to the skies. They patted and caressed him. They could find no words strong enough to express their admiration.

All that confused the boy. He had gone to the rescue of a perishing man. Of course he had. What else was there to do? He had known how to push him to land. Why, anybody ought to have known that. What was all this fuss about? It was very perplexing. He did not understand it—this simple-soled lad, who had been taught always, under all circumstances, to do the right. All day long their praises worried him.

But night-time came, and his aunt went upstairs to see that he was safe in bed, the mother-aunt, who had rejoiced greatly that her boy had proved himself worthy of the task set him. It was she who could always put matters in their true light.

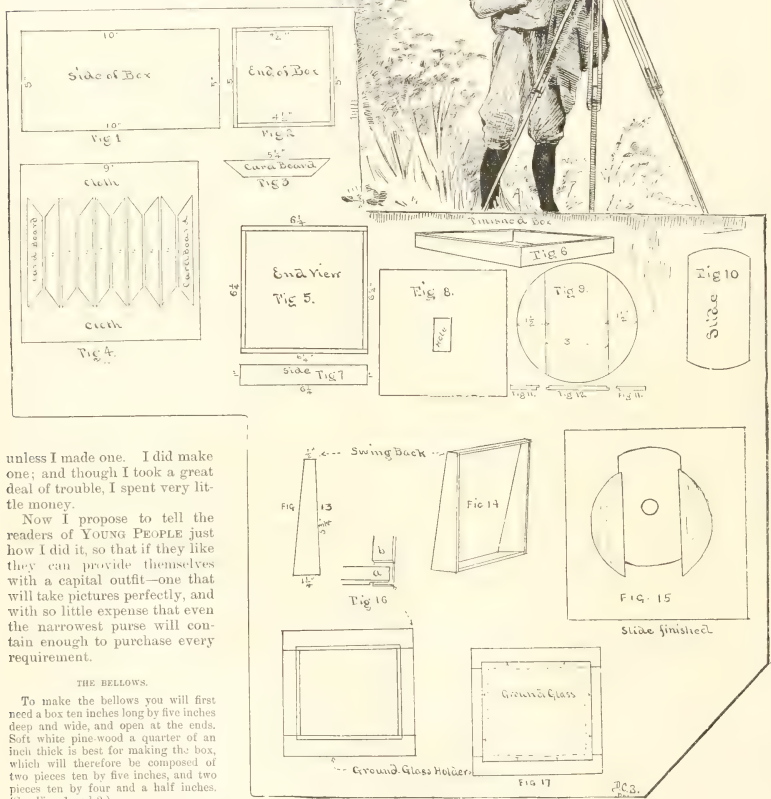
"Arthur dear," she said, "what you did to-day was nothing wonderful, but it was very wonderful that was given to you to do. That should make you very thankful."

That view of the case was easy to understand, and a happy boy closed his eyes that night and slept.

HOW TO MAKE A PHOTOGRAPHIC OUTFIT.

BY A BOY FOURTEEN YEARS OLD.

I DON'T know how many boys there are who want a photographic outfit as badly as I did. I did want one very, very much, and there seemed no way for me to get it



unless I made one. I did make one; and though I took a great deal of trouble, I spent very little money.

Now I propose to tell the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE just how I did it, so that if they like they can provide themselves with a capital outfit—one that will take pictures perfectly, and with so little expense that even the narrowest purse will contain enough to purchase every requirement.

THE BELLOWS.

To make the bellows you will first need a box ten inches long by five inches deep and wide, and open at the ends. Soft white pine-wood a quarter of an inch thick is best for making the box, which will therefore be composed of two pieces ten by five inches, and two pieces ten by four and a half inches. (See Figs. 1 and 2.)

Having made the box, take some stiff card-board, and cut out forty pieces like Fig. 3. The slips should be five and a quarter inches long on the longest side by three-quarters of an inch wide, with the ends converging toward the shorter side at an angle of forty-five degrees. Now take four pieces of black silesia nine inches square, lay them on the table, and paste with mucilage or glue ten pieces of the prepared card-board on each piece of cloth (see Fig. 4) about an eighth of an inch apart, beginning with a long side and ending with a long side. Next, with a few tacks passed through the cloth and not through the card-board, fasten the prepared cloth to the box, with the card-boards on the under side. Sew the projecting ends of the card-boards with stout linen thread. The cloth will lap one and seven-eighths inches over each side

of the box. Cut off each alternate lap, and glue the remaining laps over the sides of the box from which the cloth has been cut. Now take the tacks out, and paste a strip of silesia nine inches wide and twenty-two inches long around the box, and let it stand for twenty-four hours, in order that the glue may harden. Then take it off the box, and crease the spaces between the card-board strips, and you will have a good pair of bellows.

THE WOOD-WORK.

While the bellows are drying, you may work on other parts of the camera. The wood-work should be of soft wood a quarter of an inch

thick. Cut out two pieces six and a quarter inches by one inch, and two pieces five and three-quarter inches by one inch. Put these together with glue and finishing nails, file and sandpaper the corners, and you will have a neat box six and a quarter inches square by one inch deep, without top or bottom. (See Figs. 5, 6, and 7.)

Now make another box just like this, excepting that it is one and a half inches deep. Mark it No. 2, and put it aside for use when needed. Now take a piece of wood six and a quarter inches square, and cut a hole in the centre of it of the shape shown in Fig. 8, and large enough for the tube of your lens to slide up and down in freely. Care must be taken to have this hole exactly in the middle of the board. I can not give an exact size for the hole, as no two persons may have the same size of lens.

Next make a plan like Fig. 9, having the circle five inches in diameter. Measure in from each side one and a half inches, and cut out the middle piece, which will look like Fig. 10. Cut the straight edges of the outside pieces like Fig. 11, and both edges of the middle piece like Fig. 12.

Lay the first box on its edge, and put the front (Fig. 8) on it, fastening it there with finishing nails. Even the edges and corners. Take the three pieces of the circle and lay them on the front, with the middle piece exactly over the hole. Glue and nail with brads the outside pieces to the front in such a manner that the projecting edges will hold the sliding piece, but not prevent its free movement up and down. Cut a hole in the centre of the sliding piece in which to mount the lens. This is the "sliding front" which is used for taking such a view as a

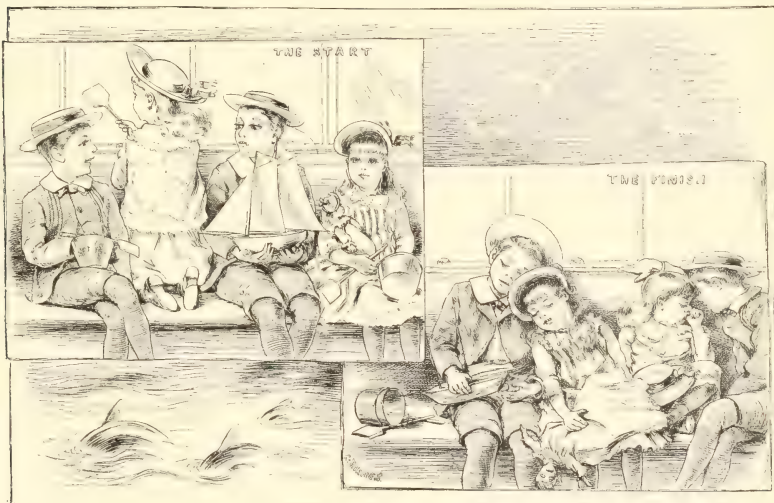
church steeple, which rises abruptly, or a view from a tower, which descends rapidly.

Now for the "swing back." Take two pieces of wood cut in the shape of Fig. 13, half an inch wide at top, one and a quarter inches wide at bottom, and five and three-quarter inches high. The bottom piece is six and a quarter inches long by one and a quarter inches wide; top piece six and a quarter inches long by half an inch wide. Fig. 13 shows the side elevation, Fig. 14 the swing back finished, and Fig. 15 shows the action of the sliding front.

#### THE HOLDER.

The ground-glass holder comes next. It is made of two pieces of wood each six and a quarter inches long by one inch wide, and two pieces each six and a quarter inches long by three-quarters of an inch wide. Cut half-way through each end of each piece (Fig. 16, a and b), and then join the pieces firmly so as to make a perfect square six and a quarter inches on each side on the inside edge of the piece three-quarters of an inch wide. Cut out a strip a quarter of an inch wide and about half-way through the wood, thus making a small ledge for the plate of ground glass to rest on. Cut a piece of ground glass of the size of the inside of the square, slip it on the ledge, and fasten it with brads and tacks (Figs. 16 and 17).

This is enough for this time. Next week we will continue the subject, showing how to complete the apparatus, and how to make a suitable and convenient box to hold it.



### A DAY AT CONEY ISLAND.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

"SEEMS like nurse ain't in a hurry; I guess she don't care if we're late. Charley, Dick, and I are ready.

Willie, come! the boat won't wait.

"Now we're off for Coney Island, Richard, Charley, Will, and I. With our pails, and Charley's *Psyche*—His new boat, with sails so high.

"And my doll, *Jemima Larker*. Has been sick as sick could be; So her doctor, Richard Parker, Ordered change for her and me.

"Oh, what fun to watch the white-caps Tumbling in from the great sea, As they chase the shining porpoise, Leaping, diving, in their glee!

"And what fun to take the white sand, Build a fortress to the sky, So that people can not see us As they wander gayly by!

"Oh, what fun to feel the water Climbing upward to your knee! Charley he can go out further, Further far, than Dick or me.

"And what fun to feel the fine sand Tickling up between your toes, And to hear the pretty ladies Say, 'You're rosy as a rose'!

"Oh, what fun to watch the *Psyche* Scudding gayly out to sea, With her sails all swelling outward, And the gulls for company!

"And how strange to find you're tired When the time has come to go, And the whistle blows so loudly, Making people hurry so!"

And somehow the boat's so sleepy That four sunny heads droop low, Dreaming o'er the day's adventures In the evening's amber glow,

While poor dolly, all neglected, Upside down beholds the sun, And wee Willie, sleeping sweetly, Dreams that supper-time has come.

"Seems like nurse ain't in a hurry, Though we ache to go to bed, For she stops to tell the house-maid What the big policeman said."



## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX

HERE is something very interesting indeed to every child who read the letter from Eddie's mamma in No. 247. The Postmistress had no doubt in her own mind that Eddie would receive a great many bright little postcards. Now you may see how each letter was like the cup of cold water given to one of His little ones, which the Master acknowledges as given to Himself.

FERGUS FALLS, MINNESOTA.

DEAR CHILDREN.—You saw a letter from Eddie's mamma asking you to write to him, didn't you? Well, do you think he got any letters? Did you write to him? Some of you did, for in the week the letter came out he received over eighty letters, and still they come. We write this now that you may know how we received them, and to say that after a while you will each receive a reply all to yourselves. I want each one of you to think this letter of thanks is for *you*. No matter how simple or poorly written your letter, dear how simple your gift, it helped to fill the measure of my darling's joy, for he was happy. My dear children, if you could have seen the look of happy surprise pleasure on his poor pale face as the letters came in, how the frail hands gathered them up, and then the bright eyes, and the mamma's leisure hour, you would feel more than repaid for the effort you have made. Your kind expressions of love and sympathy were very welcome and sweet to us, and helped us to more cheerfully take up the burden of our weary day. Children, I will never stand wither till the angels take up the shining shroud from the dark river; all the care, comfort, or pleasure he can have in this world must come to him through the gentle loving hands and the tender, thoughtful hearts of his children. He is an active, sensitive, intellectual, patient, loving, grateful spirit. Nothing in this world gives him more pleasure than to know that in this busy world some one thinks of and cares for him and mamma. Eddie is young enough to appreciate the dearest little printed letter. Also old enough, and his mind is sufficiently matured to appreciate fully these from our dear friends, and in this he and mamma are just of an age. Will our much-*loved* "Amperus" send a line to me? EDDIE SMITH.  
15 Lincoln Avenue, Fergus Falls, Minnesota.

BUTTE, MONTANA.

I thought I would write you a line, although I have written to you before; but I want to tell about the little trip my sister and I made last week. We went to a place on the Chesapeake Bay called Tomichester Bay, about twenty-six miles from Baltimore. It is an excursion resort, and there are two excursions there every day. A large steamer, named *Louis*, which carries a couple of hundred passengers, goes there. She makes two trips a day. I was on the first one, and sister and I went down and boarded there. There are such beautiful sunsets there every evening after the boat goes away, and the crowd too, and everything is quiet. We went down on the beach and gathered pretty stones and shells. I found almost a whole box of them. And a delightful visit and return home. How very much pleased I must and make my letter too long, so I will close.

CHARLIE D.

EUGENETOWN HOT SPRINGS.

I am staying at the Hot Springs, which are a mile and a half from Emigrant Gulch. They belong to my papa and some others. There is a little lake up in the hill above the house, and a bath-house by the hot springs, and we go down to bathe every day. My baby sister Nora enjoys it very much, especially standing under the water. When I come in, I sit on a log to keep me from tumbling down in the rush of the water. I ride on a little pony, and my mamma used to ride too, but her pony is gone away. Yesterday we were washing out some gravel in a pan. Papa found some gold and quite a few rubies. The

valley I live in is surrounded by lofty mountains, the tallest of which is Emigrant, much higher than I have been high. My papa says that the valley a few days ago, and was standing on a drift of snow, snow-balling. I fell off the pony one day, but it did not hurt me much. I have three little sisters—Ruth, Kate, and Nora. I take three papers, and each of my sisters takes one. I had a little chipmunk, but he ran away. We are living about five miles from the Yellowstone National Park, and the railroad to the Park passes through it every other place.

WINIFRED M.

It is very refreshing to hear of snow-balling in such weather as we have where the Postmistress lives. This far-away little writer must send another letter some day.

LA FAYETTE, ILLINOIS.

I am a former boy ten years old. I live on a large farm of my grandpa's. Our house is on a high hill, and Walnut Creek runs through the house. I run the new fish house. We have fifteen little calves, and one of them goes around and robs the other calves.

Mamma says I may write about a bird that I saw one day. It may be that some of the little children would like to know about it. It catches bugs and sticks them on a hedge thorn before its young hatch, and then gets them and feeds the young birds. We call them mouse-hawks. They are a light gray color, with large heads and short tails. I wonder if that is the right name. I wrote once before, but my letter was not printed.

MELVILLE B.

ELMHURST, NEW YORK.

I have been reading the letters in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and have not been able to stop. I have a number of papers, with very nice stories in them, which I would like to send to some hospital to comfort the poor little ones who are sick. Would you please give me an address, to which I may send them?

G. E. M.

Send them to Sister Catharine, St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children, 407 and 409 West Thirtieth Street, New York city.

TOWNE HOOK, MASSACHUSETTS.

I have been thinking of writing to you some time to tell you about the city in which I live. It has about 30,000 inhabitants. This city is called the Hub of the West. It has a large number of schools, and a large number of churches. It is well endowed by Mr. Rose, is located here; also the State Normal, which is annually attended by about 300 teachers. Our city schools are among the best in the State. We have a great distillery in the United States, but it burned down this summer, and I hope people will never find money enough to build it up again. This is quite a manufacturing place; there are two rolling mills, one blast-furnace and nail-works, and six flouring mills, and many others. My birthday will come on the 23d of August, and I shall be eleven years old. Grandma's birthday comes the same day, and she will be seventy-five years old. I shall attend school in the six-year grade this year. I would like to tell you about my house and my little brother, but I think my letter is too long. I have taken the paper for over a year, and like it very much.

M. A. G.

EUGENETOWN, MONTANA.

DEAR POST-MASTER.—As I have not yet had a letter from Franzensbad, I thought you and HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE would like to hear something about the place. It is a pretty little town of 3000 inhabitants. There are no rolling-mill and iron baths are the most popular. There are ten springs here. We have been travelling in Europe for nearly five years. We have been to many cities and villages. We were in school in Dresden, and was at the head of my class, and was not the oldest, as I am eleven; the other girls were thirteen and fourteen. All my lessons were in Latin and French. We can speak a word of English in school. There are about ninety scholars and twenty-four teachers in my school. It begins at eight in the morning and ends at one o'clock. How would the little American girls and boys like to have school till the 30th of July, and begin again on the 20th of August? I have got up at six o'clock so as to be ready for eight o'clock school. The public schools begin at seven o'clock. Good-by, dear Postmistress. Your constant reader.

CARRIE G. M.

P. S.—I send you a receipt for sandtarte.

The Little Housekeepers are greatly obliged to you.

SANDTARTE.—One pound of butter beaten to a foam, two yolks of two eggs, one egg, and one lemon, one pound of sugar, and, by degrees, add to it one pound of potato flour; this must be stirred one hour. Afterward add the twelve yolks of twelve eggs, and mix it all up in a flat pan, and let it bake in a moderate oven. It is delicious to eat with strawberries and cream. "This," says Carrie's mamma, "is hardly a receipt for young people to make, but I think it is most easily eaten by them when made."

CLARKVILLE, TEXAS.

I am a girl nine years old. I study Fifth Reader, Second Geography, First Grammar, First Arithmetic, and Spelling-Book. I began taking music lessons the first of May. My teacher says I am doing splendidly. I have no dolls. I have a very nice large French doll, and a great many nice books, which I take interest in reading. I just received two as a birthday gift, called *Young Folk's Encyclopedia of Common Things*.

BLANCHÉ T.

NEW YORK CITY.

As I have not written to you before, I thought I would do so now. I am a little girl eleven years old. As all the other girls tell you about their pets, I thought I would tell you about mine and my sister's. A girl that we know brought home from the country three kittens: she kept one for herself, and gave the other two kittens to my sister and myself. Every morning about seven o'clock they came up to our room. I had my cat for about one year and six months, and then he died. We have a little brown cat with two drawers in it, one of which is filled with catnip. When my sister's cat wants any he goes to the drawer and takes it out, and eats all the warts.

CLARA M.

NEEDHAM, KANSAS.

I have taken great pleasure in reading the letters written by the boys and girls in the Post-office Box of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and have taken it ever since its first publication, and like it very much. I like the story of "Left Behind, or Ten Days a Newsboy," very much, also "Nan," "Toby Tyler," and "Mr. Stubbs's Brother." I have a brother ten years old; his name is Herbert. I have also a little sister three years old. She has no name; we call her Midge. I have twelve brothers and one, and my birthday is the 7th of September.

HELEN McC.

ELM COTTAGE, CALDWELL, NEW JERSEY.

I thought you would like to hear from me, as I have never written to you before. I have been writing to you before. I read all the stories and letters, and enjoy them very much. I live in Caldwell, New Jersey, in the summer, and Roseland, New Jersey, in the winter. While staying in Caldwell we live on a farm owned by my papa, and enjoy it very much. I have two sisters and two brothers, one sister older than I, and two brothers younger. I am fourteen years old, and go to school and study very faithfully. My most difficult study is the history of the United States.

EVANGELINE MARIAN B.

BETHANIA, NORTH CAROLINA.

I have been taking your charming paper from almost the first number, and having seen no letter from exactly this portion of North Carolina, have decided to write and see if the Postmistress would include me in her great circle of little friends. I live near the central part of the State, in a little quaint Moravian village, which contains the second oldest Moravian church founded in America. One hundred and twenty-five years ago the whole surrounding country was the home of wild Indians and their ferocious wars. The first settlement, three miles distant, were often attacked by the red men. I go to school two terms a year, and am very fond of all my studies, especially of history. Papa gave me choice between *The Youth's Companion* and HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, but I can never give up "Hoppers," as my little sister calls it. I do not know when I shall be when I become a sailor, but at present I have a great inclination for the sea. If you were a boy, would you not like to be a sailor? But as I am only twelve years old, I will have a long time to wait before I can go so close, or you will think this too long to publish. Your friend,

EUGENE W. L.

Study diligently, Eugene, and fit yourself to be a useful and honorable man, whether you shall choose to pursue a calling on the sea or on the land. I am glad you are one of the boys who like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE thoroughly.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I see so many letters in the Post-office Box that I think I will write too. I may not be able to write a very interesting letter, but I will try. I have only one little sister, two years old. I wrote to little Eddie Smith, the little cripple whose mamma wrote to the Post-office Box and asked for some candy to send to her. I have not yet received an answer.

LULU F.

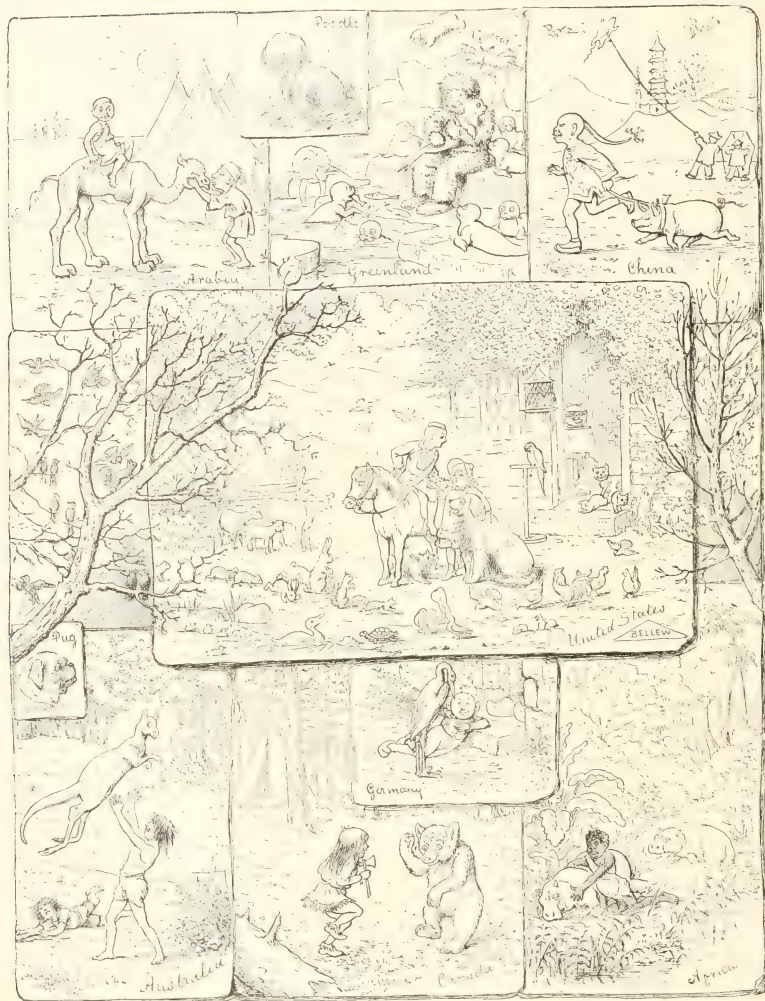
You are pleased to see what Eddie's mamma says to you, are you not?

NEW YORK CITY.

I live in New York in a very nice flat. Last Saturday night we have a splendid view of the North River. On a clear day we can see the Brooklyn Bridge. I have two sisters and no brothers, and I take a great interest in reading. I have never seen a picture of a person, and sent some of my own. I like to read the stories in YOUNG PEOPLE VERY







PETS OF VARIOUS NATIONS.

## A WATER TRICK.

IF water which is being boiled in a glass vessel be carefully observed, an ascending current may be seen in the middle of the vessel, due to the heated water rising to the surface, and that hot water is lighter than cold may be easily proved by the following experiment. Take a pretty wide glass vessel and

partly fill it with cold water; at the same time get ready some hot water, which need not be boiling, and color it with a little red ink. Then, placing a card upon the surface of the cold water, pour the colored hot water very gently on the floating card. If carefully done, it will be found that the hot water floats as a red layer on the top of the colorless cold water which occupies the bottom of the dish.

# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 24

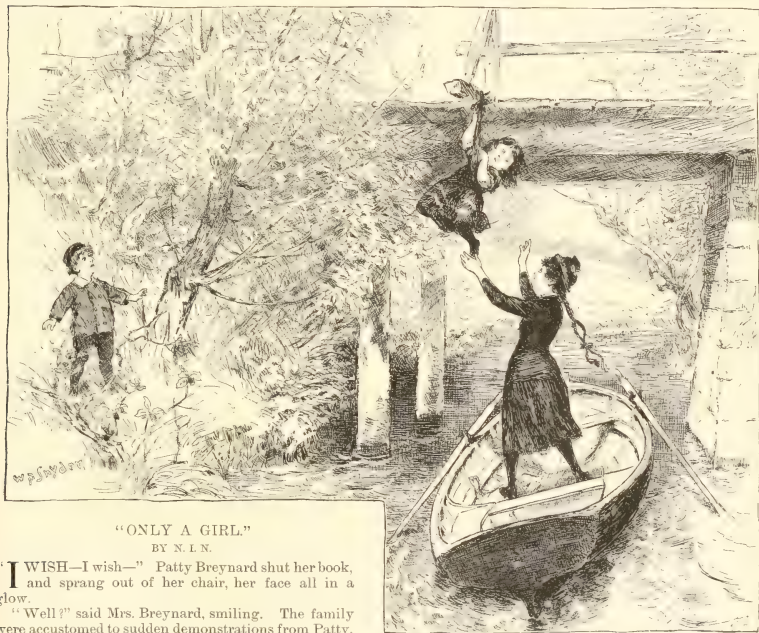
PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1884

Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS

\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



## "ONLY A GIRL."

BY N. L. N.

"I WISH—I wish—" Patty Breynard shut her book, and sprang out of her chair, her face all in a glow.

"Well?" said Mrs. Breynard, smiling. The family were accustomed to sudden demonstrations from Patty.

"Oh dear," exclaimed she, running her words together in a breathless fashion, "I wish I had lived at the time of the Crusades! I have just been reading how people made up quarrels, and sold their lands, and went out in a body to drive the Turks from the Holy Land, and Godfrey of Bouillon refused to be made the king. I should like to have been as noble as that."

"Dear me," put in Dick from the sofa, "what on earth could you have done? Women couldn't go anywhere. You are nothing but a girl, you know."

## "PATTY REACHED THE BRIDGE."

A cloud came over Patty's face. To be a girl seemed in Dick's eyes the crowning misfortune of life, and he delighted in expressing his sentiments to Patty, taking her down when she had a fit of the "high strikes," as he called it.

But in a moment a bright expression succeeded.

"That's just all you know about it, Dick Breynard,"



she said. "You had better read your history again. Women did go, some of them dressed as pages, and they wore the badge too—a red cross on their left shoulder—and—"

"The Crusades had many other features besides those you describe," interrupted her mother. "What good they accomplished was far apart from their original object, and there was the ruin of many a land and home. When you are older you will understand about it better. But, Patty, I have an errand for you to do this afternoon. Will a long walk tire you?"

"No, indeed!" Patty looked down at her sturdy limbs as though the mere idea were an insult.

"Papa said he should stay at the factory late to-night; there is some work he wishes to look after himself. Now a letter has come from Aunt Martha, saying that she will be at Hunter's Station this evening, and I am sure he will wish to meet her. Will you take the letter down to him before tea?"

Patty started for her hat and sash.

"Before you go," called out Dick, "just hand me that book you were reading, will you? and give my pillow a shake. Girls are—well, worth a little something about such things, you know," looking at her mischievously.

Patty obeyed, stopping to give his head several loving little strokes. Dick was a great tease, but just now he was suffering from a sprained ankle. He could not go out into the sunshine, nor drink in the fresh summer breeze, nor have any fun. Patty did not see how he bore it at all. So she re-arranged his pillows, drew back the curtains, that he might see better, and then once more bounded off.

In two minutes her bright face re-appeared in the doorway. "Mamma," she said, "Harry and Bessie both want to go with me. May they?"

Mrs. Breynard glanced at the clock. "It is pretty late," she said, "and rather a long walk for them." Then, seeing Patty's look of disappointment, "But perhaps you might take them as far as the bridge, and let them play near the boat-house until you come back. Only, Patty," she called out, going to the door, for at the first signal of consent the little girl had dashed from the room, "be very careful. Tell them they must not go on the bridge."

But Patty was already half-way down the garden path. "All right, mamma," she cried, gayly, waving back her hand.

Mrs. Breynard returned to her work. "There can't be any danger," she said, musingly. "Harry and Bessie are always so obedient."

Mr. Breynard's house was situated half a mile from a small fresh-water lake, one of a series connected by a deep flowing stream. A lane back of the house led to this stream, which was crossed by a narrow bridge at the point just above where it widened into the lake. At the head of the lake, on the opposite side, was a large paper manufactory, which was under his superintendence, and was where Patty's errand led her now. The children delighted in this place. Dick owned a boat, which he kept moored close by, and when he was well entertained them many an afternoon by rowing them over its smooth glassy waters.

They chattered joyfully on their way, running races and chasing butterflies. It did not take them long to reach the boat-house. Then a sudden thought struck Harry.

"Patty," he said, "can't you give us a little row?"

Patty looked doubtful. "I am not sure mamma would wish it. She might not like me to take you out all alone."

"She won't care," said Bessie, coaxingly. "You row as well as Dick, and it is so long since we had a sail. Do take us just a little ways—as far as the water-lilies out there!"

The cool, clear sheet of water looked very tempting after the walk.

"I haven't the key, and can't get the oars out of the

boat-house," Patty said, putting her hand instinctively into her pocket. Yes, there it was. She had forgotten to put it away in its place when she had used the boat the day before. "Well," she continued, "just long enough to gather a few water-lilies to put in Aunt Martha's room, and then you must be satisfied to wait till I come back."

How lovely the water was, the air so fresh, the sky so blue, with an array of clouds sailing like stately ships over its quiet surface! It scarcely seemed to the children that they had been out ten minutes, when the sun, travelling fast behind the hills, admonished Patty that she had lost considerable time.

"I will not stop to look up now," she said, as she drew the boat under some trees. "You, Harry and Bessie, stay here and watch it until I come back."

Once fairly off, she soon arrived at her father's office. But here a fresh delay awaited her. Mr. Breynard was very busy talking with a gentleman, a member of the firm, and could not attend to Patty for some time. At last he heard her message, and read the letter.

"I can not possibly be home," he said, "before eight o'clock, but there will be time enough to meet Aunt Martha then. The train does not get in until after nine. Tell mamma, Patty, to have Dobbin harnessed, and do not delay the journey."

Patty's journey homeward was a little more deliberate. While waiting in her father's office it had dawned upon her memory like a flash that her mother had forbidden her only the week before to take the children out alone in the boat.

"You must wait until Dick is well, Patty," she had said, "unless papa or I go with you. Harry and Bessie are too little yet to be trusted on the water without any one to look after them, and you can not possibly manage them and the boat too. So for the present you must do your sailing alone."

Patty's conscience pricked her sorely as she walked slowly along, with the consciousness of having betrayed her mother's confidence. She had been trusted against her mother's better judgment too. She knew that, for she had seen the hesitation in Mrs. Breynard's face when she gave her consent. To be sure, she had forgotten, but mamma would say that was no excuse. Was not a girl thirteen years of age old enough to think?

The consequences of a careless act are sometimes as dreadful as those where the offender is more guilty. Patty remembered the terrible railroad accident that had occurred a few months before, because the engineer had not said that the brakes were out of order, and shuddered. "Well," she thought, "I will remember next time. Anyway, nothing has happened to them; I am thankful for that;" and then she gave a little start and quickened her pace. How could she be so sure? She had left the children at the water's edge with the boat. Suppose it should enter their minds to get into it, and they should float away by themselves! The little girl's walk turned into a run as she neared the bridge.

Yes, there they were, quietly sitting by the boat, and perfectly safe, Harry waving his hat as he saw her in the distance, Bessie crying out with pleasure as she sprang forward to meet her, dragging an oar in her hand.

"Be careful, Bessie; don't run!" shouted Patty from the opposite shore. "Wait on the bank for me."

But the warning came too late; the child was already on the bridge, and even as Patty spoke, her foot entangled in the oar; she tripped, fell against the light railing, and, crash!

Patty's heart gave one leap, and then stood perfectly still, as she waited to hear the splash in the waters below.

But it did not come; only a cry of childish terror resounded through the air. How she ever reached the bridge, how she ever had the strength to cross it, Patty never knew; but in an instant she was on the spot, and then she



saw what so far had saved Bessie's life. In the fall her sash had caught, and partially wound itself round a hook projecting from a board which sustained the bridge below. The child hung suspended in the air, supported only by a rusty nail, which even now was giving way under her weight. Patty leaned forward, trying to grasp the child, but she was just beyond her reach. The thought went through her mind like the lightning's flash: "It would do no good anyway. She is too heavy. I could not lift her." Then she called out calmly, though her heart beat so loudly she scarcely heard her own words:

"Be perfectly quiet; oh, Bessie, do not struggle, or you will surely fall! I will get you in a moment, dear; only do just as I tell you."

The little girl did not speak, and instantly, quicker than she could think, Patty was in the boat. Would she ever reach her? It seemed to Patty that she could fairly hear the creaking of the nail against the decayed wood as it wrenched itself from its place; then, with all her strength, she added stroke to stroke, and the little boat shot down the current.

On, on, with the consciousness that the knot in Bessie's sash was loosening, that she was slipping nearer and nearer to the water. In a moment it would all be over. One prayer, one superhuman effort, a shout of triumph from Harry on the shore. Patty reached the bridge, steadied herself in the boat, and received the child into her arms just as the hook gave way and fell with a splash into the water.

What a long walk it was home, and how terribly tired Patty felt with the reaction after all the strain and excitement! Scarcely a word was said. Bessie clung tightly to Patty's hand, while Harry kept close to his little sister's side, thinking how dreadful it would have been if, instead of walking by them, they had had to carry her little form, rescued, cold and white, from those terrible waters.

Three shrinking little figures, three white little faces, met Mrs. Breynard's gaze as she stood on the door-step straining her eyes out into the evening gloom.

"I disobeyed you, mamma," sobbed Patty, "and almost killed Bessie." Then everything about grew very black, and the stars just peeping out in the evening sky seemed to come down from their places and flash all about Patty in the darkness. When she came to herself again she was lying on the sitting-room sofa, Mrs. Breynard rubbing her hands with cologne, and Dick on his crutches standing at the end, gazing wistfully into her face.

It took a long time to tell the story. Papa had arrived, and if the train had not fortunately been late, Aunt Martha would have found herself quite forgotten. Once herself again, however, Patty told it simply and bravely, taking all the blame, and quite unconscious that in the eyes of the family she was little less than a heroine. Mrs. Breynard held Bessie in her lap, but her hand grasped Patty's very tight as she heard of her darling's danger, and in Dick's eyes there arose a very suspicious moisture.

"Catch me talking about girls again," he said. "You did have presence of mind. Why, Patty, I should have been proud to have you for a page if I had been a Crusader. What did you think when you were rowing so fast?"

"That it was all my fault," gasped Patty. "Don't praise me, Dick. If I had only remembered and minded mamma, the oars would have been safe in the boat-house, and the whole thing would never have happened."

"I don't know about that," said Dick, reflectively, going over toward the window to look out, as if he might there gain some fresh information on the subject.

There was no answer, presently a little heavier breathing, and when Dick turned again, Patty, worn out by the day's exertions, had fallen fast asleep on the sofa.

As soon as he could hobble comfortably about on his

crutches, Dick had a mysterious errand into town, and a few days later Patty was surprised by receiving from him a neat little package. Inside, reposing in a tiny velvet case, lay a bright silver pin, on which was engraved a boat crossed with a pair of oars, and underneath the words, *Dux femina facti*.\*

By what process of reasoning the classical Dick had associated Bessie's rescue with the feats of the immortal Dido, Patty did not stop to inquire, but the gift, "her honor badge," Dick called it, gave her a great deal of happiness. Not only did she value it for its beauty and what it recalled, but because she felt it sealed the promise made tacitly on that night, which they would none of them ever forget, that never again, either in earnest or in play, would Dick taunt her with being "Only a Girl."

## THE LITTLE GRENADIER.†

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

ON the field of Balaklava  
The British grenadiers  
Marched in the van of battle  
With clear and ringing cheers.  
And with them, keeping time and step,  
A lad not twelve years old—  
The pet of the Third Battalion,  
Wearing their red and gold,  
Amid the ceaseless rain of fire,  
Amid the clash of steel,  
His little heart throbb'd high to know  
The joy that warriors feel.  
From point to point, with small fleet feet  
And eager face alight,  
He passed, undaunted and unharmed,  
Through all that bloody fight.  
But when the darkness call a truce,  
And men a respite found,  
And fifteen hundred Englishmen  
Were lying on the ground,  
Then gentle Mercy stooped and gave  
The order to his heart:  
And then the little hero filled  
A more than hero's part.

Amongst the wounded grenadiers  
With hopeful words he sped,  
Piling the stocks of broken guns  
He found among the dead;  
And while men watched him flit about  
In the cold, misty night,  
Wondering what purpose he could have,  
Up sprang the blazing light,  
Making one bright and cheerful spot  
Where all was dark and cold,  
And spreading saving warmth around  
The men in red and gold.  
While with a skillful haste he brewed  
The warm, refreshing tea;  
A common service, but to them  
An angel ministry.

To some it was a draught of life;  
To some it only gave  
A moment's rest, ere they could win  
The quiet of the grave.  
But, oh, what eyes were raised to his!  
What words were muttered low!  
What fervent blessings followed him  
As he passed to and fro!

His Colonel loved him for the deed,  
And far and wide 'twas told  
How on that dark and bloody field  
The boy in red and gold  
Had made the tea and served the men,  
With none to help or cheer;  
And noble hearts praised everywhere  
The little grenadier.

\* A woman was leader in the deed.

† The little grenadier is Thomas Keep of the Third Battalion of British Grenadier Guards. His valor both in the battles of Inkerman and Balaklava was considered worthy of special praise, and Colonel Wood of the Third Battalion wrote an account of the incident, as did Philip Gilbert Hamerton, who makes the child's age ten years.



"WANT YOUR BREAKFAST, TOMMY"

## ADVENTURES OF A NAVAL MONKEY.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

ONE of the great British war ships in the Crimean war between England and Russia was the *Bellerophon*. On board of this ship there lived an ape named Sambo, who made a great deal of fun for both officers and men. He also got himself into numberless scrapes, and "smelt powder" oftener than monkeys like to do.

Sambo was so fond of mischief that he was kept chained to a small house, or kennel; but this was not a heavy structure, and seizing the chain in one hand, so as to take the strain off his belt, he would drag it all about the main-deck, going pretty much where he pleased, after all.

A favorite spot with him, because of its warmth, was the galley, or ship's kitchen. One day, finding the galley quite clear, he tried his hand at cooking, and in about half a minute nearly succeeded in producing a dish of boiled monkey, by spilling a kettleful of hot water over himself. It was a long time before he recovered, and ever afterward, whenever he got in the cooks' way, they had only to show him a kettle, filled or empty, to make him scamper off, yelling with terror.

Though he remembered the scalding so well, yet he tried another experiment in the galley, this time at baking. Seeing an oven door open one cold night, and thinking himself in great luck to hit upon so snug and warm a berth, he crept in, and went to sleep. By-and-by the cook came, shut the oven door, and lighted the fire. It was not long before strange noises—scratching and faint squealing—began to issue from the stove, so that the cook made up his mind it was possessed by goblins. Finally, however, he plucked up courage enough to open the oven door, when out leaped the well-warmed Sambo, grinning and chattering at a tremendous rate over his narrow escape.

To some of the youngsters on board he took a dislike; perhaps they had plagued him. He was well able to return the compliment. When one of them would be folding up his hammock in the morning, Sambo would suddenly leap from his hiding-place into the hammock,

which the boy would drop instantly, for the monkey *could* bite if he cared to. There Sambo would sit, growling and making faces, until he got tired of the fun, and gave up his prize. Still he was on good terms with nearly everybody. In the evening he especially enjoyed nestling under the overcoat of some officer, and getting whiffs of his tobacco smoke. Once he broke his chain, stole into the clerk's office, tore papers to pieces, upset the ink, and so daubed his fur with the black fluid that he looked like a young negro. Discovered at this, and knowing what he deserved, he fled to the loftiest rigging, and could not be persuaded to come down for a long time.

Sambo's anxiety all the time was to keep himself warm at night. At last he hit upon a novel way. Discovering that he could reach the poultry coops, which were hung to a beam, he watched until a hen put her head out between the bars. At once Sambo made a grab, and pulled the unfortunate fowl out by the neck. Holding her firmly, he dragged his kennel back to its place before the galley fire, where he lay down, and slept all night with the chicken in his arms like a baby. Next morning he partly led and partly drove her back to her coop. Every cold night after that he provided himself in this way with a warm bed-fellow, never hurting the fowls beyond their unpleasant experience in being dragged through the coop bars.

By-and-by the great ship became engaged in the battle of Sebastopol. In the midst of the bombardment a shell came through an opening in the deck, and exploded among the sheep pens and poultry coops, to which Sambo had been consigned when preparations for the battle were made. The shell knocked the coops to pieces, killed most of the hens and turkeys, and smashed things generally. Out of the smoke and sulphur and shower of splinters and feathers came Sambo, frightened almost to death, but otherwise unharmed, and leaped with one bound into the arms of an officer standing near by. He trembled with fear, and in tones of the strongest indignation began to tell in the most rapid way the story of the outrage he had suffered.

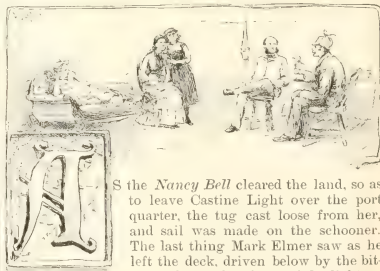
Though shot and shell hurtled thickly through the rigging and about the hull all day long, Sambo remained untouched; and at night the officer of the deck reported him to the admiral as having behaved with *great gallantry* during the action.

## WAKULLA.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

### CHAPTER III.

"CAPTAIN LI'S" STORY.



As the *Nancy Bell* cleared the land, so as to leave Castine Light over the port quarter, the tug cast loose from her, and sail was made on the schooner. The last thing Mark Elmer saw as he left the deck, driven below by the bitter cold, was the gleam of the light on Owl's Head, outside which Captain

Drew said they should find the sea pretty rough.

The rest of the family had gone below some time be-

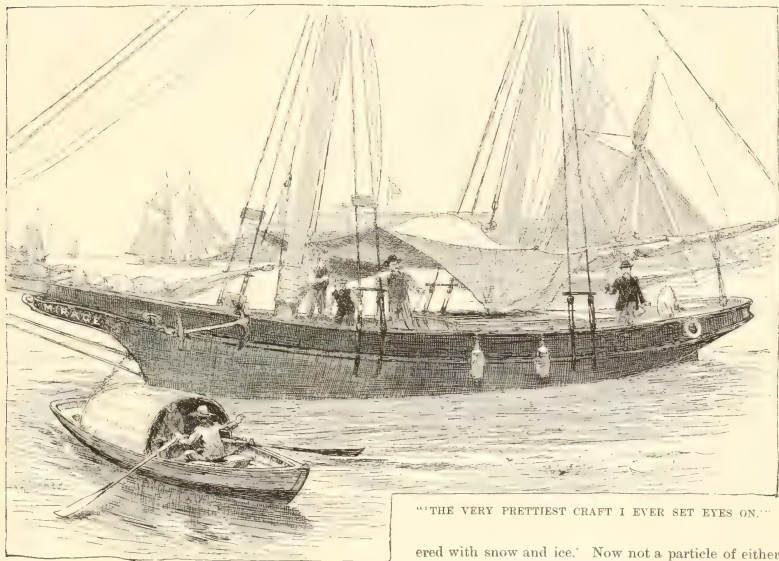
fore, and Mark found that his mother was already very seasick. He felt rather uncomfortable himself, and did not care much for the supper of which his father and Ruth ate so heartily. He said he thought he would go to bed before supper was half over, and did so, although it was only six o'clock. Poor Mark! it was a week before he again sat at table or went on deck.

During this week the *Nancy Bell* sailed along the coasts of Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina. She went inside of Martha's Vineyard, through Vineyard Sound, in company with a great fleet of coasters; but when they passed Gay Head and turned to the

worst capes along our entire Atlantic coast, and is probably the one most dreaded by sailors. When coming home from the West Indies they sing an old song which begins:

"Now if the Bermudas let you pass,  
Then look for Cape Hatteras."

Slowly dressing, with the Captain's aid, Mark, feeling very weak, but free from the horrible sickness from which he had suffered so long, managed to get out on deck. He was astonished at the change that one week's sailing southward had made in the general appearance of things. When he was last on deck, it and the rigging were cov-



"THE VERY PRETTIEST CRAFT I EVER SET EYES ON."

westward into Long Island Sound, the *Nancy* was headed toward the lonely light-house on Montauk Point, the extreme end of Long Island. From here her course was for the Cape May Light-ship, on the New Jersey coast, and for some time she was out of sight of land.

So they sailed, day after day, ever southward, and toward the warmth which was to make Mr. Elmer well and strong again.

Although Mark was very ill all this time, Ruth was as bright and well as though she were on land. This was very mortifying to her brother; but "Captain Li," who went in to see him every day, comforted him by telling him of old sailors he had known who were always seasick for the first few days of every voyage they undertook.

The schooner was off Cape Hatteras before Mark felt able to leave his berth. At last one evening, when the sea was very quiet, "Captain Li" said: "Come, Mark, I want you to turn out and go on deck to see the last of Hatteras Light. You know Cape Hatteras is one of the

ered with snow and ice.' Now not a particle of either was to be seen, and the air was mild and pleasant. A new moon hung low in the western sky, and over the smooth sea the schooner was rippling along merrily under every stitch of canvas that she could spread.

Mark received a warm welcome from his father, mother, and Ruth, who were all on deck, but had not expected to see him there that evening.

"Quick, Mark! Look! Hatteras is 'most gone," said Ruth, pointing, as she spoke, to a little twinkle of light so far astern that it seemed to rest on the very waters.

Half an hour later the Captain said, "Now let's go below, where it is warmer; and if you care to hear it, I will spin you a yarn of Hatteras Light."

"Yes, indeed," said Ruth and Mark together.

"By all means; a story is just the thing," said Mr. and Mrs. Elmer, also together, at which they all laughed, hooked little fingers, and wished.

When they had made themselves comfortable in the cabin, Mark being allowed to occupy the lounge on account of his recent illness, the Captain began as follows:

"Ten years ago this winter I made my first voyage of

any length, though before that I had made some short runs on a little coaster between New York and down-East ports. Getting tired of this, and wanting to see something more of the world, I shipped in New York, early in December, on board the very prettiest craft I ever set eyes on, for a voyage to the West Indies. She was the hundred-ton schooner-yacht *Mirage*, and her owner had determined to try and make her pay him something during the winter by running her as a fruiter. She carried a crew of five men, besides the captain, mate, and steward, all young and able seamen. I was the youngest and least experienced, but was large for my age, and passed muster with the rest.

"We had a pleasant run down to Havana, passing Moro Castle, and dropping anchor on the seventh day out from New York, but found some trouble there in getting a cargo for the home voyage. The delay worried our skipper considerably, for he had calculated on being home with his wife and baby at Christmas. But we of the crew enjoyed the city, and I for one got leave to go ashore whenever I could, and made the most of my opportunity to see the sights.

"We had laid there about ten days, when one morning, as the skipper came up the after-companionway from the cabin, a big gray rat rushed out on deck ahead of him, scampered to the side, and plumped overboard. We all saw it in the water, swimming for the quay, which was but a short distance from us, and, quick as a thought, the skipper had jumped back into the cabin for his pistol, and before the beast had got more than half-way he had fired several shots at it. The bullets struck all around the rat, but didn't hit it, and we saw him disappear through a crevice between the stones of the quay.

"Our captain was a very superstitious man, and this incident troubled him, for I heard him say to the mate that he never knew any ship to have good luck when once the rats began to leave her.

"Soon after this we took in our cargo of pine-apples and bananas, and started for home. Our first three days' run was as pretty as ever was made, and, with the Gulf Stream to help us, it seemed as though we might make New York in time for Christmas, after all.

"Then there came a change; first a gale that drove us to the westward, and then light head-winds, or no winds at all; and so we knocked round for three days more, and on the day before Christmas we hadn't rounded Hatteras, let alone made Sandy Hook, as we had hoped to do.

"It was a curious sort of a day, mild and hazy, with the sun showing round and yellow as an orange. The skipper was uneasy, and kept squinting at the weather, first on one side and then the other. We heard him say to the mate that something was coming, for the mercury was falling faster than he had ever seen it.

"Things stood so until sunset, when the haze settled down thicker than ever. I was at the wheel, when the skipper came on deck and ordered all canvas to be stripped from her except the double-reefed mainsail and a corner of the jib. He sung out to me to keep a sharp lookout for Hatteras Light, and then went below again.

"When I caught sight of the light, about an hour later, and reported it, it wasn't any brighter than it looked when you came on deck a while ago, Mark, and we were heading directly for it. When the skipper came up and looked at it he told me to keep her so while he took a squint at the chart.

"He hadn't more than gone below again when there came such a gust of wind and rain, with thunder and lightning close after, as to hide the light and keep me busy for a few minutes holding the schooner up to it.

"The squall passed as suddenly as it came, and there was the light, right over the end of the flying-jib-boom, burning as steady as ever, but looking mighty blue somehow. I thought it was the effect of the mist, and tried to

keep her headed for it. As I was getting terribly puzzled and fussed up by what I thought was the strange action of the compass, and by the way the little spiteful gusts of wind seemed to come from every quarter at once, the skipper came on deck.

"How does Hatteras Light bear?"

"Dead ahead, sir," said I.

"As he stepped on deck he turned to look at it, and I saw him start as though he saw something awful. He looked for half a minute, and then, in a half-choked sort of voice, he gasped out, 'The Death-Light!'

"At the same moment the light that I had took to be Hatteras rolled, like a ball of fire, along the jib-topsail-stay to the topmast head, and then I knew it was a St. Elmo's fire, a thing I'd heard of but never seen before.

"As we all looked at it, afraid almost to say a word, there came a sound like a moan over the sea, and in another minute a cyclone such as I hope never to see again laid us, first on our beam ends, and then drove us at a fearful rate directly toward the coast.

"We drove this way for an hour or more, unable to do a thing to help ourselves, and then she struck on Hatteras sands. Her masts went as she struck, and as they fell a huge sea, rushing over the poor craft, swept overboard the captain and two men. It was some time before we knew they were gone, for we could see nothing nor hear anything but the howl of the tempest.

"At last we got rid of the floating wreck of spars by clearing the tangled rigging with our knives, and, thus relieved, the schooner was driven a good bit further over the sands. Finally she stuck fast, and began to break up. One of her boats was stove and worthless, and in trying to clear away the other, a metallic life-boat, another man was swept overboard and lost.

"The mate and two of the crew besides myself finally got away from the wreck in this boat, and were driven to the beach, on which we were flung more dead than alive.

"The next morning we made our way to the light-house, where we were kindly cared for, but where our Christmas dinner was a pretty sad affair.

"The captain's body was washed up on the beach, and a week from that day we took it and the news of his death together to his wife in New York.

"Since then I have always felt easier when I have left Hatteras Light well astern, as we have for this time at any rate. Well, there's eight bells, and I must be on deck, so good-night to you all, and pleasant dreams."

"Is there any such thing as a 'death-light' that warns people of coming disaster?" asked Ruth of her father, when the Captain had left them.

"No, my dear," he answered, "there is not. The St. Elmo's light, or St. Elmo's fire, is frequently seen in tropical seas, though rarely as far north as Cape Hatteras; and as it is generally accompanied by cyclones or hurricanes, sailors have come to regard it as an omen of evil. It is not always followed by evil consequences, however, and to believe that it foretells death is idle and foolish."

After leaving Hatteras not another evidence of land was seen by the passengers of the *Nancy Bell* for three days. At last one afternoon "Captain Li" pointed out and called their attention to a slender shaft, rising apparently from the sea itself, far to the westward. He told them that it was the light-house at Jupiter Inlet, well down on the coast of Florida, and they regarded it with great interest, as giving them their first glimpse of the land that was so soon to be their home.

Mark had almost forgotten his seasickness, and spent much of his time with Jan Jansen, who taught him to make knots and splices, to box the compass, and to steer. Both Mark and Ruth were tanned brown by the hot sun, and Mr. Elmer said the warmth of the air had already made a new man of him.



## THE ST. ELMO FIRE.

BY C. J. M.

ELECTRICIANS are agreed that electricity exists everywhere, on the earth as well as in the air. They have divided it into two kinds, viz., negative and positive. The earth is charged with the former, and the air with the latter kind. Either of these two kinds will attract the other, but repel anything charged like itself.

When bodies are at rest the electricity is in a state of equilibrium; that is, both kinds are present in equal quantities. When they are in motion this equilibrium is disturbed, and an interchange takes place until it is restored. It is supposed that electricity is in motion everywhere and always, although we are but seldom aware of its presence. It manifests itself in many different ways. Lightning and the aurora borealis represent the process of a restoration of an electrical equilibrium on a grand scale.

Another instance of this continual shifting about are the St. Elmo fires. They seem to be lights resting on the tops of masts, steeples, and other prominent points at night in stormy weather, and are caused by the escape of the negative electricity from the earth into the atmosphere. These lights are usually accompanied by a hissing noise, and are entirely without heat.

It is related that when a French naval officer saw these lights at the tops of the masts of his ship one wild night in the Mediterranean, he became very much alarmed for its safety, believing that it would be set on fire. He had the iron tips of the masts removed, but the light streamed from the wood as steadily as from the iron, and in a short time he became convinced that there was no danger.

A few years ago the captain of an iron vessel passing down the English Channel noticed bright pencils of light shooting out from his masts, yards, and bowsprit. He climbed out on the latter, and cautiously approaching his hand to the flame, was surprised to feel no heat.

The St. Elmo fire was also noticed in ancient times. Caesar making mention of the fire that rested on the tips of the soldiers' weapons.

It is seen at rare intervals in the United States. The Signal Service officer stationed on Pike's Peak, Colorado, reports a very interesting exhibition which took place in June of last year. The telegraph wire running up the mountain was seen surrounded by a bright light, from which small flames were darting from point to point. An attempt to touch them was not very successful. The moment a finger was brought near them they disappeared entirely, or skipped to another place. The weather-vane on the station looked like a fiery arrow, and the rapidly revolving anemometer presented the appearance of a globe of fire. The officer thrust his hand into the blaze surrounding it, when it appeared on fire, but he felt no heat. He then opened his hand, and from the tip of every finger one or more pencils of light shot forth with a hissing noise. After lasting about fifteen minutes all the lights suddenly disappeared.

In the Mediterranean seamen gave these lights the name of St. Erasmus. It was in course of time shortened to St. Ermo, and finally to its present one of St. Elmo.

## ALONE IN THE ENEMY'S CAMP.

## A STORY OF THE HIMALAYA MOUNTAINS.

BY DAVID KER.

"**F**ALL back, boys—it's no use."

It was no use, indeed. All along the one narrow path that zigzagged upward among rocks and thickets toward the hill foot of Kalunga, red-coated Englishmen and white-frocked Sepoys were lying dead or wounded by scores, and the rattle of the firing from above grew louder and heavier every moment. The sun was just sinking

behind the great purple wall of the Himalaya Mountains as the baffled assailants drew slowly off down the ridge, and the British soldiers gnashed their teeth as they heard the taunting shout of the Gorkhas from above:

"When that sun shall rise where it now sets, then will you take Kalunga!"

"We must just starve these fellows out," said General Ochterlony at the council of war that night. "They must soon run short of food and water, and then we'll have that fort without losing a man."

The siege was accordingly turned into a blockade; but the General had no idea of leaving the enemy undisturbed. On the contrary, he sent forward a number of his best marksmen with orders to open a spattering fire upon the fort, to keep up a continual shouting as if they were just about to make another attack, and, in short, to alarm and harass the enemy as much as possible.

The Gorkhas replied briskly with their heavy matchlocks and jezails (long-barrelled rifles). The whole hill was soon alive with cracking musketry and puffs of white smoke, while the white frocks and scarlet jackets flitting hither and thither among the green leaves, the constant flashes of fire from the gloomy shadow of the forest, the continual shouting of the skirmishers below, and the shrill yells of the Gorkhas above, made up a very exciting scene.

Suddenly, to the amazement of all the lookers-on, a single Gorkha was seen to issue from the belt of brushwood around the fort, and to come striding down the break-neck path toward the British camp through the thickest of the fire, as coolly as if the bullets that whistled on every side of him were only tufts of thistle-down.

"Cease firing!" shouted the officer in command of the skirmishers, "and let us see what the fellow wants."

The bugler sounded the signal, and instantly the English fire ceased. Down came the solitary figure till it reached the foot of the hill. It was then seen that the Gorkha was holding his hand to his face as if hurt or in pain; but he marched boldly up to the wondering officer, and said:

"Where is the chief of the Ugrez [English]? I must speak with him."

The officer stared, as well he might; but he thought that this queer visitor must be the bearer of some message from the Gorkha leader, and led him away to General Ochterlony's quarters without farther parley.

The General was just starting on his rounds when the officer came up with his extraordinary companion. The Gorkha cast one sharp glance at the old soldier's firm, manly face, and then said, as boldly as ever, though in a thick, broken voice which showed that he was badly hurt:

"Chief of the English, one of your bullets has broken my jaw, and among us there is no man of medicine who can heal the wound; wherefore I have come to give myself into the hands of your doctor."

The old General was not easily upset, but at this cool demand his iron features fairly quivered with suppressed laughter. He controlled himself, however, and said simply, "Call Dr. O'Reilly."

In a few minutes up came a sturdy, red-faced, jolly-looking Irishman, whose big blue eyes twinkled with fun and good-humor. The moment the case was explained to him, he turned to the Gorkha and cried:

"Come into our camp all alone by yersilf, is it? and all to give me a chance of docthorin' yez? Shure, thin, wasn't ye afear'd that we'd kill ye?"

"You are warriors, and we are warriors," answered the little Nepaulese, proudly, when this was interpreted to him. "Treachery is for snakes and jackals, not for brave men."

"Faith, but ye're a broth of a boy intirely," said the warm-hearted Irishman, seizing him by the hand; "and it's mysilf that'll docthor yez wid all the pleasure in loife. Come along, honey."

The doctor's new patient soon became the pet of the whole camp. Whenever he came abroad—which was pretty often, for no remonstrances from the doctor could persuade him to be still—he was instantly surrounded by a throng of soldiers, all eager to offer him food and talk to him, although he could not understand a word that they said.

But at last the wound was healed, and the Gorkha prepared to go back to his besieged comrades. When he took leave of the doctor, he shook out from the folds of his silken girdle a scanty store of silver and copper coins (all that he possessed), and offered them to him.

"Niver a penny will I touch, my jewel," cried O'Reilly;

"but whiniver ye get hurt agin, Tim O'Reilly's yer man, and nothin' to pay."

The Gorkha pressed the Irishman's brawny hand to his forehead and breast, and then turned silently away toward the fortress, followed by three deafening cheers from the British soldiers.

But they soon saw him again. When the fort surrendered a few days later, and the Gorkhas marched out with all the honors of war down that well-defended hill (beside which a monument now stands to commemorate their valor), one of the foremost among that chosen band was Dr. O'Reilly's patient, who greeted his friend in passing with a wave of his hand and a kindly smile.



BACK AGAIN TO SCHOOL.—BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

**B**ACK again to school, my little lassies O,  
Back to add and multiply, and watch the figures grow.  
Oh, where are slates and pencils, and who has learned the rule,  
And who of all the lassies will be leader of the school?

Back again to school, my merry laddies O,  
Back to analyze and spell. You'd "rather ride and row."  
Oh, never mind the fun behind, for study is the rule,  
And which of all the laddies shall be leader of the school?

## WASHINGTON'S MONUMENT.

BY EUGENE LAWRENCE.

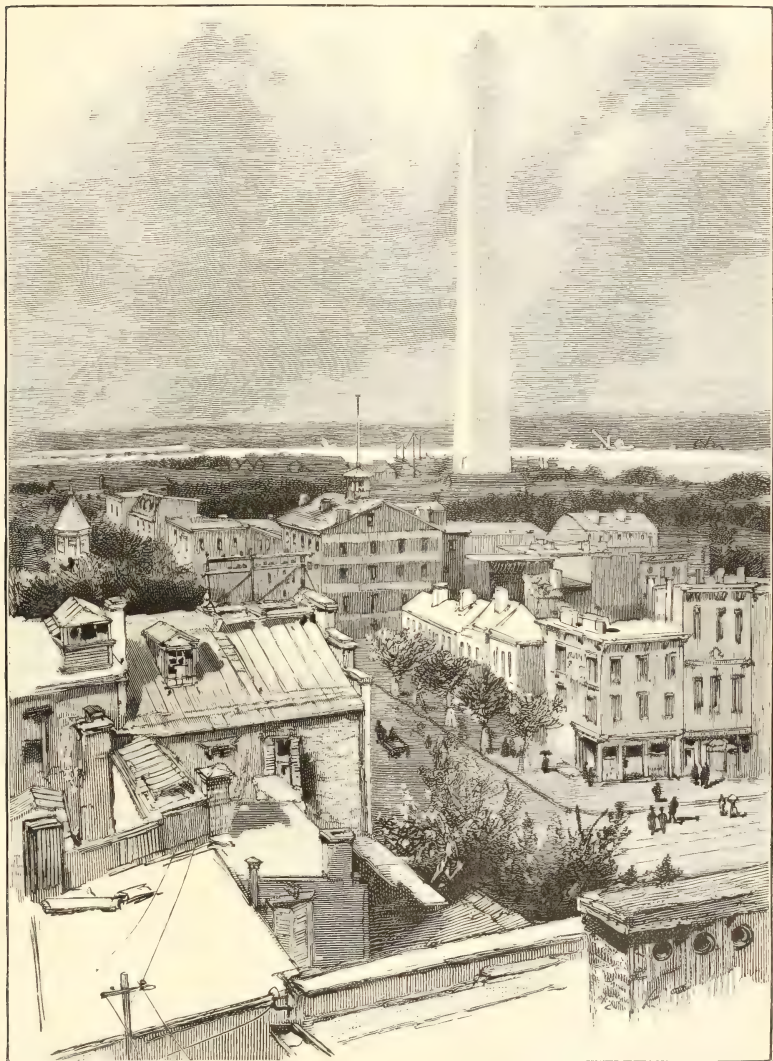
**T**HE beautiful monument to Washington on the banks of the Potomac is already the tallest building in the world. It is a white marble column five hundred and fifty feet high. It is hollow in the inside, and ascended by an elevator moved by steam. Instead of climbing up a long flight of steps, as one is forced to do at Trinity Church in New York or St. Peter's at Rome, the visitor rises gently and swiftly to the top. The inside will be lighted by brilliant globes of electric light. There will be no night in this wonderful pillar. At the top will be a pyramid of stone covered at its point with copper.

It will be seen far away, glittering in the sunlight. The Egyptian obelisks were also capped with a metallic covering that shone in their clear sky, and the American column is very much like one of them. But it is five times as

high as the tallest obelisk. The obelisk, however, was made of a single piece of stone. The tallest is at Rome, about 108 feet high. The highest buildings in the world are the Great Pyramid, St. Peter's Church at Rome, and the Cologne Cathedral. These are about 450 feet each in height. St. Paul's in London is only 366 feet; the London Monument, 202. It seems, therefore, that the glittering points of the Washington Monument will be one hundred feet higher than any other building on the earth.

Washington was born poor. The son of a widow, his father having died while he was a boy, he had little education. He was self-taught, and went only to a country school. He was never at a Latin school or a college. But at fourteen he began to teach himself surveying, and soon went into the wilderness of Western Virginia to measure out the unknown land.

He was only seventeen, but he had resolved to maintain himself, and was never weary of work. He slept often



THE GREAT MONUMENT AT WASHINGTON.

on the bare ground amidst ice and snow; he was surrounded in the forest by savage Indians; he was ill, weak, faint at times; but he persevered, and at nineteen became a famous surveyor.

Next he commanded in the French and Indian war. He was made commander-in-chief of the American armies in the Revolution. He was our first President. He retired to his farm on the banks of the Potomac, and died a simple farmer. It is because he was always an honest and good man, the founder of our republic, that we raise this monument to his memory in the city that bears his name.

The monument stands on the banks of the Potomac, in one of the most beautiful parts of the city. Near it is the President's house and gardens and public buildings. Before it flows the river that Washington loved. Near the banks of the Potomac he was born in 1732. On its upper shore was his farm, Mount Vernon, where he lived before the Revolution, and to which he came back to pass the few brief years of his old age. By the side of the Potomac he was often seen by his countless visitors, clothed in a gray homespun suit, directing his laborers. The house at Mount Vernon still stands nearly as he left it. Here he died in 1799. Here is his tomb. The Potomac may well be called the river of Washington.

Washington resolved when he was a boy to be honest, industrious, and truthful. It was these traits of character that made him so trusted by all his fellow-citizens. When he was only fourteen he taught himself to write a fair round hand, to draw, and to measure land. He never spelled very well, but he wrote a great deal, and read many useful books. He founded our republic, aided by many other gifted men of the time; and now all the working-men of Europe seem anxious to come over to our country, because here they are free.

The beautiful monument will always teach us to imitate Washington's honesty and industry. The pure white pillar, rising into the sky, is the monument of freedom. It may crumble at last like the obelisks and the temples of the past; but the memory of the good and generous Washington, the patriot and the republican, will never be lost among men.

## HOW JOHNNIE SAW THE ELEPHANT.

BY ADA CARLETON STODDARD.



ELEPHANTS didn't come to Jay every day, and, indeed, one might never come again. Of that John Henry was sure.

John Henry was up in the stable loft crying. You couldn't have been quite sure what he was crying about unless you had happened to know that the little village of Jay was all aflame with red and yellow posters picturing the most wonderful creatures that could be imagined in the shape of men and women and horses and wild animals and elephants, and that Farmer Bell,

who was also John Henry's uncle Peter, was very much opposed to circuses.

"I wish I could go—I do wish I could! just to see the elephants, and not to look at a single other thing," said John Henry that very morning. His wistful tones and the pathetic way in which the corners of his mouth drooped might have melted a heart of stone, but didn't disturb the heart of Uncle Peter in the least. He cleared his throat with his most severe "ahem!" and looked sharply over his glasses at his nephew as he said:

"Circuses are wicked, John Henry. If you could see

the wild animals 'thout the circus, I'd be willing enough to let ye go; but as you can't, you can't, and there's an end o't. Here's five cents you can take down to the village and lay out in pea-nuts and candy. That'll have to make up for yer disappointment."

But it didn't make up at all, or so John Henry thought, though he took the money thankfully enough, and walked two long dusty miles to spend it, stopping a long time on the way to examine the circus posters, and wonder if anything ever could be so wonderful as those pictured performances. He was, after all, as jolly as could be for a little time; but when he got back to the farm-house, and his candy was gone, and he had only a remembrance of how good the pretty pink and white peppermints tasted to cheer him, his spirits sank again, and he crept away to the stable loft and lay down on the hay, and cried himself to sleep because he could not go to the circus.

The dusk fell and the stars came out; the frogs in the brook began to sing, and good Farmer Bell and his wife went to bed. The moon got up before long, and peeped through the wide cracks in the stable to see a little boy, with tear-stained face and sticky fingers, who ought to have been in his bed, but who lay instead half buried in a pile of sweet-smelling clover hay, too sound asleep to know any difference.

John Henry could not tell how long he had been asleep when he opened his eyes at last, not a little frightened at finding himself alone in the lonely stable loft. There were broad bars of moonlight lying across the hay, and he could hear old Dolly champing and stepping uneasily in her stall below, making, it seemed to him, a dreadful noise, because everything else was so still.

No; everything else was not still. Presently John Henry caught himself listening sharply to the sound of the wind blowing through the orchard. It did not sound exactly like the wind either, for he could hear the branches crack and snap steadily, one after another. His heart stood still with something like fear, and all the while staid old Dolly was becoming more and more restless.

"What is it?" thought the boy. "The wind can't be blowing that way. Oh dear!" And he shivered because it was so dark there in the stable loft, and there were gloomy shadows hiding in the corners, and it was chilly too. "Oh dear me!" he said, "I don't b'lieve I'll dare to go in the house. I wish I hadn't gone to sleep in this horrid place."

But pretty soon he grew a very little braver, and so he crawled out of his nest and opened the small square door which was made to stow hay in at. It looked out on Farmer Bell's pear orchard, the pride of its owner's heart, which lay between the stable and the house, and was bearing this year for the first time. The cracking and snapping were there; and no wonder, for in one dreadful moment John Henry saw a monstrous creature, as large, so it seemed to him, as the stable itself, reach up a funny, snake-like snout to the top of a pear-tree, and pull it down to him.

"It's a—elephant, I do b'lieve," cried our young friend to himself, in an ecstasy of fear. "Now—now what ever 'd I do if he'd pull the stable over? Oh dear!"

There was not the least danger in the world that the elephant would do that, but it really seemed as if he did not mean to leave one twig upon another in the pear orchard, and presently John Henry's heart began to burn with angry resentment.

"I don't know what Uncle Peter 'd say if he knew his pear-trees, 'at he sets such great store by, was being teased to flinders this way; I declare I don't," he thought. "I wish I could get to the house 'n' tell him. He might put a stop to it somehow."

As soon as the boy thought of that he made up his mind he must go, though his courage required a great



deal of screwing up before he could quite make up his mind to creep softly down the ladder and out at the stable door, which creaked recklessly under his touch, and fly away through the dewy, clinging grass to the house, where he burst into his uncle's bedroom, all a-quiver with a delicious sort of terror.

"Uncle Peter! Uncle Peter!"

Uncle Peter sat up in bed and rubbed his eyes. Aunt Priscilla sat up too, with her false front of corkscrew curls off, and a funny little red flannel night-cap on; and she looked so very queer that John Henry would have laughed if he had not been so frightened. He did laugh afterward with thinking of it.

But Uncle Peter was only half awake.

"Silly!" he said. "Silly! Seem's ef I might 'a let that boy go to the circus. It's wicked, I know. But children they're just children, and nuthin' else. He wanted to go so bad! Mebbe he'd 'a furgot all about it afore he grew up."

"Uncle Peter! Uncle Peter!! Do wake up!"

"John Henry, you hush! Children sh'd be seen, and not heard. You can't go to the circus noway."

"Uncle Peter!! Uncle Peter!!!"

"Peter!!!"

This time Aunt Priscilla had him by the arm. There was an awful jerk, and the farmer was broad awake.

"What is it, Silly? Du tell. What is it?"

"There's a el'phant in the pear orchard, Uncle Peter"—from John Henry.

But Uncle Peter wouldn't believe a word of it. Now that he was certainly awake himself, he maintained that John Henry was asleep.

"You've just been asleep and dreamin', John Henry, and now you'd better go back to bed again. In the morning I'll hev something to say 'bout this."

The good old gentleman would actually have gone off to sleep that minute had not John Henry protested so earnestly and tearfully against such a proceeding that Aunt Priscilla felt he couldn't have dreamed his story altogether.

"Mebbe there *is* some kind of a critter in the orchard," said she; "you'd better go and see, Peter."

Uncle Peter was hard to persuade, but so earnestly did John Henry plead, while Aunt Priscilla put in a word now and then, that he was finally induced to leave his bed, put on his clothes, and start for the orchard. Aunt Priscilla followed behind, holding the lamp high above her head.

"There—there he is!" whispered John Henry, pointing excitedly. "Don't you see? Just hear him a-thrashing round!"

"Wa'al, naow, I du declare!" said the farmer, filled with wrath, and using the strongest language he was capable of. "I—I du declare I can't stand it."

But it seemed as if he would be obliged to; for though Aunt Priscilla caught up her broomstick and "shooed" in the most threatening manner, the great unwieldy creature went steadily on with his work of destruction, intent only on getting mouthful after mouthful of the half-ripe pears.

"Git out, there!" screamed Uncle Peter. "I—I'm nigh as savage as a meat-axe. John Henry, run up in the shed chamber an' git the old gun."

"I wouldn't shoot him, Uncle Peter," was John Henry's advice. "It's likely he b'longs to the circus 'at was a-comeing in last night, an' they'd rather pay a sight o' money than have him shot; an' the old gun's loaded with salt anyway, an' hasn't been fired for morn' a year—not since a year ago crow-time. Suppose I git on old Dolly's back, an' go over 't the village an' tell 'em he's here, an' let 'em pay for the trees."

"There's sound sense in that," said Aunt Priscilla; and apparently Farmer Bell thought so too, for in less than

ten minutes he was helping John Henry to get on old Dolly's back. Two minutes later saw the boy bounding down the cross-road that led into the highway, and so to the village and the circus grounds.

I am not going to tell you whether John Henry laughed a little to himself or not when he found himself racing along to the circus on old Dolly's back in the middle of the night, with Uncle Peter's full permission.

There they stood, the circus tents, white in the moonlight, while the huge pictures of elephants, tumblers, sword-swallowers, took on a strange look in the silvery light.

"Hullo! hulloa!! hulloa-!!!" John Henry called out.

In a minute there was a group around him. The absence of the big elephant had been discovered, and nearly the whole company was awake.

"Abraham" had gotten away through the carelessness of his sleepy keeper, and you may be sure that the distracted managers were very happy to hear John Henry's announcement.

"Yes, the critter's in the pear orchard this minute, if he ain't left sense I did, a-destroying everything he can lay—lay his tongue to, an' a-tramping down what he don't chaw up."

"We'll make it right," said one of the gentlemen, whose name was Mr. Morgan, soothingly—"we'll make it all right. I'll see your uncle in the morning."

He did; and he paid Farmer Bell ten dollars more than he claimed as damages, and then he sat down in the best room, and ate a plateful of doughnuts and cheese, and drank a glass of good sweet cider, while the good farmer told with considerable spirit the story of how they happened to discover Abraham the night before.

"Well, he's a plucky little chap," said Mr. Morgan, meaning John Henry; and he laughed a little to think of how much impression that charge of salt would have made on Abraham's leathery hide. "He's a plucky little chap."

Presently Aunt Priscilla called John Henry from the pear orchard, where he was examining the tracks of the elephant, and when he went slowly and bashfully into the presence of his uncle and the circus manager, the former said,

"Mr. Morgan here says his show's one that's so carefully looked after that it couldn't hurt any boy in the world, and he'd like you to see it, John Henry. So I've said you can go if you want to. Do ye?"

"I guess I do!" said John Henry; and then he looked up and caught the biggest kind of a twinkle just slipping out of the corner of Mr. Morgan's eye.

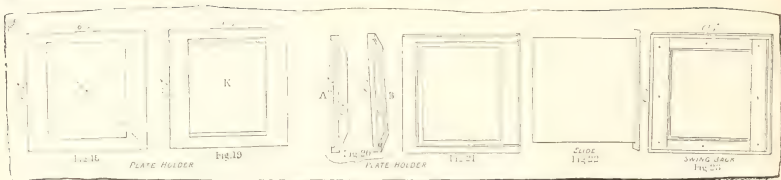
## HOW TO MAKE A PHOTOGRAPHIC OUTFIT.

BY A BOY FOURTEEN YEARS OLD.

**L**AST week, boys, we stopped with a description of the ground-glass holder. If you succeeded in making this without any great trouble, you are now ready for the more difficult task of making the

### PLATE HOLDER.

Take a piece of soft wood six and a quarter inches square, and find the centre by drawing diagonals. Now lay your ruler across the centre with the grain, measure on each side of the centre two and one-sixteenth inches, and make a point. Next lay your ruler across one of these points parallel with the edge; measure a little (not more than one-sixteenth) over two and a half inches on each side, and draw a line. Do the same on the other side, and connect the ends of the two lines, and you will have a figure looking like Fig. 18. Now on the four-inch sides draw a parallel line one-eighth of an inch inside (Fig. 19), cut out the piece marked K, and make a lodge just as you did in the ground-glass holder. You have been at work on the back side, so now turn the frame over, and on one of the longest sides cut in just a little for a distance of about five and a quarter inches (Fig. 20, A and B). Continue this cut down the sides and around the opposite ends about a quarter of an inch in width (see Fig. 21).



Now take some wood from the sides of a cigar box, and cut some strips from one-half to three-quarters of an inch wide; nail and glue them on to the frame overhanging the ledge, making a square on the frame that will just fit into the swing-back. Now take some more strips, a little narrower than the first, and nail and glue them on to the back of the frame even with the edge all around. Next take a piece of cigar-box wood that will fit tightly into the square made by these last strips, fasten it to one side by leather hinges, and put a small screw half-way in on the opposite side. This is the back in which to put the plate. Putty all the cracks, and paint with two coats of black paint.

#### THE SLIDE.

Take a piece of card-board—the brown, called “book-board,” is best—and glue it into a groove cut in a small piece of wood; this is the slide (Fig. 22). Ascertain if your plate-holder is “light tight” by holding it between yourself and a lighted lamp. If the least bit of light comes through, putty and paint that place. You will need two or three plate-holders to one camera.

#### THE SWING-BACK.

We must now return to the swing-back, which we began upon last week, but left unfinished. On the inside, about an eighth of an inch, glue strips of cigar-box wood (Fig. 23).

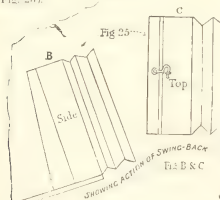


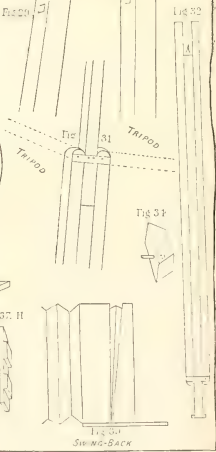
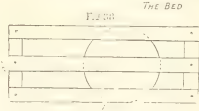
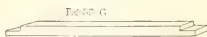
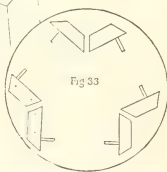
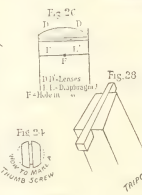
Fig. 25, B and C, illustrates the action of the swing-back. When the camera is tipped forward or back, the swing-back must be tipped so that it is exactly perpendicular to the horizon.

#### THUMB-SCREWS.

To make a thumb-screw, take a common screw, put it in your vise, and file off two opposite sides of the head (Fig. 24); put it in a small piece of wood, so that it can not turn around in the wood, and you will have a fair thumb-screw. You will require a dozen small brass hooks and eyes. Screw two or three on to the swing-back for holding on the holders.

#### THE LENS.

There is a great deal of trouble in getting a good lens. I obtained mine from the large end of an opera-glass; but a good lens can be bought from a dealer for two dollars or more. A lens should be mounted with the convex side toward the plate. Remember that a simple lens will not do in a large camera; it must be “achromatic.” If you mount your own lens, put a diaphragm in front of it (Fig. 26). Move the diaphragm back and forth till the best result is obtained.



#### THE BED OF THE CAMERA.

The bed consists of three pieces of wood ten inches long and three-quarters of an inch wide, and two pieces four inches long and three-quarters wide. Cut each end of the sticks and the middle of the short ones half-way through (Fig. 37, G and H), so that you can join them

evenly. Cut a small groove in the top of the middle one. Cut the pieces as shown in Figs. 37 and 38, put them together with glue and finishing nails, and clinch the nails on the under side. Cut out a circle of wood four inches in diameter, and fasten it firmly on to the under side of the bed in such a manner that the centre of the circle will be four inches from the front of the camera (Fig. 38). Now cut out a piece of wood six and a quarter inches long by four and a half inches wide, and fasten it firmly on the bottom of box No. 2, having the front edge of the wood plumb with the front edge of the box. Put a piece of wood under box No. 1, six and a quarter inches long and one inch wide.

Take the bellows and glue it to the inside of box No. 1, or front. If by chance the box is too large or the bellows too small, tack thin strips of wood around the inside of the box, and glue the bellows to them. Do the same to the back. Now take the swing-back. Glue two pieces of silesia together, and fasten (by glue) the swing-back to the back by means of this cloth (Fig. 39). Crease the cloth so that the swing-back can swing forward and touch the back. Of course the cloth should be on all sides, to prevent the entrance of light. Next fasten the front to the front end of the bed, and to render it more firm, put two screws through the bed into the bottom of the front. Putty all the cracks, give it two or three coats of black paint, and your camera is finished.

#### THE TRIPOD.

The tripod is made of ash or Southern pine. Mine is made of Southern pine. To make it you will want nine pieces two and a half feet long by about three-quarter inch by half inch. Take one piece, put it in your vise, and saw a piece out of one end (Fig. 27). Do this to two more pieces. Take three pieces of wood and fit them in these grooves, as shown in Fig. 28, the ends projecting about a quarter of an inch. Take one of the unused sticks, and with a chisel cut a groove three inches long and a little more than a quarter of an inch deep (Fig. 29). Do this to the other five. Round the ends as shown in Fig. 30. Next get six strips of stiff brass half an inch wide and as long as three sticks are wide when laid side by side. Take two of the sticks with the grooves in them and lay them on your bench, with the grooves facing each other. Put one of the sticks with the projecting ends between them, with the ends in the grooves. Push them close together, and with escutcheon pins fasten the brass strips on (Fig. 31) so that the two side pieces can swing as shown by the dotted lines. You will want the brass strips on each side, having the pins go through both. Do the same to the other pieces, and you will have the legs to your tripod finished. Fig. 32 shows the leg folded.

The top is made of half-inch pine, five and three-quarter inches in diameter. On the under side fasten six pieces of wood as shown in Fig. 33. Each piece is half an inch thick, one and a half inches long on long-

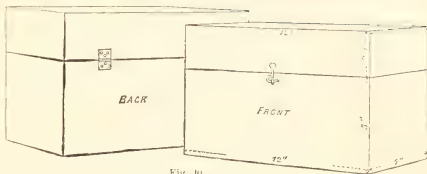


FIG. 40

est side, and seven-eighths on shortest side. Insert brass wire an eighth of an inch in diameter, and about an inch long (Fig. 34). Fig. 35 shows how the legs are held to the table simply by the elasticity of the wood. Put also stiff wires in the ends of bottom sticks, and you will have a good tripod, costing only about thirty-five cents, whereas one purchased at a store would cost \$2 25. Your tripod should be sandpapered and varnished.

#### CASE TO HOLD THE APPARATUS.

The carrying case is made of half-inch pine planed on both sides. Saw out two pieces twelve inches by eight, two pieces twelve inches by five, and two pieces seven inches by five. Take one of the large pieces and the other four and put them together, making a box twelve inches long, seven wide, and five high. Put this away. Now cut out two pieces two and a half inches by twelve, and two pieces two and a half inches by seven. Take the other large piece, and make with these pieces a box twelve inches by two and a half by seven. This is the cover. Buy a pair of brass hinges and a brass hook and eye, also an iron handle. Put the cover on the box by the hinges, and put the hook and eye on the front side (Fig. 40). Sandpaper all sides, round the corners, and varnish, paint, or stain to suit your taste. This case is light, and will hold your camera, two plate-holders, focussing cloth, table of tripod, besides other minor articles, and is also a good seat.

This outfit is cheap, and if carefully made will take as good pictures as a ten-dollar or fifteen-dollar one. It ought not to cost over five dollars and a half if you buy a lens, and not over one dollar and a half if you do not buy one. Of course different dealers in hardware and other goods charge different prices, so that the exact cost can not be given.



OATS, PEASE, BEANS.

"Thus the farmer sows his seeds; thus he stands and takes his ease."



ABOUT this time many of my little folk are beginning school-work again after their Christmas vacation. With bright faces, rosy cheeks, and light steps they take their first lessons and merrily apply their grammars and geographies.

Meanwhile, now in the Post-office Box, both in recess and school time, we have our own delightful methods of studying geography and grammar. Haven't we, chicks? To begin this week's lessons, we will take a trip to Australia, and see what our young correspondents are busy about that faraway land. If the seasons seem rather strangely mixed, we shall realize the distance between us, and very likely peep with a new interest into the pages of that difficult astronomy, and scan with very eager eyes the place on the map from which these letters were sent.

The Postmistress herself feels very glad indeed when she thinks of the household groups all around the wide world, where little heads are bent over these bewitching columns.

Now for mid-winter in June, my pets!

ANTHONY, NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT, 1904

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I am a little girl nine years old. I live in South Australia, where it is very hot in summer. We don't like the hot wind that blows here, so I find it is very nice to have mail, and the hills look beautifully green after the brown and dried up appearance they have in summer. We think spring the best time of the year here as it is a beautiful time to be in the hills; it looks as if they were covered with a golden carpet.

Both here and a water-spaniel dog (we call him Dash), a pair of pink cockatoos and two canaries, and our best pet is our baby brother, eight months old. I have two sisters—Janet, seven, and Annie, five years old. I am a governess, and we learn geography and history, and we do sums on the blackboard. I began to learn music when I was six years old, and Janet and I can play the piano.

I like reading the Post-office Box in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. My sister likes "The Ice Queen." I think Katie M., who lives at Austin, in Texas, wrote a nice letter to you No. 28. I wish she would write to me. My father thinks Austin must be a beautiful city. He would very much like to go there some day. My father showed me a picture in Harper's Magazine of the hills around Austin and the Colorado River that Katie M. writes about.

My little river of my size in South Australia is the Murray, over two thousand miles long. Last Easter holidays my father and uncle went to the river and shot a black swan, an ibis, a number of cranes, plovers, twenty-four ducks, and a great many rabbits.

I hope this letter is not too long to print, else I could tell you more about South Australia.

ANTHONY J. WESTWOOD.

I am sure Katie will be pleased to accept Kathleen's invitation to begin a correspondence.

PERCIVAL, TORONTO, CAN.

I am thirteen years old, and live on a station with my uncle and aunt and two cousins. We go out kangaroo hunting on our ponies. We catch many and sell them to the market. I like very much. I should like to know if the American opossums are the same as those in Australia. I like to ride. In both of them very much. The river rose the other day. It is very good here and fishing in it now. It is winter, and all the horses are being rugged at night. We used to go out shooting the other day. We use padlocks after tea; they dig the lucerne out by the river. In the summer we bathe in the river. Both my cousins can swim, but I am too frightened to go out of my depth. It is very cold here and too cold. We had a little snow. We caught many of the rats we killed home and roast them for dinner. I hope you will print this letter. I remain your little friend.

PERCIVAL D.

The opossum family is much the same in habits and appearance all over the world.

I am a boy, and will be sixteen my next birthday. I have two horses; one I use when I go out riding, and I shoot from his back. I have had my gun two years. My father told my sister and me that as soon as we could swim we should have a gun each, and when we got them we would go out hunting every Saturday. There are some friends of ours who

live on a station twelve miles from us, and the three boys come over to shoot some times. One of them shot a wild duck, and I went out shooting at half past four, and when we got out five miles we found that we had forgotten our breakfast, so I shot some parrots, and we were lighting our pipe to cook them, and boil our quart pot, when the dog caught a kangaroo-rat, so we skinned and cooked it; but it was not the best of breakfasts, as we had neither salt nor bread. We went to see the Hay Exhibition, and then down to Melbourne, and had a very pleasant time. When there is a flood we make rafts and float them on the river. There are many swans, wild geese, ducks, pigeon, quail, and sometimes snipe about here, so that in the holidays I have plenty of sport. Sometimes there are emus about. There are also plenty of kangaroos, wallaroos, bears, and opossums here. The opossums come into the garden and eat everything. There are three stations very near here, and we spend some of our holidays with one of them, and at one of them we have coursing and shooting hares. I remain one of your readers.

H. W.

I suppose the boys will be pleased to hear about so much shooting, but the Postmistress pities the poor hares and parrots, and shakes her head a little doubtfully at the destruction of innocent lives in mere sport. If hunting is carried on that food may be obtained, or if the young hunters are naturalists, who wish to study science and collect fine specimens for their cabinets, there is a good reason for it. But since your father approves, let your mother and I leave you with a clear conscience, notwithstanding the singular notions of your soft-hearted friend, the Postmistress.

QUEENSBURY, ONTARIO.

I shall be fourteen years of age on my next birthday. I have two ponies of my own. One is a grey, and the other is a bay. My father and uncle gave me for a Christmas present about five years ago; the other pony's name is Souvenir. Last Christmas holidays my brother and myself were staying with some friends who live on a station about fifteen miles away, and as we were coming home my pony shied and knocked me against a tree and broke my leg. I was laid up for a week, and I have not been able to get up since. I have a dog, and he is very good. He fetches out the ducks that my brother shoots. I had a gun of my own, and used to go out shooting with my brother, but it is too heavy for me, so I have sold it. I like Harper's Young People very much. I think "Thimble's Last Hunt" is a very pretty story. We took a trip down to Sydney last year, and I was very much interested. My brother and myself used to go to the Exhibition by ourselves. There are plenty of kangaroos here, and we often go out hunting them. We have a dog, and he is very good. He goes out after kangaroo-rats, but both the dogs got poisoned. I read the letter in which the girl said she was learning "The Joyful Peasant." It is the best I have ever read. I am learning another piece now. Sometimes we go out after the bullocks, to bring them in for killing. It is very cold now in Australia. I remain yours affectionately,

MARGARET.

MUSKOGEE, INDIAN TERRITORY.

I have this year subscribed to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE; before this year I bought it. In the summer I live in Mantoloking. I have no pets, but my sister has a dog. I suppose you have never heard of Mantoloking, so I will send you a little paper, *The Snipe*, which we have every week. I am a young man, and I am very much interested in the "Week" in the fifth number. Mantoloking is on Batangas Bay, on a narrow strip of land, the ocean on one side and the bay on the other. It is a very nice place. I have never heard of a better place. I have a house, a station, and a board-house.

LOUIS DE FOREST D.

P. S.—I hope you will like the *Snipe*.

P. S.—I am eleven, nearly twelve.

Two postscripts! and from a boy friend too! You know it is said that only ladies write postscripts. I almost always write three or four myself, Louis. I like the *Snipe* very much.

WATERLOO, N. Y.

My brother Fred and I have been so much interested in the letters in the Post-office Box that I have been wanting to write one for a long while. My father is a civil engineer, and has been on in British Columbia for the last five years on the Canada Pacific Railway. My mother went out two years with him, and only got back last year. They were in the Yukon region. They lived at Fort McLeod, the terminus of the railway. It is on Burrard Inlet, an arm of the Pacific, and is a very pretty place, but when my mother was there she was very much interested in the only one she saw had to come from New Westminster or Victoria. There were seven Chinese men working all round the house, and the railway men were very much interested, and gave mamma many nice presents. She had a Chinese servant boy named Tsue. He was very smart, and mamma was teaching him

to read and write English. He said when he grew big he wanted to be a judge; she asked him what he would do if he was a judge, and he said: "I would like to be a judge, and I would like to be a judge of a man's head; I think too much him." I would like to write again and tell you more about British Columbia and Cape Breton, where I have been with my uncle while mamma was away. I am thirteen years old, and have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE three years, and my brother one, as he has been in St. Catharines, Ontario. I have a brother younger and a sister older than I.

EGERTON B. H.

We shall certainly expect you to write again, Egerton. I know the boys and girls will wish you to do so after reading your letter.

JAMAICA PLAIN, MASSACHUSETTS.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since it was first published. I live near a large pond, where there are numbers of fish in summer and plenty of skating in winter. I have just returned from a short visit at Bass Rocks, Gloucester, Massachusetts. While there I was able to swim quite a little way, and caught a number of fish every day. I attended the Roxbury Latin School, and am in the fifth class. I study daily, when school begins, and I am very much interested in Latin, French, geometry, ancient geography, and possibly a little physics. We have one session, from nine o'clock until two. We have a recess of five minutes, and a very good lunch at a half-hour. I like this very much, as it gives plenty of time for a good play and time to eat one's lunch. Though a boy, I want to ask if I may play in the Little House whenever I wish to know how to cook if I could go camping out.

ARTHUR B.

Of course you may. Not a boy among my readers who will not be welcome to do so. I suppose you have read with satisfaction Captain Kirk Muir's articles on "Camping Out." You might try his receipt for coffee without sugar, or into camp, provided your mother will consent to your experimenting.

EAST AURORA, NEW YORK.

Although my letter is dated from New York, my home is in New Orleans. I came North to school. I have been attending school in London, Ontario, for the past year, and hope to return on the 2d of September, when the school re-opens. I have no pets, but I have many brothers and two sisters, which I consider much better than a sister is only sixteen months old; I have not seen her since she was three. One of my brothers, Arthur, is very much interested in the *Snipe* some time ago; we were all very much astonished when we saw the letter from him in the Post-office Box. My aunt Maria subscribes for the paper, and after I could read I would send it to my brothers to read the beautiful stories and interesting letters; they always look forward with a great deal of pleasure to Harper's Young People. I am writing this letter with my aunt's knowledge, and hope to surprise her when she sees it. I would like to write all about the nice skating in the winter, and playing baseball and other games that I will do in spring, at the school I attend. Of course we study as well as play.

WINNIE MAY J.

About the Christmas holidays I shall watch for another note from Winnie, describing her winter sports.

CANBERRA, N. S. W.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—You have a good many friends here, and I think you ought to hear from them once in a while. Our vacation is almost over, and we are all very much interested in the *Snipe*. I was disappointed about going to the country. I expect to go to the Zoological Garden soon. It is one of the lovely hills with overlook Cincinnati, and one can see the city from there. I have a very good friend, the chief attractions there at present are a young sealion and a baby hippopotamus. The prairie is very much interested in the little billocks. The Canadian lynx convulses a little with his ridiculous stride, which is like a horse with stringhalt. The hyena, lion, tiger, and leopard are all specimens of native life. The monkey house draws crowds of delighted children. A young cousin of mine went out to the Gardens one day, carrying a new parasol. While watching the antics of the monkey, he looked at one of them with it. As quick as a flash it was seized and drawn through the bars, and in a little more time was torn into bits.

I have two friends living near me named Gracie and Marie, who take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and like the stories as well as I do. After reading "The Cruise of the Snipe" I told them of a perilous voyage in Marie's hammock. The vessel was large enough to accommodate we three girls as the crew, and Marie's brother Edwin as captain. We were all very much interested in the story for our vessel pitched and tossed at such a rate that Gracie either became seasick or lost her seasickness as the sailors term it, for she tumbled overboard and was rescued by the crew. I told them of the part of the crew to rescue her. I would like to give you a further account of our pleasures, but must not take up so much room. Besides



taking your excellent paper, mamma has subscribed for the *Chattanooga Young Folks Journal* for me; I think I will enjoy reading it very much.  
OLIVE C.

Thank you for so bright a letter, Olive. My love to Marie and Gracie.

Two little friends in Montclair shall next have their turn.

UPPER MONTCLAIR, NEW JERSEY.

We live in a little village called Ardmore, but I am visiting one of my friends now. I have had ever so many pets, but somehow I don't seem to like any but the little birds. I have only one at present: it is a bird, a very pretty canary. I call him Goldie. This spring I had a garden, and I raised peas and string-beans. I planted some sweet marjoram too, but I am not tall enough to come to much. I help mamma with the house-work, and she is teaching me how to do it properly. I know how to make a cake and a pudding, and I have over twenty books, and my favorites, I think, are the volumes of *St. Nicholas*. I have never been to school. Papa teaches me in geography, history, arithmetic, and writing, and mamma reads me poetry and the story of our books a great many other amusements—checkers, backgammon, Bear game, game of shopping, riddles, archery, and croquet. I think croquet is a favorite sport. Last Sunday afternoon, about two o'clock, my friend and I stepped out on the front piazza before going to Sunday school, when we heard a train stopping at a distant cannon. I thought it was a train stopping at the depot, for they sometimes make sounds like that, but the next instant the plumes of smoke went up to the sky. The whole disturbance lasted but a minute, and then things went on as well as ever. But next day several people remarked about the disturbance, and the neighbors were full of it; they thought we had quarrelled.

I did not myself feel the earthquake of which you speak, but many of my friends did.

UPPER MONTCLAIR, NEW JERSEY.

The little village of Upper Montclair is very picturesque. It has a very few houses, two little churches, and one school. I have twelve pets, and I have named each of them. I have a dog, a cat, a bird, a rabbit, and a turtle. I have a beautiful black and white goat named Daisy; she is almost five years old, but she is very small for her age. I have one brother, but not one sister. The story of the day is very lovely; I always enjoy an exciting story like that. The other day I went down to Coney Island to spend the day. I had a lovely time; I wished I might stay a week, for I was very well that I get a chance to go to the beach. The other night some of my friends and I had some champagne; we acted "Long Branch," "Saratooga," "Catskills," and a few others; we were very fun, and as we had a number of rehearsals before, we acted quite nicely. Do the readers of the *Post* and *Register* want to make their pompos? The way is to get a large thistle, and cut with a sharp pair of scissors all the calyx except about half an inch above the stem; then pick out all the little pink flowers except those which are below the top of the white, and hang them out in the sun until the little pink blossoms which were underneath have come to the top so that you can pick them out without pulling the paper away. We are raising a little kitten. When we first had her she just had her eyes open. We feed her with a little spoon, and she is learning to take her milk with a spoon. She is black and white, with blue eyes. We named her Witch, for she is so cunning. Witch could hardly walk when we first had her, but now she runs after me wherever I go, although she often totters and falls.

ETHEL H.

DEERING, MAINE.

I am a little girl, and live in Deering, one of Portland. I have HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE every Thursday, and enjoy it very much. I like to read the letters the boys and girls write, and as I have been so long reading, I thought I would venture to write you this. I am an only child, and have no pets, so I am lonely sometimes. I have been to the sea-shore this summer, and had a nice time. I had a pet kitten, but it died, and there are three across the street, and I took one of them to ride with me the other day, and he seemed to enjoy it. I think "The Queen" and "The Fair for Sick Dots" were very nice stories.

MAIMIE W.

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS—I will write you a letter and tell you about myself. I have been confined to my bed now seven months, and have been entirely helpless at times. I have had an abscess on my right arm, and I have had several operations performed on my back and one on my right hip. I have had some pleasures even if I have been very ill. I have had several fine presents given me on my birthday. Mamma gave me a watch and chain, and I have had several books given me. I have two volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE bound, and will have this year's bound. I read all the stories; I like "Left Behind." I have a

fine little dog. Papa got him for me when I was first taken ill. His name is Fussie, and he is so cute. I did use a bicycle last summer, but I fear it will be a long time before I ever will again. I attended school until I was twelve, and I was really my teacher went to Europe, and he will return next month. I like him ever so much. I have taken music lessons two years. My schoolmates come and see me, and I let them use my toys. We had a fine time on the Fourth of July; I had lovely fireworks. I could see them from my window, and I had a cake with twelve candles, and other refreshments. I fear I have written much you will not print it, so I will close, hoping to see this in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. Your little friend, OLIVE C.

I have a warm corner in my heart for brave boys like you, who suffer without fault-finding or weak complaining. I hope you will grow strong again in body, but a strong soul and a cheerful face are nobler things than even the best health without courage, patience, and manliness.

McVET, OREGON.

I am a girl eleven years of age, and have one sister and two brothers, Anna, Charlton, and Fred. We have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for two years, and I like it better than any other paper. I ride to school on horseback two miles and a half, and study reading, writing, geography, arithmetic, spelling, and mental arithmetic. I have eleven cats, and I have a large farm with my uncle. I take music lessons. Anna and I play duets together; Anna is eight years of age.

MABEL E. H.

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

About a year ago I began a letter to you, but it was never finished, because I am not accustomed to writing letters. I have had HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for over a year, and I like it very much. I was a little bit of a boy in dress when papa began to buy it for me, and we never have felt as though we could live without it since. In almost the first number I had then there was a story about Mr. Fox and Mr. Rabbit and a buzzard. I liked it so well that I learned it by heart, and I still think it one of the funniest stories I ever heard. It is like the stories an old colored servant used to tell me in Louisiana, where I was born. Now I must tell you about my pet. It is a little pickerel, an inch and a half long. This is the way I got it. I went out one morning and boys to swim in a creek just out of town, and we caught a lot of little fish in our hands. I brought home a number of minnows and crawfish in a tin can, but I intended to put them in a bucket, but all of them died except the pickerel. I put him in a glass jar, where he seems to be well and happy. He is just a beauty. I want to thank all a thousand times who make HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE so nice—all those who make the stories and the lovely pictures. Mamma writes this for me, because I can't make capitals or write very much, but I can read.

A pickerel is a novelty in pets. I hope he will thrive. Thanks for your kind letter, dear. The authors and artists deserve the children's love.

I have wanted to write to you for a long time, but I have just mustered courage now. I have HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE dearly, and look anxiously for it every week. I have no pets except a brother. I send you some verses which I have composed. Please print my letter and verses.

#### THE CHILD'S QUESTION.

'Twas on a clear and starry night,  
When the birds had sought their nest;  
The moon was shedding its silvery light  
And everything seemed at rest,

When Little Neddle, a boy of three,  
In his night-gown long and gray,  
Climbed on his fond father's knee  
And closing his blue eyes bright,

Said, "Father, when I am as old as you,  
Will my hands be wrinkled and small;  
Say, will my face be wrinkled too,  
And my voice be low and hoarse?"

The father looked on at his fair young face,  
And his dim eyes filled with tears;  
He thought of the future and seemed to trace  
The boy in his manhood years.

But he only whispered, in accents low,  
And his voice was strangely weak,  
"My boy, we must all grow old, you know,"  
But the boy was fast asleep. FOKY.

Elia S. G. said in her letter that she wanted a name for her cat. We have had a great many cats, and I will give their names: Sooty, Gypsy, Floppa, and Topsy. These were all Persian cats. We have one now named Boggy, because of her black fur. I will tell you her tricks. When I sit on the floor I lay a newspaper on the floor, and then go and turn the dinner-bell over on her side, and say, "Ring the bell, Boggy"; and she goes over and throws the tongue up and down. Then we give her a bit of meat, and tell her to

take it to the paper, which she does, and eats it there; it is a useful trick, as it saves the carpet from a good deal of grease. Boggy has two little black kittens. I am fifteen years old, and was born in Austerly, near London, England.  
MARTIE C. G.

SARATOGA, NEW YORK.

I have a large French doll; her name is Edith. She has curly hair. We have a little red wig, which is gray and white, and is real playful. This is the first letter I have ever written. I hope you will please print it. I am eight years old. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE much indeed. "Left Behind" is the best. Good-by.  
ELLEN M.

ROME, NEW YORK.

I have no pets, but my sister had a pet cat named Dick. He left home last winter and has never come back, so we have nothing left but our dolls. Sister Jessie has four and I have two. You see that makes quite a family, and we have good times with them. We live on a farm about three miles from the city. We have one horse that I can drive. I do not go to school, but study at home and recite to mamma. I was eleven years old the 4th of April, and I had a birthday party. Sister is nine years old, and is half a head taller than I am. I have an uncle living at North Brookfield, New York. He has a large hop-yard, and I am going out there to help them pick hops, and I expect to have a grand time. Did you ever pick hops? I have a friend living in Atlantic City, Iowa, who sends us HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I like it very much. The stories I like best are "Left Behind" and the "Little Duncie."  
BELLE S. H.

Jennie M. A.: Thanks, dear child, for the lovely pressed flowers, which retain their colors perfectly.—Louie A. W., Pusha, Maine, is informed that Addie B. Worthen, East Rockport, Cuyahoga County, Ohio, will be happy to exchange butterflies with her.

#### PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

NO. 1.

TWO ENIGMAS.

1.—My first is in violet, but not in rose.  
My second in India, but not in San Jose.  
My third is in ocean, but not in sea.  
My fourth is in earth, but not in soil.  
My fifth is in orange, but not in cake.  
My sixth is in river, but not in lake.  
My seventh is in Christmas, but not in Lent.  
My eighth is in enemy, but not in friend.  
My whole is the name of a Christian queen,  
Honored around the world. I ween.

CARRIE G. HALL.

2.—My first is in apple, not in plum.  
My second is in dance, but not in strum.  
My third is in eagle, not in crow.  
My fourth is in Lucy, not in Joe.  
My fifth is in enemy, but not in foe.  
Guess my whole and my name you will know.  
A. H.

NO. 2.

A SQUARE WORD.

1. A rock. 2. A person who corrects discords.  
3. A river in Russia. 4. A liquor. 5. To take out.  
PENCILLO.

NO. 3.

TWO HALF SQUARES.

1.—1. A language. 2. To encourage. 3. Twice five. 4. A promise. 5. Henry, John, and Edward.  
2.—1. Something which oozes from trees. 2. A stove. 3. To place. 4. A preposition. 5. A letter.  
CHARLIE DAVIS.

#### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 251.

No. 1.—Taw. Parrot. Isis. Axe. Axe. Mole. Dart. Essex. Mersey. Eden. Wye. Tweed. Taw. Isis. Dec. Hull. Don. Cobler. Ayr. Blackberry. Almond. Tay. Forth. Camel. Otter. Newport. Guse. Barrow.

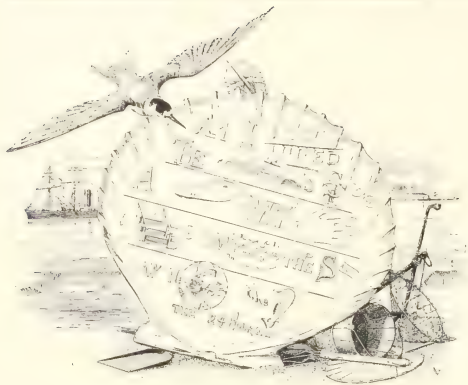
No. 2.—John Greenleaf Whittier.

No. 3.—Indianapolis. Charleston. Richmond. Boston. Rochester.

No. 4. Desk.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Emma B. Carpenter, Ray Greenleaf, Otto C. K. The Man in the Moon, L. Jochem, Jessie A. Bruhams, Sophie Bradens, James Conner, E. Ver Krüger, John W. Brown, John W. Brown, John W. Brown, Ritchie, P. McDonough, W. B. and G. D. Sleight, W. C. Palmer, D. U. D. Eureka, Oliver Twist, Laura Beardsley, E. W. Hope, Simon S. Curtis, Martin, Edwin, and John W. Brown, Jun., Harry R. Pyne, Arthur Cecil Perry, Jun., Helen C. Ruberg, Charlie Davis, Dollie M. Frederick, and Frank R. Riley.

[For EXCHANGES, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



A SEA-SIDE PUZZLE.

## THE COMICAL CAPTIVES.

BY G. E. BARTLETT, AUTHOR OF "NEW GAMES FOR PARLOR AND LAWN."

VERY great fun for children of any age can be made by tying all the company together in couples by pieces of strong cord about a yard long, as follows:

First tie one end of one of the pieces of cord very securely around the left wrist of one of the children, and the other end around the right wrist of the same child. Now tie another cord around the left wrist of a second child; pass it over the centre of the cord which secures the first child, and then tie the other end to the right wrist of the second child. Fasten thus all the players in pairs, and then produce a paper of candy with the

words, "This candy is for the first who gets away from his mate without cutting the string or unfastening it from either wrist."

Play a lively air on the piano, and watch the frantic struggles of the prisoners to escape. Some will try to step over the cord, others to pass it over their heads in front and back to back, and many very funny exercises will be attempted, to no purpose; and when all have tired themselves with laughter at the fruitless efforts of their friends, say, "I suppose I must show you how to escape, and divide the candy."

Then call up one of the captive pairs, and take the cord which binds the first child and draw it through the part of the cord which goes round the right wrist of the second child; then pass the portion which you have drawn through over the right hand of the second child, and they are both free from each other, although each one is firmly bound from one wrist to the other wrist, and the cord has not been cut.

After all have tried to discover the method of escape, which it is very difficult to do, even when they have seen it done, it may be well to explain the process, which is one of the most ingenious of the many string tricks. Sash cord or very large curtain cord is best for this purpose, as a smaller one is apt to cut or chafe the wrists of the captives in some of the many odd positions they assume in their eager efforts to escape.

## MOTHER'S WAY.

I COULD not find the button-hook, Although I tried and tried, And peered in every single spot Where button-hooks can hide.

Then mother kindly lent me hers, And, with a smiling face, Said, "If you'd never lose a thing, Keep everything in place."



"I WONDER IF BLACKBIRDS REALLY DO NIP OFF NOSES!"



THREE HOME-COMERS AND FOUR NEW-COMERS; OR, PUSSY'S SURPRISE PARTY.

HARPER'S  
YOUNG PEOPLE  
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 255.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

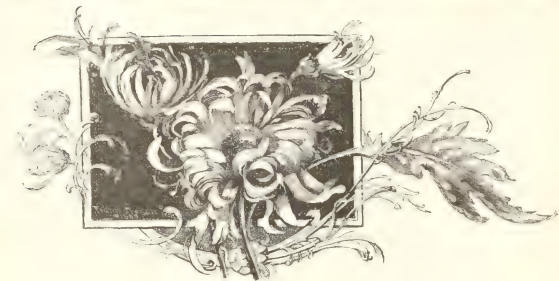
PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1884.

Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.





### CHRYSANTHEMUM.

BY MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

WHEN nuts are dropping from the trees, and corn is gathered in.

When purple grapes are on the vine, and apples in the bin,  
When far across the level fields is borne the crow's harsh call,  
Then in the garden lifts its head the bravest flower of all.

Chrysanthemum—the name is long for little lips to speak,  
But Ethel loves the cheerful bloom, and holds it to her cheek;  
For on the winter's icy edge it sets its banner bold,  
With fragrance keen as myrrh and spice, with colors clean and cold.

Clematis twined its airy wreaths, and faded from the land;  
No more the sumac rears its plume, by gentle breezes fanned;  
Dear Mother Nature tells the rose 'tis time to hide her head,  
And every tiny violet is tucked away in bed;

The birds which sang in summer days are flying to the South;  
The fairies lurk no longer in the morning-glory's mouth;  
And Ethel, sitting down to rest near the old stone wall,  
Sees, bright and strong and undimmed, the bravest flower of all.

Its petals may be tipped with pink, or touched with palest hue  
Of yellow gold, or snowy white, their beauty smiles at you;  
And little reck's it though the frost may chill the nipping air,  
It came to see the curtain drop, this flower so debonaire.

Chrysanthemum—a harder word than children often say,  
Yet little Ethel croons it o'er to music blithe and gay;  
"For east," she cries, "and west the leaves they flutter and  
they fall.

And still I find Chrysanthemum the bravest flower of all."

Oh, by-and-by the fierce north wind in wildest wrath will blow,  
The sleet upon the panes will beat, and Nature swift shall go  
And whisper to Chrysanthemum—shall little Ethel hear?—  
"Come, darling flower; the play is done. I'll bring you back  
next year."

### IN SEARCH OF THE TIDE.

BY HAMILTON W. MABIE.

I.

MR. PERKINS laid down the newspaper and stirred his tea.

"There was a great tide last night," he said; "the highest water known here for ten years. I suppose the full moon and strong east wind we have had for the last week account for it."

"How high was it, father?" asked Charlie, as he buttered the fifth piece of toast. Charlie was fourteen, and the other Perkins children looked up to him as the head of the family.

"Sixteen feet," answered Mr. Perkins.

Harry, who was not quite seven, and who was always trying to find out things for himself, looked thoughtfully out of the window. The cottage stood a stone's-throw from the water, and Harry could look through the open channel between the islands out to the wide sea that was tossing restlessly in the distance.

"Father," he asked, "where does the tide come from?"

Mr. Perkins sipped his tea before he replied, "Oh, from a long way out at sea."

"But where does it start from?" persisted Harry.

"I don't think it starts from any particular place," said Mr. Perkins. "I should say the surface waters run in from all over the sea."

"But it must start somewhere," said Harry.

Mr. Perkins had not studied up the subject of tides, and feeling that his answers had been rather vague, did not try to say anything more.

When supper was over, the family went out on the piazza which stretched across the front of the house. Mr. Perkins lighted a cigar, Mrs. Perkins brought out some pretty worsted thing she was knitting, Charlie walked down to the beach and began skipping stones across the water, and Harry sat down on a large rock and watched the tide running up and down the beach. The sun had gone down, and left a few rosy clouds trailing after him, the mountains were growing dim in the distance, and among the islands of the bay the water lay quiet and dark. It ran up the beach as if it meant to travel far inland, and then something stopped it and drew it back with a long wash that sounded as if all the wet stones on which it ran were slipping back with it.

Harry had often watched this advance and retreat of the tide, but it had never seemed so curious to him as now. "What sends it up the beach? and why does it go back instead of going on?" were questions he was trying to answer. The long, low wash of water along the whole line of shore as far as Harry could see grew more and more mysterious to him as it became darker, and the sights began to change into sounds. The great sea out beyond the island seemed to be sending its waves in, and then suddenly stopping them, and the murmur of the waters seemed to be the many voices of the sea calling its waves back again.

At last Mr. Perkins took out his watch and looked at it by the light at the end of his cigar.

"Why!" he exclaimed; "it's later than I thought; it's after nine."

Mrs. Perkins called to Harry, who very unwillingly left the shore and went up to his room. When he had undressed and blown out the candle, he opened the blinds and looked out. The moon had just risen, and was sending a silvery light over the sea where the sky met it, and the trees on the islands stood out dark and motionless. Up to the window, in the stillness of the night, came the murmur and splash of the rippling tide, almost at its flood. "Where does it start from?" said Harry to himself as he fell asleep.

It might have been two hours—it was probably more—when Harry suddenly awoke. The moon was shining into the room, and the cool splash of the sea on the beach came in at the window. "Where *does* it come from?" said Harry to himself again, and then, quick as a flash, the thought came to him to go and see. Why not? The sea was only a little way off, the night was almost as light as day, and at the little dock below the cottage Charlie's boat *Sallie* was tied. He slipped out of bed, and ran to the window; the tide was falling, and this would be the very best time to go out and find where it came from.

In five minutes Harry was dressed; and taking his shoes in his hands, he crept softly down-stairs, opened the door into the piazza, and shut it again so quietly that nobody



heard a sound. Once on the ground, he sat down and put on his shoes, then ran swiftly down to the little dock where the *Sallie* was dancing on the water, slipped the rope off the iron rod, and jumped into the boat. Harry had spent no end of time in the boat, and knew more about sailing than many older boys. The tide was falling fast, and the water along the shore was rough. The *Sallie* danced up and down, and before Harry could get an oar he was thrown over a seat into the bottom of the boat, which drifted rapidly out into the bay. It was a still night, and a light mist had spread over the sky, making the stars dim and faint. The islands looked strange and vague to Harry, and the sea was white and weird. Things did not look at all as they did by daylight; everything was queer and ghostly. Not a sound came from the cottages scattered along the shore as the boat drifted away from them; not a light was burning in a window anywhere; the whole world had gone to sleep except the sea, and a strange dream had come over that.

When the tide falls as far as it did in this bay it makes a good deal of commotion, and there are swift currents between the islands. In one of them the *Sallie* was caught, and swiftly carried seaward. Soon cottages and islands lay behind, growing dimmer and dimmer every minute, and the sea was close at hand. The water along the beach was white and foaming, and around the rocky head at the entrance of the bay the sea rushed and roared nightly. It ran in as if it meant to tear the rocks from their foundations, and swept foaming back, leaving the lower rocks uncovered and dripping with countless little water-falls.

Harry was not at all frightened; he loved the water, and had not so much as thought that he might have trouble in getting home again. The tide was running swiftly out, and if he followed it he would surely find where it came from. On and on, out into the strange, lonely sea, the little boat drifted; once in a while the moon would look out for a moment between the clouds, but most of the time she was hidden by them. Sometimes the foam on the crests of the little waves would flash in sudden points or lines of fire; sometimes a quick gleam would show itself at a distance, and Harry would wonder if it were not the fin of some great fish cutting the surface of the sea.

He had left the little silver watch which his father had given him on his last birthday hanging on the head of his bed, and so he could not tell what time it was; but he noticed after a while that the stars began to grow pale, and the great wide heavens a little less dark. A fresh breeze had sprung up, and went singing over the sea; fortunately it was a light wind, and did no harm beyond making Harry a little chilly. The boat drifted wherever the waters carried it, and they carried it straight out to sea. When the sun rose, and the morning mists had curled up and rolled themselves out of sight, Harry saw far behind him the island from which he had sailed, its mountains standing out green and solemn against the sky; far ahead were the barren rocks from which at night a light-house sent its solitary beam over the sea.

Breakfast-time came, but no breakfast, and no sign of a breakfast. The sun marched steadily up the steep circle of the sky, and found it such a hard climb that he not only got very warm himself, but put everybody else into a profuse perspiration. On Harry he fairly poured his heat, until the poor little fellow's head buzzed and ached, and he began to wish himself safe at home, tide or no tide.

Dinner-time came, but no dinner; and finally, after a long hot afternoon, tea-time, but no tea. The boat had floated further and further, but Harry had not yet found where the tide started from; the further he went, the wider the sea spread out, and there was no sign of a beginning or an end anywhere. Harry began to think he had passed the place where the tide started; certainly,

if it got out as far as this, it would lose itself and never get anywhere. The sun, tired with his long day's work, went down hot and red; by-and-by, one by one, the stars began to steal out from the places where they had hidden away from him. Harry, tired, hungry, and a little frightened, had fallen asleep in the bottom of the boat, and was dreaming of sitting down to a very nice dinner, when the moon came up and found him lying there, far out to sea, when he ought to have been in his bed at home.

## II.

Captain Peleg Waters was coming home with a goodly load of fresh mackerel; wind and tide being favorable, he expected to make Rockland some time the next afternoon. Captain Peleg was rather a rough-looking old fellow, but he had the kindest heart in the world. At the time when he sailed into this story he was taking his turn at the tiller, and was enjoying about equally the beautiful still moon-lit night and the short pipe from which he blew occasional puffs of tobacco-smoke.

"This is the purtiest night we've hed this trip," he said to himself, as he looked up at the full moon sailing serenely through the clouds, and at the silvery sea whispering to itself as if in a dream. Just then something ahead caught the Captain's eye.

"Wa'al, I declare," he said, aloud, "if there ain't a small boat! What's she doin' twenty mile out to sea?"

In ten minutes Captain Peleg had brought the schooner alongside the little boat, and was looking down at the small boy still fast asleep.

"Wa'al, I vow," said the Captain, "if that ain't the littlest crew and the sleepest I ever see afloat."

Captain Peleg whistled to himself, as he always did when puzzled; then he leaned over, and called out, softly, "Ahoj, there!"

Harry opened his eyes wide, and jumped up in a second. He was a bright, honest boy, and the Captain knew it the minute he laid eyes on him.

"Where you get from?" he asked, as gently as he could, for a voice that gets used to bawling in the teeth of all sorts of winds isn't very soft.

"Bar Harbor," answered Harry, promptly.

Captain Peleg's eyes twinkled. This was the queerest craft he had ever fallen in with on the sea.

"Where you bound?" he continued.

"I want to find where the tide comes from, sir," was the quick reply.

Captain Peleg whistled long and loud.

"What you got in yer locker?" he said, looking quizzically at the boy.

"Nothing," said Harry, rather dolefully, for he knew this was the weak point of the voyage.

"How long you been out?"

Harry hesitated a moment, for he was rather confused by the absence of dinners, teas, and clocks; finally he said he thought he had been out a day and a night.

"Anything to eat?" asked Captain Peleg.

"Nothing," answered Harry, mournfully, for he was becoming very weak, and there was a strange feeling in his stomach.

The Captain whistled again.

"Hi, there, Jim!" he called out, in a very loud voice. In a minute Jim came stumbling up from the little cabin, looking very frouzy and sleepy.

"Just you take this tiller," said Captain Peleg. Jim took the tiller. "Now," said the Captain to Harry, "throw me that rope."

Harry threw the rope, and the Captain made the little boat fast to the big one. Then he held out his rough hand, and with one vigorous pull the boy was on the schooner and the little boat was floating behind. Meanwhile the Captain had disappeared. When he came back he handed Harry some big slices of bread well buttered.



"THE LITTLEST CREW AND THE SLEEPTEST."

"Just stow that away in the hold," he said.

Harry needed no second invitation, and the bread speedily disappeared.

"Now," said Captain Peleg, as the last piece of bread went out of sight, "you turn in, and in the mornin' we'll take our bearin's."

Harry was thereupon slipped into the Captain's bunk, and within a few minutes he was fast asleep. When he awoke it was after ten the next morning. He found Captain Peleg on deck, with his short pipe in his mouth. There was a fresh breeze blowing, and the schooner was dashing along, sending little showers of spray right and left from her prow.

"Mornin'," said Captain Peleg, when he spied Harry. "Hope you slept well?"

Harry thought he had never slept better.

"Well," said the Captain, "I've followed the sea goin' on forty-five year, and my advice is, give up this 'ere voyage of yours and put fer home." Captain Peleg's eyes twinkled, but his face was perfectly sober. "I'll take yer into Rockland, and there yer kin telegraph to yer folks."

Harry thought this was the wisest plan, and was quite willing to give up the matter of the tides if he could only get home. About three o'clock in the afternoon the schooner came up to the dock, and Captain Peleg went straight to the telegraph office, and sent this dispatch:

ROCKLAND, August 3, 1884

George Perkins, Bar Harbor, Mount Desert, Maine.

Boy Harry and small boat *Sallie* picked up at sea. Send directions.  
PELEG WATERS.

The little sheet of paper which bore this good news filled the Perkins family with joy. They had found the little boat gone, had guessed what had happened, and had telegraphed in every direction without getting any news

of the lost boy. Mr. Perkins ran down to the office and sent this message in reply:

PELEG WATERS, Rockland, Maine.

Heart-felt thanks. Send boy and boat by steamer to-morrow.

GEORGE PERKINS.

BAR HARBOR, August 3, 1884.

The next day about one o'clock the steamer came along the dock at Bar Harbor, and Harry ran off the gang-plank among the first, and was kissed and hugged and cried over to his heart's content. Charlie got into the *Sallie* and rowed home, but Harry had had enough of boats for the present, and preferred to walk. About a week later Captain Waters was surprised by the arrival of a small and very nicely tied package. He opened it cautiously, and discovered a very substantial watch, with the "grateful regards of George Perkins and family."

Harry has not yet found out where the tide starts from.

## CHATS ABOUT PHILATELY.

BY JOSEPH J. CASEY.

### IX.—FIJI ISLANDS.

FROM cannibalism to postage stamps is a tremendous stride. It is supposed that postage stamps were introduced into Fiji in 1872. Fig. 1 will give a correct idea of the main design. These stamps were printed on white paper, with the watermark "Fiji Postage." The issue contained: one penny, blue; threepence, green; sixpence, carmine. A short time afterward the currency was changed to "cents," and the stamps had the new values printed on them: two cents on the one penny, blue; six cents on the threepence, green; twelve cents on the sixpence, carmine. The initials "C. R." on the stamp mean "Cakobau Rex," or King Thakombau.



FIG. 1.

In 1874 the Fiji Islands were made over to Great Britain, and a change was made in the stamps by printing the initials "V. R." (Victoria Regina) over the first initials "C. R." The values remained the same.

In 1876 an ornamental monogram, "V. R." is printed over the original initials "C. R.," and the currency is changed back to pence: one penny, blue; twopence, green (on the threepence); sixpence, carmine. In 1878 these stamps were printed on laid paper, and a new value issued, made by printing "fourpence" over the threepence stamp, printed in mauve. In 1879 the dies were re-engraved (Fig. 2), and the letters "V. R." substituted for "C. R.": one penny, blue; twopence, green; fourpence, mauve; sixpence, carmine.

There are numerous varieties of many of these stamps, but as a list would be confusing, I will not give it.

Before the government used stamps, the *Fiji Times-Express*, a paper printed for circulation among the English and American settlers in the islands, issued stamps to prepay copies of the newspaper to Melbourne. The issue is said to have taken place under the superintendence of the British Consul, who was also the packet agent. The stamps were of the type represented in Fig. 3, and were printed in black on pink paper: one penny, threepence, sixpence, ninepence, one shilling.

The Fiji, or, more correctly, the Viti Archipelago (Fiji being the pronunciation in the eastern part of the group frequented by the Ton-



FIG. 3.

gas), is one of the most important in the South Pacific. The islands number about two hundred and fifty, of which perhaps eighty are inhabited. Viti Levu, about eighty by fifty-five miles, is the largest and most important. Vanua Levu, about one hundred by twenty-five miles, is the next most important.

The Fijians were formerly savages and cannibals of the worst kind. Shipwrecked or helpless strangers were nearly always killed and eaten. Widows were strangled at the death of their husbands; slaves killed at the death of their masters; victims were slain in numbers at the building of a house or of a canoe, or at the visit of embassies from other tribes. Yet the people were always hospitable, open-handed, and remarkably polite. Fijian tradition holds that the creation of man, the scene of the deluge, and the building of a tower of Babel took place on Fijian soil.

A few of the islands in the northeast were first seen by Tasman in 1643. The southernmost of the group, Turtle Island, was discovered by Captain Cook in 1773.

Na Ulivau, chief of the small island of Mbau, established before his death, in 1829, a sort of supremacy, which was extended by his brother Tanoa, and by Tanoa's son, the well-known Thakombau (whose initials appear on the stamps), a ruler of considerable wisdom.

This King was harassed by an ambitious chief of the Friendly Islands. He was also annoyed by a demand from the United States for \$45,000 for injuries to their Consul, and King George of the Friendly Islands demanded \$60,000 for his services in crushing rebellion.

At last Thakombau, unable to contend with all these troubles, offered the islands to England, with the fee-simple of 100,000 acres, on condition of her paying the American claims. This was in 1858. About 1869, after attempts at self-government, the sovereignty was again offered to England and to the United States.

In 1871 a constitutional government was formed by certain Englishmen under King Thakombau. Trouble and debt followed this, and finally Great Britain felt obliged, in the interest of all parties, to accept the unconditional cession offered in 1874.

The islands are governed as far as consistent in accordance with native ideas.

The people are now almost all Christians. Mourning is expressed by fasting, by shaving the head and face, or by cutting off the little finger. This last is sometimes done at the death of a rich man, in the hope that his family will reward the compliment. Sometimes the chief cuts off the little finger of his dependents in regret or in atonement for the death of another. The women only are tattooed.

## WAKULLA.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### A WRECK ON THE FLORIDA REEF.

**B**EFORE the light but steady trade-wind, that kept the air deliciously cool, the *Nancy Bell* ran rapidly down the coast and along the great Florida Reef, which bounds that coast for two hundred miles on the south.

Captain Drew stood far out from the reef, being well aware of the strong currents that set toward it from all directions, and which have enticed many a good ship to her destruction. Others, however, were not so wise as he, and at daylight one morning the watch on deck sang out, "Wreck off the starboard bow!"

This brought all hands quickly on deck, and, sure enough, about five miles from them they saw the wreck, looming high out of the water, and evidently stranded.



CLIMBING A COCOA-NUT PALM

As her masts with their crossed yards were still standing, "Captain Li" said she must have struck very easily, and stood a good chance of being saved if she could only be lightened before a blow came.

"Are you going to her assistance?" asked Mr. Elmer.

"Certainly I am," answered the Captain. "I consider that one of the first duties of a sailor is to give aid to his fellows in distress. Besides, if we succeed in saving her and her cargo, we stand a chance of making several thousand dollars salvage money, which I for one do not care to throw away."

"You are quite right," said Mr. Elmer. "It is seldom that we are offered an opportunity of doing good and being well paid for it at the same time, and it would be foolish as well as heartless not to render what assistance lies in our power."

The schooner was already headed toward the wreck, but approached it very slowly, owing to the light breeze that barely filled her sails. As the sun rose and cast a broad flood of light over the tranquil scene, the Captain anxiously scanned the line of the reef in both directions through his glass.

"Ah, I thought so!" he exclaimed; "there they come, and there, and there. I can count six already. Now we shall have a race for it."

"Who? what?" asked Mark, not understanding the Captain's exclamations.

"Wreckers," answered the Captain. "Take the glass, and you can see their sails coming from every direction, and they have seen us long ago too. I actually believe those fellows can smell a wreck a hundred miles off. Halloo there, forward! Stand by to lower the gig."

"What are you going to do?" asked Mr. Elmer.

"I am going to try and reach that wreck before any of the boats, whose sails you can see slipping out from behind those low keys. The first man aboard that ship is 'wreck-master,' and gets the largest share of salvage money."

So saying, "Captain Li" swung himself over the side and into the light gig, which, with its crew of four lusty young Maine sailors, had already been got overboard, and now awaited him. As he seized the tiller ropes, he shouted, "Now, then, give way! and a hundred dollars extra salvage to you four if this gig is the first boat to lay alongside of that wreck."

At these words the long ash oars bent like willow wands in the grasp of the young Northern giants, and the gig sprang away like a startled bonito, leaving a long line of bubbles to mark her course.

The wreck was still three miles off, and, with the glass, small boats could be seen shooting away from several of the approaching wrecking vessels.

"It's a race between Conchs and Yankees," said Jan Jansen to Mark.

"What are Conchs?" asked the boy.

"Why, those fellows in the other boats. Most of them come from the Bahama Islands, and all Bahamians are called 'Conchs,' because they eat so many of the shell-fish of that name."

"Well, I'll bet on the Yankees!" cried Mark.

"So will I," said the Swede. "Yankee baked beans and brown bread make better muscle than fish, which is about all the fellows down this way get to live on."

As seen from the deck of the schooner, the race had by this time become very exciting, for, as their boat approached the wreck on one side, another, manned by red-shirted wreckers, who were exhibiting a wonderful amount of pluck and endurance for "Conchs," as Jan called them, was rapidly coming up on the other. It was hard to tell which was the nearer, and while Mark shouted in his excitement, Mrs. Elmer and Ruth waved their handkerchiefs, though their friends were too far away to be encouraged by either the shouts or warnings.

At last "Captain Li's" boat dashed up alongside the wreck, and, almost at the same instant, the wrecker's boat disappeared from view on the opposite side.

With their glasses, those on the schooner saw their Captain go up the side of the ship, hand over hand, along

a rope that had been thrown him, and disappear over the bulwarks. They afterward learned that he reached the deck of the ship, and thus made himself master of the wreck, just as the head of his rival appeared above the opposite side.

The wreck proved to be the ship *Goodspeed*, Captain Gillis, of and for Liverpool, with cotton from New Orleans. During the calm of the preceding night she had been caught by one of the powerful coast currents, and stealthily but surely drawn into the toils. Shortly before daylight she had struck on Pickle Reef; but so lightly and so unexpectedly that her crew could hardly believe the slight jar they felt was anything more than the shock of striking some large fish. They soon found, however, that they were hard and fast aground, and had struck on the very top of the flood tide, so that as it ebbed the ship became more and more firmly fixed in her position. As the ship settled with the ebbing tide she began to leak badly, and Captain Gillis was greatly relieved when daylight disclosed to him the presence of the *Nancy Bell*, and he greeted her Captain most cordially as the latter gained the deck of his ship.

By the time the schooner had approached the wreck as nearly as her own safety permitted, and dropped anchor for the first time since leaving Bangor, a dozen little wrecking boats, manned by crews of swarthy spongers and fishermen, had also reached the spot, and active preparations for lightening the stranded ship were being made. Her carefully battened hatches were uncovered, whips were rove to her lower yards, and soon the tightly pressed bales of cotton began to appear over her sides, and find their way into the light-draught wrecking vessels waiting to receive them. As soon as one of these was loaded, she transferred her cargo to the *Nancy Bell*, and returned for another.

While the wreckers were busily discharging the ship's cargo her own crew were overhauling long lines of chain cable, and lowering two large anchors and two smaller ones into one of the wrecking boats that had remained empty on purpose to receive them. The cables were paid out over the stern of the ship, and made fast to the great anchors, which were carried far out into the deep water beyond the reef. Each big anchor was backed by a smaller one, to which it was attached by a cable, and which was carried some distance beyond it before being dropped overboard.

When the anchors were thus placed in position, the ends of the cables still remaining on board the ship were passed around capstans, and by means of the donkey-engine drawn taut.

At high tide that night a heavy strain was brought to bear on the cables, in hopes that the ship might be pulled off the reef. But she did not move, and the work of lightening her and searching for the leak continued all the next day. While all this work was going on, the Elmers spent most of their time in exploring the reef in the Captain's gig, which was so light that Mr. Elmer and Mark could easily row it.

As the clear water was without a ripple they could look far down into its depths and see the bottom of branching coral, as beautiful as frosted silver. From among its branches sprung great sea-fans, delicate as lace-work, and showing, in striking contrast to the pure white of the coral, the most vivid reds, greens, and royal purple. These, and masses of feathery sea-weeds, waved to and fro in the water as though stirred by a light breeze, and among them darted and played fish as brilliant in coloring as tropical birds. The boat seemed suspended in mid-air above fairyland, and even the children gazed down over its sides in silence, for fear lest by speaking they should break the charm, and cause the wonderful picture to vanish.

By noon the heat of the sun was so great that they sought shelter from it on a little island, or key, of about



an acre in extent, that was covered with a luxuriant vegetation, and shaded by a group of stately cocoa-nut palms. Mr. Elmer showed Mark how to climb one of these by means of a bit of rope fastened loosely around his body and the smooth trunk of the tree, and the boy succeeded in cutting off several bunches of the great nuts that hung just below the wide-spreading crown of leaves. They came to the ground with a crash; but the thick husk in which each was enveloped saved them from breaking. The nuts were quite green, and Mr. Elmer with a hatchet cut several of them open and handed them to his wife and children. None of them contained any meat, for that had not yet formed; but they were filled with a white milky fluid, which, as all of the party were very thirsty, proved a most acceptable beverage.

After eating the luncheon they had brought with them, and satisfying their thirst with the cocoa-nut milk, Mark and Ruth explored the beach of the little island in search of shells, which they found in countless numbers, of strange forms and most beautiful colors, while their parents remained seated in the shade of the palms.

"Wouldn't it be gay if we could stay here always?" said Mark.

"No," answered the more practical Ruth. "I don't think it would at all. I would rather be where there are people and houses; besides, I heard father say that these little islands are often entirely covered with water during great storms, and I'm sure I wouldn't want to be here then."

It was nearly sunset when they returned to the schooner, with their boat well loaded with the shells and other curiosities that the children had gathered.

At high tide that night the strain on the cables proved sufficient to move the stranded ship, and, foot by foot, she was pulled off into deep water, much to the joy of Captain Gillis and those who had worked with him.

The next morning the entire fleet—ship, schooner, and wrecking boats—set sail for Key West, which port they reached during the afternoon, and where they found they would be obliged to spend a week or more while an admiralty court settled the claims for salvage.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP.

BY SHERWOOD RYSE.

THOSE of the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE who happened to be at Newport during the last week in August had an opportunity of witnessing as fine a display of lawn tennis as any that has ever been seen in this country. It was the occasion of the Fourth Annual Championship Tournament, which great event has always taken place at Newport, that delightful place having claims and attractions that could not be overlooked.

Let us fancy that we are at Newport, that it is the morning of Wednesday, August 27, and that we are standing on the grassy carpet of the tennis ground. The champion is here before us, but he has not yet donned his tennis suit, for he will not be called upon to play until some one has proved his right to challenge the famous player by defeating all the others.

The matches that are going on are interesting, nevertheless. In one court young Livingstone Beekman is having a match with Mr. Post. Beekman is still a boy, though nineteen years old, and, but for his height, you would hardly take him for more than fifteen. Those who know him stand upon little ceremony with him, and call him "Livvy," for short. If you will watch his play, especially his back-hand strokes and wrist play, you will see much to admire and to imitate.

In another court young Thorne, of Yale, is playing a match, which he wins very easily, his opponent only getting one game in the two sets. Thorne is one of the Yale

College champions, and a possible champion of the United States some day. Another college man is at work in another court near by. This is Brinley, who comes from Trinity College, Hartford, and who is twenty years old. He has an easy victory, disposing of his opponent by a score of 6—3, 6—4. Brinley has an excellent style, and is as active as a cat and as quick as a mouse. But in the second round this young player is called upon to meet one who will try his mettle to the utmost, and who, indeed, soon proved to be more than a match for the young Trinity College representative.

You may as well take a good look at the victor in this match, for, as it afterward turned out, this is the very man who earned the right to challenge the champion, the unconquered "Dicky" Sears. He is eighteen years old, and looks even younger, about five feet six inches in height, and weighing about one hundred and forty pounds. He is a Harvard junior, and, as they say in advertisements of lost dogs, answers to the name of Howard Taylor. He has not the quick, nervous figure that you would expect in a first-rate player; indeed, to see him curled up in a rocking-chair on the piazza, reading a novel, you would think he was too lazy to stir even when the dinner bell rang.

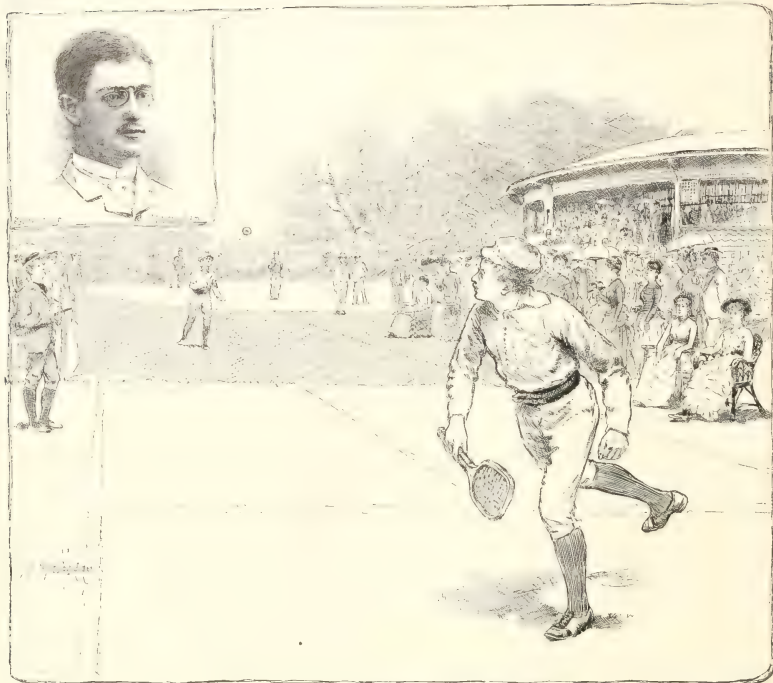
But Howard Taylor in a tennis court is another person. He is here, there, and almost everywhere at the same time. He follows that ball almost as closely as the "little lamb" followed "Mary" in the poem. And not alone with arms and quickly moving legs does he play, but with his head also. It is not enough that he shall return the ball; he watches the position of his opponent, and places the ball beyond his reach, over his head, or along the side line. His "placing" is excellent, and it won him his Newport honors. If you are a tennis player, pay attention to "placing," which is hitting the ball so that it shall drop beyond the adversary's reach. It is not easy at first to judge distances, but it comes with practice, and it is sure to "pay."

A little later in the tournament Howard Taylor is matched against Mr. A. Van Rensselaer, one of the best-known tennis players in the country. He is no longer a boy, having graduated at Princeton in '74, but he still pursues tennis and other sports with his old college-day enthusiasm, and excels in cricket, base-ball, foot-ball, and several other games. He is over six feet high, and well proportioned. When he serves, the ball comes as if it had been shot out of a cannon, and if you would return the service you would do well to stand several feet behind your base line. I have no doubt that Mr. Van Rensselaer has won many matches through striking terror to the heart of his opponent by his furiously hard service.

But in this match the cannon-ball style of service did not avail him, for his young antagonist had both sets easily in hand, the older man only winning four games in the first set, and one in the second.

Other players there are on the ground whom we have not noticed. There is Knapp, a Yale boy, who, with Thorne, won the double championship at their college; there is Stevens, recently from St. Paul's School at Concord; there are the two Clark brothers, Clarence and Joe, who crossed the Atlantic to play the English champions, but could not succeed in defeating them; there is Conover, who has probably won more prizes than any other player in America, and who deserves all he has won, for he has a sure eye, a swift stroke, keeps his head level, and "plays for all he is worth" all the time.

Finally we come to the champion pair, Richard D. Sears and James Dwight. Mr. Sears is twenty-three years old, and of very slight build. He graduated a year ago at Harvard, and is now studying law. Four times in succession he has won the Lawn Tennis Championship of the United States, and thrice in succession he and Mr. Dwight have won the Championship for Doubles. The champion challenge cup has become his private property,



LAWN TENNIS AT NEWPORT. DRAWN BY W. P. SNIDER.

as has also the splendid "Horsman trophy," a full-sized racquet adorned with gold and studded with diamonds. He has won so many first prizes that ordinary tournaments have no attraction for him, and this match that he has been called upon to play in defense of his championship is the only single-handed match he has played in this country since last season.

During the past spring and summer Messrs. Sears and Dwight have played in several tournaments in England, and they are acknowledged to be second only to the English champions, the twin brothers Renshaw, in the double game. Mr. Dwight is about thirty-three years old, and though short of stature he is a remarkably good player, being very quick and sure of his strokes. He is now serving his third term as President of the National Lawn Tennis Association, and though still a young man he might well be called the father of lawn tennis in the United States.

But these sketches of the principal players in the Championship Tournament have taken up nearly all my space, leaving none for an account of the play. Ah, well! it is almost impossible to describe the games, and the bare results would prove of little interest. The end of the Newport week saw the prize for Singles gallantly captured by Howard Taylor, who, however, could not succeed in taking

the championship honors from Sears, though he managed to win one set out of four. The Doubles were very easily won by Sears and Dwight, the final match being against Van Rensselaer and Berry, the latter pair winning only one set in four.

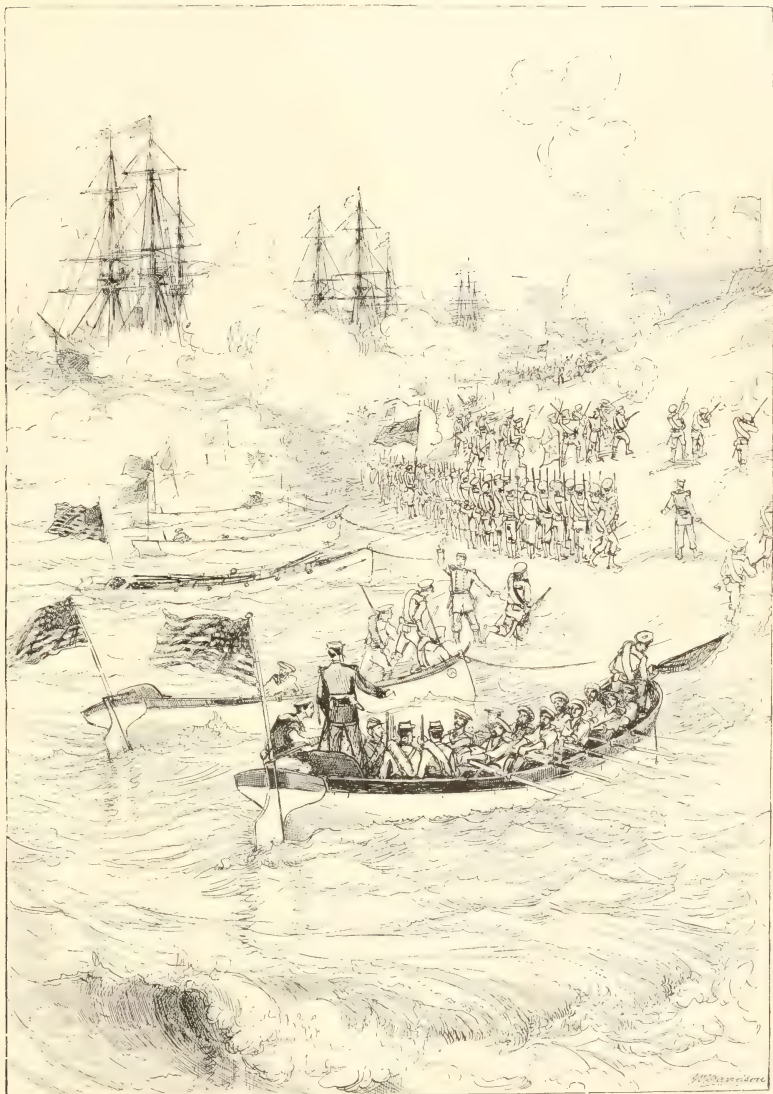
And so Mr. Sears takes his champion trophies home to adorn his mother's parlor, for he has won them outright; in two or three years perchance one of the young college students whom we have seen on the lawn at Newport to-day will occupy his place, with the proud title of champion; for though lawn tennis is only a game, if it is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well, and well worth doing best if you can.

#### NAVAL DRILLS AND SHAM BATTLES.

BY J. O. DAVIDSON.

**I**N time of peace prepare for war," is a saying with which every American boy is familiar. But how elaborate the preparation must be very few who are not well acquainted with military and naval doings can realize.

Each year certain vessels are sent abroad to visit foreign ports. The officers and men thus become familiar with the latest improvements in their profession. Each winter some vessels are sent to cruise in southern seas,



A SHAM BATTLE AT NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.

and every summer there are naval reviews, and the fleets off our coasts are exercised in tactical manœuvres and target practice. All this is done as if in view of an enemy, and if their services should be required at a moment's notice, the men would be found ready.

This summer a landing of 700 sailors was made on an island in the Atlantic, where they formed a camp, built a fort, and drilled just as if they had captured the island from an enemy.

At Newport, the North Atlantic Squadron, composed of the *Tennessee*, *Vandalia*, *Swarata*, *Alliance*, *Yantic*, and the iron-clads *Nantucket* and *Passaic*, and torpedo boat *Alarm*, were several weeks engaged in their summer practice, which terminated in a sham battle, when the boats from the ships landed and stormed a fort near the water. The scene was very exciting. The great ships drew up in line, and the men poured over the sides and swarmed in the boats like bees. Small field cannon were lowered into the boats. The men seized their oars, and a grand rush for the beach followed, while the big guns on the ships fired broadsides to cover the landing. Presently the boats dashed into the surf and ran aground, the men jumping into the water, taking their rifles with them. Some ran forward a little way up the hill, and forming a skirmish line, opened a rifle fire at the fort. Hundreds of others formed in line of battle, with the flags of their ship behind them. In a few minutes all the Gatling guns and small cannon were mounted and opened fire, and under their cover the entire force made a charge up the hill.

Every little hollow and inequality of ground was taken advantage of, even to some hay-mows, behind which some of the men sought security, and from which they fired, as if at an enemy. Others, in the open, lay down, loading and firing their rifles as if bullets were flying too thickly for them to stand up. Presently the reserves were ordered up, and with "Fix bayonets!" and "Charge!" the whole line, blue-jackets, marines, guns, and all, went rushing up the hill and over the fort. It was taken, and presently the Stars and Stripes rose up out of the smoke, and floated from the staff where the red banner of the "enemy" had so recently been waving. The surrounding hills were covered with thousands of spectators, and the bay was bright with flitting sails and gay bunting of the visiting craft.

## ROLAND'S HAPPY MISTAKE.

BY JULIA K. HILDBRETH

"I ALWAYS did want to fly my kite in the moonlight," said Roland White, as he stepped out upon the roof one beautiful moonlight night, and closed the trap-door gently after him.

Roland had never been forbidden to fly his kite at night, because no one ever even thought of his wishing to do such a thing, but, for all that, he knew it was not quite right. So he moved softly over the roof, and seating himself on the stone ledge between his house and the next, began to unwind his ball of twine.

In less than five minutes the kite was ready, and flying many yards above Roland's head, for there was a splendid breeze blowing.

He stood up and moved along so as to keep the kite between him and the moon. But presently the cord was all played out, and the kite seemed like a small black speck right against the moon. As Roland looked at it with delight and admiration, a distant clock struck twelve.

"Well!" exclaimed Roland, "I had no idea it was so late as that."

He drew in his kite quickly, and then turned to retrace his steps; but as the houses were all alike, and he did not know how far he had gone over the roofs, this was not very easily done.

Roland went from house to house slowly and softly,

and tried each trap-door very gently, for he was afraid, if he made a noise, some of the neighbors would hear him, and peep out to see who it was. He did not in the least wish to be seen, for he had no shoes on, and his head and shoulders were muffled up in a large white shawl of his mother's.

"They would think I was a house-breaker," said he to himself, as he stooped and tried the door near his feet.

"This must be ours," thought Roland, much relieved to feel one of the trap-doors move under his touch. He slipped in, fastened the catch, and stepped cautiously down the ladder. It was dark, and everything was just as he had left it when he formed the notion of flying his kite by moonlight, and had stolen out of bed and upon the roof.

Roland crept down the stairs to his own room, which was on the second floor, and opened the door cautiously. The moonlight streamed into the window between the curtains, which were slightly parted, and fell upon the bed close by it. He rubbed his eyes and stared, for there on the pillow lay a very pale face with closed eyes, and below the face he could see a throat tied up in red flannel.

He was about to ask the stranger who he was, and how he came to be in his bed, when he saw at once from the looks of things about him that he had got into the wrong house. His only thought was to go back to the roof before he was discovered.

"I would rather stay there all night," thought he, "than be caught here."

He groped his way to the door, and his hand was on the knob, when he felt it turn from the other side, and heard a voice mutter, "Arrah, now, what's coom to the door?"

Roland turned first one way and then another in his anxiety to escape. A closet stood open close by him, and just as the other door was unclosed, he slipped in and hid himself behind some garments hanging on the wall.

The person who entered struck a match and lit the gas; then Roland saw that it was a rough-looking boy of about sixteen years old dressed in livery. The new-comer went up to the table and began to examine the vials. He took up one after another with a puzzled expression; then he said, in a whisper:

"Walter, me boy, I say, which of thim was you to take inside and which was I to rub on to your chist? Arrah! it's gone out of me head intirely."

The sick boy made no answer.

"It's all doctor's stuff," continued the boy. "So I'm thinking it will make little differ. It was black stuff that cured me once, so I'll be givin' you this. One tea-spoonful, two, three, and one for good measure," said he, dropping the medicine into a glass of water. He gave a loud sniff as he replaced the cork, and exclaimed, "Musha! if it's as strong as it smells, it will cure you up mighty quick."

"Is that you, Dennis?" said the sick boy, opening his eyes. "Is it time to take my medicine?"

"Not yet," replied Dennis, "but it will be in fifteen minutes."

"Well, then," said Walter, "put it close by me on the table, and I will take it myself, and you can go to bed."

"But won't you be afraid to be alone?" asked Dennis. "I could sleep here on the flure."

"Oh no," said Walter, hastily; "thank you very much. You can't help it, you know, but you snore, and it would keep me awake."

"Very well," replied Dennis, good-naturedly. "I'll go upstairs, then, and if you want me, just ring the bell forenmost you, and I'll be down before you can count ten. Shall I have the light?"

"Yes," replied Walter, as he turned uneasily upon his pillow.

Then, much to Roland's relief, Dennis said "Good-night," and left the room.



Roland watched the sick boy anxiously. Presently he saw his eyes close and heard him breathe heavily. Then he crept from his hiding-place and stole toward the door, his eyes fixed on the bed all the time. The greenish liquid which Dennis had poured into the glass glittered in the gas-light and attracted Roland's attention, and made him smile as he thought of the boy's words, "Tis all doctor's stuff, anyhow." Then another thought came into his mind. Perhaps Dennis had made a mistake, and given the wrong medicine. So he glanced toward the large vial from which it had been taken. Then he stood quite still, for he could plainly see that on one corner of the label was a skull and cross-bones.

"That means poison," thought Roland: "what ought I to do?"

Just then the sick boy half opened his eyes and stretched out his hand toward the glass.

"I say!" cried Roland, forgetting everything but the boy's danger, "don't drink that."

Walter raised himself on his elbow, and opened his eyes wide in amazement.

"Why, who are you?" said he, staring at Roland, who certainly was a rather queer-looking figure, with his shawl over his shoulders and head, in place of a jacket and hat.

"Never mind that for a moment. Look at this medicine. This is the bottle it came out of. It's marked poison, and the label reads, 'For external use only.' And here is what you ought to take. It is a kind of pink color, and it says, 'Three tea-spoonfuls every two hours.' Shall I change it for you?"

"Yes," replied Walter, "and then tell me how you came to find all this out."

Roland poured the contents of the glass into a bowl on the table, and after cleansing the glass carefully, measured off the right medicine and handed it to Walter.

Walter looked at him, as he swallowed it, and smiled.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Roland.

"You look so queer with that big shawl over your head," replied Walter.

"I forgot the shawl," said Roland, pulling it off hastily.

"Now I know you!" exclaimed Walter. "You are the boy that lives next door."

"I am glad you know where I live," replied Roland, "for I don't." Then he told the sick boy all about his mistake.

"It was a happy mistake for me," said Walter, when he had finished. "But now I suppose you want to go home, though I wish you could stay."

"Good-by," replied Roland. "I am afraid I can't stay. Which side is my house?"

"On the left," said Walter. "I saw you go in when I came home yesterday. I was on a visit to my aunt's, and I felt sick, and I made them send me home. But when I got here I found the house empty; nobody but Dennis in it. Before you go, would you mind smoothing the quilts a little? I feel so warm and horrid."

Roland did as he was desired, and started for the door. It was locked.

On leaving the room Dennis had locked the door, thinking his young master would be safer thus.

There was nothing to do but take the situation quietly. Roland returned to the bed, explained matters to Walter, and took up a book which he found on the floor near the table. Then seeing that the sick boy was still wide awake, he said,

"Shall I read to you?"

"If you will I shall think you the best boy I ever met," replied Walter, gratefully.

So Roland read him a story of the wonderful adventures of two boys cast away on a desert island.

At last Walter fell asleep, and presently the book fell from Roland's hand, and his eyes closed.

It was seven o'clock when Roland opened his eyes again, and became aware of a loud ringing at the door bell. In a few moments he heard Dennis stumbling down stairs in a great hurry, and then presently, after a few words had been spoken, he heard a man's voice say, in a loud, horrified tone,

"What! you gave him the lotion? Then he is dead, and you have killed him."

In a moment or two Dennis came clumping upstairs, and began to beat at the door and cry, "Oh, Walter, boy, are you kilt intirely?"

"Who locked this door?" interrupted the doctor's voice.

"It was I myself," sobbed Dennis.

"Then go and get the key," replied the doctor, sternly.

Dennis hurried away, and the doctor paced impatiently backward and forward.

"This is terrible!" muttered he; "but how was I to know that that great boy could not read? Dear me! dear me! what will his mother say?"

Just then Walter awoke and sat up. "What's the matter?" said he.

Roland did not answer, for at that moment the door was flung open, and the doctor hurried in, followed closely by Dennis.

They both started back in astonishment at sight of the two boys. Dennis fairly howled.

"There's two of them!"

The doctor, after glancing at Roland, took Walter's hand, and said, anxiously, "Do you suffer much?"

"I think I am almost well," replied the boy; "I feel ever so much better, and I have had a splendid sleep."

"Did you take the medicine Dennis gave you?" asked the doctor, gravely glancing at the empty glass.

"No," said Walter, with a laugh, pointing to Roland; "he would not let me."

Then came the explanation, to which Dennis listened with open eyes and mouth, looking suspiciously at Roland all the while.

"A fortunate accident," said the doctor, with a look of relief, when the story was finished. Then, patting Roland on the shoulder, he said: "If you had not been here, this poor child would not have been able to tell the story this morning. He would either have been dead or suffering terrible agony. Now I think it would be best for you to go home and let your people know where you are. I will stay with Walter until his mother arrives."

"Come back soon," said Walter, as Roland left the room.

Roland nodded and ran home.

That morning at breakfast Roland related his adventure to his parents. They were both very much astonished.

His mother said that she thought it very dangerous to go on the roof alone at night, and that she must never do it again; but since he had saved a boy's life by it, she could not scold him this time.

His father laughed, and seemed to think that he must have dreamed it all, and after a while Roland almost thought so himself.

But that afternoon a lady called on his mother, and presently Roland was sent for. The lady was Walter's mother, and she had come to thank Roland for saving her boy's life. She spoke so kindly, and seemed so near crying, that Roland was very glad when she asked him to go and call on her son. He hurried away, and spent the rest of the afternoon reading and talking to the sick boy.

When Walter recovered, which he did shortly, the boys spent many a delightful hour together. Walter is often heard to say that he can never be too thankful for "Roland's mistake," not only because it saved his life, but it has given him such a dear friend.

## FRECKLES.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

AFTER the time I tried to photograph the baby, my camera was taken away from me and locked up for ever so long. Sue said I wasn't to be trusted with it and it would go off some day when you think it isn't loaded and hurt somebody worse than you hurt the baby you good-for-nothing little nuisance.

Father kept the camera locked for about a month, and said when I see some real reformation in you James you shall have it back again. But I shall never have it back again now, and if I did, it wouldn't be of any use, for I'm never to be allowed to have any more chemicals. Father is going to give the camera to the missionaries, so that they can photograph heathen and things, and all the chemicals I had have been thrown away, just because I

would agree to take them away. Sue said she thought freckles were perfectly lovely, and it's a good thing she thinks so, for she has about as many as she can use; and Lizzie said she'd give anything if she only had a few nice freckles on her cheeks.

Mother asked what made freckles, and Mr. Travers said the sun made them just as it makes photographs. "Jimmy will understand it," said Mr. Travers. "He knows how the sun makes a picture when it shines on a photograph plate, and all his freckles were made just in the same way. Without the sun there wouldn't be any freckles."

This sounded reasonable, but then Mr. Travers forgot all about chemicals. As I said, the last time I wrote, chemicals is something in a bottle like medicine, and you have to put it on a photograph plate so as to make the picture that the sun has made show itself. Now if

chemicals will do this with a photograph plate, it ought to do it with a girl's cheek. You take a girl and let the sun shine on her cheek, and put chemicals on her, and it ought to bring out splendid freckles.

I'm very fond of Lizzie, though she is a girl, because she minds her own business, and don't meddle with my things and get me into scrapes. I'd have given her all my freckles if I could, as soon as I knew she wanted them, and as soon as Mr. Travers said that freckles were made just like photographs, I made up my mind I would make some for her. So I told her she should have the best freckles in town if she'd come up to my room the next morning, and let me expose her to the sun and then put chemicals on her.

Lizzie has confidence in me, which is one of her best qualities, and shows that she is a good girl. She was so pleased when I promised to make freckles for her; and as soon as the sun got up high enough to shine into my window she came up to my room all ready to be freckled.

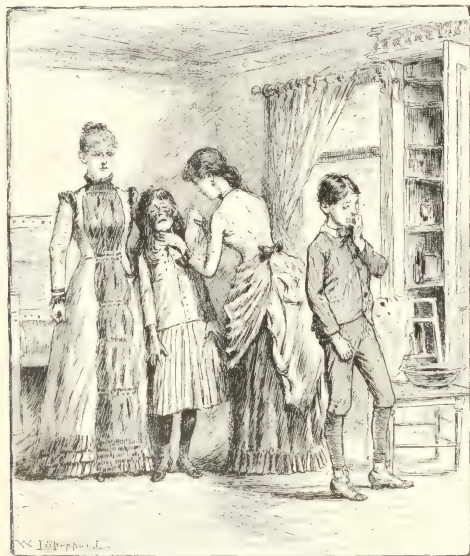
I exposed her to the sun for six seconds. I only exposed my photograph plates three seconds, but I thought that Lizzie might not be quite as sensitive, and so I exposed her longer. Then I took her into the dark closet where I kept the chemicals, and poured chemicals on her cheeks. I made her hold her handkerchief on her face so that the chemicals couldn't get into her eyes and run down her neck, for she wanted freckles only on her cheeks.

I watched her very carefully, but the freckles didn't come out. I put more chemicals on her, and rubbed it in with a cloth; but it was no use, the freckles wouldn't come.

I don't know what the reason was. Perhaps I hadn't exposed her long enough, or perhaps the chemicals was weak. Anyway, not a single freckle could I make.

So after a while I gave it up, and told her it was no use, and she could go and wash her face. She cried a little because she was disappointed, but she cried more afterward. You see, the chemicals made her cheek almost black, and she couldn't wash it off. Mother and Sue made a dreadful fuss about it, and sent for the doctor, who said he thought it would wear off in a year or so, and wouldn't kill the child or do her very much harm.

This is the reason why they took my chemicals away, and promised to give my camera to the missionaries. All I meant was to please Lizzie, and I never knew the chemicals would turn her black. But it isn't the first time I have tried to be kind and have been made to suffer for it.

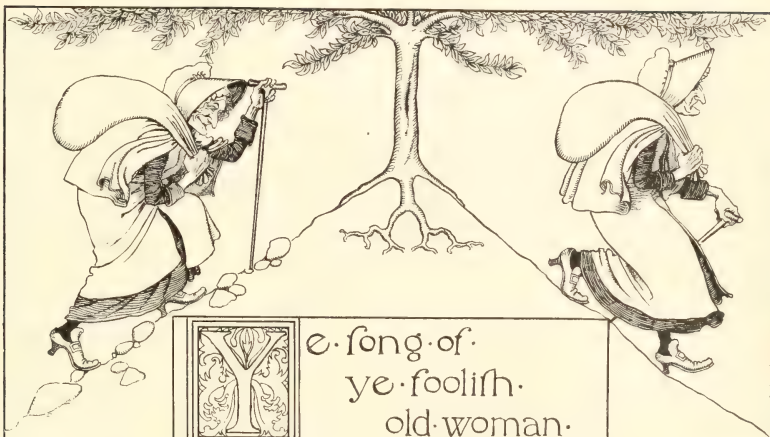


"MOTHER AND SUE MADE A DREADFUL FUSS."

made a mistake in using them. I don't say it didn't serve me right, but I can't help wishing that father would change his mind.

I have never said much about my other sister, Lizzie, because she is nothing but a girl. She is twelve years old, and of course she plays with dolls, and doesn't know enough to play base-ball or do anything really useful. She scarcely ever gets me into scrapes, though, and that's where Sue might follow her example. However, it was Lizzie who got me into the scrape about my chemicals, though she didn't mean to, poor girl.

One night Mr. Travers came to tea, and everybody was talking about freckles. Mr. Travers said that they were real fashionable, and that all the ladies were trying to get them. I am sure I don't see why. I've mornamillion freckles, and I'd be glad to let anybody have them who



e. song of.  
ye foolish.  
old woman.

I saw an old woman go up a steep hill,  
And she chuckled and laughed, as she went, with a will.  
And yet, as she went,  
Her body was bent,  
With a load as heavy as sins in lent.

"Oh! why do you chuckle, old woman," says I,  
As you climb up the hill-side so steep and so high?"  
"Because, don't you see,  
I'll presently be,  
At the top of the hill. He! he!" says she.

I saw the old woman go downward again;  
And she easily travelled, with never a pain;  
Yet she loudly cried,  
And gustily sighed,  
And groaned, though the road was level and wide.

"Oh! why, my old woman," says I, "do you weep,  
When you laughed, as you climbed up the hill-side so  
"High-ho! I am vexed, sleep!"  
Because I expect,"  
Says she, "I shall ache in climbing the next."



H. Pyle.







side of its head. Four times did the snake repeat the attack, four times did pussy show that she was mistress of the situation, when the snake wrenched and, thoroughly disgusted, finally tore its head to pieces. Then, turning round, with a sorrowful mew! mew! mew! she took the dead kitten up in her mouth and carried it back to the house.

At that time Ponto also came up, and hearing her pitiful cries, took up the snake, and between dragging and carrying got it out of sight to a distant part of the yard where he scratched his paw, put the snake into it, and by pushing with his nose and scratching with his feet he covered it up.

Minnie says pussy has been out on a snake hunt several times since. He thinks she knows that her other little kitten was eaten by the snake, and that she is trying to avenge its death by killing all the snakes she can find.

MABEL C.

I am one of your older readers, but I still like to read and enjoy HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I am very fond of reading, and I have lately read "Sawdust and Sunshine." I found them very interesting. We live in a lovely little rectory on the banks of the beautiful Hudson. Since I have grown old enough I have been in the Sunday school, my father's parish work among the poor. In winter I have a little sewing class, and I also have a Sunday-school class. I find both very interesting, and they occupy my leisure hours. I have no pets except a little canary-bird. I wonder if all the children who read HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE are as fond of climbing trees as I am? I used to dread the time when I had to give it up, but I don't mind it so much now. We are about to have a fair. It is for a summer home for the poor near us. With best love to all the children, I am, affectionately, A FRIEND.

EDGEMOND, NEW JERSEY.

I am a little boy nine years old. I am a brother of Lena T. W. The white rat belongs to me, the black rat belongs to my brother, the grey rat to my other brother, and the skyie terrapin to my sister who wrote to you. I went to Europe last year. I was sick all winter, and am just able to run about. B. W.

#### LITTLE DICK'S BIRTHDAY.

His name was Richard Larrington—called Dick by his parents and his friends. He was seven years old to-day, and he was to have a party. His mamma wrote the invitations and sent them out a week before the time. As he had never had any before, he was delighted at the promise in it, and all kinds of goodies, he told his cousin, John Ellison, who was visiting him. The party was to be at eight o'clock, and the guests were to arrive long enough for such little folks. By six o'clock all the boys and girls were assembled, and then they played all kinds of games. Then they marched out for refreshment, and Dick and Alice James leading. While they were guessing who would get the ring, some one suddenly cried out, "Little Morrison has it! Little Morrison has the ring at which all gathered around, clamoring to see it. While they are talking about it I will describe it. A gold ring with a large pearl set in it surrounded by turquoise, and with Dick's initials, "R. A. R." on it. Dick went back again to the parlor, where Mrs. Larrington played and sang for them, and they went sometimes join in the chorus. When they all went home, after having a very good time.

HENRIETTA (aged thirteen years).

PORT MEER, NEW YORK.

My aunt Helen, of Keyport, New Jersey, sends us HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE; she began in November. We are getting the packages every three months. I think that "The Lost City," "The Ice Queen," "Our Little Dunces," and "Left Behind" are the best of all, only I never dreamed that Kate would marry Tug. What a queer name he had!

Would Katie R., the little girl who wrote last November from Biarritz, France, please write me a letter? I live in the World. I am half Scotch and half English. I live on a farm in the centre of several Revolutionary places. The place is called Burgoyne's name, from our south door. It is about six miles directly south. It is eleven miles to Fort Edward, the fort that Israel Putnam saved from fire, and which was burned down. The little house I live up to my aunt Hattie's I see the place where she lived. The celebrated Saratoga Springs are eighteen miles and Mount McGregor is twelve miles from here. We see the entire lake every night from the upper Mount McGregor House. Lake George is twenty miles from here; they don't have many guests at the lake this summer, on account of cold weather.

As the rest of the writers tell of their pets, I will tell of mine. We have a dog named Bird (she is a bird dog); her color is dark brown, with

a stripe of white down her neck and breast. We also have a black cat named Nig; a black horse, Prince, and a bay one, Kitty; three cows, viz., a black and white, a red and white, and a white, curly and curly; two pigs, twenty-eight sheep, and twenty-seven lambs. I can milk, and make butter, bread, cake, and pies. We have berries, black, white, and blue. We have some Lake Island red raspberries that are as large as a big thumb, and they last from June until November; last year I canned some the 25th of October. I like to milk a cow and to milk a pig. I like to milk a pig and a cow. I like to milk a pig and a cow. We have two churches there, Baptist and Presbyterian. Our pastors have been having their annual vacation, so we haven't had preaching for two weeks. CARLIE E.

#### THE LITTLE BOY WHO WOULD NOT SAY "PLEASE."

Once on a time a little girl lived in a house; her room was near the kitchen, handy to the pies and things. There was a little boy who said "please" for everything—perhaps your little girl says the same thing. He was a very polite little boy; he would say, "Please, some potatoes." They had a party. The party was very small; it was only the four of them—the mother, the father, and three little boys. The little girl's name was Minnie, the little boys' names were Fred. The little girls were very neat and nice, and two of the boys were very nice and nice. The little boy was naughty; he would not say "please." His mother put a dunce-cap on him, and made him stand in the corner. At the party he would always ask for more, more. The other children went out to play; they went to feed the chickens. The baby was in the room with the naughty boy. He courted the baby and she began to cry. His mother came in and his father. He was naughty for a week, but at the end of the week that little boy said "please." NELLIE M. C.

What a nice story for a little four-year-old girl to tell!

POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK.

I have taken your paper ever since the first number, and watch every week for it, and the moment I get hold of it I look at the Post-office Box first. I have written before, but my letter was not printed. Please print this, to surprise papa and mamma. I am eleven years old, and I like to be a dog, a canary, and a bird. I like Charlotte Mary. Do you like that name? Will some one please tell me what the Little House-keepers mean, and how much it is to join? For Misses, I like a dog, a canary, and a bird. I like my dog's name is Dandy and my canary's Nelly. I like Miss Alcott's and Lucy C. Lillie's stories best. I will write no more this time, or you will print this letter from your constant and loving reader. ALICE A. D.

Anybody, girl or boy, who reads the Post-office Box may join the Little Housekeepers by simply asking to do so. Then it will become his or her duty to try, in some way, to make home a sweeter, brighter, and dearer place. It does not cost anything to join our ranks, you see. Charlotte Mary is a very pretty name.

For a long time I have been desiring to write to you another little letter. I have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for nearly one year, and I like it more and more every day. My mamma made me a present of it on my birthday. We have no school now, as it is vacation, but it will open on the 1st of next month. I go to school at the Convention, and I like it very much. I am in the Fifth Reader. I have but one pet, and that is a little canary-bird. It sings so sweetly! It was made a present to me by a lady who had intended to go away from home; I have already had it one year. I had one before this; but one day I left the door of the cage open, and it flew away; I think "Left Behind" and "Our Little Dunces" are two of the very interesting stories. My love to the Postmistress. A. L. M. S.

SHARON SPRINGS, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl, and though I have not taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since the first number, I desire to write to you. In the winter I live in Brooklyn, but this summer I came here. It is a delightful place, and I have a great deal of fun. The boys and girls are all very nice, and I like to be a dog, a canary, and a bird. I like Charlotte Mary. Do you like that name? Will some one please tell me what the Little House-keepers mean, and how much it is to join? For Misses, I like a dog, a canary, and a bird. I like my dog's name is Dandy and my canary's Nelly. I like Miss Alcott's and Lucy C. Lillie's stories best. I will write no more this time, or you will print this letter from your constant and loving reader. ALICE A. D.

Your loving friend, ANNA P. S.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK.

I live in Jersey City, which is very near New York. This summer I went to Washington, New Jersey, and staid three weeks. Soon after coming home from there I went to Cooperstown, which is a beautiful place at the foot of Otsego

Lake, to visit my great-grandmother. I wonder how many little girls who read HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE have a great-grandma? I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE better than any paper. EMMA B. C.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for three years and think all the stories in it are lovely and I like to read the letters too. The harp is the sweetest of all instruments. I hope to take lessons on it in the future. I think, Fannie, is a lovely name for a cat too. Please print my letter. I am a thirteen-year-old reader. MAY W. O'H.

Harry N. P. and Mabel P. Write again.—H. L. S. Eva is a pretty name for a doll. Do you take great pains with her dresses, and make them as neatly as you can? Thanks to A. L. D., Nellie E., Maude C., Bessie W., Harry P. B., Edith H. M., May L. K., Glenn C. B., and Maude Isabel D., Lillian L. L. I am afraid I could not possibly put a continued story in the Post-office Box. It would crowd out our dear little letters. I do not think you saw me when you came to New York, as I never forget a little visitor, and I do not recall your name. When you come again I hope you will try to give me a peep at your face.—Matie T., Mattie W. P., and M. K. I was glad to hear from you.—Love to Maude M. and Nellie M. T.

#### PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

THREE ENIGMAS.

- 1.—My first is in smooth, but not in rough. My second is in coat, in collar, and cuff. My third is in the cloth, but not in the stuff. My fourth is in bonnet, not in hat. My fifth is in crane, but not in stork. My sixth is in mutton, but not in pork. My seventh is in apple, but not in sugar. My eighth is in fast, but not in slow. My ninth is in rice, but not in wheat. My tenth is in cold, but not in heat. My eleventh is in apple, but not in plum. My twelfth is in playmate and in chum. My thirteenth is in dance, but not in walk. My fourteenth is in whisper, not in talk. My fifteenth is in war, but not in peace. My sixteenth is in custard, not in pie. My seventeenth is in grass, but not in shrub. My eighteenth is in insect, not in grub. My whole is the name of a grasshopper. Which some people think is as good as gold. A GRASSHOPPER.

- 2.—My first in candy, but not in bread. My second in Harry, not in Ned. My third is in you, but not in me. My fourth is in sugar, but not in tea. My fifth is in picture, but not in book. My sixth is in hear, but not in look. My whole is a building, well designed. To cheer and help all mankind. L. V. R.

- 3.—In ginger, not in spice. In loaf, not in slice. In love, not in hate. In mud, not in straight. In west and in east, In banquet, not in feast. In rose, not in lily. In hot, not in chilly. In dark, not in light. Whole a flower which charms the sight. LULU PEARSE.

No. 2.

A DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. To solicit. 3. Shadler. 4. A title. 5. Having two cells. 6. One who plunders. 7. To rent again. 8. A liquid. 9. A letter. NAYAGO.

No. 3.

AN EAST SQUARE.

1. Tax. 2. Old. 3. To guard. 4. A current. JAMES CONNOR.

#### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 252.

- No. 1.—M O R E M E A N F I S H  
O P E N E A S E I D E A  
K E F D A S P S S P L L  
E N D S E A S E A H L E

No. 2.—Eldon Cedar Pine Maple Oak Ash. Palm Locust Yew.

No. 3.—Albany Edmund Burke.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Emma W. Glasgow, Lewis B. Jones, Philip Edson, Edith C. McWhorter, L. J. Doan, and John Brown. J. A. Snicker, L. F. Grier, Hamilton E. Field, Sons of the Moon, Emma St. C. Whitney, Marguerite, Arthur C. Perry, Jun., E. Smith, and Edna Pease.

[For EXCHANGES, see 2d and 3d pages of issue.]



### "LITTLE MISS RAGS."

BY MARY D. BRINE.

**L**ITTLE Miss Rags is the dearest of girls,  
 With blue in her eyes and gold in her curls,  
 And in each rosy cheek,  
 Though she laugh or but speak,  
 There are dimples forever at hide and at seek;  
 But what would you think of a girl who each day  
 Came in from a walk or came in from her play  
 With her dresses all torn,  
 And of trimmings quite shorn,  
 And her general appearance most sadly forlorn?

But it isn't *her* fault, as mamma ought to know  
 Ere she scolds her young sinner and worries her so;  
 For where'er she may ramble,  
 Each twig and each bramble  
 To catch in her clothes makes a regular scramble.  
 "And how can I help it?" she sobs to mamma.  
 "There always is 'tearers' wherever *I* are."  
 So it's always the same,  
 And the excellent name  
 Of "Little Miss Rags" is all she can claim.

### A VERY WISE MOTHER CAT.

**M**RS. SARAH BROWN, of Ellenville, New York, has a large Maltese cat which is the mother of three kittens, now nearly half-grown. It was noticed lately that she was feeding her little ones on some fine specimens of perch and sun-fish, which she brought in nice and fresh daily. One day she was seen coming in with seven. She was watched, and it was discovered that she caught the fish herself in Fantine Kill Pond, near the village.

The pond had been drawn down quite low recently, and the cat would crouch down at the edge of the water, and when a fish would come swimming along within reach, would spring upon it in the water, and rarely miss its aim. Her plan was to strike the fish first with her claws. Having secured it in this way, she would dip her head in under the water, take her prey in her mouth, and then swim ashore.

Besides fish, the cat serves her family with birds, not less than two of which she provides every day. The most remarkable fact about the cat, however, is the system she has adopted in feeding her kittens. When she comes in with a meal she will not permit any scrambling after it, by which one kitten might get more of the dinner than its mate, but she lays the morsel, fish or bird, as may be, before one of the young ones. The other two she obliges to remain quietly at a distance while the one is eating. In case there is any attempt at rebellion, paws enforce her rules by severely punishing the offender. She will cuff the poor little one on each side of its head with her motherly paw until it is glad to retire and wait its turn.

When the kitten has eaten one-third of the meal, the old cat removes the dinner, and places it in front of another kitten, who eats its third of the meal unmolested, when the third kitten's turn comes. It is an understood thing among the family that the kitten that is served first on one day becomes the last on the list the next day. This is acted upon day after day, and nothing ever varies it.



THE GAME SPOILED—ONE "ROVER" TOO MANY.

# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 256.

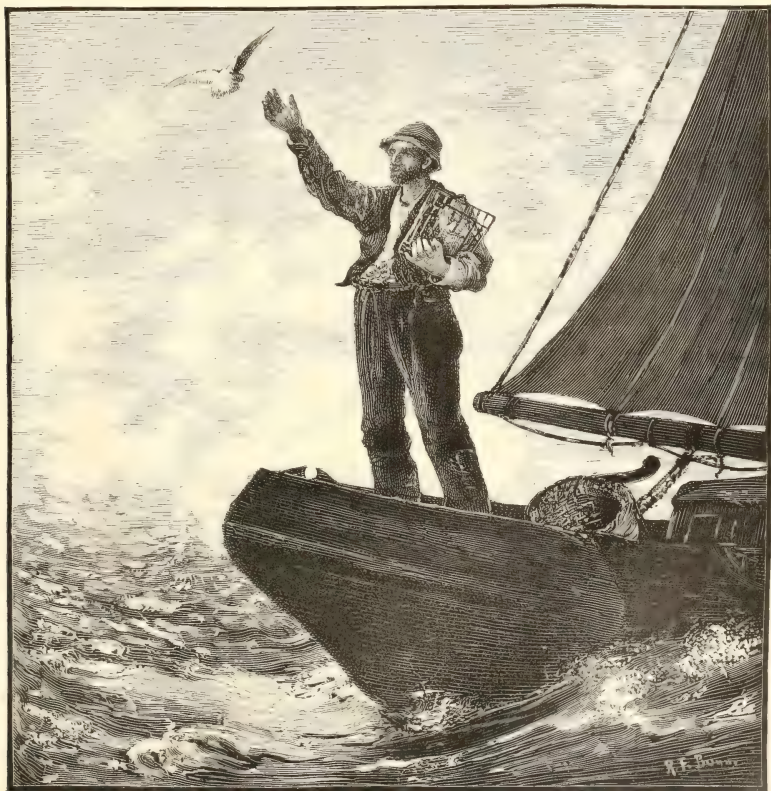
PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1881.

Copyright, 1881, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



"HE FINALLY CONSENTED TO GIVE ABNER'S PLAN A TRIAL."—SEE STORY ON PAGE 738.



## HOW ABNER EARNED HIS SCHOOLING.

BY JOHN R. CORYELL.

I.

"ABNER."

"Yes, ma'am," replied the boy, glancing up from his book.

"It 'd come hard on ye to have to give up your schoolin' now, I s'pose," said Mrs. Skinner, looking anxiously at the thin, pale face of her son to note the effect of her question.

"Why do you ask, mother?—must I?" was Abner's question, after a slight hesitation, during which the mother's keen eye saw the look of disappointment that passed over his face.

"Well, son, your father's afraid—he don't just see—"

"I know, mother," interrupted Abner, quietly, but with a tinge of bitterness in his tone; "he doesn't see how education is going to pay."

"You've had more schoolin' ten times over than ever I had," said the father, who came in just at this moment, "an' what good has it done ye? I don't say eddication's no good, but what good has it done *you*? You're sixteen year old, an' you know as much Latin as the teacher, your mother tells me. Well an' good. Can ye get any kind of a livin' by it all?"

"Not yet," replied Abner, seeing that his father waited for some reply from him; "but I can by-and-by."

"Ay, by-and-by! An' the bread and butter mean-while?"

To Abner the short laugh with which his father ended his words contained a reproach, and he had great difficulty in refraining from a sharp retort. He controlled himself, however, and in a few minutes laid aside his books and went out, brooding over his wrongs, real or fancied.

Had Abner but known it, there was nothing reproachful in the laugh that grated so harshly on his ears. No; that short laugh expressed only some of the bitterness which filled the soul of a man who at the close of the fishing season saw himself no better off than at the beginning, and all because of the slowness of his boat—a defect which all his skill as a sailor and all his energy and hard work as a man could not remedy.

And so it had been season after season, and so it would probably be for seasons to come. He could not make a living without his boat, and he could barely do so with it. Had Abner been able to help him, he would have needed one man less on board, and that man's share would have been saved. It was natural enough that he should feel sore when he saw his son, unlike other fishermen's sons, spending instead of earning.

True, it was not much that Abner spent, and so the boy said to himself as he walked moodily along the street. But much and little are terms which have different value. What is little to one who has, is much to one who has not. So it was that in the struggle to make ends meet the few dollars necessary for Abner's books and Abner's food seemed to his father a large sum.

Abner, however, in his angry mood would not recognize anything but the disappointment which threatened him, and he took his way to his firm friend the school-master, full of the sense of his father's injustice.

"But, Abner," said the school-master, kindly, after he had listened to his young friend's story, "it seems to me that your father is right."

"Right!" exclaimed Abner, with a sort of angry surprise. Then he began to think uncomfortably of the many times he had compared the work of the head to the work of the hands, and for the first time it occurred to him that his words might carry a sting for his father.

"Mr. Wainwright, do you think so?" he asked, with much feeling, as the truth forced itself upon him that he was open to the charge of selfishness.

"Do I think what?"

"Why, all that you imply."

"Well, a great deal of it."

Abner sat still for several minutes, during which time the school-master studied his face with earnest sympathy.

"I see, I see," said the boy at length. "I have been wicked and selfish. There is little Ray Tinker, who is a cripple, younger and weaker than I, and yet he earns money, while I—"

"There, Abner, don't go too far in self-condemnation. Let us look now at your side."

"I don't want to look at my side; I can see it without looking."

"Now," said Mr. Wainwright, "why not try to work out your father's problem, and show him, if possible, that headwork can do some things which handwork can not. You see—with his genial smile—" I am a school master, and I must uphold the dignity of headwork if I can."

"What problem do you mean?" asked Abner, in doubt.

"How to make the *Mary Jane* swifter."

"Oh, but we can't do that."

"How do you know? Have you given it all your thought?"

"No; but I know we can't."

"Oho!" laughed Mr. Wainwright, with good-natured satire. "A nice advocate of headwork you are!"

"Well," insisted Abner, "we can't make the *Mary Jane* a swift sailer. Now can we?"

"Suppose I admit that, what then?"

"Why, nothing, except that it's no use to think any more about it."

"Oh dear! oh dear! What a conclusion for a headworker to come to! Rufus Choate, whom you admire so greatly, would never have stopped like that. If I am not mistaken it was he who always said that he would never try to answer a question until he knew what the asker meant by it. Now what did your father mean when he said what he did about making the *Mary Jane* swifter?"

"I don't know," said Abner, thoughtfully, "unless—no, I don't know."

"I think you do; but I will ask another question. Why did your father want the *Mary Jane* to be swifter?"

"So that he could get in with the other boats, and sell his fish for a good price," answered Abner, promptly.

"In other words," said the master, "the point is that your father wants to sell his fish at a good price. Only he can see no means to this end but swifter sailing."

"I see what you mean," said Abner, "but it looks almost as difficult now as before." Then he hastened to add, "I can give this some thought."

## II.

Mr. Wainwright and Abner did give the subject some thought, and very serious thought, for the teacher was desirous that his favorite pupil should carry out his desire to study law, and he was therefore glad of any opportunity to further that desire by making Abner, if possible, self-helpful.

A plan was at last fixed upon, and Abner was very joyous. What the plan was can best be seen by its results, and they were not apparent until the next fishing season commenced.

In the mean time Abner, by entirely avoiding all approach to the topic of headwork, got along much more pleasantly at home. By obtaining employment to ride about with a doctor, and take care of the horse while the doctor was with his patients, he earned a little money, and further advanced himself in his father's esteem.

Indeed, the change in Abner was so great that the father could not refrain one day from expressing his pleasure to his wife.

"Though," he said, in conclusion, "it's a queer streak



he's taken, this of havin' pigeons. However, it's better than his everlastin' talk 'bout heads and hands, for we can eat the pigeons."

Abner had developed very suddenly a strong fancy for pigeons, and had bought a pair with the first money he could save. Most of his spare time was given to his birds, and he even took one or the other of them on most of his walks, which he suddenly began to take, to the comfort of his mother and the improvement of his health.

The time passed quickly enough even for Abner, impatient as he was to put his plan into operation, and the fishing season was close at hand. A day before the boats went out for the first time, Abner went to one of the fish dealers.

"You know father's always last in with his catch," he said, abruptly, for he was considerably excited, and was so full of his plan that he had no thought of making any preface.

"Ya-as, like enough."

"Well, suppose I could tell you several hours before the fleet—the first of the fleet—got in just what father's catch was, the kind of fish and number of each kind, couldn't you afford to give a better price than for the first fish landed?"

"Couldn't a cannon-ball get the best o' me in a collision? I rather think yes. Is the old man goin' to take a telegraph wire out with 'im?"

"No; but I'm serious. If I give you particulars of the catch, will you pay well on delivery?"

"What's up, Ab?"

"Well, that's my secret, but Mr. Wainwright will vouch for me; and anyhow you don't pay till the fish are delivered. You don't run any risk."

"Oh, don't I, though! If I promise the fish to my customers and I can't deliver, how then?"

"But Mr. Wainwright will tell you it's perfectly safe."

"Wa'al, all right, Ab. What is it?—some blamed scientific trick?"

"Never mind," said Abner, running away gleefully.

With his father he had not such an easy time, but after insisting that it was "all nuthin' but foolishness," he finally consented to give Abner's plan a careful and secret trial.

### III.

The fleet had hardly faded over the horizon before Abner began to grow uneasy. Mr. Wainwright, who had stood by Abner, tried to reason with him, telling him that he must be patient.

"Yes, I know," answered the boy, "I've hours to wait; but so much depends on first success, I can't help being anxious. You couldn't if you were in my place."

"I can't, anyhow," said the master. "I may as well confess I'm as anxious as you. It is your education," he went on, laughingly, "but it's my reputation, that is at stake."

However, Mr. Wainwright had to subdue his impatience and go to his scholars; but Abner, not compelled by any necessity, turned from one thing to another in a vain effort to fix his thoughts, and at last, as if in despair, he took a book, went to the top of the house, and sat down by the empty pigeon loft.

Ten minutes later he stood panting before the fish dealer, gasping: "Here's the catch. If the wind's good, the boat will be in in five hours."

The man read the items scribbled painfully on a small piece of paper, and demanded, "You're dead sure o' this?"

"As sure as I stand here."

"All right. I'll risk it. Nothin' venture, nothin' have."

Several hours later Abner hailed his father as he stepped ashore, tired and hungry, and almost shouted at him: "Here's Mr. Simpson, father. He takes the whole catch."

"Yes, purvidin' it's accordin' to invoice," said the fish dealer.

It was according to invoice, as Mr. Simpson phrased it, and Abner led his father home, probably the most joyous boy in Massachusetts that night.

"The pigeons are good for something better than eatin'; aren't they, father?"

"They are that, son. But who'd 'a thought that them dumb critters 'ud know enough to carry a letter home?"

"Why, father, they are trained to do it, and they can go for five hundred miles at thirty-five miles an hour. The best are called Antwerps, but mine are only a common breed. Mr. Wainwright told me about them, and suggested them to me. He had read about them."

"Read about 'em, had he? Got it outen a book?"

"Yes, sir. You see, I told him about the *Mary Jane* being slow, and how you couldn't afford to keep me at school, and he said if I could sell your fish for a good price, he didn't believe it would make any difference if she was slow."

"He said that, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Wa'al, he's got a long head."

"Yes, sir."

"I guess it's all right about the books, son."

"Thank you, sir."

"Abner!"

"Yes, sir."

"Maybe there's more'n I thought in what you used to say 'bout headwork and handwork."

Abner studied law, supported, as he said, "by the wings of a carrier-pigeon."

## THE STORY OF CANUTE.

BY MARY J. PORTER.

HAVE you heard the tale of brave Canute,  
Who ruled on English soil  
When Danish conquests bore their fruit,  
And rest succeeded toil?

His father, Sweyn, was a man of war;  
But a lover of peace was he,  
Who governed by the strength of law,  
And judged in equity.

How wise he was, how much he knew,  
The half can ne'er be told;  
Nor how the power of England grew  
In the reign of this King of old.

He walked by the sea, this good Canute,  
With a crowd of flatterers near.  
They sought for words that his pride might suit,  
For words that would please his ear.

"All might is yours. These waves to you  
Would own the right of sway;  
For what may not Canute subdue,  
Whom all things must obey?"

"Bring me a chair," cried wise Canute,  
"For I would rest awhile,  
And place it near where waters meet  
In strife about our isle."

He sat by the sea, this monarch strong,  
And the courtiers round him pressed;  
Then he lifted his voice above the throng,  
And thus the waves addressed:

"Turn back, O floods! your coming cease;  
Turn back, O rising tide!  
Ye restless waves, I bid you peace!"  
The sounding depths replied.

He called aloud, this great Canute,  
But ever the waters rolled;  
The tide came in, and the lords were mute  
Who had human might extolled.

Then they heard the voice of Canute again,  
Through the midst of the ocean's roar:  
"Know ye that God, who made us men,  
Is God for evermore."



A VENETIAN MAIDEN.—FROM A PAINTING BY E. DE BLAAS.

## A MONKEY'S LOVE OF NEATNESS.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

WHEN I was at Yarmouth, that great fishing town on the southern coast of England, a few summers ago, I made the acquaintance of a monkey which I shall not soon forget. He was a delightful little fellow, though he belonged to an organ-grinder, and earned his living by dancing and collecting pennies, and though he had only the common name of Jocko, which is really no name at all.

He wore a little jacket and skirt of scarlet cloth, with lots of brass buttons upon it, and a red cap held by a strap under the chin, and whenever he took off this cap, as he would always do most politely when anything was given him, he showed a furry brown head much like a seal-skin cap.

The organ-man told me the little fellow was about five years old, and knew his name. So I said, "Jocko, Jocko, come and see me." The monkey at once snatched off his cap, and climbing up into my lap, rubbed his furry head against me, gazing up out of a pair of merry, intelligent eyes in a way that quite won my heart. A minute after he curled down and went to sleep, or pretended to do so. I think his nap was a real one, though brief, for it is likely he was tired with his long trotting about and dancing in unnatural attitudes.

When any one gave him anything his first motion after seizing it in his small black fist was to bite it. If it was eatable (and he was very fond of nuts and candies), his

joy shone all over his wrinkled face as he munched at it, watching all the time lest somebody should take the sweetie away; but if the gift proved to be a hard penny, he leaped to the top of the organ at a single bound, and gave it to his master. This done, he would hurry down again and stay at the farthest stretch of his chain, as though trying to get as far away as possible from the monotonous music.

His master seemed very fond of him, and would carefully take him under his coat if rain or a cold seawind made Jocko shiver; and well he might, for the monkey's lively ways and pretty tricks brought a crowd of children about his miserable organ, and earned many a coin which other wise would not be given.

The prettiest of all Jocko's tricks was his love of brushing clothes. He seemed to be uneasy as soon as he had made friends with any person until he had gone carefully over their whole suit. He had a small flat brush, like a shoe-brush, which he grasped in his right hand, and used with the greatest diligence, chatting all the time in monkey talk, the tone of which seemed complimentary, though I could never quite make out what he meant, and so did not risk any reply.

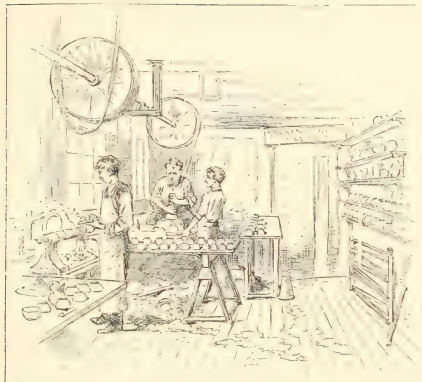
One day he evidently thought a gentleman had not brushed his hat before coming out, for he tugged at his chain and scolded until his master let him scramble up the gentleman's arm. Then he perched comfortably on his shoulder and brushed away at the hat with all his might, leaning over the top, and looking here and there, until not a particle of dust remained. The look of satisfaction with which Jocko received a sixpence for this careful work, and the last glance out of the corner of his bright black eye, to be quite sure he had done his brushing thoroughly, were very funny.



MOULDS.

## LEARNING A TRADE.

EVERY boy or girl who has ever passed through Trenton on the Pennsylvania Railway must have noticed the great red cones that rise up here and there not far away from the track, making the outskirts of the city look like an immense brick-yard. If the boy takes the trouble to



THROWING AND TURNING.

ask, however, he will be told that these are not brick, but pottery kilns, where the china and stone wares that we use in our houses and on our tables are made, and that Trenton is the principal place in the United States where this manufacture is carried on.

If he becomes so much inter-

ested in the subject as to want to see a pottery, he can not do better than stop over for half a day and go through the works of the Mercer Pottery Company, or the large manufactory of Mr. Joseph Moore. The latter, indeed, is one of those that he will see from the track, on the right-hand side, as the train approaches Trenton. And if he has a desire to learn the trade and become a potter himself, such a visit will help him to get an idea beforehand of what a pottery boy is required to do.

He will be shown first of all the heaps of clay, or kaolin, from which the ware is made. This is a white, chalky substance, already partly cleansed from impurities and foreign elements, but having to be purified still further and mixed with a certain amount of feldspar before it will be fit for use. The kaolin comes from Pennsylvania or New Jersey, and the feldspar from Connecticut and Maine, so that two sections of the country are drawn upon to make the commonest kind of a wash-bowl or dinner plate.

These substances, being thrown in a large vat, are stirred up with water, like milk in a churn, until they are thoroughly mixed, when the water is drained off through fine lawn sieves, and only the mixture left behind. To extract every drop of water, this is then put under a heavy press, and when it comes out of this process it looks and feels like soft putty, though of a little deeper color, and is ready for the potter's use. So far the work has been done by machinery, needing scarcely any care. Now skill comes into the manufacture, and it begins to be interesting.

China-ware, it must be remembered, is made in three ways: it is either "thrown," "jiggered," or "pressed," according to the size or shape of the article desired. When "thrown," it is made upon the potter's wheel, and this is the oldest and simplest of the three processes. The wheel, indeed, is as old as history.

The honor of having invented this useful bit of machinery is claimed by the Egyptians, the Greeks, and the Japanese. The Greeks maintain that we owe it to Daedalus, an Athenian noble of royal descent, who invented the wedge, the axe, and other mechanical instruments. That the Egyptians were familiar with it in very early times we know from the fact that it appears on a painting on one of the walls at Beni-Hassan. The Japanese give a date, claiming that it was invented in the year 724 by a priest named Giyoki. Except that it is turned by steam instead of by a treadle, there has been no change in the "potter's wheel" for two thousand years. I suppose that it is about the only piece of machinery in the world which time has not improved.



CHARGING A KILN.

The Cypriote jars in the Metropolitan Museum and the beautiful Chinese vases and cups in the same collection were all made centuries ago in precisely the same way that the Trenton pottery is thrown to-day. Hardly any manufacture is more interesting. The potter, bending over the wheel, places his lump of clay on the revolving disk, builds it up into a sort of tower with both hands, sticks one hand in the top while he holds it with the other, and as it goes round and round gives it in some mysterious way the form of a cup, or a mug, or a vase. How he does it one can not tell; one can only wonder

"More and more to see  
That shapeless, lifeless mass of clay  
Rise up to meet the master's hand,  
And now contract and now expand,  
And even his lightest touch obey."

To do this of course one must be an expert. It is a part of the work which the boy visitor will look at with a good deal of curiosity, realizing how much practice must be required before the potter can learn to do his work well. The wheel, however, is otherwise used in "jiggering," where the article, instead of being built up by the potter's hand, is shaped on the outside of a mould. The pressed ware is also moulded, but in separate parts, and in the inside of the mould.

It is in the jiggering department that boys are first made useful, though here they are usually employed, not by the manufacturer, but by the jigger man, since by having the help of one or two boys he may do so much more work himself. Thus one man in Mr. Moore's pottery, by the aid of three boys, is able to make thirteen hundred dozen plates and saucers a week. This may sound extraordinary, but if one will stand alongside him for five minutes, and note the speed with which he turns off plate after plate, it will not appear at all strange.

One of the boys drops a dab of clay on the slab before him, flattens it out like a piece of pie crust, and then proceeds to spread it, not on the top of the pie plate, but over the bottom. This he hands to the jigger. The latter takes it, sets the plate, bottom up, on his revolving wheel, trims off the unnecessary clay with a little ivory tool corresponding to the shape of the plate, presses the clay down over the model, makes it of uniform thickness, and in less time than it has taken to write this hands it, completed, to the second boy, who carries it off to the drying shelf, from which the third boy has just brought a fresh supply of moulds. The first has meanwhile been repeating his part of the process, and is ready for the jigger by the time the latter is ready for him. So the work goes on all day.

If, after having helped the jigger for some time, the boy wants to learn the trade, the proprietor is very ready to take him in. In fact, the demand for apprentices is usually greater than the supply, and the manufacturers are always glad to get hold of bright, intelligent boys. Their apprenticeship will last four years; they are paid at first thirty-three and one-third per cent. less than men's prices for the same kind of work; then twenty per cent. less; then fifteen per cent.; then ten per cent.; and finally, becoming journeymen, they get the market price for skilled labor, and, being paid by the piece, they can make as much or as little as they choose. The newest and smallest boy in Mr. Moore's pottery has made, the last three weeks, an average of three dollars and fifty cents per week, and from that the boys' wages run up to six dollars, ten dollars, and twelve dollars.

It is the skill and industry of the boy which determine how much he shall make, and he has only himself to blame if his earnings are not fairly good. He is generally set to work at the pressed ware, and if it be his task to make a pitcher, one will see him spreading a layer of clay over the inside of a mould, which forms one-half of the article, doing the same thing with the other half, clamping the two together and joining the seams in

the clay by passing his hand through the hole at the bottom. Then another mould is added, containing the bottom of the pitcher, and the article is set away to dry. This does not take long. When quite dry a slight knock will loosen the moulds, and the pitcher will come out complete, except for the handle, which will be added afterward.

When the article has reached this stage, whether it has been thrown, jiggered, or pressed, it is ready to be put into the kiln and "fired." For this purpose it is placed along with a number of others in a deep earthenware dish called a "seggar." These seggars when full are taken inside the kiln and piled one on top of the other until it is entirely filled. Then the door is cemented up, and a fire started in the furnace beneath, slow at first, so as not to crack the damp clay, but increasing in intensity until, as one looks in through a brick removed for the purpose, he is reminded of Nebuchadnezzar's fiery furnace seven times heated, and expects to see the figures of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego. The seggars glow with a white heat, and one does not dare to think where the thermometer would go to if it were hung up inside.

After a couple of days, when the fire is put out, the doorway opened, and the seggars taken out, the ware is found to be hard and white, though still rough, and needing to have the glazed surface put on before it can be used. This is done by dipping it in a solution of flint, and then when it is dry replacing it in the seggar, and baking it a second time. When it now comes out of the kiln it is the glazed cup, pitcher, or plate in ordinary use.

Nothing now remains but to decorate the ware, though this is not done in all potteries, and may be regarded as a sort of separate branch of the trade. Where it is done, as it is in the Mercer Company, it gives employment to girls, whose delicate touch is better fitted for the paint-brush than the heavier work which has gone before. They will be seen seated at a long table extending the entire length of the room, each with a little palette of colors before her, and painting her own part of the design upon the article as it passes down the line. The first one, who is a little girl not more than eleven or twelve years old, lays on each cup or saucer a dab of brown for a stem. She is guided by the print of the design, which has already been stamped on, and has only to make sure that her lines are straight.

This is the easiest part of the whole work, and the little girl, who has just been promoted from dusting the china, is taking her first lessons in art. The next girl, who is a little further ahead, paints a leaf, and passes it to the next, who does something more difficult still, and so on until the whole design has been filled in, and the article is ready to be fired a third time, in order to fix the color. In this department the girls make from three to twelve dollars a week. Of course the work is not the highest kind of art, but every one can not have Sèvres china, on a single piece of which the decorators may work for days, and most of us, indeed, will have to content ourselves with Trenton.

Having seen this, the visitor will have seen about all that the pottery has to show. When he goes home, the ordinary utensils of the table and the house will have an interest for him which they never possessed before. The water pitcher will present itself no longer as a single article, but as being made up of two halves and a handle, while the soap cup, of which he has never thought at all, will shape itself into seven distinct pieces. And if he is thoughtfully inclined, he will take down his volume of Longfellow, and turning to "Kéramos," read the song of the potter:

"Turn, turn, my wheel. What is begun  
At daybreak must at dark be done;  
To-morrow will be another day;  
To-morrow the hot furnace flame  
Will search the heart and try the frame,  
And stamp with honor or with shame  
These vessels made of clay."



## WAKULLA.\*

BY KIRK MUNROE.

## CHAPTER V.

MARK AND RUTH ATTEND AN AUCTION.

ALTHOUGH Mr. and Mrs. Elmer regretted the delay in Key West, being anxious to get settled in their new home as soon as possible, the children did not mind it a bit; indeed, they were rather glad of it. In the novelty of everything they saw in this queerest of American cities they found plenty to occupy and amuse them.

The Captain and their father were busy in the courtroom nearly every day, and Mrs. Elmer did not care to go ashore except for a walk in the afternoon with her husband. So the children went off on long exploring expeditions by themselves, and the following letter, written during this time by Ruth to her dearest friend, Edna May, will give an idea of some of the things they saw:

"KEY WEST, FLORIDA, December 15, 188-.

"MY DEAREST EDNA,—It seems almost a year since I left you in dear old Norton, so much has happened since then. This is the very first chance I have had since I left to send you a letter, so I will make it a real long one, and try to tell you everything.

"I was not seasick a bit, but Mark was. In the Penobscot River we rescued a man from a floating cake of ice, and brought him with us. His name is Jan Jansen; but Mark calls him Jack Jackson. A few days before we got here we found a wreck, and helped get it off, and brought it here to Key West. Now we are waiting for a court to say how much it was worth to do it. I shouldn't wonder if they allowed as much as a thousand dollars, for the wreck was a big ship, and it was real hard work.

"This is an awfully funny place, and I just wish you were here to walk round with Mark and me and see it. It is on an island, and that is the reason it is named 'Key,' because all the islands down here are called keys. The Spaniards call it 'Cayo Hueso,' which means bone key, or bone island; but I'm sure I don't know why, for I haven't seen any bones here. The island is all made of coral, and the streets are just hard white coral worn down. The island is almost flat, and Captain Li—he's our captain—says that the highest part is only sixteen feet above the ocean.

"Oh, Edna! you ought to see the palm-trees. They grow everywhere, great cocoa-nut and date palms, and we drink the milk out of the cocoa-nuts when we go on picnics and get thirsty. And the roses are perfectly lovely, and they have great oleanders and cactuses, and hundreds of flowers that I don't know the names of, and they are all in full bloom now, though it is nearly Christmas. I don't suppose I shall hang up my stocking this Christmas; they don't seem to do it down here.

"The other day we went out to the soldiers' barracks and saw a banyan-tree that Captain Li says is the only one in the United States, but we didn't see any monkeys or elephants. Mark says he don't think this is very tropical, because we haven't seen any bread-fruit-trees, nor a single pirate; but they used to have them here—I mean pirates. Anyhow, we have custard apples, and they sound tropical, don't they? And we have sapadilloes, that look like potatoes, and taste like—well, I think they taste horrid; but most people seem to like them.

"It is real hot here, and I am wearing my last summer's best straw hat and my thinnest linen dresses. You know those I had last vacation. The thermometer got up to 85° yesterday.

"Do write and tell me all about yourself and the girls. Has Susie Rand got well enough to go to school yet? and who's head in the algebra class? Mark wants to know

how's the skating, and if the boys have built a snow fort yet. Most all the people here are black, and everybody talks Spanish; it is so funny to hear them.

"Now I must say good-by, because Mark is calling me to go to the fruit auction. I will tell you about it some other time.

"With love to everybody, I am your own lovingest friend,

RUTH ELMER.

"P.S.—Don't forget that you are coming down here to see me next winter."

Before Ruth finished this letter Mark began calling to her to hurry up, for the bell had stopped ringing, and the auction might be all over before they got there. She hurriedly directed it, and put it in her pocket to mail on the way to the auction, just as her brother called out that he "did think girls were the very slowest."

They had nearly reached the end of the wharf at which the schooner lay when Ruth asked Mark if he had any money.

"No," said he, "not a cent. I forgot all about it. Just wait here a minute, while I run back and get some from mother."

"Well," said Ruth, "if boys ain't the very carelessst!" But Mark was out of hearing before she finished.

While she waited for him, Ruth looked in at the open door of a very little house where several colored women were making beautiful flowers out of tiny shells and glistening fish scales. She became so interested in their work that she was sorry when Mark came running back, out of breath, and gasped: "I've got it! Now let's hurry up!"

Turning to the left from the head of the wharf, they walked quickly through the narrow streets until they came to a square, on one corner of which quite a crowd of people were collected. They were all listening attentively to a little man with a big voice, who stood on a box in front of them, and who was saying as fast as he could, "Forty, forty, forty—shall I have the five? Yes, sir; thank you. Forty-five, five, five—who says fifty? Fifty, fifty, forty-five—going, going, gone, and sold at forty-five to Mr.— Beg pardon; the name, sir? Of course, certainly. And now comes the finest lot of oranges ever offered for sale in Key West. What am I bid per hundred for them? Who makes me an offer?"

Of course he was an auctioneer, and this was the regular fruit auction that is held on this same corner nearly every morning of the year. Many other things besides fruit are sold at these auctions; in fact, almost everything in Key West is bought or sold at auction. For an hour before the time set for the auction a man goes through the streets ringing a bell and announcing what is to be sold. This morning he had announced a fine lot of oranges, among other things, and as Mrs. Elmer was anxious to get some, she had told Mark and Ruth to buy a hundred if the bids did not run too high.

The children had already attended several auctions as spectators, and Mark knew enough not to bid on the first lot offered. He waited until somebody who knew more about the value of oranges than he should fix the price. He and Ruth pushed their way as close as possible to the auctioneer, and watched him attentively.

"Come, gentlemen," said the little man, "give me a starter. How much for the first lot of these prime oranges?"

"Two dollars," called a voice from the crowd.

"Two," cried the auctioneer. "Two, two, two and a half. Who says three? Shall I hear it? And three. Who bids three? That's right. Do I hear the quarter? They are well worth it, gentlemen. Will no one give me the quarter? Well, time is money, and *tempus fugit*. Going at three—at three: going, going, and sold at three dollars."

Several more lots sold so rapidly at three dollars that Mark had no opportunity of making himself heard or of catching the auctioneer's eye, until finally, in a sort of

\* Begun in No. 352, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.



"HERE'S ONE, AND MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO LOOK THROUGH IT!"

despair, he called out, "Quarter," just as another lot was about to be knocked down to a dealer at three dollars.

"Ah!" said the auctioneer; "that is something like. It takes a gentleman from the North to appreciate oranges at their true value. A quarter is bid. Shall I have a half? Do I hear it? Half, half, half; and sold at three dollars and a quarter to Mr.—what name, please? Elder. Oh yes; good old name; and one you can live up to more and more every day of your life. John, pick out a hundred of the best for Mr. Elder."

The oranges selected by John were such beauties that neither Mark nor his mother regretted the extra quarter of a dollar that had secured them. After that, during the rest of their stay in Key West, whenever Mark went near a fruit auction he was addressed most politely by the auctioneer as "Mr. Elder," and invited to examine the goods offered for sale that day.

One day Mark and Ruth rowed out among the vessels of the sponging fleet that had just come in from up the coast. Here they scraped acquaintance with a weather-beaten old sponger, who sat in the stern of one of the smallest of the boats, smoking a short pipe and overhauling some rigging, and from him they gained much new information concerning sponges.

"We gets them all along the reef as far as Key Biscayne," said the old sponger; "but the best comes from Rock Island, up the coast nigh to St. Mark's."

"Why, that's where we're going," interrupted Ruth.

"Be you, sissy? Wa'al, you'll see a plenty raked up there, I reckon. Did you ever hear tell of a water-glass?"

"No," said Ruth, "I never did."

"Wa'al," said the old man, "here's one; maybe you'd like to look through it;" and he showed them what looked like a wooden bucket with a glass bottom. "Jest take an' hold it a leetle ways down into the water, an' see what you can see."

Taking the bucket which was held out to her, Ruth did as the old man directed, and uttered an exclamation of delight. "Why, I can see the bottom just as plain as looking through a window."

"To be sure," said the old sponger; "an' that's the way we sees the sponges lying on the bottom. An' when we sees 'em, we takes those long-handled rakes there an' hauls 'em up to the top. When they fust comes up they's plumb black, and about the nastiest things you ever did see, I reckon. We throws 'em into crawls built in shallow water, an' lets 'em rot till all the animal matter is dead, an' then we stirs 'em up an' beats 'em with sticks to get it out. Then they has to be washed an' dried an' trimmed an' handled considerable afore they's ready for market."

The sponge pens made of stakes driven into the sand side by side and as close as possible together. In some of them at Key West Mark and Ruth saw little negro boys diving to bring up stray sponges that the rakes had missed. They did not seem to enjoy this half as much as Mark and his boy friends used to enjoy diving in the river at Norton, and they shivered as though they were cold, in spite of the heat of the day.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE STUDENTS.



## THE QUEEN'S GRANDCHILDREN.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

NEXT in importance to the little English royalties of whom I told you in *YOUNG PEOPLE* No. 231 are the sons and daughters of the Crown Princess of Germany. She, as perhaps you know, is the Queen's eldest child, Victoria, and in 1858 was married to the Crown Prince of Germany, who is heir to the German Empire.

During the Princess Victoria's girlhood she was her mother's favorite companion, and her marriage and going from home was a terrible blow to the Queen. She has described in her journal how she missed her darling daughter, how lonely the rooms of the palace looked without her, and how it made her fairly weep to come unexpectedly upon some trifles belonging to "Vicky," as she was always called.

Naturally the Queen is very fond of her Prussian grandchildren, and they visit her often; they are six in number—Frederick, Charlotte, Henry, Victoria, Sophia, and Margaret. Of them all, I think the eldest girl, Princess Charlotte, is the most interesting. She is said to be extremely like the Princess Charlotte of Wales, whose sad death in 1818 plunged all England into grief and mourning—like her in looks, and also in a sweet natural gravity of disposition. Then her youthful marriage was one such as is rarely seen in royal families. Her husband, the Prince of Saxe-Meiningen, had been her playfellow in childhood and the companion of her growing years.

A very brilliant match, just before his offer, was proposed for the Princess Charlotte, but it is said she implored of her parents not to oblige her to accept it. I chanced at that time to be with friends of the Crown Princess of Germany, who told me how resolutely the mother decided not to force her child to marry against her will. The Prince yielded his opinion to that of his wife and daughter, and a happier bride and bridegroom were never seen than Princess Charlotte and her chosen husband.

The wedding was a joyous as well as a brilliant one. The young couple were received in their new home with the most heart-felt demonstrations of delight, and the young bride—only seventeen—could hardly wait to enter upon her housekeeping duties. In one of her letters to an English friend she described how she was determined to be a careful housekeeper, and not give up all care of her household to officials.

Everything in her quiet home is very simple. She consults her husband's tastes even to the ordering of their meals, and is fond of giving him pleasant surprises. On one occasion, when she received a box of presents from England, as he chanced to be absent, she spread the pretty things all about her boudoir, on the chairs and tables, and then waited behind a curtain to witness his surprise when he came in. And this she related in a letter with the utmost simplicity and sweetness.

Her little girl, born the year after her marriage, in 1879, was hailed with delight not only by the loving family and subjects of Princess Charlotte, but by the English royal family, as being the Queen's first great-grandchild. I saw some of the pretty clothes sent from England for this happy baby. They were very simple; just such as any mother in good circumstances would have; by no means the clouds of lace and cambric we might suppose royal babies would require.

The younger sisters, Sophia and Margaret, come frequently to England. One time, while they were staying at the sea-side, the little Princess Margaret—now ten years old—out of mischief ran off with the pail and spade of some child playing on the beach, and tormented the little one for a few moments very naughtily. The next day her governess insisted upon her going to the child, making a humble apology, and giving her one of her own favorite toys.

This little Princess has a most interesting and piquant face. It is round and fair, with mischief in the eyes and mouth, and although so young, she writes a firm, bold hand, her signature, "Margaret of Prussia," being full of character.

The children of Princess Alice of Hesse, whose sad death was so startling in 1878, are five in number, and are frequently in England since their mother's death. The eldest daughter, Victoria, recently married to Prince Louis of Battenberg, is a very dear friend of her aunt, Princess Beatrice. They have many tastes in common, and as the Princess Beatrice leads rather a lonely life, I am sure she must be glad of her young niece's visits to England.

Other grandchildren of the Queen of England are the sons and daughters of the Princess Christian, the Duchess of Edinburgh, and the Duchess of Albany, whose father, Prince Leopold, died last winter at Cannes. The former family live very quietly and simply near Windsor, the Princess Christian being a thorough housekeeper and devoted mother. The youngest little girl in this family has a curious Polish name—Frangiska—and is a great pet of her grandmother's. The large merry family of the Duchess of Edinburgh, they say, interests the good Queen very much; but it is also a source of disquiet to her, they are such a spoiled little set of girls and boys. They are the terror of photographers or portrait painters, being such restless monkeys that it is almost impossible to keep them still.

## THE CREST OF THE WHITE HAT.

A BOY'S STORY.

BY SHERWOOD BONNER, AUTHOR OF "DIALECT TALES," ETC.

I.

I LIKED Henri Dupin from the first. As my sister said, he was really a fascinating boy. He was very shy when he made his appearance at our military school in Guntown; and I, being rather bigger, rather older, rather stronger in a fistful fight, pleased myself by playing protector to the strange lad. He was of French descent, and lived somewhere down in Louisiana. All his talk was of lagoons and alligators and Spanish moss and strange poisonous flowers.

I soon fell into the habit of taking Henri to my home, and my people grew to liking him as much as I did. He was the most well-mannered of boys, so gently bred and delicate in every particular; and then his queer French accent and his effort to understand the English idioms were so diverting! My manners did not begin to be so good as his, for I would laugh at his mistakes. But, for all that, we were excellent friends, and when he invited me to spend the Christmas holidays with him, I was as pleased—well, as pleased as Punch, if I may be allowed the expression.

We took a steamer at Memphis, and floated down the muddy old river, each day basking in a warmer sun, and delighting our eyes with glimpses of Southern foliage. We got off at a landing some fifty miles above New Orleans, and here a carriage awaited us to take us to Andalusia, for so Henri's home was called.

Isn't it a romantic mouthful? I was not prepared for such an elegant turn-out as the Dupin carriage, with its blooded horses, liveried groom and coachman, and satin hangings—all fresh and fine as Cinderella's pumpkin after her jolly little fairy godmother had waved her wand over that useful vegetable and spoiled it for a pie. A final touch of style was given by the impression of a crest on the panel of the carriage door. On looking at it closely, what should this turn out to be but a very fair picture of a hat, a white hat, with a sugar-loaf crown and a respectable brim, underneath which was scrawled the lively motto, *Chapeau haut!*

\* Royal people always sign only their Christian name, adding "of Prussia," or "of Austria," etc.



"But why 'up with the hat?'" thought I to myself; "and why should the hat be stamped on the carriage door?"

But remembering the particular care with which Henri had avoided asking questions about my home affairs, I shut my lips, and put my curiosity to sleep. In fact, I was asleep myself before we had driven many miles. To sink down into those soft cushions was almost equal to plunging into a clover bed.

We were both wide enough awake as we came in sight of Andyloo—I can't help curtailing that fine name; it seems to improve it as it does a boy to cut off his curls.

As we neared the beautiful place Henri gave a ringing shout, which was answered by a waving of handkerchiefs from the wide veranda. The carriage tore up the long avenue; Henri himself flung the door open—and then, such a welcome!

I was not five minutes falling in love with all Henri's family. They were like French people I had read of, so impulsive and gay, given to exclamations and merry little shrugs. Madame Dupin was a tiny lady, but very majestic with her black hair rolled from her face, her eyes sparkling with pride as they rested on her son. The father was less imposing—a dapper little man, the pink of courtesy, who kissed Henri first on one cheek, then on the other, which he took as a matter of course, though I could hardly keep back an American chuckle.

Monsieur Dupin addressed his wife as "*mon petit chou*," which nearly sent me off again, as the dear little woman was certainly more like a flower than a cabbage. There were a lot of small sisters—Henri was the only boy—each of whom made such a pretty courtesy to me that I felt very important, and smiled kindly on the black hair and red ribbon top-knots of the little maids. I was letting myself talk at a great rate, when the door opened and a most distinguished-looking old gentleman came in.

"Grandfather!" cried Henri, and ran forward to kiss his hand. Then I was presented, and was received with such fine manners that I felt like an awkward hobbled-hoy. As for old M. Dupin, he looked as if he ought to be a picture, and not a living man at all. His hair was as white as cotton, combed smoothly back, and actually tied with a ribbon; his eyes were black and piercing, his features fine, and his snowy mustache so huge and luxuriant as to quite overshadow the lower part of his face.

"Here is real aristocracy," thought I, recalling what I had read of the noble families of the Faubourg St. Germain. I began to feel that a boy should be very particular in choosing his ancestors, and to wish that some of my grandfathers had belonged to—what do they call it? oh yes! *la vieille noblesse*—the old nobility.

Henri's grandfather, however, was as sociable as if he had been a common man, and chatted away so pleasantly that I almost forgot how hungry I was after our drive. Luncheon was pretty soon announced. They called it breakfast, and a very good breakfast it was, though rather puzzling on account of the number of courses. You see, until you get used to it, you are rather apt to satisfy your hunger on the first thing that comes, instead of saving up enough appetite for three or four more courses. As I glanced about me at the table, I noticed on the silver a delicately engraved hat such as I had seen on the carriage panel. Yes, it was the same hat, with its bell-like crown, and its stiff brim curling the least bit at one side. It was on the dainty china too, together with the Dupin monogram, and embroidered in the corners of the damask napkins. Well, well, this was odd enough!

## II.

After breakfast we were taken out to the stables. And there above the stable doors, like a great gray bell, hung the hat—the Inevitable Hat, I was beginning to call it.

It looked very nice swinging there, but the thing was getting monotonous. Even the silver-mounted harness bore the crest of the White Hat! When we went to our bedroom, there was the same thing. A picture of a comfortable-looking old Frenchman—I learned afterward it was King Louis Philippe—hung above the mantel, wearing, instead of a crown, the identical dome of white felt that seemed to be held in such honor by the Dupin family. The White Hat decorated the pink porcelain jug and basin on my wash-stand; it nodded at me on the very towel that wiped my hands.

Henri had left the room a moment before, and I gave vent to my feelings by a sounding slap on my knee.

"It beats the world," cried I. "Well, old White Hat, I give up. You're a conundrum I can't guess. But just let me suggest another motto to you, you empty old resurrected head-covering—the saying of Paul Pry, if you please—'Hope I don't intrude.' For you *do* intrude most viciously. I am tired of the sight of you."

A hearty roar sounded behind me. Henri had come back, and there he stood, laughing like a dancing jack. I turned very red, but knotting my towel into a ball, I flung it at the youth, and joined in his laugh.

"I don't wonder you are puzzled, Jack," he said at last; "any one would be at such an epidemic of hats. But you ask my grandfather to tell you about the original white hat."

"Really? He would not think me rude?"

"Not a bit of it. Nothing he would like better."

"Good! I'm sure it's worth hearing."

Henri nodded, and went off into another laugh. "I wish he could have heard you spouting away—"

"Never mind; never mind that."

There were no delays. That very evening, as we sat on the porch, and the black-haired children danced about the grove in the moonlight, and old Monsieur Dupin rolled and smoked innumerable cigarettes, I heard the story of the White Hat.

"We Dupins have no noble blood in our veins," he began, with a proud air, but to my intense mortification. What an oversight to my fine opinions concerning aristocracy! What a comment on my fine powers of discernment! But no matter. Monsieur Dupin possessed a rich and musical voice. It was a pleasure to hear him speak.

"In the year 1830," said he, as a light puff of smoke escaped his lips, "I was a hatter, and a most unhappy hatter at that. Not another such, I will venture to say, in all the gay, bright, wild city of Paris, where it was my blessed fate to live. And why was I selected by the black dog Care as his victim? So the neighbors—good people—all wanted to know. They were devoured with curiosity. Why did I whistle no more, nor sing the gay songs that I loved? Why had I ceased to snap my fingers over the jokes in *Figaro*, and to join in the babble as to the government of the Citizen-King? Not a word did I answer to any of these questions. I shut myself up in my shop like a spider rolled into a corner of his web.

"My trouble was a very common one. I was poor, and I wanted to be rich. More than that, I wanted to get married." Here Monsieur Dupin looked at madame. The little woman smiled back at him, and I saw at once that both the old gentleman's objects had been accomplished.

But what had the White Hat to do with it?

Monsieur Dupin continued: "She lived around the corner—the beautiful Justine. I had been making my court to her, in a sly way, for a year, and had been frowned on by her good papa for just an equal length of time. But what would you? Monsieur Clermont was a rich *propriétaire*, I a struggling young hatter. Still, the business was good; my show case and shop window were filled with novelties of my own make—hats with fine shapes, and odd shapes, and old, and new, all that

the heart or head of man could desire. Above every thing, I had a comfortable conviction that Justine's love was mine."

Once more Monsieur Dupin looked at Madame Dupin, and once more the little lady smiled back at him. They were clearly a very happy and satisfied couple.

TO BE CONTINUED.

### A LITTLE HERO.

BY ELIOT MCCORMICK.

ACCIDENTS on the water are always frequent in the summer. So many boys and girls go in boats and bathe nowadays, without knowing how to swim, that one reads nearly every day of deaths by drowning.



"I TOOK A HOLD OF HIS TWO HANDS."

Down at the foot of East One-hundred-and-twenty-first Street, New York, is a boat-house, with a float from which the boats are launched. For some curious reason the most unsafe places are always the most fascinating for little boys, and one can always depend upon finding a number about this dangerous spot, where a misstep will plunge them into water over their heads. Here they will play with little chips of wood for boats, launching them in the river, and pretending that they are going to make long voyages to China or Hunter's Point.

It was in this delightful sport that Willie O'Brien and Fritz Mischel were engaged the other day, when the accident of which I am about to tell occurred. Willie is only six years old, a little brown-eyed, curly-haired fellow, still in dresses, while Fritz is a year or two older, and promoted to knickerbockers. In order to navigate his chips better, Fritz had stepped into a boat that was lying alongside, while Willie still remained on the float.

Several gentlemen were sitting on the piazza of the boat-house, when they heard a scream, and saw Fritz topple overboard and disappear under the water. Two of them rushed down the steep and slippery gangway, ready to jump in and pull the little fellow out; but before they could get there they saw Willie lean over the edge of the float, and catching the sinking boy by his outstretched hand, draw him safely in.

How he got the strength to do it no one could imagine, though Willie himself did not seem to think he had done any remarkable thing. His own account of the exploit, as he told it to the gentleman who visited him to get the material for this article, is very simple and brief.

"We was a-playin'," Willie says, "an' he was a-standin' on the side er the boat, an' he asked me to give him a little shove; an' I shoved the boat a little, an' he fell in. He holiered, 'Willie!' an' then I run to the float an' pulled him up."

"How did you pull him in, Willie?" the gentleman asked.

"I took a hold of his two hands."

"Wasn't he bigger than you?"

"Yes; jes' 'bout as big as this feller"—pointing to a boy with whom he was playing horse—"only a little bigger."

"Didn't you get wet?"

"Yes, a little wet."

"Weren't you afraid of drownin'?"

Willie opened his brown eyes as if he didn't know what fear was.

"No sir; not a bit."

"How old are you, Willie?"

"Six years old."

"And do you go to school?"

"No, sir; but I'm going next winter. Get up, Tom."

Willie was playing horse all the time the gentleman talked with him. He was quite unconscious that he had done so brave a deed, and seemed to think it

rather a bore that he must stop playing and answer a lot of questions. The picture shows both the little rescuer and the rescued, and helps one to see how brave and gallant deeds may be done by those who are hardly more than babies.

### HOW TO SNARE SMALL GAME.\*

NO boy who lives or even visits in the country ought to be without occupation, so long as woodchucks destroy the meadows, crows devour the young corn, and hawks and foxes prey upon the chickens. All these creatures are the farmer's natural enemies, and he will welcome any assistance in killing them. Even the squirrel, which in the woods is so pretty and graceful an object,

\* From *Camp Life and the Tricks of Trapping and Trap-Making*. By W. Hamilton Gibson. Illustrated by the Author. Published by Harper & Brothers.

becomes around the barn a grain-eating nuisance, and brings himself under the penalty of farm law, as the rabbit does also when he burrows in the field or forages in the garden. But they are all too shrewd to be easily caught, and one must match craft with craft, enticing them, through their greedy appetites, into the snare or trap.

Most small animals, such as rabbits, squirrels, woodchucks, and the like, may be killed in a simple snare which any boy may easily make with a jackknife, a few bits of wood, and a piece of thin brass wire. The accompanying cut, Fig. 1, shows one of the simplest varieties. It consists, as will be seen from the picture, of a branch or sapling, to serve as a spring, a piece of cord connecting the sapling with the noose, and a pen of little sticks or twigs to prevent the bait being approached from behind.

The sapling should be five or six feet high, trimmed of its branches, and about as thick as a broom handle. The pen, which should stand about five feet from the sapling, is intended to be eight or ten inches in diameter and about ten inches high, with an entrance six inches wide. A stout switch bent in the form of an arch and sharpened at both ends should be driven into the ground on each side of the entrance, so as to form a

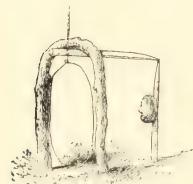


FIG. 1.

frame for the noose. Inside of the pen a stake is to be driven as high as the arch, with the bait tied to it about half-way down. The noose stick, which is about six inches long, and has the wire noose hanging from one end, while the other end is beveled, completes the apparatus.

In setting the snare pull down the sapling by the cord until there is spring enough to carry up a rabbit or squirrel (Fig. 2). Then cut off the cord where it crosses the top of the arch, and tie its end to the noose stick at the place where



FIG. 2.

the noose is also tied. Pass the stick under the arch and rest its beveled end lightly on the bait stake. It will be kept in place by the pull of the sapling, while the noose will hang directly in front of the arch. In trying to get the bait the animal must put its head through the noose. The slightest touch of the tempting morsel will dislodge the noose stick, send the sapling up with a spring, and so draw the noose before the animal has time to escape. This snare is generally known as the "twitch-up." It may be used with all kinds of small game, and baited with an apple or a nub of corn.

A simple snare for woodchucks consists of a wire noose spread around the hole and secured to a stout stick driven in the ground. On coming out of the hole the animal is almost certain to be entangled, and in struggling to free himself he will be sure to draw the noose tighter. These devices are calculated to kill the victim. Where it is desired to capture him alive some kind of trap should be used, and of one of these a description will be given in another article.



GATHERING WATER-LILIES







have plenties. I have never been there, but hope to go some time. I have no pets except a brother Harry and a sister May, younger than myself. I am only eleven. I like to be a music teacher here in the summer from New York. Cora, May and I take lessons. Cora and I play quite a number of duets. I will now close the letter I am going long. I will write some little girl would write to me, and I will answer. I expect to go down to New York in a few weeks, and if I can I will call in and see you. Good-by from your ever-constant reader.

NELLY K. S.

I shall expect you, Miss Nelly, and be glad to see you.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I have been wanting to write this good while, but now I will make sure of it. I have been thinking of you a great deal, and I think it is a splendid paper. I like the stories of "Left Behind" and "The Starvation Mountain." I have been thinking of the numbers of Harper's Young People thus far, and I am going to have them bound. I will have to stop now, as it is getting late.

GEORGE H. H.

STANDARD, CONNECTICUT.

We have never written to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE before. We like the stories very much. We read "The Story of a Ring," written by Lucy C. Lillie, and liked it very much. We also like "Brown Brown" stories, and we wish he would write again. If Effie H. would tell us more about how to make a "cabbage chicken" we would be very much obliged to her. We have been thinking of you a great deal, and I think it is a great many. We hope this letter will be published, for we want to see it in print. With much love from

MAT and FREDDIE G.

MCCLEAREN, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little boy eleven years old. My uncle Rob has been sending me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since Christmas. I like it very much. I have three little sisters now, and one pet dog, which I got from my uncle in Ohio; he sent it to me on the cars. I call my dog Frank. My papa has two colts; one he calls Sam and the other one Fanny. This is my first letter, and I hope to see it in your paper with the letters from the other little boys.

EDDIE B.

TEMPLE, MAINE.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—My sister takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and we like it very much. I have got a little black kitty with a white nose and white feet, and I have a pet sheep named Queen Bess, and three china ones, Lottie, Kitty, and Susie. I have nice times with them. I am nine years old. I will send you some pressed flowers when I come down again. We have got done haying; I helped tread the loads of hay, and next to the last load, when I got off the hay-rack, I stuck a pitchfork into my leg quite a little way down. We live near the foot of Mount Blue; I have not been upon it, but my sister and mamma and papa have. We shall have school this fall; we had one last spring. There are six scholars.

GRACIE C.

Thanks, dear, for the flowers.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—This is vacation, and I thought I would write you a letter. I have never written before to any one. I go to school, and am in the Third Grade. I have a very kind auntie who has given HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE to my sister from the first number; she also sends it to my cousins in London, England, and also to my cousins in the country. My auntie thinks that it is one of the best papers published, and we all agree with her. The children write about their pets, and I like it very much. I have a little brother, and I love them both dearly. I have playmates, and I love to play. I also have a good many books, and I love to read them. My sister loves to read, and I like to read, too. I wish you would print this, so that she would see it before she comes home, as she does not know that I am writing to you.

From your loving little reader, MAY L. H.

UNIONDALE FALLS, WISCONSIN.

Although I live up in the northern part of Wisconsin, we have two orange-trees, and each one has an orange on it. I am a girl eleven years old, and am the youngest of five children. My oldest brother, while nursing, fell from the tree and broke his collar-bone. My youngest brother, aged twelve, takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and books in the telegraph office. We have no pet except a little white dog and two birds. I have a beautiful wax doll that sings "Grandfather's Clock."

LOUISE R.

NEWBURGH, NEW YORK.

I have written to you before, but my letter has not been published. I have just been reading your paper. I know how to sympathize with Emma L. G. of Humboldt, Nebraska, for I have a

friend who moved away last winter, and whom I always played with. I am away in the country. I live in Brooklyn. Newburgh is a lovely place. I have been to Washington's Hill, and quarters and sat in Washington's chair, and have seen Lady Washington's watch. There are many other old things there. I was making mud pies and mud cakes last morning, and I had a good time. My papa brought me up a tricycle last Saturday, and I have lots of fun in it.

MABEL H. R. (eleven years old).

# THE TREATMENT OF CANARIES.

A pair of canaries I give to your care—Don't blind them with sunshine, or starve them with air.

Or have them out late in the cold or the damp, And then be surprised if they suffer from cramp; Or open the window in all kinds of weather, Quite near to their cage, till they puff out their feather.

The birds that are free fly to bush and to grove If the wind be too cold or the sun be too hot; But these pretty captives depend on you alone In winter for warmth and in summer for shade, When they chirrup and ceaselessly hop to and fro,

Some want or discomfort they are trying to show; When they scrape their bills sharply on perch or at wire,

Then they are asking for something they greatly desire:

When they set every feather on end in a twinkling,

With musical rustle like water a sprinkling, In rain or in sunshine, with sharp call-like notes, They're begging for water to freshen their coats.

Cage, perches, and vessels keep all very clean, For fear of small insects—you know what I mean:

They breed in their feathers, and leave them no rest, In buying them send, choose the cleanest and best.

I feed my canaries (excuse me the hint) On hemp and Canary rapeseed and quince, I try them with all, till I find out their taste—The food they don't care for they scatter and waste.

About their bright cages I hang a gay flower Of shepherd's-purse, chickweed, and groundsel in flower.

At a root of ripe grass they will pick with much zest, For seeds and small pebbles their food to digest, But all should be ripe, and well seeded, and brown.

Few leaves on the groundsel, but plenty of down, In summer I hang them up by a portico made; In spring, autumn, winter, a window they share, Where the blind is drawn down to the afternoon glare:

This window, if open, beneath them we close, Lest the cramp should seize hold of their poor little toes.

A bath about noontide on every warm day, Will keep your small favorites healthy and gay. In hot summer sunshine some calico green, As a roof to their cage, makes a very good screen.

On winter nights cover from lamp-light and cold, And they'll sing in all weathers and live to be old.

ROBERTS, WISCONSIN.

I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much, although I have not taken it long. I think the stories of "Left Behind" is very nice. I go to school, and study reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, geography, and grammar. Our school will reopen the 1st of September. I have a cat, a lamb, a cat dog, and two canary-birds: my lamb's name is Nellie, my cat's name is Robbino, my dog's name is Guess, my canary-birds' names are Dixie and I. I am a very good student, and my teacher's name is Mr. F. I have a swing and a hammock, but I like my swing best. I. D. L.

LIVERMORE, CALIFORNIA.

You see by my letter that I am a resident of Livermore, which is forty-nine miles northeast of San Francisco, and seeing other children write I do the same. I have a horse, a raft, a dog, and a small aquarium, and also, above all, a little niece named Millie. She is four years old, and she teaches her pieces of poetry from HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I like the story of "Left Behind" very much. I must now end my letter. Good-by.

JOSEPH G.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I have never written to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE before. I hope my letter will be published. I have a very kind auntie who has given HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE to my sister from the first number; she also sends it to my cousins in London, England, and also to my cousins in the country. My auntie thinks that it is one of the best papers published, and we all agree with her. The children write about their pets, and I like it very much. I have a little brother, and I love them both dearly. I have playmates, and I love to play. I also have a good many books, and I love to read them. My sister loves to read, and I like to read, too. I wish you would print this, so that she would see it before she comes home, as she does not know that I am writing to you.

Story of a Ring" was very nice. I hope this letter is not written too badly to be printed. I am nine years old. Good-by.

EDNA E.

BAYON BRUCE, LOUISIANA.

My uncle sends me your paper; I think it is the best I ever read. I will tell you about my pets. My sister and I each have a pony; we have a nice time riding. I also have a cat, and a dog named Carlo, of which I am very fond.

LAURA D. (ten years old).

TONIO, MAINE.

I have a pet kitten; his name is Taffy. I have three pet lambs; their names are Doctor, Beekie, and Pilot. And I have one doll, named Jennie. I am twelve years old. I would like to join the Little Housekeepers very much. I had a bossy, but he got hurt, and he had to be killed. I enjoyed reading "The Ice Queen" and "Left Behind" very much. I should like to have Helen L. and Winnie J. write again.

FLORENCE H. C.

# PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A very strict officer. 2. One who apes. 3. A great orator. 4. The hardest material known. 5. The capital of Poland. 6. Boasting. 7. A nymph who pined away until only her voice was left. 8. A star.

Primals read downward give the name of a celebrated character who was always waiting for something to turn up; finale of an old lady with an aversion to donkeys. Both are found in one of Dickens's novels.

J. R. AYER.

No. 2.

TWO ENIGMAS.

1.—My first is in whale, but not in bass. My second in mirror, but not in glass. My third is in laugh and also in snile. My fourth is in Danube, but not in Nile. My fifth is in rabble, but not in mob. My sixth is in float and also in hob. My seventh is in sport, but not in game. My eighth is in savage and also in tame. My whole is a very pretty flower. Which, if cut from the bush, fades in an hour.

FLORENCE MAY.

2.—First in chair, not in stool. Second in thread, not in spoon. Third in dog, not in cat. Fourth in oil-cloth, not in mat. Fifth in rat, not in mouse. Whole is found in a church, but not in a house.

OTTO C. K.

No. 3.

TWO EASY SQUARES.

1.—1. To occupy an empty space. 2. Thought. 3. A fast. 4. Not early. 2.—1. To break. 2. A hub. 3. To affirm with emphasis. 4. Smart.

CHARLIE DAVIS.

No. 4.

THREE IN A DIAMOND.

1.—1. A letter. 2. A Chinese product. 3. Intended. 4. A very small insect. 5. A letter. 2.—1. A letter. 2. To speak. 3. A useful article, important in literature. 4. A reply. 5. A letter. 3.—1. A letter. 2. A period. 3. One of the eight gods of Thebes. 4. A fruit. 5. A letter.

EUREKA.

No. 5.

CHALADE.

My second clasp me, my first around: He bowed his head in burning shame, The man who never thought to wear My whole, or link me with his name.

A. B. C.

# ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 353.

No. 1.—S O U T H G R A Y  
O F F E R A R E  
T T E R A  
T R E A D Y E A R  
I E R D S

No. 2.—B M  
E R A V I A  
B A B E E M I M I  
A C T A M Y  
A E O I

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Emma S. C. Whitney, Agnes and Emma Christine Y. Ella M. Edmundson, Horace L. Lunt, H. Norman Rensen, Ida Emma Hequembourg, Charlie Davis, Ross Tyler, Millie Duncan, Willie Jenkins, T. L. F. Mabel Keese, Ray P., and Louie Deacon.

[For EXCHANGES, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



MABEL'S FIRST VISIT TO AN ORCHARD.

"Dood daycious! dese is pickled."

#### THE MAGIC BOTTLE.

**T**AKE a small bottle, the neck of which is not more than the sixth of an inch in diameter. With a funnel fill the bottle quite full of red wine, and place it in a glass vessel, similar to a show glass, whose height exceeds that of the bottle about two inches. Fill this vessel with water. The wine will shortly come out of the bottle, and rise in the form of a small column to the surface of the water, while at the same time the water, entering the bottle, will supply the place of the wine. The reason of this is that as the water is heavier than wine, it must hold the lower place, while the other rises to the top. An effect equally pleasing will be produced if the bottle be filled with water and the vessel with wine.



#### "RAILWAY BOB."

**D**OGS are fond of having a hobby. There are dogs that can not resist following an omnibus, others that worship a stick or a stone, and there are well-known cases of dogs devoting themselves to a fire-engine or to a "life on the line."

Years ago there was a colly, known as "Bob," who lived on the railway. He lost his master at some fair, and hunted long in hopes of finding him. He found his way to the station, and lived there for days, scanning every passenger in hopes of seeing the well-known face. He was fed at the restaurant, and the guards spoke kindly to the sad-faced, miserable dog.

He looked near and far for his shepherd owner, travelling from town to town in search of him, and returning to the station anxious, dejected, and sad of mien.

Finally he gave up the hunt as hopeless, and became a railway dog. Guards vied with one another as to who should have Bob as travelling companion. He lived for many years on the line, growing sleek and contented; yet he occasionally eyed the passengers, evidently still longing for the master he had loved so well.

One night a doctor who travelled continually, and was consequently well known, was asked by a porter at a station where he was waiting to come into the lamp-room, where the fire was good.

He heard from the men all about Bob, who was expected up with the North Mail that evening. It thundered in, and the guard, in passing the lamp-room, called out, "Bad news," "An accident?" asked the group off duty. "How? What?"

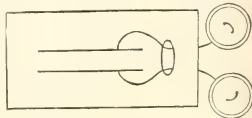
"Railway Bob," said the guard, curtly, not trusting himself to say more; then turning round, added, with a choke in his voice, "He leaped at the engine as the train moved, and missed it."

#### THE BUTTON PUZZLE.

**C**UT a piece of leather in the form of a rectangle, about twice as long as it is broad.

Cut two straight slits and a hole in it as shown in the diagram.

Pass one end of a piece of twine through the hole, and behind the tongue formed by the slits, and bring it down through the hole again, as in diagram.



The buttons to the ends of the string. The buttons must be of such size that they will not go through the hole.

The puzzle is to remove the string from the leather without detaching the buttons.



"How sweet is the draught from the stream which in childhood  
We quaff from the margin of the meadow's green slope," etc.

HARPER'S  
YOUNG PEOPLE  
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 257.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1884.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.60 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



"SOME FRESHLY CAUGHT FISH SIZZLED AND BROWNED"—SEE STORY ON PAGE 754.

## WAKULLA.\*

BY KATE MINEOR

## CHAPTER VI.

## A QUEER CHRISTMAS-DAY.

WHEN the children told Mr. Elmer about these little unhappy-looking divers that night, he said, "That shows how what some persons regard as play may become hard and unpleasant work to those who are compelled to do it."

Several days after this Mr. Elmer engaged a carriage, and took his wife and the children for a long drive over the island. During this drive the most interesting things they saw were old Fort Taylor, which stands just outside the city, and commands the harbor, the abandoned salt-works about five miles from the city, and the Martello towers built along the southern coast of the island; these are small but very strong forts built by the government, but as yet never occupied by soldiers.

In one of them the Elmers were shown a large jagged hole broken through the brick floor of one of the upper stories. This the sergeant in charge told them had been made by a party of sailors who deserted from a man-of-war lying in the harbor, and hid themselves in this Martello tower. They made it so that through it they could point their muskets and shoot anybody sent to capture them as soon as he entered the lower rooms. They did not have a chance to use it for this purpose, however, for the officer sent after them just camped outside the tower, and waited patiently until hunger compelled the runaways to surrender, when he quietly marched them back to the ship.

In all the forts as well as in all the houses of Key West are great cisterns for storing rain-water, for there are no wells on the island, and the only fresh-water to be had is what can be caught and stored during the rainy season.

It was a week after the orange auction that Mr. Elmer came into the cabin of the schooner one afternoon and announced that the court had given its decision, and that they would sail the next day.

This decision of the court gave to the schooner *Nancy Bell* five thousand dollars, and this Captain Li said must, according to wrecker's law, be divided among all who were on board the schooner at the time of the wreck. Accordingly he insisted upon giving Mr. and Mrs. Elmer each two hundred dollars, and Mark, Ruth, and Jan each one hundred dollars. As neither of the children had ever before owned more than five dollars at one time, they now felt wealthy enough to buy the State of Florida, and regarded each other with vastly increased respect. While their father took charge of this money for them, he told them they might invest it as they saw fit, provided he and their mother thought the investment a good one.

At daylight next morning the *Nancy Bell* again spread her sails, and soon Key West was but a low-lying cloud left far behind. For three days they sailed northward, with light winds, over the warm waters of the Gulf of Mexico. On the evening of the third day a bright light flashed across the waters ahead of them, and Captain Li said it was at the mouth of the St. Mark's River. As the tide was low, and no pilot was to be had that night, they had to stand off and on and wait for daylight before crossing the bar and sailing up the river beyond it.

All night long the *Nancy Bell* sailed back and forth within sight of the light that marked the mouth of the river. Soon after daylight a pilot-boat was seen approaching her in answer to the signal which was flying from the main rigging. As the boat ran alongside, a colored pilot clambered to the deck, and declared it did him good to see a big schooner waiting to come into the St. Mark's once more.

"Uster be a plenty of 'em," said he to Captain Li, "but dey's scarce n' gold dollars nowadays, an' I's proud to see 'em comin' again."

By the time breakfast was over, and the Elmers came on deck, they found the schooner running rapidly up a broad river, between wide expanses of low salt-marshes, bounded by distant pine forests, and studded here and there with groups of cabbage-palms. The channel was a regular zigzag, and they ran now to one side and then far over to the other to escape the coral reefs and oyster bars with which it was filled. This occupied much time; but the breeze was fresh, and within an hour they had run eight miles up the river, and were passing the ruins of the old Spanish Fort of St. Mark's. A few minutes later sails were lowered, and the schooner was moored to one of the rotten old wharves that still remain to tell of St. Mark's former glory.

"And is this St. Mark's?" asked Mrs. Elmer, looking with a feeling of keen disappointment at the dozen or so tumble-down frame buildings that, perched on piles above the low wet land, looked like worn-out old men with shaly legs, and formed all that was to be seen of the town.

"Yes, miss," answered the colored pilot, who seemed to consider her question addressed to him. "Dis yere's St. Mark's, or what de gales has lef' of hit. 'Pears like dey's been mighty hard on de ole town, sence trade fell off, an' mos' of de folks moved away. Uster be wharves all along yere, an' cotton-presses, an' big war-houses, an' plenty ships in de river; but now dey's all gone. Dem times we uster hab fo' trains of kyars a day; but now dere's only one train comes tree times in de week, an' hit's only got one kyar. Ole St. Mark's a seein' bad times now, for sho."

As soon as he could get ashore, Mr. Elmer, accompanied by Mark and the Captain, went up into the village to find out what he could regarding their destination and future movements. In about an hour he returned, bringing a package of letters from the post-office, and the information that Uncle Christopher Bangs's place was at Wakulla, some six miles further up the river. As the river above St. Mark's is quite crooked, and bordered on both sides by dense forests, and as no steam-tug could be had, the Captain did not care to attempt to carry the schooner any further up. Mr. Elmer had therefore chartered a large flat-bottomed lighter, or scow, to carry to Wakulla the cargo of household goods, tools, building material, etc., that they had brought with them.

As Captain Li was anxious to proceed on his voyage to Pensacola as quickly as possible, the lighter was at once brought alongside the schooner, and the work of discharging the Elmers' goods into her was begun.

"By-the-way, Mark," said Mr. Elmer, as the schooner's hatches were removed, "I am just reminded that this is Christmas-day, and that there is a present down in the hold for you from your uncle Christmas. It will be one of the first things taken out; so see if you can recognize it."

He had hardly spoken before the sailors, who had gone down into the hold, passed carefully up to those on deck a beautiful birch-bark canoe with the name *Ruth* painted on its bows.

"That's it; father; that's it; I'm sure it is. Oh! isn't she a beauty?" shouted Mark, wild with delight. "Oh, father, how did he know just exactly what I wanted most?" and the excited boy rushed down into the cabin to beg his mother and Ruth to come on deck and see his Christmas present.

The canoe was followed by two paddles painted a bright vermilion, and as they were placed in her, and she was laid to one side of the deck, she was indeed as pretty a little craft as can be imagined, and one that would delight any boy's heart.

"I knew we were going to live near a river, my dear," said Mr. Elmer, in answer to his wife's anxious expression



as she looked at the canoe, "and as Mark is a good swimmer, and very careful in boats, I thought a canoe would afford him great pleasure, and probably prove very useful to all of us. So when Uncle Christopher asked me what I thought the boy would like most for a Christmas present, I told him a canoe."

"Well, I hope it will prove safe," sighed Mrs. Elmer; "but I wish it were flat-bottomed, and built of thick boards instead of that thin bark."

"Oh, mother," said Mark, "you might as well wish it were a canal-boat at once."

"Yes, I believe canal-boats are generally considered safer than canoes," answered his mother, with a smile. "By-the-way, Mark" and she turned to her husband—"one of the letters you brought was from Uncle Christopher, and he says he thinks he forgot to tell us that there is a house on his place, which he hopes we will find in a fit condition to occupy."

Mr. Elmer had expected to have to build a house, and had accordingly brought with him sashes, doors, blinds, the necessary hardware, and in fact everything except lumber for that purpose. This material was now being transferred from the schooner to the lighter, and it seemed almost a pity to have brought it. Still, they were very glad to learn that they were likely to find a house all ready to move into.

It wanted but two hours of sunset when the last of the Elmers' goods were stowed in the lighter, and as there was nothing to detain him any longer, Captain Li said he should take advantage of the ebb tide that night to drop down the river and get started for Pensacola. As rowing and poling the heavy lighter up the river would at best prove but slow work, and as there was no hotel or place for them to stay in St. Mark's, Mr. Elmer thought they too would better make a start, and take advantage of the last of the flood tide and what daylight still remained.

So good-by's were exchanged, and feeling very much as though they were leaving home for the second time, the Elmers left the comfortable cabin that had sheltered them for nearly a month. Followed by Jan, they went on board their new craft, and the lines were cast off. The crew of four strong colored men bent over the long sweeps, and, followed by a hearty cheer from the crew of the schooner, the scow moved slowly up the river. In a few minutes a bend hid St. Mark's and the tall masts of the *Nancy Bell* from sight, and on either side of them appeared nothing but unbroken forest.

The river seemed narrow and dark after the open sea to which the Elmers had been so long accustomed; and from its banks the dense growth of oak, cedar, magnolia, palm, bay, cypress, elm, and sweet-gum trees, festooned with moss, and bound together with a net-work of vines, rose like walls shutting out the sunlight. Strange water-fowl, long-legged and long-billed, flew screaming away as they advanced, and quick splashes in the water ahead of them told of the presence of other animal life.

At sunset they were nearly two miles from St. Mark's, and opposite a cleared spot on the bank, where was piled a quantity of light wood or pitch-pine. Here the Captain and owner of the lighter, who was a young white man, named Oliver Johnson, proposed that they should tie up for the night.

To this Mr. Elmer consented, and as soon as the boat was made fast to the bank, active preparations were begun for cooking supper, and for making everything as snug and comfortable as possible.

A large sail was stretched across some poles in the form of a tent over the after-part of the lighter, and beneath this two comfortable beds were made up from the abundant supply of mattresses and blankets belonging to the Elmers. Jan Jansen and Captain Johnson, who, Mark said, must be related, as their names were the same, spread their blankets in the forward end of the boat. On shore

the negro crew built for themselves a thatched lean-to of poles and palm leaves beside the fire that was already throwing its cheerful light across the dark surface of the river.

While the men were busy arranging the shelters and bedding, Mrs. Elmer and Ruth, assisted by one of the negroes, were cooking supper over a bed of coals that had been raked from the fire. A huge pot of coffee sent forth clouds of fragrant steam, and in two frying-pans some freshly caught fish sizzled and browned in a most gratifying and appetizing manner. In a couple of kettles hung over the fire hominy and sweet-potatoes bubbled, boiled, and tried to outdo each other in getting done. Fresh-made bread and a good supply of butter had been brought from the schooner. When the supper was all ready, and spread out on a green table-cloth of palm leaves, Mark and Ruth declared that this picnic was even jollier than the one on the island of the Florida Reef, and that this was one of the very best Christmases they had ever known.

After supper, and when the dishes had all been washed and put away, the Elmers, Captain Johnson, and Jan sought the shelter of the canvas awning from the heavy night dew which had begun to fall as soon as the sun went down. They lifted the sides so that they could look out and see the fire, around which the crew were gathered. After a while one of these started a plaintive negro melody, which sounded very sweetly through the still air. The others took it up, and they sang for an hour or more, greatly to the delight of the children, to whom such music was new. Many of the words were composed as they sang, and Mark and Ruth could not help laughing at some of them, which, though sung very soberly, sounded funny. One song which they afterward remembered was:

"Oh, dey put John on de islan'  
When de Bridgroom come;  
Yes, dey put John on de islan'  
When de Bridgroom come;  
An' de ravens come an' fed him  
When de Bridgroom come;  
Yes, de ravens come an' fed him  
When de Bridgroom come;  
An' five of dem was wise  
When de Bridgroom come;  
Yes, five of dem was foolish  
When de Bridgroom come;  
Yes, five of dem was foolish  
When de Bridgroom come;  
Oh, gib us of yo' ile  
When de Bridgroom come;  
Oh, gib us of yo' ile  
When de Bridgroom come;  
Fo' you'll neber get to heaven  
When de Bridgroom come;  
No, you'll neber get to heaven  
When de Bridgroom come;  
Aless youse ile a-plenty  
When de Bridgroom come;  
Aless youse ile a-plenty  
When de Bridgroom come."

In the midst of the singing a voice called out from the tree-tops, "Who, who, who, who's there?" or at least so it sounded.

Immediately the singing stopped, and one of the negroes answered.

"Some folkses from de Norf, Massa Owl, an' Cap'n Johnson, an' me, an' Homer, an' Virgil, an' Pete."

"What does he mean by that?" asked Mr. Elmer of the Captain.

"Oh," answered he, "it's one of their beliefs that they'll have bad luck if they don't answer an owl politely when he asks 'Who's there?' and give the names of all the party, if they know them."

Soon after this all hands sought their blankets, good-nights were said, the fire died down, and all was quiet in the camp, though several times some sleepy negro roused



"STRANGE WATER-POWL."

himself sufficiently to answer the owl's repeated question of "Who's there?"

It must have been nearly midnight when the camp was startled by a crash, a series of smothered cries, and a loud splashing in the water. It was evident that something serious had happened, but what it was no one could tell in the darkness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## BÉBÉ AND THE GRAND-DUKE.

A Story of the German War.

BY ELIOT MCCORMICK

**W**HAT is it that Fauvette sees?

The day is cold and bleak; Fauvette gathers the blanket more closely around her thinly clad form and over her head as she looks down the road, and discovers far away, in the direction of her own home, a cloud of dust. It is not the dust of the diligence, for that went by an hour ago: Fauvette noticed it particularly because it was going so fast. The horses were galloping, and Baptiste was urging them on as though something were

coming in pursuit. Had Baptiste been running away from that which made the cloud of dust? and was that which made the cloud the German army?

Fauvette's heart stood still as this thought came to her. She knew there was war in the country, but as yet it had not come anywhere near Champvillers, which was the village where Fauvette lived. Had it come near so soon? When she left home that morning with Bébé there had been no thought of the Germans: had they arrived already? She looked around at Bébé, who was trying almost vainly to get some pasturage out of the stubble of the field. Then she looked again at the cloud of dust. It had lifted a little by this time, and underneath Fauvette could see the glimmer of bayonets and the forms of horses and men. Yes, it was the German army—there could be no doubt of that.

At the first thought she started to run. But where should she go? The soldiers were between her and the village; she could not leave Bébé, and Bébé would not willingly go in the opposite direction from home. Even if Bébé consented, the soldiers would very soon overtake her. But if she staid, would they not take Bébé and herself too? or, if they let her go, would they not carry Bébé off? Fauvette's heart now beat quick and fast. The soldiers were coming rapidly nearer. Indeed, she could distinguish their faces. The man in front on horseback was old and ugly. Could that be the Count Bismarck, she wondered. Fauvette crept up to Bébé's side and laid her arm over the cow's neck. For the first time Bébé looked up, and seeing the soldiers, gazed at them with a look of gentle surprise.

Bébé was Fauvette's special care. Fauvette's elder sister, Lucie, looked after the children, and helped the mother at home, while Fauvette brought the cow to pasture, and in these troubled times staid with it all day. At this season it was cold work, and there was little in the field for Bébé to eat. Pretty soon her task would end, and the cow would live at home with the rest of the family, having better quarters, indeed, than they had themselves. Fauvette now wished that it had ended before to-day, so that she might not have met the soldiers in this exposed place. But there was no use in wishing that now. Perhaps all her own people had been killed in the village; but she could not think of that either. She must stand still, while her limbs shook and her heart trembled, and do her best to save her own and Bébé's life; though if that were the terrible Bismarck who rode at the head, she knew there would be little hope. Indeed, she expected to hear him call out every moment, *en avant*, or what meant the same thing in German, and see the whole army charge upon her and the cow. Nevertheless, she stood bravely enough, with her arm around Bébé's neck, awaiting their approach.

"Do not fear, Bébé," she murmured. "I will not let thee die. If they kill thee, they must kill me too."

The officer at the head, who, though Fauvette did not know it, was only a colonel, eyed the cow, as he rode up, with grim satisfaction.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, in his own tongue, "this will make fine steaks. Leave the cow, girl, and go back to your village. No one will hurt you."

Fauvette stood still. She did not understand German, though she guessed at what he said.

"Ach!" exclaimed the officer. "Who can speak this detestable tongue? Where is there a man who knows the French?"

The Colonel looked up and down the line. Several of the men appeared ready to answer, when the attention of all was attracted to a young aide-de-camp, who came galloping up the road, and demanded to know what was the matter.

The Colonel pointed to Fauvette and the cow.

"I am just about to tell the girl to go home to the

village and leave the cow," he said, "but unhappily I am not ready with foreign languages. When I have something to say in French, I require help."

The young man smiled. Then turning to Fauvette, he said to her, in her own tongue: "My poor child, the Colonel wishes me to tell you that you must leave the cow and go home. You live in the village we have just passed, do you not?"

Fauvette gazed at him calmly. She was terribly afraid, and her face was pale, but otherwise she did not show it.

"Oui, monsieur," she said; "I live in the village, and I should be glad to go back, but I can not leave Bébé."

The young aide-de-camp—he was little more than a boy—looked at her pityingly. "But you must," he said; "the Colonel says so."

Her eyes flashed. "What do I care for the Colonel?" she said. "If he kills Bébé, he must kill me too."

"Oh, he won't kill you," said the boy. "We don't fight children. But he wants the cow, don't you see?"

"What does he want it for?" asked Fauvette, gravely.

"Why, to eat, I suppose," he stammered, not wishing to hurt her more than was necessary, but yet telling the truth as from habit.

"To eat!" exclaimed Fauvette. "My beautiful Bébé! If she was yours, would you let anybody kill her?"

He looked admiringly at Bébé's mouse-colored velvety skin and large soft eyes. "Well, no, I wouldn't," he said, frankly.

"Well, I won't either," and she clasped her arms tightly around the creature's neck.

The young man walked helplessly over to the Colonel.

"I can't seem to persuade her, sir," he said.

The Colonel laughed. "Oh, well, then we'll use force," he said.

Turning to his men, he ordered two of them to take the girl away from the cow.

"Are you going to kill the cow?" the young aide-de-camp asked.

"Certainly," said the Colonel. "Pray explain to the Prince the cause of the delay, and say we shall be moving directly."

The young man, with another look at Fauvette, turned around and rode rapidly off, while the two men, at the Colonel's direction, stepped up to the child's side.

"Come!" one of them demanded in German.

Fauvette did not move. Her hold of Bébé tightened, and she looked up

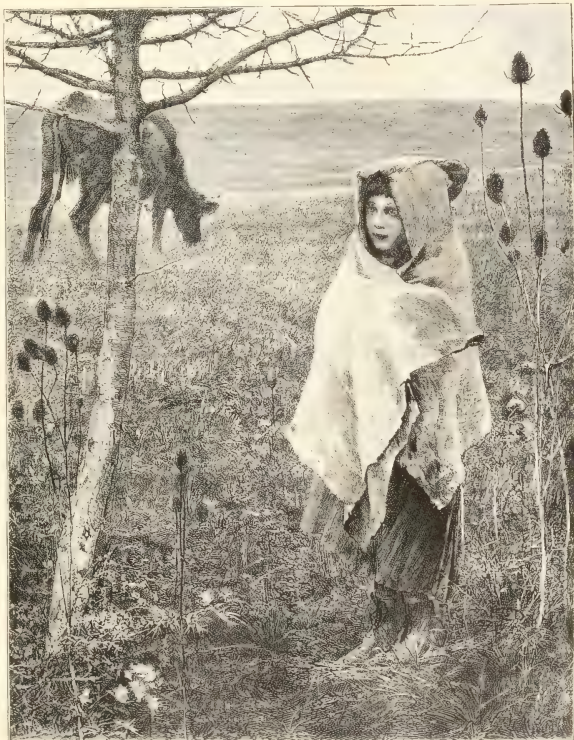
at the rude soldiers with defiance flashing from her black eyes.

"So!" exclaimed the man; "then I must make you." And he proceeded, not very gently, to loosen the arms that were clinging to Bébé's neck.

Fauvette screamed loudly, while she tried to hold on, but her strength was small compared to the men's, and in a moment one of them had dragged her away, while the other was trying to pull the cow in an opposite direction.

But for once Bébé's stubbornness served her a good turn. Whether she understood their designs or not, the cow would not move one step; and when they tried to drag her, she planted her feet firmly on the ground, put down her head, and uttered a gentle but decided "Moo!"

The men looked helplessly at the Colonel, who was very angry. For the sake of a cow the whole detachment had been detained fifteen minutes. A less forbearing man than himself would have shot it at once. Presently the aide-de-camp would be coming up again to see why they had not moved.



"WHAT IS IT THAT FAUVETTE SEES?"



"Shoot the cow!" he cried, passionately.

In order to raise his gun, Fauvette's captor had to let her go. Quick as thought the girl rushed back, and, while the guns were pointed at her, threw her arms once more around Bébé's neck.

"Now fire!" she cried, stamping her foot; "fire, and kill me too."

It was this tableau that the young man saw as he came dashing up again: the angry Colonel on horseback, the soldiers levelling their guns, and the patient cow protected by the child.

"Good heavens!" he cried, riding in between the soldiers and Fauvette, and making himself the target for their fire, "do you mean to kill the child?"

The men, who had no wish for the business, lowered their muskets, while the lad saluted the Colonel.

"Here is an order from the Prince," he said, producing a bit of paper, "permitting the child to take the cow back to the village. I am directed to see that it is executed."

The Colonel, with an angry frown upon his face, turned away and gave the order to advance. Presently the regiment was in motion. The dust had arisen, and, freed from her persecutors, Fauvette was left alone with the young man. The soldiers were marching by, but she did not mind them now. Bébé, too, was quite composed, and had resumed her feeding. Fauvette would never complain again that Bébé was stubborn. If Bébé had not been stubborn to-day, where might she not be now? But Fauvette had not yet thanked the young man who was waiting on horseback by her side.

"I thank you very much," she said, timidly, looking up into the boy's handsome face. "If they had killed Bébé, they would have killed me too."

"Oh, they wouldn't have done that," he said. "Only their guns might have gone off accidentally."

She hesitated a moment. "Yes," she said, "they might have gone off when you stood before them."

He colored a little. "I am a soldier," he said. "A soldier does not think about such things."

Fauvette looked at him admiringly. "You are very brave," she said.

The aide-de-camp smiled. "Oh no, I'm not," he hastened to say. "Why, the other day, when I went into battle for the first time, it was just as much as I could do to keep from running away. I expected that every bullet would hit me, and every time I heard one of them sing, I said good-by."

"That was the first time," said Fauvette, indulgently. "You wouldn't feel that way again. My grandfather fought with Napoleon, and he says that is the way he used to feel."

"Did your grandfather fight with Napoleon?" the boy asked. "How I should like to hear him tell about it!"

"Oh, that's easy enough," said Fauvette. "If you will come back to the village he will tell you anything you want to know. But I forgot," she added, hurriedly; "you are a German."

He nodded. "Yes," he said, "I'm a German; but I'm going back to see you safe to the village all the same."

The soldiers had now mostly passed by, and a number of elegant persons on horseback were bringing up the rear. Riding up to one of these, the aide-de-camp held a brief conversation. Then wheeling around his horse, he came back to Fauvette.

"Yes," he said; "I may take you back to the village. There is another detachment of our men there, whom I am to order forward. Will the cow go?"

Happily Bébé had forgotten her stubbornness, or else she understood that home was the safest place for her. She made no objections when Fauvette told her to go on, and even allowed the young man, who had swung Fauvette up into the saddle, to urge her forward with his horse. The cow could not go very fast, however, and it took

some time to reach the village. Half a mile away they heard the sound of firing, and off to the right, where Fauvette told the boy another road ran, hung a cloud of dust such as she had seen before that morning. When they reached the village, how still it was! Not a soldier was to be seen. What had become of them? the aide-de-camp wondered.

There was no time, however, for him to be either frightened or surprised. Hardly had his horse's hoofs sounded on the street when out of every house rushed a troop of soldiers, half a dozen of whom grasped the lad's bridle. For an instant both he and Fauvette were too much astonished to speak. The girl, who recognized familiar faces, was the first to recover herself.

"Ah!" she cried, "let him go. He has saved my life and Bébé's."

At the same moment an officer came out of the inn door.

"Your name and rank, monsieur," he demanded, briefly.

The lad drew himself up proudly until his slender figure seemed that of a man. His frank boyish face glowed, and his blue eyes flashed fire.

"Carl Ludwig von Schomberg," he said in French, "lieutenant in the German army, and Grand-duke of Hoenstauffen Steinmetz."

The officer bowed. "Thanks, your Highness," he said. "It is unfortunate, but your soldiers, whom I presume you expected to find here, have evacuated the village, and you are the prisoner of the French."

Fauvette's lip trembled. She was still on horseback, protected by the young officer's arm. "But he came back to bring me," she cried. "If it had not been for him I would have been killed."

"That will be considered," said the officer; "but at present Lieutenant Von Schomberg is our prisoner. Will you please dismount, sir?"

The boy let one of the men whom Fauvette knew take her down and then dismounted himself.

"Now, sir," said the French officer, "if you will come into the cabaret you will find there some of your companions."

The lad turned to where Fauvette stood crying on Bébé's neck.

"Do not cry, my child," he said; "it is only the fortune of war."

"But it was for me," she sobbed. "If it had not been for me you would be with your Prince now."

He smiled kindly. "I should no doubt have come back anyhow," he said. "Don't vex yourself, little one; and *Adieu*."

Her face lighted up through her tears. "Ah, no," she whispered, looking hurriedly around to see if any one overheard—" *An revoir*."

What did she mean? the Duke wondered as the officer led him off to the cabaret. He would hardly see her again, for the next day, if not earlier, they would surely take him off to Metz, or wherever else the French kept their prisoners. It was an inglorious ending to his military career, but he had served the little peasant maiden and saved a cow's life; and he was sure he would rather have done that than kill some one in battle. His rank enabled him to have a room to himself in the upper story of the cabaret, and left alone, with a sentinel outside the door and another beneath the window, he had time to reflect upon these things, and to wonder what the Prince would think when he did not re-appear, and whether they would send back for him. They would hardly do that, he concluded, since they were anxious to get ahead as fast as possible. He was unwilling to admit it, but there did not seem to be any very good prospect of his immediate release. All the afternoon he was left undisturbed, and when the darkness shut down there were no signs that he was to be removed that night.



At midnight, however, the key turned in the lock, the door opened, and some one stood in the room.

"Are you awake?" whispered a soft voice.

It was Fauvette's voice, and the boy's heart gave a thrill of hope.

"Oh yes," he answered. "I couldn't go to sleep, you know."

She came up to him, and laid her hand on his arm. "Listen," she said. "The soldiers are all asleep. My uncle, who keeps the inn, has drugged their wine, and my father holds your horse before the door. There is nothing between you and your army. You must go at once."

He hesitated a moment. "And you?" he said.

"Oh, I am all right," she answered. "This is my home; no one will harm me."

He could not see her face in the darkness, but he guessed that the black eyes were full of tears. "You are a good girl," he said. "Tell me your name. You know I did not learn that."

"My name is Fauvette," she said, simply—"Fauvette Murets."

"Ah," he said, "I shall always remember the brave little owner of that name. Then taking her hand he lingered a moment in the door.

"Adieu," she said, quietly.

"Nein," he exclaimed; "it shall not be *adieu*. I will surely see you again some day." He leaned over and kissed her forehead. "Auf wiedersehen, Fauvette," and clasping her hand, he passed swiftly out into the hall and down the dark stairs.

In a moment Fauvette heard the muffled clatter of his horse's hoofs on the hard road, and then, with the tears in her eyes, she crept down the stairs herself, and went to her own home.

### MIMIR'S WELL.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

COME, gather around me, children, and listen while I tell  
How ages ago there bubbled up the wonderful Mimir's  
Well;

Close by the roots of the Tree of Life its crystal depths were  
found,  
And all the people stepped softly there, for that was hallowed  
ground.

And a grim old watchman guarded the well so cold and deep.  
You might creep along with stealthy tread, you'd never find  
him asleep;

For he knew the tunes of the zephyrs among the reeds at  
play;  
He could hear the grasses growing at noon of the summer  
day.

He would nod and laugh when Mimir came thirsty for a  
draught;  
And mighty was the chalice from which gray Mimir quaffed  
The drops which gave him wisdom: for god of the learned  
was he,  
And nature had never a secret which keen Mimir could not  
see.

Now when it happened, children, and how, I can not tell,  
But ages ago the watchman was banished from Mimir's Well.  
Mimir himself has vanished; he rules not peace nor strife.  
But the Well of Wisdom still remains by the roots of the Tree  
of Life.

And all who wish may taste it; the water is clear and cold,  
And the gift it has for the winner is better than gems and  
gold.

None but the meek and lowly, none but the good and kind,  
The marvellous Well of Wisdom may truly seek and find.

Do your bright eyes shine, my darlings, your rosy lips exclaim,  
"We will haste to the sacred wavelets; to loiter apace were  
shame!"

Eager and bold, my darlings, go forth with gladness rife,  
And do not forget that Wisdom's Well is close to the Tree of  
Life.

### THE TROUBLES OF BABY GUILLEMOT.

BY JOHN R. CORYELL.

OF course all babies have troubles. Anybody who has ever been a baby knows that; but without doubt the Baby Guillemot has more trouble and excitement than any other kind of a baby.

Its troubles begin away back in the time when it is only an egg. To understand about this and its other troubles, however, we should begin Baby Guillemot's story at the time when Father and Mother Guillemot begin house-keeping.

Although a bird with feathers and wings like any other bird, the guillemot, which is distantly related to the duck family, very much prefers the water to the air. Indeed, it is more at home in the water than the fish that belong there, and except when it is ready to go to housekeeping, it spends all its time floating on the bosom of the ocean, diving yards and yards down into the water's depths in pursuit of fish, or swimming miles and miles up and down the coast.

About the beginning of April is the time when all good guillemots set about housekeeping. They have certain lonely islands, all girt about with high steep cliffs, to which they always go, and there they flock by the thousand and tens of thousands, until every ledge is covered. As they are obliged to stand upright, like so many soldiers, they show only their pure white breasts, and the different ledges of rock look as if they were covered with snow.

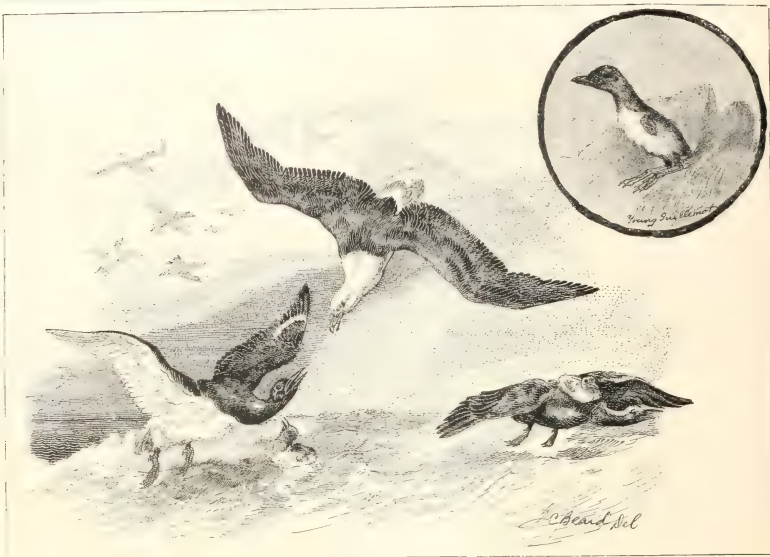
Almost any other bird would build some kind of a nest, but the guillemot is a very odd sort of bird, and lays its one solitary egg on the hard bare rock. The bare rock, of course, is anything but warm up in the northern regions where the guillemots go, and therefore the parent birds are obliged to invent a way of warming the egg on all sides. This is the way they do it: They pluck the feathers and down from off a narrow strip on the breast, and then sit down so that the egg touches the bared skin, and at the same time is covered on the sides by the warm down. The part that rests on the rock is still left out in the cold, however, and one might suppose that the down which had been plucked off would be placed under that spot. But it is not; it is thrown away, for the bird has a better plan. It turns the egg over with its bill every once in a while, and so keeps it warm on every side.

Now the guillemot is found everywhere in the Arctic seas of the Old and New worlds. In the winter they come southward in large parties along the coasts of Norway and England, Hudson Bay, Labrador, and Newfoundland. Audubon tells us that large numbers of American guillemots flock about the Bay of Fundy.

In addition to outside troubles, Baby Guillemot has its own silliness to contend with. No other bird is so lacking in wit. One species common in Great Britain is even given the title of "Foolish Guillemot." This is from the fact that it will suffer itself to be taken in the hand and killed rather than leave the cliff it has chosen for its abode.

But, as if to make up for its own silliness, if ever a baby had devoted parents, the guillemot has, for both father and mother continually watch over it, except at meal-times, when they take turns at sitting on the egg. But for all their care they can not keep trouble away; for man has been waiting for this very time, and at the risk of his life allows himself to be let down over the cliff by a rope in order that he may gather the guillemots' eggs for food. Thousands of eggs are stolen from the cliffs in this way.

This is the least of Baby's troubles, however, for being only an egg, it is not conscious of what is going on; but in about a month or a little more it breaks open the shell



"NOW THE GULL WITH FIERCE JOY SWOOPS UPON IT."

and steps out on the ledge of rock, the prettiest little ball of gray-black down that ever was seen. Ah! what a proud and happy moment for Papa and Mamma Guillemot! They caress the little fellow, offer him the daintiest morsels of fish they can find, and in fact pass all their time in trying to make life pleasant and comfortable for the new arrival.

But now is the time when the eagle and the hawk and the gull begin to circle about overhead, for in their estimation there is no daintier meal than a baby guillemot just born. For a month at least after it is hatched the poor little baby is every moment in danger of being caught by the cruel talons of some fierce and hungry bird, who will ruthlessly tear it from its happy home and loving parents and make but one mouthful of it.

And then after that long month of fear and agony comes the time when Baby's courage is put to the severest trial of all. It is fully fledged now, and able to swim, though it does not know it, and has no idea of what water is like even. However, Mamma knows that the time has arrived when Baby must for the first time venture from home. She coaxes the frightened little fellow to mount upon her back. He knows that something unusual is going to happen, and his heart beats fast. He has confidence in Mamma, however, and though full of fear, he crouches between her wings, and holds on to the feathers with both feet and his long bill.

Mamma, who is not a graceful walker, because her feet are so far back on her body and her legs are so short, waddles to the edge of the cliff, and anxiously looks about her. Alas! there in her very path, right at the spot where she will stop, a great hungry black-backed gull is poised, waiting for her and her precious freight. It is useless to try

another direction, or to wait another day, for it will always be the same. If not that gull, some other gull will be waiting for her and her little one.

Well, she will call all her courage, strength, and cunning to her aid, and at once brave the danger. She spreads her wings to their widest extent, launches herself into the air, and without a flutter darts like an arrow into space. Away she sails. Now the black rocks are under her. Now the billows, dashing in fury on the broken shore, send drops of spray to greet her. Now the open sea rises and falls beneath her. There lies safety for her little one; but between here and there lurks the danger already threatening the babe. Even now the gull, with greedy eye and snapping beak, is vaulting about her, ready almost to snatch the little one from its mother's back.

Too late to return, the quick resolve is taken. A sudden fling of the mother's body, and the startled baby, shaken from its seat, is thrown into the air, where with useless wings it falls like a stone toward the water. Now the gull with fierce joy swoops upon it, but already the loving mother has folded her wings, and is dropping by her baby's side, interposing her body between it and the gull, until the water is reached, when the baffled robber dashes into the waves only to see the rescued babe dart down with its happy parent into old ocean's bosom. For, strangely enough, the little bird that can not fly can dive like a frog, float like a duck, and swim like a fish in the water it has never before seen.

And now the worst of Baby Guillemot's troubles are over, and surely they ought to be, for it has had more than its share. The other troubles it has are no more than any other bird might have, and therefore need not be told about.



A TYROLESE CHILD—FROM A PAINTING BY FRANZ VON DEFREGGER



## BERRY-PICKING WITH A BEAR.

BY CHARLES H. SHINN.

MY cousin Tom was one of the most active of sixteen-year-old boys. He had a careless audacity that made him a prime favorite with his young friends and relatives, though older persons sometimes shook their heads, and murmured that he was heedless and reckless. But Tom went to California to spend the summer vacation, and when he returned any one could see he had received a severe lesson of some kind. Every one noticed how subdued his manners were, and how little he said of his own exploits. Naturally we teased him for the reason of all this.

"Boys," he said one day, in answer to the questions as to what had so changed him, "I've had a lesson that will last me the rest of my life." And then came the following story:

"The place where I was staying was near the beautiful Navarro River, and one of my chief pleasures was rowing along its banks. One morning I launched my favorite little boat, put my fishing-tackle and lunch in the bottom, and started for a day on the upper part of the river, where there was a logging camp.

"It was eight o'clock when I reached the salmonberry islands, four miles above the saw-mill. On the bank I saw berries ripe and handsome enough to make any one wish to stop for a hatful. Where I drew up the wild rose-colored fragrant azaleas grew, and though I was never very sentimental about flowers, I couldn't resist the temptation to break off five or six great branches, and stick them behind a most convenient brace that ran about the boat. I noticed the tips trailed a little in the water, but I thought nothing about it.

"I walked up a little path to the heart of the island. The bushes were loaded with fruit. I began on the largest I could find, and filled my hat. In about five minutes I heard a curious sniff coming from the other side of the bush. It reminded me of pigs. 'Some rancher's black hogs have found their way over here,' I thought. So I stepped around to see for myself.

"You could have knocked me down with a feather. There, sitting on his haunches, and pulling the laden berry branches toward his mouth, was a large cinnamon bear, not quite as dangerous as a grizzly, but still abundantly able to kill and eat me up if he chose. He lolled out his red tongue, and winked his small beady eyes at me. Then he growled fiercely, and let go of the berries. It was not more than ten feet from my outstretched hand to his outstretched paw. I stood perfectly still.

"Well, after an age of suspense, the bear grunted again, pulled down another berry branch, and evidently felt peaceable. I set one foot back as far as I could reach, and drew myself out of sight. Then my nerves gave way, and I ran; but no evil resulted. I reached the boat safely, and pushed out in the stream. The azalea boughs weighted me down considerably. A few strokes up-stream brought me to a place from which I could see my friend Sir Bear still berrying.

"Now this is where the story ought to stop. But I was a reckless fellow, you know, and I paid for it dearly. There were some stones lying in the boat, and my evil spirit suggested stirring up that peaceful and generous-minded bear. I turned the boat in-shore. The bear was nearly sixty feet distant, and he faced about and growled at me. That was my time. I struck him in the side and face with two stones as large as a man's fist, and in less time than I take to tell it he was after me, roaring with rage. He jumped in the water before I had made any headway, and grabbed at the side of the boat. Fortunately he missed it, and I settled down to solid rowing, with about five feet start. The azalea boughs dragging in the water brought my speed down to just the rate of his swimming.

"Under any other circumstances I could have rowed right away from him, but it was a handicap and no mistake. I pulled my prettiest, and increased my lead to fifteen feet. Then I threw out the nearest azalea bough, and caught up the oars again. But that pause nearly ruined me, for my enemy grabbed for the boat again, and only a desperate stroke gave a moment's respite.

"It was four miles to the loggers' camp. I couldn't pull that far at race-horse rate; but then I hoped to tire out this stubborn Bruin. At the end of a mile he seemed fresher than ever. I remembered that one winter a large black bear had swum the strait from Marin County to San Francisco County, and that swims of three miles and more are on record for bears. I began to be horribly frightened.

"Just as I was in a state of despair a raft of logs came around a bend in the river, with four brawny woodmen upon it, armed with axes and crowbars. They saw the situation.

"Row this way, lad," they shouted, and I pulled with hearty good-will, running alongside of the great raft. When my tormentor saw his new foes, he rushed for the raft. There was the gleam of an axe, the dull sound of a deadly blow, and an hour later I was presented with 'the skin of the bar wot ye tried ter kill with a pebble.'

"I don't feel very proud of it," Cousin Tom concluded. "I am willing to acknowledge that I was a fool."

## THE CREST OF THE WHITE HAT.\*

A BOY'S STORY.

BY SHERWOOD BONNER, AUTHOR OF "DIALECT TALES," ETC.

III.

"ONE day," continued Monsieur Dupin, "I plucked up courage and went to her father, asking the hand of Justine.

"Ah! how he treated me—that stone image of a man! He had been poor like myself; that was forgotten. He had been young; that too had gone from his mind. The loud brassy music of the town had deafened his ears to the bird-songs of youth.

"Who was I? he demanded, roughly. A poor youth from Brittany, of no prospects, of no family, and he owed it to his own reputation that his daughter should wed the possessor of a high and honorable name.

"To this I retorted that my family was to the full as good as his own, though not so rich; that my father was sergeant under Napoleon, and still held a small office at Morlaix, where every citizen would bear witness to his uprightness and honor.

"Enough! enough!" he cried. 'The truth is, you haven't any money, nor any chance of making any!'

"I am in a good business," said I.

"Pooh! pooh! what's a small hattery nowadays, when the large ones absorb all the custom? Besides," went on the cruel father-in-law of my desire, 'you have no head, young Dupin—absolutely no head!'

"That I deny!" cried I, fiercely.

"Fiddlesticks!" cried the old gentleman. 'Instead of keeping on hand a large stock of tasteful goods, you are forever trying experiments. Did I not see in your window this very day a white felt thing—I suppose you call it a hat—of such a stiff, ridiculous shape that every passer-by got a laugh out of it?'

"This time I had to own up, for I had made the white hat in what it pleased me to call a freak of genius. But no one had noticed it save to laugh.

"We talked some time longer, but let it suffice to say that we parted bitter enemies. Not even a glimpse of Justine's dark eyes consoled me; all was gloom.

\* Begun in the preceding number, September 23.



"I strove to wear off the freshness of my sorrow by hard work. Day and night, night and day, I worked away like a little machine on two legs. I looked for nothing to come of it; I only took to making hats instead of something worse.

"One day, as I stood by the counter in my fore-room, my apprentice came rushing in like a madman.

"The King!" he shouted. "The King is coming in his chariot through the Rue Saint-Hilaire. He has been to the Military School, and drives home this way."

"I hardly lifted my eyes. What was the King to me?

"The next instant I heard the rumbling of the King's coach, and, a little to my surprise, I discovered that curiosity could live even with a broken heart. So I hastened to the door to see how the former Duke of Orleans appeared as the Sovereign of France. A crowd had collected as if by magic, and as the coach came into sight, off went all the hats, and from every throat sounded a 'hurrah!' for King Louis Philippe.

"The horses seemed a little skittish, and to add to their discomfort a brass band struck up loudly at a little distance. That was enough for the timid beasts. They reared, pulled hard on the bits, and finally shied toward a deep gutter on one side of the street. One of the back wheels, striking hard against a post, was torn off, and the coach was in great danger of being entirely upset.

"It was almost exactly opposite my door that the accident occurred. I rushed out to render assistance. The horses were rearing wildly, and the King attempted to jump out—a dangerous thing, considering his great weight. I was both nimble and strong, and, thanks be to Heaven, my broken heart had not as yet affected my appetite nor reduced my strength. I took hold of his Majesty's sacred person, gave him a swing, and lifted him to the sidewalk without the slightest bruise or damage, except that his hat rolled from his head and fell into the gutter. Some one jumped to pick it up quick as a hawk swooping on a chicken; but of course it was so bespattered with mud as to be unfit for a King's use. He looked at it with a half-humorous expression.

"Allow me, your Majesty," said I, trembling, and bowing very low.

"I ran into the shop and gathered up a lot of hats such as I thought might fit the royal head. Among them was the great white felt with its bell-shaped crown that I had myself designed—to the amusement of the neighbors.

"Whether it was by design or chance I declare to you I can not tell to this day; but that very hat was the first one I offered to the notice of the King. He took it, looked at it with a critical yet surely an approving eye, put it on, moved it a little back, then nodded contentedly.

"It fits finely, hatter—finely. Is it your own make?"

"At your service, your Majesty."

"I am glad to hear it. It seems to be good, substantial work, also a nice shape and color. What's the price of such a hat?"

"Good Louis Philippe! Never was he too much a King to forget to count the cost.

"Twelve francs, your Majesty," said I, though scarcely able to utter a word from very joy.

"It is not too much. Until now I have always had to pay twenty francs for my hats. I will keep this." And so saying, he settled the pearl felt firmly on his head, and pursed up his lips in a manner highly expressive of satisfaction.

"At the moment of the accident, of course, another carriage had been ordered, and it now arrived. On its wide cushions the Citizen-King deposited his comfortable fat figure.

"My best thanks, my good hatter," said he, "for your prompt assistance."

"Then he gave the signal, and the coach started, his

Majesty smiling very graciously in return for the fine bows which came near to kissing my shoe-tips.

"As soon as the royal carriage had rolled out of sight, I walked with measured step to my little back room, where I shut and locked the door. Here, indeed, I let my feelings have their way, and I danced and capered like a boy over a holiday plum-cake.

"Trouble is over," cried I. "A good day dawns. The sun peeps above the clouds. With the pearl felt hat I shall make my fortune. I shall be Justine's husband. Heaven's blessing on that lucky accident! Ill is the wind that blows no good."

IV.

"I see that you are smiling, my young friend, so I won't tell you how many foolish and extravagant speeches I made in that moment of delight. But I was not deceived in what I had promised myself. That very afternoon the King's adjutant came into the shop and asked for Henri Dupin.

"Here, sir."

"Ah! very well. His Majesty begs you, Monsieur Dupin, to accept this little gift as a token of gratitude for the assistance rendered him this morning."

"And with that he handed me a sealed package. I tore it open; what do you think it held?"

"The diamond ring!" shouted Henri, clapping his hands together.

"Ah, little rogue, you know the story as well as I do myself! So much the better. When I am gone it will be at your tongue's end to tell your grandchildren in turn. Yes; it was a diamond ring; and as I gazed on it the adjutant went on to say that it was his Majesty's earnest desire to help industry and encourage trade by every possible means. Believing that he recognized in me an active and skilled worker, he appointed me from that time 'hatter to the King.' The order had now been given to settle his Majesty's first bill by paying for the hat bought in the forenoon.

"Be kind enough," said he, "to write a receipt;" and with that he counted out twelve francs on the counter.

"For a moment I could not speak. Then I cried out:

"Did I not think so? Did I not say so? Oh! his Majesty shall be satisfied. I will serve him as none other has ever served him. I will make him such hats as he has never dreamed of—hats that fit so splendidly they will even keep cares away from his head."

"Such hats would be very desirable for kings of our time," said the adjutant, with a slight smile.

"As I raised my eyes, after writing the receipt and sprinkling sand over the paper, another surprise awaited me. Two fine gentlemen had quietly walked into the shop. And these elegant dandies called for hats in the new style, such as his Majesty had just purchased.

"Ah! you mean the gray-white felt, messieurs the *Para-soucis* [relief from care], it is called—my own design. I am tremendously sorry, gentlemen; but my whole stock' (my stock of *one, ha! ha!*) 'is sold out. If you will be so kind as to return to-morrow, you shall have plenty to choose from."

"This they promised to do, and I bowed them out, my heart swelling as though too big for my body.

"Then, presto! I flew at the work like a tiger! I shut the shop, engaged new hands, and all night long it was scratch and scrape, beat and brush, sew and shape, until we were all ready to drop.

"But the next day repaid us. By bedroom breakfast-time there was such a display of the *Para-soucis* in the window as if a bed of lilies had suddenly burst into bloom. The morning papers reported the King's little accident, and mentioned in a humorous way the purchase of the hat—with a neat compliment to the new style.

"That was enough. All Paris went mad over the *Para-soucis*. Other styles had become old-fashioned in a

single night. I was in despair! I could not make hats fast enough. Even when Paris was sufficiently provided for, there were the provinces with huge orders to be filled—and the foreigners, who must have, of course, the latest Parisian mode.

"It was a stormy time. But with the help of Providence I kept abreast of things, and did not allow myself to be swept off my feet. When at last I could catch my breath and look about me, I found myself a rich man—a very rich man, I can assure you, my dear boys. Why, the contemplation of my bank account almost frightened

"A few weeks later I married my dear Justine; and from that fortunate day I was hand in hand with Good Luck. Money flowed in like water, and flowed out again, enriching friends, neighbors, and kindred.

"In all this you may be sure the White Hat was not forgotten. As soon as we became a family of importance we adopted a crest; and what should it be but the beloved *Para-soucis*? I was proud to have every one know to what we owed our good fortune; and I take it that is a better sort of pride than one which would conceal our humble origin."

"And how did you come to this country?" cried I, as the dear old grandfather made a long pause.

"Ah! that is another story, and a sadder one. A dark day dawned on Paris, and we feared to stay in the doomed city; neither life nor property was safe. And my son had married a lovely girl from Louisiana—a French creole, whose parents had sent her to France to be educated. They persuaded us to come to this beautiful land; and here we planted ourselves many years ago, never to our regret. For we have prospered in all things, and flourished like the green bay-tree." And the old Frenchman laughed a loud mellow laugh that seemed to blend with the distant notes of a whip-poor-will sounding mournfully from the grove.

"Honor to the White Hat!" cried I, with all a boy's enthusiasm. "Long may it wave!"

"And long it *shall* wave!" exclaimed Henri, as promptly.

"Never shall it be forgotten while a Dupin lives on earth to tell the tale of its glory."

The grandfather smiled as his eyes rested on the spirited boy, but he said no more. The moon shone through leaves and light clouds until its rays seemed to concentrate in liquid beauty against a dark background.

Was it a fancy? or did the silver beams not shape themselves with magic cunning about the venerable head of Monsieur Dupin, in the very semblance of a pearl-white hat?

#### A BLADDER BOAT.

BY A. W. ROBERTS.

BOYS, as a rule, where they have a chance to take to the water, be it either fresh or salt, do so more to have fun than to learn how to swim. That was exactly my case when a youngster, and before I was aware of it I had learned the sustaining power of water, how to poise my body, and the effect of various motions of my legs, arms, and hands, so that I surprised myself one day by striking out and swimming six strokes. I had learned how to



"ALLOW ME, YOUR MAJESTY," SAID I, TREMBLING.

me for a time. But I was always a bold fellow, and I vowed then and there that riches should never be to me a burden or a care—only a joy.

"Now was the time to visit again the father of my Justine. He might have changed his opinion as to the poor man from Brittany.

"I dressed myself in my best, put the diamond ring on my finger, and a shining new *Para-soucis* on my head, and went to call on my neighbor.

"What followed? Ah! that convenient forgetfulness of Monsieur Clermont had again come to his aid. He had no memory of the insults he had heaped on the poor Breton. On the contrary, he was full of compliments to the 'fine man of business' I had become; and when I let him know exactly how I stood with regard to money matters, the tears came to his eyes, and he pressed my hand with the affection of a father. When I applied again for the hand of Mademoiselle, there were not many words about it:

"Monsieur, you do us too much honor. Justine, my love, come and salute your future husband."

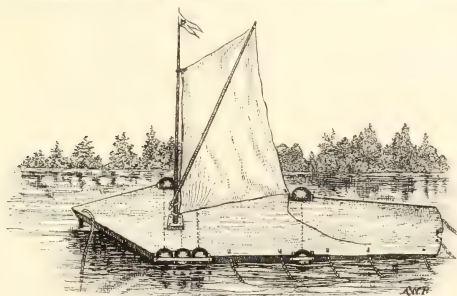


FIG. 1.

swim when playing and splashing about in the water and having a good time generally. Of the many devices that we boys got up for the purpose of having fun with in the water the bladder boat was the greatest success. The body of this curious-looking but very useful craft, the cost of which is very little and the construction very simple, consists of either two or three heavy planks cleated together on the under side. The number of planks used varies according to their width and the width determined upon for the boat. After the planks are fastened together, the boat is shaped as shown in the illustration, Fig. 1.

The deck is made perfectly smooth by planing it down. This is done to guard against getting splinters in the feet or hands. Both the upper and lower edges of the planks are smoothed off with sand-paper, so that in sliding from the boat into the water there will be no bruising or scraping of any part of the body.

The spherical bodies that are attached to the sides of the boat are bladder floats, by means of which the floating capacity of the boat is so increased that it is impossible to sink her, and on account of her great breadth and flatness it is very difficult to upset her. Such being the case, she is capable of carrying a large sail. The bladders are secured to the sides of the boat by means of spaces which are sawn into the sides of the boat, as shown in Fig. 2. To hold the bladders in position a strip of wood (S W) is fastened to the side of the boat and in front of the bladders.

In the angles formed by the bladders and the sides of the spaces triangular wedges of wood (W, W, W, W) are crowded against the bladders. The bladders being very smooth, round, and buoyant, still another precaution is taken to retain them in position; this is a strong cord securely fastened to the neck of each bladder. This cord passes

under the bottom of the boat, as shown by the dotted lines.

The sail of the boat consists of unbleached muslin, and the mast and sprit of well-seasoned hickory saplings.

To the sides of the boat a number of pieces of stout cord are attached; these are for the bathers, who may wish to take a tow when the boat is under full sail. The steering is done with a long-handled paddle or oar, which is worked in a slot in the stern of the boat. For anchoring in deep water, where bathers may find an opportunity for diving, this craft is just the thing.

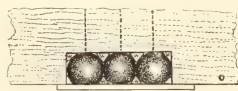


FIG. 2.



THE POP-GUN.





## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

## A DOLLS' KINDERGARTEN.

Do some of my wee tots go to Kindergarten? I hope so. I think every little child ought to go there first, and I think, too, that if all mamma would do as I have done—go themselves and watch the happy children at their pretty work and play, see them learning to use their eyes, ears, and fingers, and to move quickly and gracefully to music—they would feel just as I do about the matter. It is simply lovely to be a little pupil at a Kindergarten.

These dolls look contented, do they not? And Patty shall tell their story herself.

BRISBANE, QUEENSLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—You were very kind to print my first letter as soon as you got it. Mamma says you expect me to write again and answer your question: I know you do myself, because I saw the interrogation point. My brother is head and shoulders taller than Lily now. I am going to send you a picture of myself and my Kindergarten. This picture was taken in Yokohama about three and a half years ago; we lived there. Mamma says it is very good of the dolls, but poor of me, because my hair was braided in a pigtail and did not show; she says it was nearly down to my waist when I was three years old.

The big mountain is Fusi-yama. The largest boy is Kintaro; my grandmamma gave him to me for Christmas, and he was as big as I. He is holding a woolly dog. The little one next is Sany, which means a snake, and next is Tomi; then Hana, a flower; then Kiko, which means chrysanthemum; the twins are Kaneko and Aye. There were thirty-three children, but I have forgotten some of them. I was dreadfully anxious about Fuku, the one near the end, because she had a fearful fall, and got a scar which she never outgrew. The children on the bench with me are all foreigners, of course. The first, with her toes out, is Miss Mehtabel; she was my brother Fritz's doll. I mean my dear little brother who went to heaven before I was born. He did not care much for dolls, mamma says; although he was only fifteen months old, he liked horses and drums and boats, like my other little brother. We have Miss Mehtabel now dressed up for a coachman. She has been a great traveller. First she was sent from England to Manila to my brother; then mamma took her to America, and brought her back to Japan; then I took her to San Francisco and brought her back; then we brought her to Hong-Kong. The doll holding a rabbit is Florence Tokio, named after the steamer *City of Tokio*, because I got her one Christmas on that steamer. We did not get home to Japan till the day after Christmas, and papa had a tree all ready for me; that was when I was a baby, and Alfred was not born. Once the Japanese dolls came from the Exhibition in Tokio to the Japanese innage, exhibition is hakaranki. Crowds of Japanese used to look at us when we went there; I did not like it, so I said, "Baby not hakaranki," and they all laughed to much I was frightened. My mamma says she is afraid you will not be able to print such a very

long letter. I saw a picture of a little girl's dolls in *St. Nicholas*, a magazine for children which I take also, and I wish I could see my Kindergarten in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. PATTY.

With this beautiful letter of Patty's came one to the Postmistress from Mrs. Richardson's mamma. She will pardon a brief quotation:

I want to tell you how much we prize HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. It is a great delight to both my children, and is a great help to us in teaching them. I really do not know how we could give them any idea of the lives of American children without it. They have both been to America, but never have been in the country. They have a great many pleasures that children at home can not have, but they are denied many, many things that are delightful to young Americans.

Patty's letter will make many bright eyes sparkle with delight, and I hope she in turn will be pleased when she shall open this number of her favorite paper.

Another letter from Mrs. Richardson, children:

WINDSOR, NEW BRUNSWICK, NEW-BRITAIN, CANADA.

May I ask you all to read another letter from Woodside? I am afraid it will be dull, for all my letters are about the same thing, and Ole Bull himself could not have given a spirited tune with only one string on his instrument; still, I know you will not expect brilliant, gay, or charming letters from me when I have only one thing to tell you of—the little mission school that you all have built up here so far away from your own homes and friends. I need not apologize, for I am sure you care for the school and mission, and like now and then to read a letter about it. I wish so much, while the perfect weather lasts, that you could all come to Woodside and go with me to the little church.

We go there very often, for we have the lumber now, and the man is at work adding to its size, as an addition was greatly needed. We delight in seeing the new fresh pine lumber; it feels so smooth and smells so nice. Delightful to relate, the Bishop, in his annual visitation, is coming to our little church.

The Sunday-school goes on very well. They are not all we would like them to be, but improve enough to encourage us to go on.

The sewing classes are enthusiastic. They have come to sew, since the crops were "laid by," four afternoons a week. We have cut out large scraps into large squares and bricks, then a size smaller, three corners, etc., so that we have not wasted any of the precious calico. It is pleasant to hear them, when they get a piece they admire very much, wonder what kind of person had a dress of it. Sometimes they think it has been a bride's, then this has belonged to a pretty, intelligent young lady, holding up a polka dot, and so on, and on they talk, never getting tired of wondering. The little children get their thumbs on the right fudge, but do not use them well yet. We have seven quilts done, and more on the way. We need to devote to give one to each family as we need to do.

There are several scholars who have not missed a Sunday this year. In August we had the great

pleasure of some delightful services from the clergyman who was our evangelist last year; he now lives in a distant city, but came to North Carolina for his holiday. The people were delighted to see him, but it seemed harder than ever to see him go away. They don't think the world holds his equal in anything.

There is another evangelist, but he is not strong, and has never yet found his way to the little Church of Our Saviour. I hope he will before I write to you at Christmas. Are you counting the Sundays to Christmas yet? Every one of the scholars here can tell you the number exactly.

I would like so to gather you all together around the church in the shade of the trees, have a lovely time together, and after all have a quiet solemn service. With us it is, constant rector and our distant evangelist, we could all sing with one heart and one mind, and study together the best of all knowledge. We always sing "Jerusalem the Golden" at the end of the service; the congregation never will move until they have done so. We all love this hymn very dearly.

I hope you are all well and as happy as your efforts have made the poor people here. If I do not find time to write again, when you will think of this little isolated mission in your plans and preparations for Christmas. The weeks will fly away now, and Christmas will be here. I am always gratefully and very truly your friend,

MRS. RICHARDSON.

For the information of new readers, let the Postmistress state that the little church at Woodside has been built largely by the gifts of the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and that Mrs. Richardson, who began the mission work among the poor black and white people around her, carries it on with great self-denial simply for the love of Christ. Books, pictures, bits of calico, papers, and toys are valuable to Mrs. Richardson.

CHRISTIAN, OHIO.

As I have never written to you before, I thought I would do so now. I am a little boy eight years old, and am in the Fourth Reader at school. I have taken your paper a year and a half. My sister Maude took it for me. When she carried it, I did not want to change for the *Youth's Companion*. I told him I could not give up HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I have been waiting for Wednesday to come, am so anxious to get my paper. I have read "The Ice Queen" over two or three times. We live at a furnace, and are in the midst of very exciting times, owing to a strike among the miners. They have had two or three fights. The militia came yesterday to guard the property and protect the Italians working for the Whites. My pets are chickens, a dog called Dandy, and papa's horse Dan, who is very gentle. I ride him all about the grounds. I hope you will not think this letter too long to print. I want to surprise my mamma.

LAWRENCE MCM.

I shall be glad to hear from Master Lawrence again.

LOCKPORT, NEW YORK.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for over two years, and the more I read it, the better I like it. Lockport, the place in which I live, is a city of thirteen thousand inhabitants, and is situated about twelve miles south of Ivesdale, which is a city of ten thousand, and that the canal is locked by ten locks at that place. I am fifteen years old, and a member of the Senior Department of the Union School. I have been in this term, but I don't get to begin again in December. My studies last term were arithmetic, rhetoric, and book-keeping. Next term I expect to study Latin, and to begin again in December. I am taking them now; I am going to begin again this fall. I love to read Mrs. Lillie's stories. I hope she will write another soon. I send you some puzzles. I must close now, or my letter will be too long; so with lots of love to the Postmistress, I will close my letter.

ADA M. F.

You succeeded so well in your puzzles that I shall put your name on the list of puzzle contributors, and expect to hear from you often.

BELLEVILLE, MONTANA.

The other day three of my cousins and myself went picnicking to the creek. We were sitting with our backs to make them, and one of our cousins, when we heard some people talking, and one of my cousins jumped up to see what it was, and he said it was a whole lot of Indians. Then we were surprised to see them all sitting up in my hand. And then the Indians got up close, and began to follow us around, and I ran at them and poked my umbrella at them. One of them was on a gray horse and poked his horse would buck, and took out a scalping knife and showed it to me. And I said I wouldn't. So they went down to our lunch and took it, and then they went away.





## IT REALLY IS SO.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE

**H**AVE you heard that the lobsters have names,  
 And names very easy to tell?  
 For its own each one carries, not marked on a card,  
 But printed quite plain on its shell.  
 I'll confess I myself never knew  
 This fact (till a short time ago,  
 When a lobster I saw on a fisherman's stand,  
 And its name, I assure you, was Joe.  
 Oh, young people, it really was so;  
 As sure as the rivulets flow,  
 As sure as the roses in summer-time grow,  
 The name of that lobster was Joe.

And if this queer truth for yourselves  
 You ever are anxious to learn,  
 Why, the very first chance that you get, on its back—  
 Mind its nippers!—a big lobster turn;  
 And close by its shortest brown legs,  
 In letters of darkest brown ink,  
 Its name you will find—maybe Tommy, or Jack,  
 Or Sallie, or Molly, or Fink.  
 Oh, young people, it really is so;  
 As sure as the winter brings snow,  
 As sure as a lobster I happened to know,  
 And the name of that lobster was Joe.

## A PHOEBE-BIRD'S VICTORY.

**S**OME years ago a phoebe-bird had built her nest on a small projection under a piazza of an old farm-house, and occupied the place for several successive years unmolested. One spring a robin took possession of it before the arrival of the rightful owner, and would not give it up.

The quarrel between the birds was noticed by members of the family, but nothing more was thought about it until fall, when the peculiar shape of the nest attracted attention. Upon examination it proved to be a double nest, one built upon the other, and in the lower one was found the vandal robin dead. The phoebe-bird had built another nest, completely inclosing the robin, and reared her young upon the grave of her enemy.

## TOUCH WOOD.

**I**N this form of the game of Touch an advantage is given to the players by their being permitted, when pursued by the enemy, to fly for refuge to any post, tree, or other wooden object in their way. While they are thus touching wood they can not be molested, and thus have certain harbors of refuge in which to recruit their scattered forces and take breath.



6 A.M.—THEY START OFF, INTENDING TO STAY A WEEK.



6 P.M.—"JOLLY, AIN'T IT?" "JUST SLENDID! I GUESS THEY WON'T CATCH US COMING HOME FOR A MONTH."



9 P.M.—WHILE GETTING READY FOR BED, THEY HEAR SOME ONE AT THE BOAT.



THEY GO DOWN, WELL ARMED, AND FIND NO ONE.



1 A.M.—THEY HEAR A BEAR AT THE PROVISIONS THAT THEY HAD FORGOTTEN TO COVER UP.



THE BEAR!!!



NEXT MORNING NOTHING TO EAT.



THEY RETURN HOME Sadder AND Wiser.

A CAMPING OUT EPISODE—BY MINNIE BELL.

# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 238

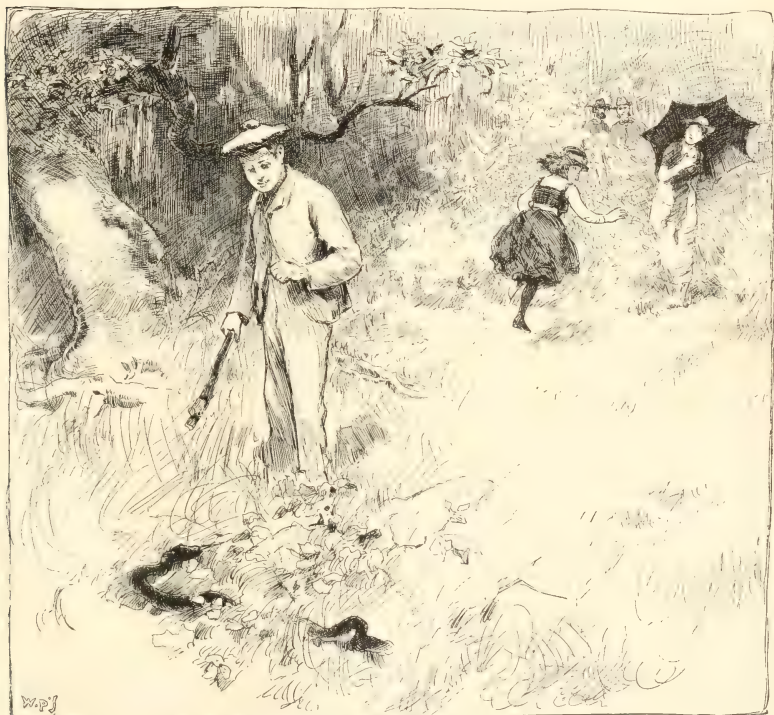
PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1884.

Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



"'I'VE GOT HIM,' SHOUTED MARK."—SEE STORY ON PAGE 170.



## WAKULLA.\*

BY KIRK MUNROE.

## CHAPTER VII.

ARRIVAL AT THE NEW HOME.



SOME light-wood splinters were quickly thrown upon the smouldering remains of the fire, and as it blazed up brightly, the lighter in which the white party had been sleeping was seen to be on its beam ends. One side rested high up on the bank, and the other down in the mud at the bottom of the river, just on the edge of the channel. Some little distance down-stream a sorry-looking figure, which was hardly recognizable as that of Jan, was floundering through the mud and water toward the bank.

A glance showed that the canvas that had been spread like a tent over the after-part of the lighter had broken from its fastenings, and was now tossing and heaving in a most remarkable manner. From beneath it came the smothered cries of the Elmers, who had been suddenly awakened to find themselves mixed together in the most perplexing way, and entangled in their blankets and the loose folds of the canvas.

Captain Johnson seemed to be the only person who had his wits about him, and who was in a condition to render any assistance. As soon as he could pick himself up he made his way to the other end of the boat, and pulled the canvas from off the struggling family. First Mr. Elmer emerged from the confusion, then Mrs. Elmer and Ruth were helped out, and last of all poor Mark, who had been buried beneath the entire family, was dragged forth, nearly smothered and highly indignant.

"It's a mean trick, and I didn't think—" he began, as soon as he got his breath; but just then his eye fell upon the comical figure of Jan. He was walking toward the fire, dripping mud and water from every point, and Mark's wrath was turned into hearty laughter at the sight. In it he was joined by all the others as soon as they saw the cause of his mirth.

After the Elmers had been helped up the steep incline of the boat, and were comfortably fixed near the fire, Captain Johnson and Jan, who said he didn't mind mud now any more than an alligator would, took light-wood torches, and set out to discover what had happened. As Jan climbed down the bank into the mud, and held his torch beneath the boat, he saw in a moment the cause of the accident, and knew just how it had occurred.

As the tide ebbd, the lighter had been gradually lowered until it rested on the upright branches of an old water-

logged tree-top that was sunk in the mud at this place. The water falling lower and lower, the weight upon these branches became greater and greater, until they could support it no longer, and one side of the lighter went down with a crash, while the other rested against the bank. Jan, who had been sleeping on the upper side of the boat, was thrown out into the water when it fell, as some of the Elmers doubtless would have been had not their canvas shelter prevented such a catastrophe.

The rest of the night was spent around the fire, which was kept up to enable Jan to dry his clothes. By daylight the tide had risen so that the lighter again floated on an even keel. By sunrise a simple breakfast of bread and butter and coffee had been eaten, and our emigrants were once more afloat and moving slowly up the tropical-looking river.

About ten o'clock Captain Johnson pointed out a huge dead cypress-tree standing on the bank of the river some distance ahead, and told the Elmers that it marked one of the boundary lines of Wakulla. They gazed at it eagerly, as though expecting it to turn into something different from an ordinary cypress, and all felt more or less disappointed at not seeing any clearings or signs of human habitations. It was not until they were directly opposite the village that they saw its score or so of houses through the trees and undergrowth that fringed the bank.

As the Bangs place—to which the children gave the name of "Go Bang," a name that adhered to it ever afterward—was across the river from the village, the lighter was poled over to that side. There was no wharf, so she was made fast to a little grassy promontory that Captain Johnson said was once one of the abutments of a bridge. There was no bridge now, however, and already Mark saw that his canoe was likely to prove very useful.

The first thing to do after getting ashore, and seeing the precious canoe safely launched, was to find the house. As yet they had seen no trace of it, so heavy was the growth of trees everywhere, except at the abutment, which was built of stone, covered with earth and a thick sod. From here an old road led away from the river through the woods, along which Mr. and Mrs. Elmer and Captain Johnson now walked, Mark and Ruth having run on ahead. The elders had gone but a few steps when they heard a loud cry from Ruth, and hurried forward, fearing that the children were in trouble.

They met Ruth running back toward them screaming, "A snake! a snake! a horrid big snake!"

"I've got him," shouted Mark from behind some bushes, and, sure enough, there lay a black snake almost as long as Mark was tall, which he had just succeeded in killing with a stick.

Mrs. Elmer shuddered at the sight of the snake, though her husband assured her that it had been perfectly harmless even when alive.

Not far from where the snake had been killed they found a spring of water bubbling up, as clear as crystal, from a bed of white sand, but giving forth such a disagreeable odor that the children declared it was nasty. Mr. Elmer, however, regarded it with great satisfaction, and told them it was a sulphur spring, stronger than any he had ever seen, and that they would find it very valuable. They all drank some of the water out of magnolia-leaf cups; but the children made faces at the taste.

A path leading from the spring at right angles to the road from the river took them into a large clearing that had once been a cultivated field, and on the farther side of this field stood the house. As they approached it they saw that it was quite large, two stories in height, with dormer-windows in the roof, but that it bore many signs of age and long neglect. Some of the windows were broken, and others boarded up, while the front door hung disconsolately on one hinge.

The house stood in a grove of grand live-oaks, cedars,

\* Begun in No. 232, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.



and magnolias, and had evidently been surrounded by a beautiful garden, inclosed by a neat picket fence; but now the fence was broken down in many places. In the garden rose-bushes, myrtles, oleanders, and camellias grew with a rank and untrained luxuriance.

The front porch of the house was so rotten and broken that after forcing their way through the wild growth of the garden, the party had to cross it very carefully in order to enter the open door. The interior proved to be in a much better condition than they had dared to hope, judging from the outside appearance. It was filled with the close, musty odor common to deserted buildings, and they quickly threw wide open all the windows and doors that were not nailed up. On the first floor were four large rooms, each containing a fire-place and several closets, and upstairs were four more, lighted by the dormer-windows in the roof. A broad hall ran through the house from front to rear, opening upon a wide back porch, which was also much out of repair. Beneath this porch Mr. Elmer discovered a large brick cistern half full of dirty water, which he knew must be very foul, as the gutters along the roof were so rotten and broken that they could not have furnished a fresh supply in a long time.

Behind the main house, and surrounded by large fig-trees, they found another building, in a fair state of preservation, containing two large rooms, one of which had been the kitchen. In the huge fire-place of this kitchen they were surprised to see freshly burned sticks and a quantity of ashes, while about the floor were scattered feathers and bones, and in one corner was a pile of moss that looked as though it had been used for a bed. Beyond the kitchen were the ruins of several out-buildings that had fallen by reason of their age, or been blown down during a gale.

Having thus made a hasty exploration of their new home, the party returned to the landing, where their goods were being unloaded from the lighter by Jan and the crew. Leaving Mrs. Elmer and Ruth here, Mr. Elmer and Mark crossed the river to the village to see what they could procure in the way of teams and help.

Of the twenty houses in the village, many of which were in a most shabby condition, only two were occupied by white families, the rest of the population being colored. There were no stores or shops of any kind, the only building not used as a dwelling-house being a small church very much out of repair. The white men living in the village were away from home, but from among the colored people, who were much excited at the arrival of strangers, Mr. Elmer engaged two men and their wives to cross the river and go to work at once. He also engaged a man who owned a team of mules and a wagon, and who would go over as soon as the lighter was unloaded and could be used to ferry him across.

On its return to the other side, the canoe was followed by a skiff containing the newly engaged colored help, whose amazement at everything they saw, and especially at the canoe, was unbounded. One of the men expressed his wonder at the little craft by saying, "Dat ar trick's so light, I reckon it's gwine leab de water some fine day, an' fly in de yair, like a duck."

Mrs. Elmer provided the women with brooms, mops, and pails, and took them up to the house, where they proceeded to put the lower story in order for immediate occupation. Mr. Elmer armed the men with axes, and soon had them engaged in a struggle with the tangled growth in the front yard, through which they cut a broad path to the door. While they were doing this Mr. Elmer and Jan cut and placed in position some temporary supports under the rickety porches, and Mark was set to work at the windows. From these he knocked away all the boards, letting in floods of blessed sunlight, that drove from their snug retreats numbers of bats and several comical little owls.

One of the colored women—"Aunt Chloë Cato," as she

called herself, because she was Cato's wife—was sent into the kitchen to clean it, and to make a fire in the great fire-place. She could not explain the traces of recent occupation, but "lowed 'twere de ghoses, kase dis yere ole Bangs place done bin hanted."

"Well, it'll be 'hanted' now by the Elmer family," said Mark, who overheard her, "and they'll make it lively for any other 'ghoses' that come round."

"Don't ye, now, honey! don't ye go fo' to set up yo'self agin de ghoses, kase dey's powerful pernicky when dey's crassed," said the old woman, whom Mark, with his love for nicknames, had already called "Ole Clo."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## WHAT CLIVE DID.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JUN.

"GIVE Clive his dinner and a donkey, and he'll be contented for all day."

This was what his father said when he and Mrs. Robbins were considering whether or not to accept an invitation to join a yachting party in a sail to Dieppe.

"We can come back by train, you know," added Mr. Robbins, "and be here in time for tea. And the boy will be much safer on shore. You see, it is much easier to fall overboard from a yacht than from the beach."

This last argument was a convincing one, and Clive's mother decided that it was best, after all, to leave him behind. They had been at the hotel two weeks now—it was the largest one in a pretty little town on the coast of France—so Clive had begun to feel quite at home there. Besides, was he not eight years old, or "going on nine," as he himself preferred to state it?

When the yachting party set off, early that bright summer morning, Clive stood quiet still on the beach after he had said good-by, watching the white sails swell out as the breeze filled them, and noting the pretty mass of coloring made up of the parasols, dresses, and bonnets of the ladies on the deck. For at least ten minutes he stood there gazing silently; then, when he could no longer distinguish the purple feather that told him which his mother was, he turned and hurried off in the direction of a row of small cottages, or cabins rather, to get his donkey. You see, he had a particular one, that had been hired for him every clear day for the past week. Clive called it Frenchy, because the boy that owned it couldn't speak English.

Mr. Robbins had arranged in advance for the donkey's services on this occasion, and all the morning the young American and Frenchy were companions. Not that Clive was hard-hearted enough to ride the poor little beast unceasingly. No, indeed, for after taking a brisk run up and down the beach, he would slip down from the shaggy back, and amuse himself by throwing up with his hands tiny barricades of wet sand. And while waiting for a big wave to roll in and sweep them away, Clive would feast his eyes on his beloved donkey, which stood patiently beside him, and meekly sniffed the salty breeze. Then would follow another canter, and again a rest to dig and gaze.

At one o'clock came an interruption in the shape of dinner for "boy and beast," but all the afternoon the two were together, and I am inclined to believe that if it had not been for the fact that night was to bring his father and mother home again, Clive would have wished to delay the sun an hour in its journey down the western heavens, if such a thing were possible.

At six o'clock he rode Frenchy back to his stall beside the cabin, and then walked over to the station to meet the train. The ugly engine and the queer cars, so different from those in America, came in on time, and dropped quite a small throng of passengers. Clive kept his bright blue eyes roving rapidly from one face to another, but the two he was watching for did not seem to be among them.



"CLIVE SPRANG ON FRENCHY'S BACK AND GALLOPED OFF."

Still he waited. The baggage was taken away, the stages drove off, and presently there was nobody left on the platform but himself.

"Perhaps I missed them and they're over at the hotel," he thought all at once, and off he started on a run.

But the rooms were still empty; nor was the purple feather to be seen anywhere about the piazzas or in the parlors. It was already past the time for supper, and Clive went in to take his place at the table with a very grave face.

"Papa said they would be back on that train," he was reflecting, "and they always come when they say they will; so—so I'm sure that the boat has sunk and they are all drowned."

He did not make any outcry, but if he had been in America he might have confided his fears to somebody in the hotel, and asked for an opinion on the subject. But here everybody spoke French. As it was, he reasoned thus for himself: "Papa and mamma went out on the ocean in a boat almost ten times smaller than the steamer we came over to Liverpool in; they haven't come back; and I know they wouldn't leave me alone all night if they could help it, and they can't help it, because something dreadful's happened."

He scarcely tasted his supper, and in about ten minutes went up to his room and to bed. I shall not tell whether he cried or not, but before he fell asleep he made up his mind to do the thing this story is to describe, which was this: he would buy Frenchy, and hire him out for other children to ride.

You see, if he was to have no father and mother to take care of him any more, it would be necessary for him to do something besides grieve over the fact. Here he was, away off in Europe, with no grandmother or aunt to go and visit, and so he must not only support himself, but try and lay up money enough to pay his passage back to New York, and as a means of doing this the donkey business was the first to suggest itself to him. To be sure, he had not a centime of capital to start with—his father had promised to give him a franc, when he came back, for staying at home "like a good boy"—but Clive thought he knew of a way out of this difficulty.

He had more than once noticed the longing glances which Pierre, the donkey boy, had cast toward the sil-

ver watch chain that hung from the pocket of his jacket, and he had resolved to offer him both watch and chain in exchange for the donkey.

"I wonder if he'll understand what I want him to do," thought Clive. "I'll have to make signs."

He started for the cabin immediately after breakfast, and found Pierre just leading Frenchy out from his stall. Clive caught him by the sleeve, and proceeded to go through with the following pantomime. He first took out his empty purse and shook his head; then putting an arm around the donkey's neck, he pulled out his watch with the other hand, and held it toward the French boy. Pierre seemed to comprehend at once, and fairly grabbed at the watch in his eagerness to possess himself

of it. Clive was equally delighted, and was about to hurry off with his purchase, when a new idea in connection with his scheme struck him.

Turning back, he began another series of sign-making, and soon had the pleasure of beholding a broad grin of satisfaction spread itself over the brown face of the young Frenchman. He hitched the donkey to the fence, and then beckoned Clive to follow him into the cabin.

Ten minutes later they both came out again, but in a transformed condition, for Clive's neat little knickerbocker suit was stretched as tight as a drum-head in order that it might cover the taller and broader form of the French boy, while the latter's blouse shirt and loose trouser costume hung on Clive in much the same fashion as if he had been a peg in a closet.

"But if I'm to be a donkey boy at all," he had determined, "I want to be a regular one."

Now, leaving Pierre to stand and gaze down with no little pride at the snug fit of the knee-breeches to his stockingless legs, Clive sprang on Frenchy's back, and galloped off to the beach in search of a customer. But first he rode down to the very edge of the surf, and remained there a little while looking earnestly out to sea, with a last lingering hope that the yacht might come sailing in. He saw nothing, however, but the white breakers, the blue water beyond, and some screaming gulls flying in a circle.

So he presently slipped down from his donkey, and led him along by the bridle toward a group of ladies and children who were sitting on the sand a short distance away. As he had expected, the children all pointed to Frenchy, and set up a clamoring for a ride.

"Now if I'd had my own clothes on," reflected Clive, "they might have thought I'd hired it to ride myself."

He came to a halt beside the group, and when he judged by the tone of voice that one of the ladies was asking him a question, he mumbled the words, "*Franc, madame.*" That was all the French he dared trust himself to speak, and as soon as he had said it he remembered that a franc was rather a high price to ask for a ride. But the lady did not seem to think so; she only looked down in Clive's face for an instant, then lifted one of her little girls on to the donkey's back.

"I'll give her a good long one," Clive resolved, and

started off at a dog-trot with a hand on Frenchy's bridle. The other children kept up with them for a little time, but soon grew tired, and returned to their digging in the sand.

Farther and farther away from their starting-point on the beach the new donkey boy held his course, till the whistle of the locomotive warned him that he was nearing the railroad track. The little girl bent forward to cling around Frenchy's neck, in evident terror. Clive turned his head and tried to tell her by a smile that the train had gone, when he suddenly caught a glimpse of something that caused him to drop the bridle and dart away like the wind.

The "something" was a purple feather, and Clive forgot little girl, donkey, and all in his eagerness to put his arms about the mother he had feared he should never see again. For the purple feather *was* in her bonnet, and she and his father had just come in on the train. At first, however, neither of them, it must be confessed, recognized the blouse-shirted little boy who came so swiftly walking up to them.

Then, when they saw it was their own Clive, nobody thought to speak of the strange dress till after it had been explained, as they all three walked over to the hotel together, how the yacht had been caught in a ten-hour calm, which had made it impossible for Mr. and Mrs. Robbins to keep their promise.

"But what are you doing in these clothes, Clive, and where ever did you get them?" asked his mother when they had reached their rooms.

Then the boy began to tell *his* story, but suddenly broke off in the middle of it to rush out into the hall, down the stairs, and out on the beach like a frightened hare. And Clive *was* frightened, if he wasn't a hare, for there he beheld the French mamma, running frantically up and

down the sands, wringing her hands, and crying, "Marie! Marie!" at every other step. The other ladies and children were scattered over the beach doing the same thing, and the donkey was nowhere to be seen.

For one instant Clive stood still with an awful fear thumping at his heart; then, with trembling haste, he beckoned the excited mother to follow him, and set off on a run for Pierre's cabin.

Yes, there stood Frenchy, with the little girl still clinging to his neck, evidently afraid to get off without help. Mr. Robbins, who had lost no time in following his son, now appeared, and having lifted the frightened child to the ground, turned to Clive for an explanation.

When this had been given, the French lady was informed that no charge would be made for her daughter's ride, and the two departed smiling.

Then Pierre came up, strutting along as proud as a peacock in his tight knickerbockers; but as the result of a conversation with Mr. Robbins, he changed his clothes for the second time that morning. And when Clive walked back to the hotel with his father, the donkey was left behind, and the watch chain once more dangled from the pocket of his jacket.

## CHARLES LINNÆUS.

BY MRS. C. D. ROBINSON.

**H**AD you happened to be travelling about a hundred years ago in the then far-off country of Sweden, you might have seen, perhaps, a certain gigantic old lindentree standing upon a little farm within the village of Råshult. This tree is famous for having given a name to the family who dwelt for many generations beneath its



LINNÆUS FALLEN ASLEEP OVER HIS WORK.



shade, and this family for giving to the world the greatest naturalist of the eighteenth century—Charles Linnaeus.

He was born May 23, 1707. His father, Nils Linnaeus, was the Lutheran pastor of Råshult. In the joy of his heart at having a son born to him, the good pastor dedicated his child to the service of God, and early began the training necessary to make a minister of him. This disposal of his future, however, gave the poor boy much trouble in his school-days.

When Charles was two years old he was made to learn the Swedish alphabet. Soon after he began the Latin grammar. Before he was ten he had been taught something of geology and theology, and I dare not say how much besides; but he liked roaming about the fields and woods, poking among leaves and flowers, or even working in the garden, a great deal better than learning lessons out of books. At last, in despair at the boy's idleness, his father determined to send him away to school.

The next seven years of his life, therefore, were spent at the famous Latin school of Wexjö. As schools go, this was not a disagreeable one; still Charles's preference for vegetable roots over Latin ones pursued him even here. His heart never was in the work given him to do. His exercises were generally bad. All proper knowledge seemed "to trickle through his head like water through a sieve." Instead of attending to his lessons, he was forever strewing the floor and walls of his simple room with fresh tree branches, or bits of some wonderful creeper he had just discovered. He was the butt and laughing-stock of his comrades, who nicknamed him "the little botanist." When the time came for his examination for admittance to a higher school, the effect of his idleness was of course but too apparent. He failed utterly. His disappointed father was advised to apprentice him to a tailor or shoemaker; but fortunately a learned man, Dr. Rothman, became acquainted with the lad, and found that he was a boy of great promise. He comforted the poor pastor by telling him that Charles would become a famous naturalist in time; and more than this, he begged to be allowed to take the youth into his own family, promising to teach him his own branch of science, medicine.

This was the beginning of the boy's upward career. From the time he was taken under Dr. Rothman's protection he went steadily on to fortune and fame, although encountering many drawbacks by the way. He won honors for himself at the University of Lund. At twenty-one he was able to enter the higher one of Upsala.

Here he was very poor—so poor that he was forced to mend and wear the cast-off shoes of his fellow-students, as well as to accept their help in a thousand other ways. But again in his greatest need he found a friend, this time in a certain learned professor of theology and Oriental languages—one Olaus Celsius—who henceforth made himself the teacher, father, and almoner of the struggling youth. To the last day of his life Linnaeus never forgot his debt of gratitude to this great benefactor.

So he passed on from one honor to another. He spent many years in travel. He went to Lapland in order to describe the plants of that northern climate. For three years he studied and taught in Holland, at the same time collecting material for his many valuable works.

These works appeared with great rapidity, and made known the name and fame of Linnaeus to the entire world. Having graduated as a physician, he received an appointment in the Swedish navy. At thirty-four he was offered the chair of Botanical Professor at his old University of Upsala. Here he was in his true element, and gave such zest to the studies of botany and zoology that students flocked to him from Denmark and Holland, from England, Germany, and Russia. These students he after a time organized into scientific parties. They travelled to the farthest corners of the earth in search of new plants and strange animals, scarcely sparing their lives even to ob-

tain knowledge of the habits of each. Do you wonder that this remarkable man felt proud and happy at his success in life after all?

That he did so was proved by a curious bit of writing found in his journal after his death. This is a part of it:

"Linnaeus's Happiness, Reward, and Fame. God has given him the wife he most desired, who takes all household care from him, leaving him to study. God has granted him the greatest herbarium in the world, his joy. God has honored him with a title, with a star, and an escutcheon, and with a home in the world of letters."

Linnaeus died in January of 1778, aged seventy years and seven months. His wife was Sara Eliza More, a Swedish lady, for whom he patiently waited five long years before her father would consent to their marriage. He left four daughters and two sons. The elder of the sons followed in the father's footsteps, and achieved some good work as a naturalist. His daughter Elizabeth also distinguished herself by her works upon botany.

Shortly after the naturalist's death, his whole collection of books and manuscripts, together with his richly stocked museum, was sold to an English gentleman, Dr. Smith, for a thousand guineas. This precious collection he subsequently bequeathed to the "Linnaean Society" of London, of which he had been president.

Studying the character of this great naturalist, we find that he had many noble qualities. He ever had a deep sense of religion and of God's mercy to himself. He was faithful to his friends, always showed the tenderest love for his family, was compassionate to the poor, moderate in his desires, and disposed to thrift. In all his habits he was regular and orderly. Moreover, he possessed a working energy that, once roused, seemed truly remarkable.

Linnaeus had the power of making himself greatly beloved by his friends, and was known among them as their "North Star." They buried him in the Cathedral at Upsala, and heaped every possible honor upon his memory. The King himself wrote a funeral oration, which he caused to be publicly read.

## A TERRIBLE ADVENTURE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," "RAISING THE 'PEARL,'" "LEFT BEHIND," ETC.

"I'VE got to go up to Deacon Tommy's to get some yarn for mother, Mrs. Richards, an' she told me I might come over here an' ask if you'd let Charley go with me."

"Going for yarn, are you? But why does your mother send up there for it when she can get some beautiful double and twisted at Jim Haley's store?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. But she told me that I'd got to go up to Deacon Tommy's for it; an' can Charley go, for it's awful dark, an' I'd a good deal rather have somebody with me."

"You tell your mother what I said about Haley's yarn; an' I'm ashamed of you, Billy Clark, for being such a coward as not to dare to be alone in the dark."

"But I ain't afraid of the dark, Mrs. Richards, only I don't kinder like to go over the 'Ridges' alone. Can't Charley go?"

"Yes, if you'll go there an' right back without stoppin' by the way, for I want Charley home early."

Neither of the boys would have confessed that he was any more afraid in the night than he was in the day time, and when they were together they were as brave as possible. But had either one of them been obliged to go alone over the "Ridges"—a waste strip of land half a mile wide—to Deacon Johnston's house, he would have confessed to himself, if to no one else, that he was afraid. No person in Monroe could say that he had ever known of any one who had been injured in any way



on the "Ridges," and yet every one spoke of it as "a poky kind of a place, especially in the night."

In common with the other boys of the town, Bill and Charley looked with wholesome awe upon this piece of waste land; and to be thus obliged to cross it, and together, was quite an exciting adventure.

When, therefore, they arrived at Deacon Tommy's house without having seen or heard anything which could be magnified into even the semblance of an adventure, they were sadly disappointed, and began to consider the "Ridges" as a place that enjoyed a reputation it did not deserve.

The yarn was procured after a short delay, and as they started to return home, Billy said, boldly:

"There ain't nothin' more about the 'Ridges' than there is about any other part of the village. If I'd known this was all there was to 'em in the night, I wouldn't 'a stopped to come over after you."

"I never did think they 'mounted to much. You see, there are so many fellers that are afraid of everything, that they've got up all the stories about its being so bad here at night."

"That's all there is to—"

Billy did not finish the sentence. He stopped, grasped Charley by the arm, and stood in a listening attitude, frightening his companion more by his silence than he could have done by words.

"What is it?" whispered Charley, and his voice trembled quite as much as Billy's hands did.

"I don't know; but I heard somebody walking along close 'side of us. There, don't you hear that?"

There was no mistake about the sound which they heard then. Some person or some animal was stealing cautiously along, as if trying to make as little noise as possible, and but a few feet away.

"What 'll we do?" asked Charley, in the lowest of low whispers.

"Scoot for home jest as quick as we can."

"But if we run they'll chase us, an' jest as likely as not they'd kill us before we could take ten steps."

The suggestion appeared to deepen the horror of the situation, and it seemed as if the very hair on their heads was rising, as they stood there undecided as to how they should act.

For nearly a minute not a sound was heard, and then Charley, with a nervous clutch of his friend's arm, motioned him to look around.

That which he saw was by no means calculated to allay his fears. Two small fiery objects, evidently the eyes of some ferocious animal, glared at them from out of the darkness a short distance away, and it was not difficult for them to believe that the beast was about to spring upon them.

Billy did not trust himself to speak, lest at the sound of his voice the animal should make the threatened leap, but grasping Charley's hand, he started at a rapid walk in the direction of home.

Never before had the boys realized how slowly they got over the ground, even when they were walking at full speed. It seemed to them that they barely moved, and as they glanced nervously and fearfully behind them, the fiery eyes were no further away.

"Shall we run?" whispered Charley.

"No. It would jump right on us if we did."

"What is it?"

"It must be a tiger or a terrible big bear."

The stealthiness with which the animal followed them, and the way in which it remained always at the same distance in the rear, made the situation all the more horrible. Even if it had been possible for them to alarm the village by their cries, they could hardly have spoken loud enough to have been heard fifty feet away, they were so frightened.

"When we get to Winn Curtis's house, run right into the yard an' holler," whispered Billy; and they continued the walk which it seemed would never end.

Now and then they could hear the soft footsteps of the animal among the dry leaves, but there was no other sign of life from it, save the glowing eyes, which seemed to increase in size each moment.

The relief they felt when they saw the lights in the first house beyond the "Ridges" may be imagined, and in five minutes more they were dashing at full speed up the yard of Winn Curtis's house, still closely pursued by the animal.

The sight of the house had given them courage enough to call out, and they made such a din that Mrs. Curtis was speedily at the door, holding a lamp high above her head to enable her to see the cause of such a commotion.

"Look out! it 'll jump right at you!" cried Charley, as he rushed into the house, at great danger of throwing Mrs. Curtis down, and Billy was about to follow his example, when the animal walked past him.

"Why, where did you find Elsie Maria?" asked the lady of the house, as she bent down to stroke her favorite cat, that had been away from home two days.

"Oh!" replied Billy. Then, after a pause, he added, sheepishly, "We brought her down from Deacon Tommy's;" and then the two boys walked quickly away, leaving Mrs. Curtis in a profound state of wonderment as to why those boys should have made such a fuss simply because they had found her Elsie Maria.

## THE FISHER-BOY.

BY MARY A. BARR.

I AM the fisherman's eldest boy—  
The winds and waves, you may shout for me!  
I never would follow the drum's loud beat,  
I could not live in the crowded street,  
I envy no boy in the hay field sweet;  
My home is down by the open sea:  
Winds and waves, you may shout for me.

Under the midnight moon and stars  
The winds and waves call out for me.  
Oh, what a happy crew are we  
When we sail away to the open sea,  
Where the cod and haddock and herring be,  
And we fling our nets out wide and free,  
While the winds and waves chime merrily!

I follow no plough, I sow no corn—  
The winds and waves do all for me;  
I build no barn my harvest to keep,  
For my store-house is the mighty deep;  
And whether I wake or whether I sleep,  
The fish come into the landward sea,  
And the winds and waves call out for me.

The city is busy and rich and gay;  
The winds and waves are enough for me.  
I'd rather lie dreaming upon the wave,  
Or face the storm when the wild winds rave,  
Than buy and sell and spend and save.  
It is better to cast my line, and be  
A fisher-boy on the open sea.

Oh yes, I have been in the summer woods.  
And the winds and waves kept calling me.  
I could not breathe in their still, warm shade;  
I felt that a spell was on me laid.  
I thought of my boat where the surges swayed,  
And was sick and sad, till I saw once more  
The tossing sea and the sandy shore.

Some day a master fisher I'll be;  
Then winds and waves you may shout for me.  
By a breezy bay I will build my cot;  
I'll ask little Fanny to share my lot;  
Good, if she's willing—good, if she's not;  
It is pleasure enough with my nets to be  
Where the winds and waves can shout for me.

Come, boys, from city and camp and farm,  
And hear how the winds and waves can shout.  
Come out in my boat when the moon is bright,  
Come out when the morn is fresh and light,  
Come out with the winds and waves to fight,  
And you will say that "the open sea  
Is the only place for a boy to be."



"A BUSY DAY."

## THE DOG-SHEARER.

**T**HE business of relieving Doggie of his long coat, and clipping him in accordance with the rules of fashion, is not by any means a simple one. Only those who have had practice can do it artistically. Thus it is that in all large cities there are dog-fanciers who attend specially to this work, and any lady or gentleman who has a pet dog can take Ponto, or Gyp, or Dandy where his appearance can be altered, and his toilet made in accordance with the latest caprice of *la mode*.

It is a busy day with the people in our picture—so many candidates, and only one instructed pair of hands to do the work. They must wait their turn. The clipping done, however, an assistant can be trusted to give them their bath, after which they will be delivered to master or mistress, fashionable dogs, clipped, curled, bathed and scented, cultivated and accomplished inhabitants of the fashionable dog world.

But aside from Doggie's toilet, which is a matter of taste, and not important to his welfare, the little folk who have dog pets should be careful how they treat them, especially those which are confined in the house, and thus deprived of the free, unconstrained life which is natural to all animals.

Small house dogs should have a kennel to sleep in, and instead of straw, a piece of carpet or matting, provided it be kept free of insects, etc. They should not be allowed to lie before the fire, for directly they go out they take a chill and catch cold. It is well to teach them to lie beneath the table, or in some special corner of the room, which will keep them out of the way, especially at meal-times, when there is the temptation to feed them, and so destroy their appetite for their regular meal.

It is the best plan to feed one's dog one's self. This not only insures its being properly done, but also greatly endears him to his master, as dogs always think very highly of the one who feeds them, and readily obey him.

The number of meals a day depends upon the age of the dog. If over a year, one good solid meal is sufficient, given either in the evening or at noon. For puppies, however, under three months, four times a day is not too often; over three months, three times is quite often enough, and after six months, twice a day. It is best to give as much as will be eaten each time, though the appetite must not be forced.

A great authority on dogs says that a pup requires one-twelfth of its weight of food per day on an average. Be careful not to feed him immediately before exercise, as it impedes digestion. Another point with regard to diet is variety. This is needed by dogs quite as much as by human beings. The following foods serve as an excellent change: Oatmeal porridge, soaked biscuits or stale bread,

boiled potatoes and other vegetables, rice, barley, and gravy. Raw meat is best avoided. Plenty of bones may be given, as they help the teeth and strengthen the jaw.

Always provide your dog with sufficient clean water, and see that he can not upset it. This is particularly important during hot weather. Plenty of exercise is necessary to the proper growth of a puppy, and is often the means of checking distemper and other ailments to which it is subject. Running behind a carriage or bicycle is capital exercise if kept within moderation. In hot weather, however, this is too severe.

Most dogs take pretty readily to the water. If, however, your dog raises an objection, give him a few lessons. Select, therefore, a hot summer's day, when the water is warm and refreshing, and if possible have with you another dog fond of the water, which will encourage the learner. A pond is preferable to the sea, as the dog may be afraid of the waves. A good deal of coaxing may be necessary to get him to go in, but on no account throw him in: this is the very thing to be avoided. A dog's head should never go under the water. A dog should have a good run after a bath.

In order to keep his coat glossy, it is a good plan to brush it regularly every day.



THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.



## A PHANTOM OF FEAR.

BY MRS. M. E. W. SHERWOOD.

I.

HENRY VAN BENTHUYSEN sat in his room, with the twenty-dollar gold prize before him, musing on the events of the day. He had beaten his best friend, Theodore Maynard, in a competitive examination that morning in school, and the sad face of Theodore's father, who had risen from among the board of visitors and left the school-room, casting an angry glance at Mr. Pomeroy, the teacher, still haunted him.

How gladly would Henry have had Theodore win! The prize was nothing to him. To Theodore it meant everything, for an appointment to West Point hung on this day's success.

Mr. Pomeroy had read for the morning's lesson the Commandments, and had dwelt on that forcible one, "Thou shalt not kill." He had made a little sermon on the vice of anger—how it led to every crime, even murder; and Theodore, hoping for victory in his coming examination, had listened with half an ear, wondering what he was talking about. It seemed to him so idle to think of anything but that prize which Theodore felt sure to win. He was a good scholar, had worked hard, and he saw himself in fancy in a gray jacket, standing so straight that his back was almost semicircular, bending inward, a cadet at West Point. If only old Pomeroy should not be partial! The boys thought he did err in that way toward Henry Van Benthuyesen. But the shocking moment of disappointment and failure came, and Theodore had blushed, sickened, turned pale, and left the room. Out on the campus all the boys joined Theodore, and the indignation was universal. "Old Pomeroy's" injustice received all or more than the condemnation it deserved.

Theodore and Henry, the two rivals and best scholars, roomed together at the end of the college building. It was nine o'clock in the evening before Theodore, his heart full of rage and envy, reached the room where his cot stood against one side of the wall. He hoped Henry would not be there; that he might go to bed without speaking to him.

But Henry was sitting there, as we have seen. He was a pale, delicate boy, and as he rose his figure swayed to and fro. The twenty-dollar gold piece lay on the table before him.

"Theodore," said he, "don't feel angry with me; but will you accept this money? Believe me I do not need it, and nobody can feel worse than I do that I took the prize away from you. God knows I wish you had taken it!"

"So, Mr. Hypocrite, you are going to do the canting generous, are you?" said Theodore, wild with passion—"you and our precious master, hey? And you want to insult my poverty, do you? Take that—and that—and that."

And throwing the money at his face, Theodore gave Henry two dreadful blows, which threw him flat on the floor. He stood over him expecting him to rise, as most boys would have risen, to return the compliment. But Henry did not rise. He lay there with a strange purple tint on his face, and a froth gathering round his lips.

Theodore looked at him a long time. And then came back the morning text: he knew its meaning now.

II.

He never could remember why he took off his school uniform, and how he happened to put on an old suit which he had brought to the school a year before. He only had one idea—*flight*—to run away from that disappointed father whose vexed face, as he heard that his boy had *not* won the prize, was ever present to him, and from that dreadful thing on the floor.

To clamber down the outside from his window was no difficult thing to him, and to run a half-mile across the fields to catch a train was not impossible. He did the best

thing to baffle pursuit; he struck for a large city, from which he could go, he knew not whither, to lose himself, to be lost; that was all he cared for.

When he reached New York, which he did in a few hours, he saw in the depot an emigrant train which was going South, and with the cunning which seems born of guilt he joined this company, and was borne away with a lot of Norwegians and Swedes who were going South to cultivate orange groves for a gentleman who had bought large tracts of land in Florida.

The men about him spoke but little English and the man next to him had lost his ticket. This gave Theodore an idea. He would pretend to speak no English and to have lost his ticket. The conductor grumbled, but accepted the apology, particularly as the agent came along; and not having noticed his cargo, man by man, explained that they were always committing blunders, but that he would make it all right later.

Thus, in five hours from the time he left his school, Theodore, with his guilt thick upon him, was being carried in a dirty, comfortless emigrant car, off he knew not where, with a set of laboring men who could not speak a word of his own language.

III.

Great was the consternation at Mr. Pomeroy's school the next morning. Henry, who was not dead, but had fallen in a fit (a disease to which he was liable, and of which fact Mr. Pomeroy was alone aware), had regained his consciousness at a late hour of the night to find the fresh air blowing in from an open window. As he slowly recalled the facts of the quarrel, he looked around for his chum. Where was he? There lay his school clothes and his watch, but Theodore was gone.

Henry looked out of the window. The silence told him nothing, and his malady still causing him to feel weak and faint, he crept to bed. Mr. Pomeroy, who of course had intended to do right in the matter, determined to take no notice of Theodore's escapade, and presuming that it was a mere boyish freak, did not send word to Mr. Maynard for two days.

Then he began to be frightened, and allowed the father to know that Theodore had disappeared. No one knew, of course, what Theodore was running away from; no one knew of the phantom of fear which pursued him. Mr. Maynard advertised, alarmed the police, put out placards, and spent money in vain. Nothing could be found out, nothing heard of the lost boy. The earth seemed to have swallowed him.

From a dislike to speak of his malady, Henry had not told Mr. Pomeroy of the events of the night. But as Theodore's absence became prolonged, he did tell him of it, and a light burst in upon the teacher's mind.

"Henry," said he, "he thought he had murdered you." This dreadful thought pursued Henry until it determined his already failing health, and he became so ill that he was obliged to leave school.

IV.

"I think, my dear madame," said spruce Dr. Johnston to Mrs. Van Benthuyesen, as he felt of Henry's pulse and sounded his thin chest—"I think we shall have to send this boy South. Let him go to the Sandford House in Florida, at the end of the St. John's River, or go to the picturesque old town of St. Augustine, where you perhaps will see a tame gazelle wander into the old Catholic cathedral. St. Augustine is a quaint Southern Newport, my dear madame, and very charming, but a little too much sea-breeze there perhaps for this boy. Yes, go to Sandford, Henry."

In a few days Henry was floating on that picturesque St. John's River, which is alternately a lake and again a narrow river, with tangled trees and vines, flowers and



moccasin snakes, hanging over the steamboat deck. The warm air, so calm, so serene, wrapped the invalid as in a warm bath.

They found the Sandford House very pleasant, and Enterprise Bay, which lay stretching out before it, beautiful. Never was there such reach of serene water. Oranges and orange blossoms seemed to fill the air; and the Swedish settlement at the orange grove struck them all as being very picturesque.

There was rather a dearth of amusement, however, and the boating having been exhausted, Henry thought he would go down and see the Swedes, and perhaps study the language if it was not too hard.

The head man had learned a little English, and was a very intelligent and agreeable companion. He took Henry to his house and introduced him to his wife, who was sighing for her Northern home.

"She has had the fever," said the Swede, apologizing for her paleness.

The pretty chubby children came in in their Swedish caps, and held up to their mother the golden oranges of which their aprons were full.

"Hush, Christine! you will make Thomassen's head ache," said the mother, pointing to an inner door.

"One of our men down with the fever," said the Swede, in an explanatory way.

"Not one of our men," said his wife, correcting him.

"No," said Petersen, the Swede; "a boy who worked well, though, worked day and night, and whom we like and pity. He joined us at New York a year ago—a runaway, we think. He had done some bad thing, some crime, perhaps. He has not eaten or slept like a well man yet, and now he lies very sick with the fever in there. We don't know his name. He called himself Thomassen to us, but he never answers quick to that name, so we know that it is not his."

"Poor fellow," said Henry, "I pity him. I know what it is to not sleep well and to have a mind full of care. Has he every comfort—a doctor—all he needs?"

"As well as we can do. The boss is very kind. We have a doctor and medicine," said the Swede.

Henry put his hand in his pocket and took out his purse; he wanted to help this poor fellow. Strange coincidence! his hand fell on the twenty-dollar gold piece which had been given to him for the mathematical prize.

At this moment a shriek came from the inner room. The sick man was delirious.

"Henry! Henry! say that you forgive me!—say that you are not dead!"

"That is the way he goes on all night," said Petersen.

Henry had sunk into a chair, faint and sick. Whose voice was that? whence came it?

"Open the door and let me see him," said Henry, hastily.

Petersen hesitated. "You might catch the fever, sir," said he, respectfully.

"Open the door!" shouted Henry, as if in answer to the wild, delicious cries from within.

Mrs. Petersen, with a woman's sympathy, threw open the door.

There lay Theodore, wasted and spent with fever, his head shaved, and his eyes large and ghastly. An old Swedish woman was trying to calm him, and waving a fan over him. And thus the clumps met again.

"Theodore, I am here," said Henry; "I am not dead. I am come to save you, to carry you home to your father."

"Go away! go away!" cried the delicious fever patient. "Go! go! go!"

But Henry, an invalid himself, had a sympathy and an instinct in this case which stood him in stead. He told Petersen in a few words that he knew Thomassen, and would now take charge of him. He pencilled a note to his mother, and sent for his own doctor from the hotel. Then he approached the bed. "Nonsense, Theodore!"

said he, assuming all the old school familiarity; "what will Goodwin and Butler think to hear you talking so? and I'll call old Pomeroy. There's Folsome's step now in the hall. Keep still, or you'll catch it. Lie down, old fellow, and I'll bathe your head; you got a knock on the campus last night, and you're queer, that's all—lie down, I say."

The troubled brain, taking again these new-old images of school life, began to straighten itself; the wild delirium passed; the boys resumed their old position. Henry was again the friend and helper, not the rival.

The honest Swedes looked on and wiped their eyes as Theodore sank into a heavy sleep. The doctor and Mrs. Van Benthuyzen arrived, and the mother strove to drag Henry away from the sick-bed. But the doctor took her aside. "It will cure your son, and not kill him," said he, gently. "He must be cured through his mind. The other is a desperate case; a few hours and all will be over. Let them alone, I beg of you." And from that time Henry nursed him carefully. Nothing but his persistent care, the rubbings, the wonderful inventions to give him cool air, the patient, ceaseless, and most tender nursing, could have brought the poor patient back to life. But Henry did it, and Theodore lived.

It was long before they could explain, but the day came when Theodore was strong enough to realize that Henry, the real Henry, stood before him.

"You must get well," said Henry to Theodore one day, as, sitting on the piazza of the Sandford House, Theodore began to put on color and flesh, "for I have got your appointment to West Point in my pocket."

## A NEW IDEA FOR BOYS.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

**T**HERE is hardly a boy who does not enjoy working with tools, and "building things," as the expression is. Of course there are some boys who are naturally ingenious and handy in various kinds of mechanical work, and there are others who do not even know how to drive a nail—an operation by no means so simple as it seems—yet they all want to learn.

Occasionally a boy will have the good fortune to find favor in the eyes of some obliging carpenter who is willing to allow him the use of the shop bench, and perhaps even some of the tools. But this is always the clever boy who obtains these privileges. The clumsy boy must go on driving his nails sideways, and cutting his fingers with his chisel, until he becomes thoroughly disgusted with mechanical work.

There have been several schools for mechanics established in different parts of the country, but none quite on the principle of the Gramercy Park Tool-house Association, which will begin operations in New York this autumn. This is really an association of boys in the form of a stock company, governed by mutual agreement, as any similar organization, and joined together for the purpose of maintaining a well-stocked tool-house and providing suitable instruction in the use of the tools.

Carpenter's tools of the best quality and most approved patterns will be provided from the fund, and the boys will not only be taught how to use them, but, what is even more important, how to keep them in order. While the pupils will be allowed to follow their own choice in the kind of work they do, they will be advised by the Superintendent, and the products of their industry and genius are to be disposed of at auction at the end of each term for the benefit of some charitable institution.

The shares in the association are, of course, really paid for by the parents of the boys, but the theory of self-government is carried out as if they were the *bona fide* owners of the stock. This principle of self-government in itself



AN ANXIOUS MOTHER.

is an excellent thing, for it teaches the idea of individual submission to laws, which are perhaps distasteful, for the public good.

As to the main object of the association, the idea can not be too highly commended. There is nothing which is so useful to a man in after-years as some knowledge of mechanics, which can be easily acquired in boyhood. How many a man envies his neighbor his ability to tinker a broken lock, or to arrange without apparent trouble those thousand and one little conveniences that a "handy" man enjoys making for the benefit of his household!

The use of tools teaches a boy any number of other things which are useful to him all through life. He learns much of the great principles which underlie the science of mechanics. It teaches him to be accurate in his measurements, to be careful and neat in his work; and it fosters a taste for the higher mechanical pursuits; and—an argument which always appeals strongly to parents—it gives the boy a place where he is enjoying himself, yet at the same time he is learning something which will be of advantage to him in future.

But the Tool Association is not confined to carpentry alone. Moulding and casting in plaster and clay, elementary chemistry, geology, and microscopic investigations, will form a part of the interesting work they have laid out for the coming season. The tool-house and laboratory are thoroughly stocked with tools and instruments. Practical mechanics have been engaged to overlook the work of the boys, and the whole will be under the direction of Mr. G. Von Taube, the originator of the scheme, who will advise with the young stockholders, and see that the rules are carried out.

A boy who could not pass many happy hours in the association's pleasant work-room must be hard to suit. The only pity is that such schools are not started in all the large cities. There can be no doubt that they would become popular.

### MILKWEED BALLS.

BY HELEN P. STRONG.

**M**OST young people who spend any time roaming about the fields in summer are familiar with the plant called milkweed. It is easy to see how it came by its name; for if you only prick the stem there will be an outflow of white juice that, if it does not taste like milk, at least looks exactly like it.

When the autumn comes the place of the showy, fragrant flowers is taken by a large pod, which contains a mass of silken fibres, to which are attached the

little seeds. Attempts have been made to spin these beautiful masses of silk, but unless they are mixed with cotton the fine hairs are too weak and brittle. They are sometimes employed for stuffing pillows.

But aside from any useful purpose to which they can be put, they are very pretty as trophies of summer rambles in the fields, and can be so arranged that they are very effective for winter decoration.



A MILKWEED BALL.



MILKWEED SHOWING THE PODS.

The pods should be gathered before they are quite ripe, and while yet unopened, so that the seeds may be removed in as compact a condition as possible, and before each has spread its airy wings for flight. For however beautiful these unfolded wings may be (and you must not fail to study their beauty), there is no poetry at all in the effort to hold their feathery fibres in any sort of shape. This the writer learned in an attempt to follow certain published directions, according to which they are to be managed only by passing each particular tuft

done, your work will present somewhat the appearance of a brush; but hung in the sun a few hours, each tuft will become fluffy and light, and the whole expand into a sphere of delicate texture, similar to that represented in the engraving.

"IF."

BY CHARA BROUGHTON.

IF I were a robin-redbreast,  
I know where my nest should be—  
'Mid the fragrant apple blossoms  
On yon leafy tree.

If I were a little fairy,  
Rising, falling, on the swell  
Of that emerald bay, I'd slumber  
In a tiny shell.

If I were a fragrant blossom,  
I would choose my place of rest  
Just where the daisies slumber  
On the earth's warm breast.

But if I were a baby,  
When the Sand Man comes in sight,  
I'd curl up warm in my little crib,  
With Mamma to kiss "Good-night."

through the lips. You may try such a method if you choose, but unless you are more successful than I was, you will make sorry work of it, and emerge from your undertaking with rather more milkweed silk about your person than is agreeable or becoming.

No such difficulty will be met if the following course is pursued: Open the pod in the seam which you will find on the rounded side, and having removed the contents with the seeds clinging in regular order to their centre, lay them in this condition in a basin of water. Then take from the water, one by one, the seeds, and with a thread fasten the moistened tufts (at the end opposite to that from which the seed has been removed) upon the end of a short wire.

You will find the result more satisfactory if you first arrange the tufts neatly in piles on a paper, then take up each pile and tie firmly upon the stem. Care should be taken that the ends are smooth and even, and the thread wound over and over rather than extended up the wire. When



"GOOD-NIGHT."





GOSSIP.

SHALL we call this game of gossip, chicks? Or do you prefer Consequences? which it might be called. One little girl whispers to her neighbor, who repeats what she says to the next, who passes the word along. By the time it gets back to the first speaker it is something quite different from what it was when it began, and that is often the way with gossip.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

I can imagine how delighted my darling little readers will be when they turn to the Post-office Box this week. How wide and bright their eyes will be, and how they will say "O-o-o-h!" catching their breath with pleasure. Why, I can tell them and hear them, and so I will stop talking, and let them read without delay this charming letter from somebody they all love:

CANADA, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS: I have been commissioned by some of our little readers—Max, Maud, and Alice L., Isabel and Nellie H., and Florence and Mary Emily C.—to send you twenty dollars to the Children's Aid Society to use for the benefit of little sick children. The money, you must know, is a considerable sum, but these dear "Loves" have made such a peculiar statement, let me explain it. The children planned a pretty little garden fête for some beautiful charity, and hoped to realize seventy-five dollars at least. They were to have had a gypsy camp with a fortune teller, a "sawdust pile" where children who were ten cents could have a corn present, a cornucopia of various "sideshowes," which in the fortnight-old garden, where they live, they were to set out tables on which the little wares, the work of the children's fingers, could be displayed. But the dear old friend who has so long been mistress and hostess at the Cedars died just as the preparations were fairly under way, and so yesterday we hurriedly sold the articles on hand, realizing the twenty dollars I enclose. Another year the children at the Cedars mean to do something much more extensive for poor little children.

At first we thought we must give up all idea of any disposition of the things; but one evening somebody said, "Let us try and get a little, since every dollar helps to send poor children to the country, or brightens life for them in some way," and so yesterday morning we put out all the little things that were collected, on a table in the parlor, and priced everything, and the children themselves and a few grown-up people bought them.

As Jimmy Brown might say, grown-up people are not so merciful sometimes. Perhaps you would like to know what was the best. Well, odds and ends of things were a penny, and a few cents, some three, four, and five, and some bundles of books were sold for twenty cents. The children looked over, choosing the large pieces, and the children bought the others. One piece had been bought for three cents, and later in the day it was a lady's for five cents; this lady says she can sell it in strips of paper for the benefit of her sewing society, and make twenty-five cents out of it. I mention this, as the idea may prove

useful. Marble-bags made of calico, with a pretentious decoration, did well at eight cents, and little needle-books of Christmas cards tied together with a bit of pretty ribbon, or the same filled with slips of memoranda papers, were very successful at ten and fifteen cents.

As I am writing this for the seven, every one of whom feels an individual sense of proprietorship in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, especially in the Post-office Box, I must introduce them to you. Max is fourteen, Maud twelve, Isabel eleven, Florence ten, Alice eight, Nellie six, and Mary Emily five; and there are two "babies"—Bertha, three, and little Tim, not a year old. Bertha thought it was all for the "fresh air fun," and was very gleeful over it, because they "saw" and spend their summers just as I wish all children could, living out of doors all day long.

Two dolls had to be made ready to go to school, and for two weeks past, every evening, fingers have been flying in the parlor at the dolls' "schooling." A dark blue, made-up travelling dress for the principal doll, school aprons, and a fall hat; a gray dress for the other, and a blue and white school dress for the little Hubbard calicoes. It seemed to me, as I passed in and out, I saw every variety of costume in hand, the dolls sitting up properly against the wall, ready to be "tried on" whenever necessary. May and Maud went off to school in Canada yesterday afternoon, and it was for Maud's dolls the busiest preparations were made, but early in the day they were ready. Miss Margaretta was quite dazzling in her new gown and straw hat—if only she would not look so concerned! She is to study hard this year, and come home for another summer under the trees much improved.

I am afraid I can't tell you much about the children's pets. Don, the big dog, is the only live one; but they have a canoe which their elder brother built this summer, and which skins the water like a bird; and then with so many children and so many dogs, and with much sunshine and "holidays" sort of feeling in the air, pets are not needed so much as in winter-time. Last summer they had an invalid kitten and a most mischievous, merry crow, and, I believe, a squirrel or two in a cage.

The children all send their dear love to the Postmistress, and wish me to say how they enjoy the Post-office Box and the paper itself. I have found it hard to decide which stories they like best. Yesterday I saw the school party going away, with "The Ice Queen" and "The Toy Teller" and "Talking Leaves" for reading on the train, and I heard floating opinions about many other stories, which were very enthusiastic.

The editor of the *Greenland* (the "Pearl," etc., etc.) have been in hand lately, and pronounced "just splendid," and as for Jimmy Brown, I dare not encourage that lawless youth by mentioning the things I've heard said of him. A little boy asked me lately if I knew where he lived, as he wanted so much to go and see him. When Jimmy went to a circus, he said, "I will imagine what a scene it would be if I saw you would, and tell us all about it, only I know he would be sure to do something 'dreadful'." As "beastlies" say, I am sure to tell you all the things I've heard said to all your readers from their own and your friend,

LEUC C. LILLIE.

As I have built a dozen letters writing answers making inquiries for my young friend "Nan," and perhaps you can mention for me the children's and the friends' names, and I hoped to renew her acquaintance with old friends some day.

Now you will all love Mrs. Lillie more than ever, will you not? and pounce upon her stories with the greatest eagerness whenever they appear? Well, I confess that I love her and the little and cried over Nan just as you did, and am much relieved to hear that Nan is well.

When the children's twenty dollars was sent to Mr. Calder, the good Superintendent of the Children's Aid Society, he acknowledged it in the following satisfactory letter:

SICK CHILDREN'S MISSION OF THE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY, MEDICAL AGENCIES, FOOT LOCKER, INC., 100 N. W. 10TH ST., ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS: Your kind favor, enclosing a check for twenty dollars, sent by seven little girls in the "Post-office Box," has been received. I will use the money to aid little sick children, and also a one-dollar note for "A Friend of the Little Ones" for the same purpose, is received.

I beg leave to thank you most sincerely for the interest you have taken in the work of the Sick Children's Mission. I regret very much that the twenty dollars comes too late to be used as the kind little girls would no doubt prefer, as the Health Home at Coney Island was closed last week, but I can use the money most advantageously in providing medical attendance and medicine for poor sick children in their homes in the tenement-houses, if that would be agreeable to the generous donors.

In response to Mrs. Sangster's article describing the Health Home in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, No. 252, I have received a considerable amount of money from various parts of the country, and also contributions of clothing, pictures, books, toys, shoes, dolls, baby-carriages, and many other useful articles, which have been a great benefit to many poor people, and for which, in their behalf, I return hearty thanks.

I am very respectfully yours,

GEORGE CALDER, Superintendent.

A word from the Postmistress now to kind grandmas, mammams, aunts, and elder sisters who read the Post-office Box and like to help make the little ones happy. If you know of anything very pretty or new in the way of Christmas gifts, not too costly nor too difficult for little fingers to make and little purses to buy, will you write to the Postmistress and give her some suggestions? She wants to aid the dear children, who are already beginning to wonder what they can make themselves for pretty Christmas presents to please Papa, Brother Jack, Uncle Ned, Aunt Emily, Cousin Ben, and the precious Mamma.

Next week I shall have some important things to say to the Little Housekeepers, so they will please make haste, get all their work out of the way, and be ready to listen to me. Cool weather is coming, dears; you are all as rosy as ripe apples and as sweet as sweet flowers, and you don't want to be idle, do you? I am thinking of the boys as well as of the girls, for some of them, bless their manly faces! are among my very best Little Housekeepers. You will all be concerned in my talk when next week shall come round.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

I have been in the country five weeks this summer, and now I am about to tell my story. I rode out in my father's carriage; we started the 27th day of June. It is sixty-six miles to where we went; Powers Lake is the name of the place where we staid; we caught black bass, pickerel, and pike. We went there in a stage, and our horse would run up one hill and down another just as fast as he could go. We found several kind birds, and a few cats and a dog, and a pig. Three weeks after I got home I went out there again with the choir boys for five days. Now I think I must stop. This is my first letter, and I hope to see it printed. A. D. M.

Of course you did not disturb the birds; only peeped at them.

GRAND MEADOW, MINNAPOTA.

I am a little girl nine years old. I have four sisters and one brother. I had three pets, but they all died; they were cats and a dog. I am going to have another hen. THORA S.

TABERG, NEW YORK.

I thought perhaps some of the little boys or girls who take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE might like to hear about a little dog that belongs to my uncle. Her name is Cricket. She is a small grey terrier, and has long silvery hair tinted with blue, and brown eyes, and a very curly tail. She was at our house. My uncle said to Cricket, "Now, Cricket, take this note and give it to your mistress; don't let anyone else take it." He did so, and she went to my uncle and told him she would growl and show her teeth. Then he said, "Cricket, stand up and sing." She stood up on one hind leg, and sang a very sweet and gay song, "That will do." He said to her, "Cricket, give us a dance." She immediately began to

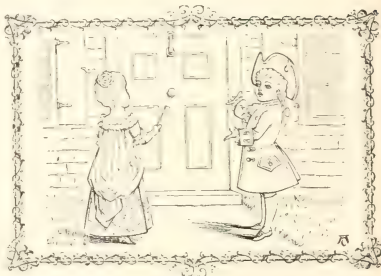




## TOM OF ISLINGTON.



MARRIED A WIFE ON SUNDAY.



TOOK A HOUSE ON MONDAY.



TOOK HER HOME ON TUESDAY



FED HER WELL ON WEDNESDAY.

SHE FELL ILL ON THURSDAY.  
SHE WAS DEAD ON FRIDAY.TOM WAS SAD ON SATURDAY.  
BURIED HIS WIFE ON SUNDAY.

HARPER'S

# YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 259.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1884.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



"THEY ALL WENT TO SEE HIM."—SEE STORY ON PAGE 786.

## WAKULLA.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## HOUSE-CLEANING, AND MORE MYSTERIES.

At noon all hands stopped work for a hasty lunch, and soon afterward the lighter, being intended, was poled across the river for the team. With the help of Captain Johnson and his crew, who had agreed to remain over that night, most of the household goods were moved up to the house during the afternoon, and placed under shelter.

While this work was going on, one of the white men from the village came over to see his new neighbors. He brought with him a wild-turkey, half a dozen ducks, and a string of freshly caught fish as cards of introduction. His name was Bevil. He welcomed the Elmers most heartily, and said that he considered their coming a sign of better times for that section of the country. He told Mr. Elmer that the Bangs place used to be considered one of the finest plantations in the county, and that its lands were as rich now as ever.

Before night the lower story of the old house looked quite comfortable, and almost home-like; and when the family sat down to dinner, it was with the keen appetites resulting from hard work. The dinner was a bountiful meal, largely composed of Mr. Bevil's game and fish; and before they ate it Mr. Elmer offered up a heart-felt thanksgiving for the mercies that had been granted them thus far, and prayed for a blessing on their new home.

That evening he arranged with Captain Johnson to start at daylight and go with his lighter to the nearest saw-mill, sixty miles away, for a load of lumber and shingles. He also commissioned him to buy and bring back a large skiff, such as were used on the river.

The tired household went early to bed that first night in their new home, and though their beds were made down on the floor, they all slept soundly.

All but Mark, who, after sleeping for some hours, woke suddenly to find himself sitting bolt-upright in bed and staring at the broken window in front of him, through which a flood of moonlight was pouring. He was as certain as he could be of anything that he had seen a face at that window as he started up—a wild, haggard face, framed by long straggling hair. He sprang from his bed and looked out, but could see nobody, and heard no unusual sound except the distant "who-who-who" of an owl.

It must be confessed that before getting to sleep again Mark thought of what Aunt Chloe had said about the "ghoses"; but having been taught to disbelieve in such things, and always to seek for some natural explanation of whatever appeared supernatural or unreal, he made up his mind to wait and make the attempt to unravel this mystery by himself before saying anything about it.

The four days that remained of the week were very busy days for the Elmers and those whom they had employed to help them. During this time the interior of the old house was thoroughly cleansed and sweetened by the energetic use of soap and water, and straw matting was laid on the floors of the rooms down stairs. The broken windows were all repaired by Mark, who found several boxes of glass and a bladder of putty among the building material they had brought from Bangor, and after a few trials he became quite a skillful glazier. The cistern was emptied of its stagnant water and thoroughly cleansed, and the gutters were repaired as well as they could be before the arrival of Captain Johnson and the lumber.

It was not until the windows and gutters were repaired that Mrs. Elmer would allow any of the furniture not ab-

solutely needed to be unpacked, for fear it might be injured by the dampness. Among the packages that thus remained boxed up or wrapped in burlaps was one which none of them could remember having seen before. It was large and square, and different in shape from anything that had stood in their house in Norton. What could it be? Mark and Ruth asked each other this question a dozen times a day, and but for their mother's refusal to allow them to do so, would have long since solved the riddle by opening the package.

On Friday night the house was pronounced to be practically water-tight, and at breakfast-time the following morning Mrs. Elmer said they would unpack and arrange the furniture that day.

"And the mystery?" cried Mark. "May we open that first?"

"Certainly," replied his mother; "you may, if you wish, open that the moment you have finished breakfast."

"That's this very minute; ain't it, Ruth? Come along. We'll soon find out what's inside those burlaps," exclaimed the boy, pushing back his chair and rising from the table as he spoke.

He brought a hammer with which to knock off the rough frame of boards that almost formed a box around the package, and Ruth ran for the shears to cut the stitches of the burlaps.

The frame quickly fell to pieces under Mark's vigorous blows, and then his penknife assisted Ruth's shears. Beneath the burlaps was a thick layer of straw; then came heavy wrapping-paper, and under this layers and wads of newspaper, until the children began to think the whole package was nothing but wrappings.

At last the papers were all pulled away, and there stood revealed, in all its beauty of structure and finish, a little gem of a cabinet organ. To one of its handles was tied a card, on which was printed in big letters:

"A Christmas Present, with wishes for a very merry Christmas, from Uncle 'Christmas' to his grandniece Ruth Elmer."

"Oh! oh! oh! ain't it lovely?" cried Ruth. "Dear old Uncle Christmas! And I thought he had forgotten me, and only remembered Mark, too."

The organ was placed in the parlor, and from that day forth was a source of great pleasure, not only to Ruth and the Elmer family, but to their neighbors across the river, who frequently came over in the evening to hear Ruth play.

Among the events of that week were two that impressed Mark deeply, as they seemed to be connected in some way with the face he had seen at the window. One of these was the mysterious disappearance on that same night of a loaf of bread and a cold roast duck from the kitchen. The other was the appearance, two days later, at the kitchen door of a poor wounded dog, who dragged himself out from the woods back of the house, and lay down on the step, evidently in great pain.

Ruth saw him as he lay there panting and moaning, and ran to tell Mark and her father and mother of their visitor and his wretched plight. They all went to see him, and after a careful examination of the suffering animal Mr. Elmer said he had been cruelly treated and badly wounded, but that with proper treatment and care he could be cured.

"He is a cross between a pointer and a hound," continued Mr. Elmer, "and looks like a valuable dog. The wounds from which he is suffering are those caused by a charge of small shot that must have been fired into him quite recently. I will do what I can for him, and then I shall turn him over to you and Ruth, Mark, and if he recovers he shall belong to you both. His present owner has forfeited all claim to him by cruel treatment, for without our care now the poor beast would certainly die.



The first thing to do is to give him water, for he is very feverish."

The dog seemed to know as well as his human friends that the pain he suffered while most of the shot were extracted on the point of a penknife was for his good, for while he moaned and whined during the operation, he lay perfectly still, and did not offer the slightest resistance. After his wounds had been dressed, he was carefully removed to a bed of soft moss on the back porch, and here he lay quietly, only feebly wagging his tail whenever any of his new friends came to see him.

"Who could have shot this dog?" and, "Why did the animal drag himself to our kitchen door?" were questions that puzzled Mark considerably.

During the week Jan Jansen and the two negroes had worked hard at cutting away the undergrowth immediately around the house, and by Saturday night they had wonderfully improved the general appearance of things. The garden in front of the house had been cleared of everything except the ornamental shrubs properly belonging there. The fence had been freed from its crushing weight of vines, and its broken panels repaired, so that it now only needed a coat of paint to make it look as good as new. Back of the house they had cleared an acre of what had formerly been the kitchen-garden, and had opened a broad avenue down to the river, so that the back windows of the house now looked out upon it and the village beyond.

Late on Saturday evening Captain Johnson returned to Wakulla with a lighter-load of shingles, window-blinds, fence pickets, and assorted lumber. He also brought the skiff that Mr. Elmer had commissioned him to buy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### JACK HORNER'S TRUE HISTORY.

I BELIEVE it is pretty generally supposed that the story of Jack Horner began and ended in the nursery. It may, indeed, have ended there, but it began long, long ago, and in a kitchen. It is some time since I heard the story, but I think I can remember it sufficiently to tell it to you as it was told to me.

You know how the old rhyme speaks of him?

"Little Jack Horner sat in a corner

Eating his Christmas pie;

He put in his thumb, and pulled out a plum,

And said, 'What a good boy am I!'"

Little boys, and big boys too, are very apt to be deceived in their estimate of themselves. There is much good sense in the old proverb which says, "Self-praise is no recommendation." I hope you will all agree with me in thinking Jack Horner anything but a good boy when you hear his story.

It began in the ancient town of Glastonbury, in Somersetshire. This town is so old that its history can be traced back to the days of the Romans. There is a legend which tells how Joseph of Arimathea landed here and converted the ancient Britons from the false religion of the Druids to the religion of Christ. Glastonbury stood by the sea then, although now there is land between the sea and it. For a long time Glastonbury possessed a very beautiful abbey, inhabited by generations of monks, who spent their days and years in ceaseless prayer and praise.

This abbey was afterward destroyed by the ruthless hand of Henry VIII., but when Jack Horner was a boy it was in all its glory. The abbot was a great man, tremendously rich, and the head of a great many monks. Jack Horner was neither abbot nor monk, but only scullery lad in the great abbey kitchen. You might have seen him any day turning the spit, or running here and there at the beck and call of the abbey cooks: a red-head-

ed, freckle-faced boy, with small cunning-looking light gray eyes, and a big head.

Those were troublesome times for the abbey, for Henry VIII. had sent to the abbot to demand that all the wealth which belonged to the abbey, together with the title deeds, should be delivered over to him on pain of death. This put the poor abbot in a terrible plight; at first he determined to resist the unjust exaction of the great monarch, but finding such resistance useless, he had decided to send the deeds to London, in compliance with the King's request. But who was there to take them? If it became known that the title deeds of the rich Abbey of Glastonbury were on their way to London, there was every probability of them being stolen.

It was a perilous journey in those days from Glastonbury to London. Railways had not been invented, you know, and there were no policemen. At length one of the monks, Brother Ambrose by name, hit upon a scheme. He proposed that a large pie should be baked in the great oven of the kitchen as a present for the King, and that the deeds should be put inside it. This plan recommended itself to the abbot. But another difficulty arose: how was it to be conveyed to the King? Brother Ambrose's great mind was equal to the solution even of this.

"There is in the kitchen," said he, "an honest country lad, by name Jack Horner. Let us send him. He is not able to read a single letter, and is not likely to suspect the contents of the pie."

Jack was called in from the kitchen to the great hall, where abbot and monks were assembled. The abbot took a ring from his finger and hung it round the boy's neck, so that upon showing it he might gain admittance to the royal presence. The pie was placed in his charge, and he started upon his journey.

For a long time he jogged along comfortably enough: then the wolf in his inside began to make its presence known, and Jack felt those cravings for food which were never long absent from his hungry stomach. Then it occurred to him that a pie baked in the abbey kitchen expressly for the King must be good. First of all he put his nose to the pie, then he peeped through the hole in the crust; but neither sight nor smell satisfying his cunning curiosity, he inserted his finger and thumb through the hole. The plum that he pulled out was a piece of parchment covered with writing—a wonderful mystery to Jack.

"Did ever anybody see the loikes o' this?" he said, turning it over, and staring at it with all his eyes. "It's a puzzle to I where the man's to be found as can eat this."

With a shrewd wink he buttoned up the parchment inside his jacket, and continued his journey. In due course he reached London, and was admitted to the presence of the King. There he broke the crust of the pie, and delivered over the remaining parchments to his Majesty, but of the one abstracted he said nothing. Years afterward he labored to understand it, and finding that it entitled the possessor to certain lands near Glastonbury, he claimed them, and they are held by his descendants to this day.

Now this is why I question his right to be called a good boy. Some people justify him by saying that the King had no more right to them than he. Well, even supposing that he had not, two wrongs can never make one right. This brings me to the end of my story, which proves Jack Horner's plum to have been a stolen one.

I hope you will all agree with me in thinking it a very hard thing that a man long since dead and gone should be robbed of the honor of a great discovery, or good deed attributed to him by a would-be wise generation, who like to get for themselves the credit of spreading new ideas. Yes, I feel angry, because I saw the question mooted the other day—Did Columbus discover America? A cruel question, I call it. Of course he did, or what is to become of all the dear old tales we love so well about the wisdom and patience of the brave old mariner?



AUTUMN LEAVES.

## A STORY OF TWO CATS.

BY DAVID KER.

I.—THE RUSSIAN CAT.

"SOMETHING like a charge of light infantry, Mr. K—," says Captain D—, of the —th Foot, as I come across the fore-deck of the outward-bound packet, with a whole procession of the steerage children trotting at my heels.

"Rather heavy infantry, I think," answer I, as a sturdy little four-year-old nearly knocks me down in trying to scramble on to my back. "But they have at least one advantage over our friends in the saloon—they know how to amuse themselves. Suppose you tell them a story, now that they've done playing. Shall this gentleman tell you a story, chicks?"

There is an uproarious shout of assent; and the Captain, with the same jolly smile with which he faced General Todleben's batteries in the Crimea twenty-three years ago, begins as follows:

"In the end of August, 1855, when we were closing in upon Sevastopol for the last assault, we had a pretty hot time of it in the trenches, for the Russians knew well

enough what was getting ready for them, and never lost a chance of disturbing us at our work. What with being cannonaded all day, and stirred up by their sallying out upon us every night, we had quite enough to do, I can promise you.

"Now, in every skirmish where there was light enough to see at all, I noticed one Russian who, though he seemed to be nothing more than a common soldier, was well worth any three of the others. He was a big, powerful fellow, quite half a head taller than I, with one of the handsomest faces I ever saw; and the way he fought was a sight worth seeing.

"He seemed to throw his soul into every blow he struck, just as a man would who fully believed that (as the Russian war-song says) he was fighting for God and for the Czar.' But although he was always in the thickest of the fight, he never seemed to get hurt. I once came hand to hand with him myself, and got a crack from the butt of his musket, which, but for my thick cap, would have made short work of me.

"As he turned away, I noticed that he put his hand to his breast as if he were hurt. That puzzled me, for I knew I hadn't struck him. But when I thought it over afterward, it seemed to me that his action was rather like that of a man making sure that he hadn't dropped something which he was carrying; and I was right, too, as you'll see presently.

"A few days later the Russians attacked us again, just before daybreak one morning, and a hard fight we had to beat them off; but we managed it at last, and when the smoke cleared, the only living thing to be seen in our front was a solitary Russian, about twenty paces off, stooping over the bodies. My fellows were going to shoot him, taking him for some rascal plundering the dead; but I stopped them, and went forward myself, seeing that the man was the same tall fellow to whom I owed my broken head, and that he was trying to carry off one of his wounded comrades. When he saw me coming, he faced round upon me at once, with the grimmest look I ever saw; but I lowered my sword to show that I meant him no harm, and taking the feet of the dying man, helped him up on to his comrade's shoulders. The sudden brightening of the brave fellow's face thanked me better than any words could have done; but all he said was, 'Eto moi edinstvenni brat' (it's my only brother). And the tone in which he said it haunted me for many a day.

"A week after that came the assault of the 8th of September. Well do I remember that morning—how we all stood silent in our ranks just within the edge of the Vorontzoff Ravine, listening to the roar of the French attack on

Malakoff Tower, and longing for the signal to advance in our turn. I think that last five minutes was the longest I ever had in my life; and when the word was given to advance, it was just as if some one had rolled a stone off my heart.

"It seemed but a moment till the first sheet of fire flashed in our faces from the parapet of the Redan; and after that, it all comes back to me like an ugly dream—one whirl of fire and thunder, and pelting shot, and men falling to right and left—our heads reeling as if with strung wine, and our throats parched and dry, and our eyes blood-shot, and the longing to tear and kill tingling to our very finger-ends. The first thing I recollect distinctly, after all this chaos, is finding myself standing in the corner of a battery, with the ground all around me like a ripe poppy field with the scarlet coats of our dead, and a wounded Russian lying beside me with his head propped face upward against a gun-carriage, gasping painfully for breath.

"Then at that sight all the fury of the battle fever seemed to die out of me in a moment. I raised the poor fellow's head gently on my arm, and moistened his lips with my flask. He opened his heavy eyes, dull with the film of approaching death, and I recognized my tall Russian!

"Well, my lad," said I, 'how goes it?'

At the sound of his own language, the poor fellow's eyes brightened, and he answered, faintly,

"It's all over with me, father; but I'll show you that I'm not ungrateful for your kindness to my brother and me."

"And with that he put his hand into the breast of his gray coat, and brought out a little white kitten, all smeared with his blood, but quite unharmed itself, and fast asleep after all the roar of the battle.

"That's the only thing I've got left," said he, 'now that my brother's gone. I took her with me into the bat-

tle, that we might die together, and be friends *there* as we have been here; but God willed it otherwise. Will you be kind to my little pet after I'm gone?'

"I nodded my head. I couldn't have *spoken* to save my life, but the grasp I gave his hand was answer enough. The poor weak fingers closed upon mine for one moment, and then his head fell back, and all was over.

"As to the kitten, I brought it back with me to England; and if ever a cat got petted yet, that was the one; and in memory of the place where I found it, I christened it 'Redan.'"

#### II.—THE ENGLISH CAT.

"Well, sir, that's a good yarn," said a brawny sailor who stood near, listening attentively; "and, curious enough, it just puts me in mind of a queer adventure as I had 'bout a year ago, not far from where we are now. I'd been aboard of a Welsh coaster for two or three years, and was just a-thinkin' of shifting my berth, and shipping on one o' the ocean steamers; but when I said as much to my mate, Tom Hawkins, he up and axed me just to hold on for one more v'y'ge, and then he'd be free to jine me, and we'd just go together. So as him and me had been like brothers ever sin' we fust met, I said, 'Done,' at once—and you'll see presently what come of it.

"Now, just afore we started on our last coastin' trip, we was a-walking about the Liverpool docks, was me and Tom, and there we comes upon a great hulkin' feller a-towing a poor little beggar of a cat by a rope-lashing round its neck, and tormentin' it by lettin' it go and then jerkin' it back agin, and a lot o' heartless wretches standin' round laughin'. I seed Tom's face flush up all in a minute, and I know'd what was comin'.

"Bill," says he, 'I can't stand this'; and with that he shoves the crowd to right and left, and goes straight up to the big feller, and looks him full in the face.



WATCHING THE BABIES PLAY.



"Says he, 'What are you up to with that cat?'"

"Says he feller, 'What's that to you?'"

"Says Tom, 'Keep a civil tongue in your head, or I'll thrash you!'"

"Says I other, 'I'd like to see yer try it!'"

"Would you?" says Tom. "Well, then, you *shall* enjoy that ere pleasure, my chap, this very minute; and with that he gave him one betwixt the eyes as sent him down like a shot."

"Tom would have let him off at that, for he was always a soft-hearted feller, if he had only behaved himself. But the minute the scamp got breath he began again, and then Tom savyed him out another o' the same sort. Down he went agin, and that time he looked as if he'd had just about enough."

"Then all the chaps as stood round burst out a-cheerin', and Tom catches hold o' the cat, and says to 'em, says he, 'This 'ere cat's my lawful prize, captered in fair fight, and I'm a-goin' to stick to it'; and he carries it aboard our craft, where all hands was precious glad to see it, for, we'd been pretty nigh ate up with rats."

"Well, sir, we made the down trip all right, and were as far as the north coast o' Hanglesea on our way back, when all to once there come on sich a fog as I never seed afore or since. 'Twas just as if the whole air had bin turned into pea-soup, and our old man [Captain] doubled the lookouts, and never budged from the deck that whole day. But 'twas all no use."

"Bout ten o'clock at night we heerd a loud alarm whistle close on our starb'd quarter, and then a man's voice singin' out some'at, but afore you could say Jack Robinson, there come a thump as knocked us all off our legs, and a crash that 'ud have deafened a dead man a'most, and up come the cold sea all round us like any thing, and the vessel settled down right under our feet. One of the out-ard-bound Liverpool packets had run right into us, stem on, and reg'lar stove us in."

"I flew up the fore-riggin' like a cat the minute I saw how things were, but she foundered so quick that I'd just time to sing out for Tom, and to feel queer at his not answering, when the yards dipped, and we was all strugglin' in the water together. But the steamer let down her boats as quick as winkin' (trust a blue-jacket for doing things smart whar there's anybody in distress), and presently I feels myself hauled in. They were just a-goin' to pull back to the steamer, when all to once we hears the cry of a cat."

"Mates," says I, 'for the love of God pull right for that cry; never mind about me. That's Tom's cat, or I'm a Dutchman, and Tom himself won't be far off, I'll take my davy.'

"They pulled with a will, and sure enough there was poor old Tom washin' about as huncconscious as a babby (for he'd bin stunned by a lick from one o' the floatin' spars), and there was the cat a-sittin' on his breast, singin' out for help like any Christian. [A fact.]

"So it saved *him* just as he'd saved *it*; and so, you see, a kind deed ain't never thrown away, even if it's only done to a cat."

## ROBIN AND WREN.

BY ELIZABETH BAKER.

THE robin came to the wren's nest—  
The nest in the hawthorn spray.

"Hey, Gossip," the little wren said,

"Where have you been to-day?"

"Through the trees, and over the trees,

Between the green and blue,

Lean out of your nest, Gossip dear—

I've something to say to you."

"I don't forget how you fed me once,

And gave me a mother's care."

"Listen, Gossip! Lie close awake."

The sparrow-hawk's in the air."

## THE WORK OF THE BLACK FROST.

BY AGNES CARR SAGE.

I.

THERE was the sharp click, click of wooden sabots on the hard ground, and the sound of young high-pitched voices on the quiet air, as down a country road leading into the little village of Villers came three young girls in the picturesque costume of the Norman peasants.

"Yes, Madame De Lestrelle has offered a grand prize," said one, whom her companions called Marcelle, "to all the lace-makers under eighteen years of age for three miles around. The prize lace is to be worn by our young lady on her wedding day."

"Four yards, did you say, Marcelle? And the prize to be five thousand francs! It will be a fortune to one of us. But here comes Babette, the silly mouse."

"Good-evening, Babette," cried Marcelle. "What makes you so gay? You look as if you had won the grand prize already."

The little brown maiden who came almost dancing across the market-place nodded gently as she said, "I almost feel as if I had. Such luck has befallen me!"

"Tell us about it!" exclaimed the girls.

"Well, I just ran up to see old Mother Quaver, and tell her of the charming offer of Madame. She was so pleased, and cried right away, 'Now, my child, the time has come to give thee the bequest of thy good mother,' and hobbling to her chest, she took out a pattern carefully pricked upon parchment. Oh, it is more beautiful than any I have ever seen, and was designed by my own mother. But, alas! she died just as she had begun it, leaving the pattern with Mother Quaver to be given to me when I became skillful enough to carry out her great work. I am sure nothing finer will be designed."

"But what shall we do with the money if we get it?"

"Who knows?" said Marcelle. "If I win I shall go for a year to the good Sisters' school at Caen."

"What! would you be a demoiselle, Marcelle?" asked Lisette. "Now, should I get the five thousand francs, I shall buy the prettiest silk gown and kerchief in Bayeux, and be the best dressed as well as the best dancer at the wedding festival."

"Vain little peacock!" cried Jeanne. "All I care for is to get away from this humdrum Villers, and see a little of the world."

"Oh, you, none of you, love your work as I do," cried Babette. "It is joy to me just to see the beautiful lace growing beneath my fingers; but I would win for André—my poor André! only for him. Mother Quaver says the great docteur at Paris could help him, could I but take him there."

"A poor cripple, of no use to any one," said Jeanne. "He would be better off beneath the ivy in the old grave-yard."

"Oh, Jeanne, for shame!" cried Marcelle and Lisette; but Babette's eyes flashed fire, and then filled with tears, as she exclaimed, with a sob:

"You are cruel, Jeanne! He is all I have, and my father bade me care for him until he returned from beyond the seas to take us to the new home he is making for us in America. If André dies, how can I ever meet him? Ah! Heaven grant I may win the grand prize!" and she laid her hand on her kerchief, beneath which was concealed the precious parchment.

"Well, good-night, my friends," said Marcelle, turning away; "we will all do our best."

"But only one can win," thought Jeanne, as she trudged homeward in the wake of Babette and Lisette, who parted at the cross-roads. "And Babette Brenn seems to think she is sure with her heirloom design." Jeanne stamped her foot angrily, muttering jealously as she caught a glimpse through the twilight of a little red skirt far down the road. "What wouldn't I give to win the



prize from her as well as the others! But, ah me! where am I to find a wonderful design?"

Even as the words passed her lips, the young moon, which was rising over the hill, shed its first silvery beams across her path, resting lightly upon something that looked like a folded paper lying at one side of the road.

Stooping, she picked it up, and, in spite of the bitter cold, lingered to examine it in the moonlight. At the first glance she gave a little cry of delighted astonishment, for it was not paper, but a strip of parchment grown yellow with age, on which was pricked, in the way usual with makers of pillow lace, an elaborate design that she saw in an instant was far more beautiful than anything generally made in Villers.

"It is Babette's heirloom, that must have slipped from beneath her kerchief," was Jeanne's rapid conclusion. "She will be well indeed when she misses it, unless I leave it as I pass the house."

At that moment something seemed to whisper to her. She stood perfectly still in the moonlight for a long time. Then finally she exclaimed, "I will do it," and hid the parchment deep in her pocket.

## II.

Babette was hastening toward the wee stone cottage she called home, with her thoughts intent on the sweet-faced lad who lay so pale and fair in the dark little bed built in the wall near the chimney-corner.

"So, Babette, thou hast come at last," he said, with a smile, as she entered. "I have missed thee so much."

"But I could not help it, André, and I have brought such good news. First let me see about your supper, and then I will tell you all the news."

"It is very cold, is it not, Babette?"

"Oh, so cold! and we shall have a hard frost to-night. The cold is cruel to us poor lace-makers; it makes my fingers so stiff I can hardly twist the threads. I wish it was always summer."

"So did I when I was well, but since I fell over the cliff and hurt my back all seasons are alike."

"Poor little one!" sighed Babette; "but cheer up; I may win the prize, and then away to Paris and Monsieur le docteur. Look what Mother Quaver has given me!" and she thrust her hand beneath her kerchief.

The boy, gazing upon her face, saw a look of terror flit over it; and then with a low cry Babette darted from the house and down the hedge-bordered path leading to the village.

The moonlight lay pure and white on the frost-bound earth, but the little girl paused not to admire the beauty of the night. Shivering with cold and nervousness, she walked rapidly on, glancing eagerly right and left.

For ten minutes the sick boy listened for every sound, and then his sister returned, white and trembling, and dropping on her knees by the couch, buried her face in the pillow, sobbing, "Oh, André, André, it is gone! the beautiful design of our lost mother, that was to have made you well and strong once more." And then starting to her feet, she cried, in a sudden whirlwind of passion: "It is that spiteful Jeanne who has it. I am sure it is. She came right behind me, and must have found it, or it would be there, for I had it when I left Lisette. No one else has passed, I am sure. Oh, the hateful little cat!"

"Hush, Babette, hush!" sobbed André. "You frighten me, and we can not tell. I don't think Jeanne would keep anything left you like that, even if she found it."

"It would be just like her."

"You must not say so. The good cure would tell you not to judge, and the wind may have blown it away."

"But it is so hard, and I was so happy and sure. It seemed like a gift straight from heaven"; and throwing her blue woollen apron over her head, Babette wept until she could weep no more.

## III.

The coldest night that had been known in Villers for years—the night of the black frost, as it was called—was over. Morning had come, and the sunlight twinkled gayly through the windows of the picturesque cottages, awakening the peasants to a new day of toil. Babette started up with the sense of a weight on her spirits, but before she could clearly recall what it was, the "Ah me!" was changed to an "Oh!" of delight. Her eyes had fallen upon the attic window. There, drawn in delicate white frost-work, appeared the most exquisite lace design she had ever beheld—so fine and intricate she was sure only fairy fingers could have woven it.

"It is the work of the good angels, I am sure!" cried Babette, "and is more beautiful even than that of my mother."

Almost breathless, she donned her gown and cap, brought her round green lace pillow and parchment, and set busily to work, finding that, with a little help from her imagination, she could transfer the filmy frost sprays to something more substantial, and that, too, before the delicate tracery had faded beneath the ruthless touch of day.

Then, for days and weeks after, nothing but André could tempt the little lace-maker from her pillow; and though her eyes and back often ached, a little bird sang in her heart, and her cheeks grew pink as apple-buds as the exquisite fabric appeared beneath her dainty touch, for Babette came of a long line of lace-makers, and had inherited much of her mother's skill. And then, was it not for André—her beloved André?

The closing days of Lent waxed and waned, the lilies in the old church proclaimed that the great spring festival was at hand, and just as the girls began to feel they could not wait a day longer, the desired Monday dawned bright and clear.

Up the hill trooped the young peasants in holiday attire, forming a "charming spectacle," thought the grave middle-aged man in eyeglasses who stood by the side of Madame De Lestrelle on the lawn.

"How picturesque! how vividly antique!" he exclaimed. "Truly, Madame la Comtesse, you are giving me a treat to-day."

"Do you wonder, Monsieur, that I love my native Normandy?" cried the lady, her eyes beaming. "These girls are only a few of the fifty thousand lace-makers in the vicinity of Caen and Bayeux, who earn their bread by the 'woven wind.' No wonder we prize the airy fabric, for 'tis not wrought of flax alone, but of many a romance and human life. A lace-maker rarely lives to be over forty years of age. But see, all are assembled, and we must not keep them in suspense."

"Where is Jeanne?" asked Marcelle, as they drew up in line to await the decision of the kind lady whom they all loved.

"She is ill," whispered Lisette. But at that moment a trumpet sounded, and Madame came forward, carrying a packet in her hand.

"It is the prize gold," passed from mouth to mouth.

"Good-morning, my daughters," she said, pleasantly. "You have all done most beautiful work, which I shall take pains to dispose of for you, so no labor will be lost. But two far excel the others in beauty and originality of design. On opening that of Jeanne Reynard I thought nothing could be more beautiful until I saw that of little Babette Brenn. But hers is a marvel—like a dream of the finest frost-work. Such lace has rarely been seen in Cabrados; and to her I must award the five thousand francs."

Hardly daring to believe her senses, and half dazed, Babette was pushed to the front by her friends, and courted mechanically as Madame placed the packet in her hand, saying: "The mantle of your mother has fallen upon you, Babette. But what will you do with so much money?"



VIOLA.—FROM A PAINTING BY E. M. GORDON.

"Oh, Madame, it is for André. The doctor here does him no good. He will die if he stays. I shall go with him to Paris to the great Dr. Le Perine."

"Is it so, indeed?" said the lady, with a kind smile. "Then I am glad you have won. But you need not travel so far, little one. Monsieur le docteur is with us to-day."

"Here, Madame, in Villers."

"Yes; he is the uncle of my daughter's fiancé," and she beckoned to the grave man in eyeglasses. But he was not grave long, and his face lightened with animation as he listened with interest to the little girl as she told him how her brother seemed pining away, and she

was sure no one but he could save him. And André thought him the kindest gentleman in the world when, an hour later, he bent over the little bed in the wall, and tenderly lifted him into a position where he was more comfortable than he had been in months.

"He is very ill," said the great doctor to Babette; "but do not despair; you and I together will bring him through."

"Then I shall not have won the prize in vain," cried Babette, joyfully.

The words had scarcely left her lips when Lisette came in, saying, "Jeanne is sick, and wishes to see you, Babette."

She went immediately to the Reynards' cottage, and found her former friend lying on a settee, her head pillowed on her arms.

"I congratulate you, Jeanne," she said, "on having won the praise of Madame; it was a pity you could not have heard it."

Jeanne burst into tears. "I did not care to. I am so glad you have won, Babette; but I have something to tell you, though my head aches so I can hardly think."

"Never mind; I know all about it."

"You know I found the beautiful design left you by your mother, and used it."

Babette nodded.

"And never said a word. Ah, Babette, how kind of you!"

"The frost angels repaid me, and I forgave you long ago." And she told of the lace drawn upon her window.

"It was sent by the good God to stop my wicked plan," sobbed Jeanne, "and I am so glad you have the prize, Babette. I have not known a happy moment since the night of the black frost. But I will sell the lace and give the money all to André."

"There is no need," said Babette. "He has enough. The good doctor has promised to cure him. We will keep our secret and be friends forever." And the girls exchanged a kiss of real friendship.



THIS ONLY FRIEND. SEE PAGE 791.



## HIS ONLY FRIEND.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

**L**ONG makes the two comrades have wandered together. From hot city streets, over meadow and moor, Till, wearied, one pillows his head on the heather, God pity him! hungry and homeless and poor.

Forgetting his troubles, the worn feet extended,  
Theseaching limbs resting, his sleep is profound;  
But he is not alone as he sits there—befriended  
By Waif, who is ready to spring at a sound.

No peril shall menace the form of the sleeper  
Unchallenged by one who is boldly awake—  
A dear little sentinel, proud to be keeper  
Of him whose last meal it was his to partake.

The clumsy paw touches the hard hand, caressing  
Its brown knotted palm; and the shaggy head, pressed  
Within the arm's circlet, lies soft as a blessing  
Against the true heart in the thin faded vest.

They've been famished and chilly and tired together;  
Companions, have shared the sharp word and the blow,  
Have faced a harsh world in the wildest of weather,  
And they know not to-day by what pathway to go.

Poor comrades, so faithful! perhaps just before you  
Shelter, a home that will open its gate,  
All hardships have endings; kind Heaven is o'er you;  
The brave and the honest may conquer their fate.

## MAX RANDER IN THE BLACK FOREST.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JUN.

**W**HE had come to Baden-Baden for mother to drink the waters. That's the place in Germany where there used to be so much gambling, and I don't wonder bad men went there. You see, you have to say the name over twice before you can say it once, and that always reminded me of Sing Sing and the State's-prison.

And I might almost as well have been in prison, for all the fun I had there the first few days. That had been left behind in England with an aunt of ours who had come to live in London, so I had nobody to play with.

If there had only been some American boys around, I could soon have got acquainted and gone about with them, but for some time I didn't see any boys at all.

But one afternoon, as I was wandering dismally along the main street, almost wishing there would be an earthquake to make an excitement, I caught sight of a boy about my size walking on ahead of me.

"If he's only English or American!" I thought, and watched anxiously to see which hotel he would go to, for they were all named after the different countries.

We were stopping at the *Englischer Hof*, and I saw the boy go in at the gate of the *Hôtel de Russie*. "A Russian!" I exclaimed, feeling awfully disappointed. "He may be a young Nihilist, and carry dynamite marbles in his pockets."

I had a copy of the *Arabian Nights* under my arm, and I thought I would walk out to the famous Black Forest (which I had just remembered came up to the edge of the town), and read some fairy stories in that hobgoblinish sort of place. It would make them seem more likely to be true. When I had got myself fixed comfortably under a big tree, I opened my book, and began the story of "Ali Baba, or the Forty Thieves."

I had just got to the place where he says "Open, sesame!" when "b-r-r! bang!" came a terrific clap of thunder.

I jumped up quick, I tell you, and looked around me as if I expected to see all the forty robbers in flesh and blood. They weren't there, but that Russian boy was. He was standing about ten feet from me, had a little satchel in his hand, and was staring about him in a wild sort of way.

"I wonder what he—" And then I shuddered as I decided what must be the matter with him. "He's got dynamite in that bag," I said to myself. "They always carry it about in satchels, so people won't suspect. Some

of the other Nihilists at the hotel have sent him out here to bury it till they get ready to blow up the Grand-duke's palace. And now he's afraid it will be struck by lightning and go off."

You may be sure that after this I didn't waste any time in preparing to take *myself* off. I stopped to put up the umbrella, and had just got it opened, when to my horror I saw that Russian boy come rushing straight for me with his bag.

Before I could make up my mind which way to run, he had ducked his head under the umbrella, and actually stood there *holding that satchel against my leg*. I almost imagined I could feel the electric thrills running up inside my knickerbockers.

Every instant I expected to see a flash of lightning, so I motioned for the Russian boy to hold the umbrella himself, and then sprang out in the rain. A drenching was a good deal pleasanter to take, and easier to get over, than a blowing up. But the fellow didn't seem to understand things that way, and at once started after me.

"If he would only drop that bag!" I thought; "then I wouldn't mind standing next to him."

After we had dodged about there in the rain like the figures in a Punch and Judy show, I stopped suddenly, and held up one hand in a way that I wanted him to know meant, "Keep your distance."

He stopped short, and watched me as I pointed to his bag. Then he gave me the umbrella to hold, and stooping down, began to open that bag. But he had no more than got it unlatched than he gave one wild spring.

"It's on fire already!" was my awful thought, and at that very instant a sheet of flame danced before my eyes, while a noise like a thousand Fourth-of-July salutes all being fired off at once rang in my ears.

With a dreadful cry I fell over, taking the Russian boy with me, for he had somehow or other got in my way.

My next sensation was that of rolling about on the damp ground, and seeming to have two or three dozen pairs of arms and legs.

"I s'pose that's because I've been blown into so many pieces," I thought, with a shiver.

Then I slowly began to realize that I was still whole, but all tangled up with the Russian boy. His mouth was close by my ear, and all of a sudden he opened it and said, "What's the matter with the fellow, anyway?"

"Hello! do you speak English?" I cried out, giving a mighty wriggle that at last got us clear of each other.

"Well, I wish I'd known *you* did," he answered, as we both got up and began to brush the dirt from our clothes.

"Then you aren't a young Russian Nihilist, and haven't got any dynamite in that bag?" I exclaimed, joyfully picking up the umbrella and holding it over us both.

"No, indeed!" he cried. "Have you lost your mind? I'm a Boston boy."

Then I explained why I had believed him to be a Russian, and my reasons for not wanting to stand under the same umbrella with him as long as he held that bag.

"And all I've got in it is mosses and bark I'd been gathering for my sister."

"But what did you open it that time for, and then jump away as if you were scared to death?"

"I opened it because I thought you wanted to see what I had in it, and I gave that sudden spring because I had just discovered a splendid bit of moss only a few feet away from me. But the idea of your thinking the dynamite had exploded when that thunder-clap came! That's almost as funny as your taking me to be Russian because I happened to be staying at the *Russischen Hof*."

But I didn't mind his teasing, it was so nice to have a boy to talk to again, and during the rest of our two weeks at Baden-Baden, Fred Broadbent and I were great chums.

To this day, though, he declares that I must be English. "For weren't you stopping at the English hotel?"



## HOW TO MAKE A TABLE.

BY A. CABE.

**L**AST week, boys, we called your attention to a school for young amateur mechanics that has just been established in New York city. Here we give you an opportunity to exercise your skill, whether you have had any instruction with regard to mechanical work or not. How many of you will undertake the task, and how many of you will succeed? The directions are full and plain, and if you are only attentive and careful, you will soon have a good table for your books or work, all of your own manufacture.

The table is shown in Figs. 1 and 2. The size is three feet ten inches in length by one foot ten inches in width.

For the four legs get either a piece of first-rate clean yellow pine thirty inches long, eight inches broad, and two inches thick, or a rod that will make four legs thirty inches long and two inches square. If the former, line it out with a straight-edge and pencil as shown in Fig. 3, where you will observe each piece has a taper; this is what is called cutting the one out of the other. The proper method to line the wood out is this: Draw a line down the middle, which will give two halves, each four inches broad; from the edge of each half mark two and a quarter inches at A and one and three-quarter inches at B. Draw lines to these marks two inches thick, and saw up; you thus have four pieces, each tapering from two and a quarter inches to one and three-quarter inches.

Plane up the two best adjacent faces of each piece, and square them. When planed, mark their faces with pencil. Set marking gauge to bare two inches, and gauge from the dressed faces for about six inches in length at the broad end or top of each piece. This is the part of the leg that comes opposite the rails, and has no taper. Plane and square the four pieces to their gauge marks, and this done, place them together on the bench, even at the bottom. Mark from the bottom twenty-four inches, which will be six inches from the top, and square across with square and pencil; continue this line round the remaining side from. Set the marking gauge to one and a half inches, and gauge the bottom end of each piece from the dressed side. Now taper from the pencil lines mentioned above, stopping at the gauge marks on the end. Now the legs will be two inches square for six inches of their length, and the remainder tapered to one and a half inches square at the bottom.

Now for the rest of the stuff. Plane one back rail thirty-five inches long, five inches broad, and one inch thick; two end rails nineteen inches long, five inches broad, and one inch thick; one front rail over the drawer, thirty-five inches by two inches by three-quarters of an inch; one ditto under the drawer, thirty-five inches by two inches by one inch; two end stretchers (A, Fig. 2), nineteen inches by two inches by one inch; and two long ditto, thirty-five inches by two inches by one inch. These are to be planed and squared with bench square. These pieces prepared, we have to draw in the legs for mortising. Place them on the bench in two pairs, each pair having a taper side up, and the remaining taper sides opposite each other, as in Fig. 4. Here we have the parallel portions of all four lying close, and the bottoms of each pair about an inch apart. There are to be two mortises made in each leg to receive the five-inch rail. First draw a line across all four at the beginning of the taper A, Fig. 4; set a pair of compasses to one and a half inches, and mark from A to B. Mark one inch from B to C, then one and a half inches with the compasses to D. Now you have two mortises, each one and a half inches long, with an inch space between. This portion between is called a bridge. During this operation the legs should be clipped by their ends in a hand-screw to prevent them shifting. Now draw in the mortises for stretchers by making the line E six inches from the bottom, and F one and seven-eighths inches from it. Now set the mortise gauge to three-eighths of an inch mortise line, and set the head three-eighths of an inch from the inner spine. Gauge with this all the mortises, both for rails and stretchers, from the marked faces of the legs. Now square over one pair of the legs for the five-inch long or back rail, which will be on the remaining taper sides, as in Fig. 5, and the other pair square across for a rail beneath the drawer, one inch thick, the mortise being one-sixteenth of an inch less than the thickness of rail (see Fig. 6). Gauge for mortises as before from the marked faces, as in the case of Fig. 6, from both faces, as there are two mortises in the breadth.

Now place the legs for mortising on the bench, as in Fig. 4. Mortise for the rails one and a half inches deep. Mark lightly the back of mortise-iron with a saw-file one and a half inches up; this will be a guide for the depth. Mortise for the stretchers one and a quarter inches deep. When mortised, clean out blaze with a five-sixteenth-inch chisel, taking care not to bruise the edge of the mortises. The mortises should be smoothed on the sides a little with a chisel, but not pared wider, or they will be too wide for tenons. A mortise should always be filled for its whole depth, otherwise the glue will not take hold.

Now we have to draw in the rails and stretchers—first of all for the two ends, as they are cramped together first. Draw in the two end rails sixteen inches long between the shoulders; this will give two tenons

one and a half inches long. Draw in the back rail and the two front rails over and under the drawers, thirty-two inches long. This drawing-in means marking them across with square and cutting-knife for shouldering. Place the two end rails, edges up, on the bench, mark off sixteen inches, and square both across; then from these lines square and mark both sides of each rail. The cutting-knife is best for this marking, making a good deep cut, which serves as a channel or guide for the dovetail saw.

Though the shoulders of the five-inch rails are square across, it will be evident that the shoulders of the stretchers (A, Fig. 2) are beveled, arising from the taper on the feet or legs, and the stretcher is also somewhat longer than the rail. Now to find this length and this bevel, proceed as follows: To find the length, place a pair of the legs together, with a hand-screw at top, mortises together; at the stretcher mortises they will be apart about three-quarters of an inch, and this is the extra length over the rails. To find the bevel, square across any part of the taper of a leg from the outer face with bench square and pencil, and with a bevel square or bevel stock set the blade to this line. The stock being on the inner or taper side of the leg, the bevel thus found is that for stretcher shoulders, the bevel stock being worked from the upper edge of the stretcher. The shoulders being marked, shift the head of mortise gauge one-eighth inch nearer the spikes, and gauge rails and stretchers from the outer face. Thus they will be one-eighth inch within the surface of the legs when cramped together.

For the rail under the drawer, this is flush with the legs, and must be gauged same as the mortises, then shifted to fit the second or inner mortise (see Fig. 6). For this reason the rails and legs should be gauged together, as it saves time and shifting of the gauge. The shoulders are cut in with dovetail saw, and the tenons are ripped with a tenon saw. Then the rails have a piece cut out for the bridge in the mortises, and a rebate of one inch at the upper edge, which will leave two tenons a little over one and a half inches broad. They should be a little less in length than the depth of mortises; this will be easily ascertained with the foot-rule. The tenoning being finished, the two stretchers (A, Fig. 2) are to be mortised for long stretchers (B, Fig. 1). These mortises are shown at A, Fig. 2, where the tenons come through and are wedged. The long stretchers are six inches apart, and the mortising is exactly as that for the rail below the drawers where let into legs, and also at the division between the drawers. This being done, the inside of the legs is to be hand-planed and sand-papered, as also the face of five-inch rails and stretchers all round. Now the ends are ready to cramp together. Cut a little off the corner of each tenon, and see that they enter their respective mortises before gluing.

All being ready, the glue should be somewhat thin, and while one heats the tenons at a fire, another puts glue in the mortises with a bit of lath. A very little glue will do on the tenons. The object of heating is to prevent the glue getting chilled. In cramping up, protect the work with bits of wood under the jaws of the cramps. When cramped, see that it is square by gauging with a rod from corner to corner diagonally between stretcher and rail. Also see that it is out of twist. Place a straight-edge across the two legs; the straight-edge should touch the legs on the whole of their breadth—then they will not be in winding.

We have now got the two ends of the kitchen table framed together. Our next operation is to fill in the two ends for drawer guides. This consists of a piece of wood two inches broad, and thick enough to flush the table feet, or legs more properly, fitted in between the legs and glued to the rails, being kept flush with the bottom edge of rail. These should be fixed down with hand-screws, and laid aside for an hour or so, after which they are planed straight and flush with the legs, testing them with the straight-edge. The tops of the two front legs are now to be cut off flush with the edge of the rails and planed; then the three-quarter-inch rail over the drawers is drawn in same length as that under, and a dovetail made on each end about one and a quarter inches long. These dovetails are drawn on the tops of the legs, and then cut out to the depth required, namely, three-quarters of an inch. The space from this to the two mortises under the drawer is the length to make the short upright division, or fore-edge between the drawers. This has a double tenon each end, same as for the stretchers, the two rails being mortised to receive it (see Fig. 7), which is the frame without drawers or top. Now the rail below the drawers is to be mortised to receive the cross rail, A (see Fig. 7), which is a rest for both drawers. It is three inches broad, and the same thickness as front rail. The one end is squared to enter the front rail, while the opposite or back end has a dovetail, and is let in flush into the under edge of the back rail; its position is, of course, from front to back, and in the centre of the frame.

The mortise and tenon being prepared, the proper length of this rail will be found when the frame is cramped up and stood on its legs. Now we have to find the length of the long stretchers. For this purpose place the two ends together, with the mortises toward each other; catch them in a hand-screw at top, when you can measure the gap between the end stretchers, and this is the length that the long stretchers are to be in excess of the rails at back and front. Tenon the long stretchers to fit the mortises in cross ones; and all mortising and tenoning being done, hand-plane all the parts that can not afterward be reached before gluing up. Being now ready to glue the frame up, set a camp to about three feet two inches, which will allow of two pieces of wood to protect the job. The back rail, front rail below drawer, and two long stretchers are all to receive glue, and be fitted in

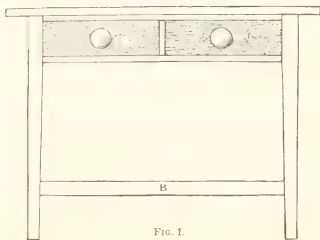


FIG. 1.

their places at once. Insert them all into one end, first with the hands, then turn them over and insert them in the other end; now rap them nearly home with a piece of wood and a hammer; then apply the cramp. It is almost necessary for two persons to be at this part of the job, one heating tenons, and afterward assisting with the cramp. Cramp all the shoulders close, wedging the long stretchers with the cramp in the centre between them.

Now you have to glue and insert the short upright rail between the drawers, then above this rail with two dovetails; press the short upright home with a small cramp or a hand-screw on either side of the projecting tenons, and drive in wedges as explained in gluing the long stretchers. Now rap home the dovetailed ends, and drive a two-inch nail through them into each leg.

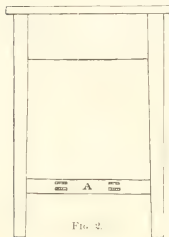


FIG. 2.

ture, with the squared end in its place, and draw the other on the inside with drawpoint. Saw off and square this end with the plane on the shooting-board. Having got the ends to the exact length, place the front against the aperture again, letting the lower edge enter a little way. Draw again along the upper edge inside, and plane down to this mark. These fronts should be fitted tight, and at present it is sufficient if they just enter. Cut out four sides of five-eighths-inch wood, dress and square the ends, on the shooting-board one-half inch shorter than the width from face of rail to inside of back rail. These four sides may be at present a little broader than the finished side. Groove the sides and front with a drawer-bottom plane, and make two backs exactly same length as fronts, and one inch narrower; these are also



FIG. 3.

five-eighths of an inch thick, and have no grooves like the sides have. Now, being ready to dovetail, set the cutting-gauge to a shaving less than the thickness of sides; gauge all the pieces with this—the fronts on the inner face and also on the end wood, gauging from the inside; then the backs and sides on both sides. Now mark on the fronts four pins as in Fig. 8 enlarged, and on the backs three pins as in Fig. 9 enlarged, cutting down to the gauge lines. For dovetailing, the chisels must be thin and sharp, and they are struck with the wooden mallet. The backs are cut from each corner, as is all through dovetailing, while the fronts are only cut to a depth of five-eighths of an inch.

To draw the sides for dovetailing: Place a pair of sides in position,



FIG. 4.

groove to groove (see Fig. 10 enlarged) and, taking a front, stand on the end of the side flush with gauge line, and flush on grooved edge. See also Fig. 10; draw close to each pin with the drawpoint, reverse the front, and draw on other side same way. Now turn the sides end for end, and draw the backs in the same way, having each back marked so that you make no mistake when fitting the drawers together. You will observe by Fig. 11 enlarged that in drawing the back pins the back is placed even with the groove in the side, as the bottom slips in under it—in other words, the groove in the sides is clear of the back to receive the bottom. Now the pieces to be taken out of the sides are to be ripped with a dovetail saw, and cut out with a three-eighths-inch chisel; these pieces are three at the back end and two at the front, with the two corners cut out, as shown in Fig. 12. In dovetailing it must be observed that the thickness taken by the cut of the saw must come off the piece to be cut out—in other words, the piece cut out is exactly the portion within the drawpoint lines, so that the pins from which they were drawn will fit exactly into the openings thus made. In *through* dovetailing, which is cut from both sides, the chisel is inclined slightly to cut inward (see Fig. 13), which allows the sharp edges to come closely and neatly against the adjoining part when glued up; this is called making it "lean" in the centre. The same remark applies in dovetails, *not* through, as on the drawer fronts, which are slightly "lean" at the bottom both ways—that is, both from face to end.

The dovetails should be cleaned neatly out with narrow chisels, and

the corners of the sides pared, after sawing off, to the gauge lines. The drawer stuff, all dovetailed, has to be planed on the inside and sand-papered; then try if the fronts and backs enter their respective sides; after which glue them as follows, and this rule will hold good in all

work of a similar kind: Take a drawer front and the corresponding side, put some glue with a small brush into the recesses in end of front, taking care to allow none to get on the inner face; now put a little on the end wood of the side and on the two cut-out corners; stand the front on the bench, glued end up, enter the side, and rap it home with hammer and a bit of wood; now turn it over on the bench, the side standing vertically, see that the junction inside is perfectly close, apply a large square inside, and press the side to agree with the square.



FIG. 8.



FIG. 9.

This done, take the back belonging to this drawer, put glue on the pins to enter this same side, enter it, and rap home as with the front. Now glue the remaining end of front and back, and rap on the remaining side. See that the inside junctions are all close. Lay the drawer flat down on the bench, and square it with a foot-rule, applied from corner to corner.

Both drawers being glued, lay them aside and prepare the bottoms. These are of three-eighths-inch wood, and if not broad enough may be joined with three-eighths-inch match ploughs. To do this jointing mark the *best* side of each piece, place in the bench-vise lug with marked side next you, plane straight with half-long. It is usual to work the *feather* in the narrower piece if there is a broad and a narrow, and it is also usual to work the feather first. The groove and feather made, rap the joint up *dry* to see it is close. If it is a perfect joint, use thin glue made by dipping the brush in the boiler of glue-pot. Apply the glue quickly with one stroke of brush, and rap the pieces together smartly with a mallet; when this is done smartly they will need no cramping.

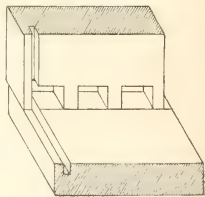


FIG. 10.

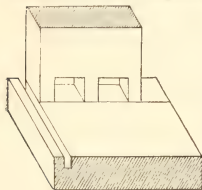


FIG. 11.

When this is done on front edge and one end, find the length to cut the bottom by, placing one corner in the groove at back of the drawer; mark at the bottom of opposite groove. From this mark cut the bottom to the square, and bevel the back to fit gauge as before, sand-paper the bottoms inside, and before driving them into their places try that they enter both grooves by inserting the bottom, both back and front edges, because, if wider at the back, they will burst or split the sides. All being correct, drive them down gently with mallet, and see that they enter the groove in the front to the full depth; see also that the sides are perfectly straight and not bulged in the middle. Now you have to

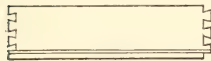


FIG. 12.

block the bottoms by gluing on fillets three-quarters of an inch broad and half an inch thick. These are fitted to the drawers along the bottom and side, and must be bevelled to the required angle. They are well glued and rubbed in with a motion the lengthway, when they will take hold. If they do not lie close along their length, cut them into two or more pieces before gluing. Two or three short blockings of this kind are also to be glued on behind the front; these may be three or four inches apart, whereas those on the sides are continuous, being subject to wear in after-use. These blockings should harden for six or seven hours, after which drive three nails about one and a quarter of an inch long through the bottom into the back.

Now fit the drawers to the table frame by planing with jack and half-long. First reduce the breadth of the sides to enter easily, then place a

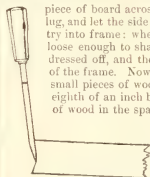


FIG. 13.

piece of board across the bench, catch the drawer in the bench lug, and let the side rest upon this board. Plane both sides and try into frame: when they push in with an easy motion, but not loose enough to shake, then they may be hand-planed, the back dressed off, and the front planed to stand even with the face of the frame. Now they must be stopped at the back by gluing small pieces of wood to the back rail. Push the drawer in an eighth of an inch beyond the face of the frame, and fit the bits of wood in the space left at the back. A guiding fillet is also

to be fitted between the two drawers, and running from the short upright to the back; this should not be too tight. The drawers should pull out and in easily, and without sticking or shaking. The drawer fronts are often veneered with mahogany, which improves the appearance of these tables. If you wish to do

this, teeth the two fronts and lay the veneer with a caul, glue both fronts, and heat the caul both sides; place it on one front, and turn the other over upon it, and apply hand-screws.

The table frame is now to be cleaned off with the hand-plane in all its parts, the tops of the back legs cut off, and the upper edges of rails planed to receive the top. This frame is three feet long by one foot eight inches broad, and the top three feet six inches by one foot ten inches. It is planed both sides with half-long and squared, then it is nailed down to frame at back and ends; the front is fastened by four screws passing upward through the rail over the drawers. After this the top is planed flat to agree with a straight-edge, then hand-planed and sand-papered; each corner is rounded off and sand-papered. The nail holes in the top are to be stopped with a bit of white putty. Now the bottoms of the legs are to be cut all to the same length. Turn the table feet up, take two straight-edges, and place one across each pair of feet; the eye will at once detect whether the legs are all one length or not. Cut a little off the foot that carries the straight-edge too high. If the drawer fronts are veneered they require French polishing; then bore a five-eighths of an inch hole in



FIG. 14.

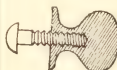


FIG. 15.

the centre of each for a two-and-a-quarter inch patent zebra knob; this is shown in section Fig. 15. Now our table is completed. It may be painted any color and ornamented in various ways; but that we leave to the artistic skill of the maker.



THE DOLLIES' WASHING-DAY.





I don't blame Edith's grandpa for not liking the kitty that killed his birds. Our kitty killed my bird a few weeks ago, dear birds who I had brought away from Indiana with us nearly a year ago. I live on the Green River, and among the big cottonwood trees, and there are a great many pretty birds which sing about our house, but I liked our own little birdies best. I wonder if the little boys and girls who read your paper ever heard of this place? I know that not many of them ever saw it, for the Indians were driven from here not quite three years ago. I was here one year last April to live with my papa, who came here for his health. He is a civil engineer, and is making irrigating canals to water the crops, for it never rains here enough to grow things. They have made one river as large one that has taken them nearly two years to complete. The river came up higher this summer when the snow melted from the mountains than was ever known before; it destroyed all our garden, but we have a large field of oats which is beautiful. There are a great many melons and nice things to eat raised in this valley this summer. The climate is delightful here; the sun shines very warm in summer, but a cool breeze from the mountains makes it always pleasant. It never snows much in winter, and it doesn't, the snow never lies on the ground longer than a few hours. I went to school in a cabin last winter to my aunt, with whom I live. My mamma is dead. I shall go to school to my aunt again this year; they are building a fine school-house, and I think we will have a good school; it will begin next month. I would like to tell you a great many things about this strange country, about the Indians I saw on their beautiful ponies, and about my pretty doll. I am eight years old.

LETTIE NELL.

ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS.

I thought that I would write to you again. I began to go to school last Monday. I study arithmetic, spelling, grammar, reading, geography, writing and singing, and I take many lessons. My teacher's name is Miss X.; she is very kind, and I like her very much. I am eleven years old. I have only one pet, and that is a horse; her name is Pet. She is very gentle. We think she is the best horse that we ever saw. The State Fair is to be held here this fall, and perhaps I may attend it. I must stop now and say good-by.

MABEL P.

BARNESVILLE, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am a little girl almost seven years old. I have a bird named Dick. My papa has some hens, and I feed them. I go to school, and my aunt and uncle read, spell, draw, and sing. I have three dolls; their names are Minnie, Bessie, and Alice. I live near the beach, and often go there with mamma to play in the sand and pick up pretty shells. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. Mamma said I might write to you, and perhaps you would print my letter. Won't you, please? I have never written with pen and ink, mamma has written this for me.

A. M. L.

MADEIRA, ILLINOIS.

I am eleven years old. I haven't seen any letters written from this place, so I thought I would write one. I haven't taken this paper one year yet. I liked "Left Behind" and "The Ice Queen" very much. I live with my sister; she has a little girl seven years old and a little boy four years old. I never wrote before, and I hope you will print this letter.

MAGGIE M. W.

PAIN CITY, MISSISSIPPI.

I am a little girl eleven years old. I have three brothers—John, Archie, and Robbie. I have not taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE long, but like it very much. I have a good many pets—calves, a goat, a canary, and a red hen, and I live on the sea-shore. My father has a fine orange grove, and in the spring I know you would like to see the trees filled with white blossoms, and in the fall we would have fruit. I have read the Little Housekeepers' receipt for cookies, and like it very much.

MAMIE B.

TOWNSHIP, NEW YORK.

I am a large girl fifteen years. I do not take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, but a dear friend of mine allows me to read it, and I think it is a charming paper. I like all the stories. My favorite authors are James (his is right) and Mrs. Little. I enjoy reading the letters in the Post-office Box. I have three sisters and two brothers. I have no pets. I had a canary, but it died. With much love to the Postmistress.

EMMA B. W.

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.

When I wrote to you before, I lived at Jacksonville, a thriving city on the St. Johns River. Sanford is two hundred miles south of Jacksonville. The town borders on Lake Monroe, a beautiful sheet of water, which abounds in alligators as well as trout and bream. The lake is about ten miles long and five miles wide; it has a splendid hunting ground here. Sanford has about two thousand inhabitants, though the town is quite crowded in the winter.

On the other side of the lake, directly opposite Sanford, is the town of Enterprise, where Mr. F. De la Haye has a fine winter place, and I believe the largest and most beautiful orange grove in the State. It has beautiful walks and drives all through it. The famous Belle Glade is only three miles from Sanford; it is the property of General Sanford, the founder of this town. I fear that I have already taken too much space in the dear Little Postmistress's box to adhere from your steadfast friend and constant reader.

ST. ELMO B. G.

**ANNOS:** You may send your story, and the Postmistress will give you her opinion with regard to it. Readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE are invited to send original puzzles and enigmas to be used in the column of Puzzles from Young Contributors.

## TO THE LITTLE HOUSEKEEPERS.

Now, Little Housekeepers, are you ready for whatever the Postmistress may be about to propose? Will you listen, and trust her just as you do your favorite aunt—the one who always knows the prettiest stories and the most delightful games? And will you join hands and help her to make the Little Housekeepers' Association quite worthy of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE and this dear Post-office Box?

Of course you will. You are to be depended upon for work as well as for play, aren't you, dears?

The Postmistress wants the Little Housekeepers to join together and form little clubs wherever HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE has a circle of readers. Any girl or boy who chooses may proceed to find members who will join a pleasant little society, which shall meet at least once a fortnight at some central place. The school-room at recess will be a good place for the first steps, but when you are ready to organize I think you would do well to meet at the home of some friend. Three members shall be enough to form a club, but six will be better, and ten or a dozen better still. The more the merrier.

Choose a motto and elect a president, and send the motto and the president's name on a slip of paper by themselves, quite separate from any letter, to the Postmistress. The names of all presidents shall be published in the Post-office Box.

It shall be the duty of the president once a month to write to the Postmistress and tell her what the Little Housekeepers are doing. If they meet as cooking clubs, or sewing circles, or sweeping classes—a sweeping class would be fun, and, believe me, very few persons know what a fine art it is to sweep gracefully—whatever they meet to do, of that the president must write a report, some mention of which will be made in the Post-office Box.

Some good receipts will be given from time to time, and the Little Housekeepers must begin the winter campaign in real earnest.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1

THREE ENIGMAS.

1.—My first is in kneel, but not in bow.  
My second is in permit, but not in allow.  
My third is in frolic, but not in play.  
My fourth is in carriage, but not in sleigh.  
My fifth is in rapture, but not in delight.  
My sixth is in in rain, but not in flight.  
My seventh is in eagle, but not in bird.  
My eighth is in buffalo, but not in herd.  
My ninth is in leather and also a rap.  
My whole is a lake that you'll find on the map.

VIOLET AND LILLY.

2.—I am in chain, but not in fetter.  
In epistle, not in letter.  
In your mitten, not your glove.  
In your kiss, not in your love.  
I am always seen in river,  
And in silver, too in quiver.  
Not in cold and not in warm,  
In lightning, not in storm.  
In Minnie, not in Bess.  
In Julia, not in Therese.  
In Richard, not in John.  
In no staff to lean upon.  
In no crutch, but in stick.  
Whether small it be or thick.  
I'm in ice and not in snow;  
In the drift, not in the flood.  
In the torrid and the frigid  
Zones you find me, looking right.  
In the mountain, I am seen,  
In volcano I've not been.  
Winter holds me, also spring.  
And I'm in the bird's swift wing.

I am never in a flower.

In a second, not an hour;  
But the moment you're awake,  
And the title of the book  
Can not get along without me,  
Though I'm common south and about me  
Every little lass and  
Likes me as well as any woman.  
But I'm not of use to Nell.  
Can you give my name and place,  
For I come of ancient race.

M. M.

3. My first is in ice, but not in flesh.  
My second is in dive, but not in row.  
My third is in old, but not in new.  
My fourth is in rain, but not in dew.  
My fifth is in injury, but not in cure.  
My whole is the name of a famous soup.

F. S.

No. 2.

TWO HALF SQUARES.

1.—1. Distinguishes food. 2. A part in music.  
3. A lowly name. 4. A preposition. 5. A letter.  
2.—1. The home of the intellect. 2. Benefits crops. 3. Always around us. 4. A preposition.  
S. H. G.

No. 3

TWO DIAMONDS.

1.—1. A letter. 2. Before a door. 3. Pouted. 4. A great painter. 5. To vex. 6. A river in Scotland. 7. A letter.  
2.—1. A letter. 2. A wazer. 3. Something on which flesh is built. 4. A commander. 5. Brief and comprehensive. 6. A Scottish expression. 7. A letter.  
S. H. G.

No. 4.

CHARADE.

My first is the name of a tyrant.  
My second is part of a wheel.  
My third is a liquor.  
And what is my whole?

GEORGE A. OSMEN.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 256

No. 1. M artine T  
I mitato R  
C leicer O  
A damas P  
W arsa W  
B ravad O  
E ch O  
H o D

No. 2. Wild-rose. Choir

No. 3. F I L I S N A P  
I D E A S N A V E  
L E A T E R L A T E  
L A T E P E R T

No. 4. M T P P  
E A S T P S A Y H O N  
A N T V E R S N U T S  
R S

No. 5. Hand-cuff.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Philip Cots, Eva Bellows, Ida Emma Heimboum, Charles Davis, Ida M. Bob, Jean G. Gypsum, J. F. Lewis, B. Jones, H. K. Kenett, Florence and Rosa, Stella Sweet, Emma West, and Theodore Fredericks.

The solution to "The Button Puzzle," on page 792 of No. 256, is as follows: Bend the leather so as to enable you to draw the tongue through the hole. The tongue will then form a loop behind. Pass one of the buttons through the loop made by the tongue. The tongue must be long enough to make a loop that the button will go through—i.e., the tongue-slits must be rather more than twice the diameter of a button.





A BARN-YARD FROLIC.

HARPER'S

# YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 250.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1884.

Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



"FIRE! FIRE QUICK. HIS EYES! I'M LETTING GO!"—SEE STORY ON PAGE 832.

## WAKULLA.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

## CHAPTER VIII. (Continued.)

## HOUSE-CLEANING, AND MORE MYSTERIES.

THE next day being Sunday, every member of the little community was prepared to enjoy a well-earned rest. During the morning they all crossed the river to the village, leaving "Go Bang" closed, and unprotected save by Bruce, as the children had named the wounded dog.

In the village they found the little church closed and empty; so they went to the house of Mr. Bevil, whom they found at home, and who introduced them to his family. Mrs. Bevil expressed great pleasure at meeting Mrs. Elmer, and apologized for not having called; and Ruth was delighted to find that the eldest of the three Bevil children was a girl of about her own age, named Grace.

In reply to Mr. Elmer's inquiries, the Bevils said that no regular services were held in the church, and that it was only opened when some preacher happened to visit them.

Mr. Elmer proposed that they should organize a Sunday-school, to be held in the church every Sunday, and that they should make a beginning that very day.

To this the Bevils gladly consented, and two servants were immediately sent out, one to open the church and ring the bell, and the other to invite all the colored people of the place to meet there in an hour.

Then the Elmers and the Bevils went together to the house of Mr. Carter, the other white man of the village. Here were two children, a girl and a boy, both younger than Ruth; and Mr. and Mrs. Carter readily agreed to help establish the Sunday-school, and promised to be at the church at the appointed time.

When the Elmers entered the church they found nearly fifty men, women, and children assembled, and waiting with eager curiosity to see what was going to be done. The church was as dilapidated as most of the buildings in the village, and many of the windows were broken. In that climate, where snow is unknown and frost comes but seldom, this made little difference, and this Sunday was so warm and bright that the breeze coming in through the broken windows was very refreshing.

Mr. Elmer made a short address to the people, telling them that he and his family had come to live among them, and that he thought it would be very pleasant for them all to meet in that house every Sunday, for the purpose of studying the Bible and mutually helping each other. Then he asked all who were willing to help him establish a Sunday-school to hold up their hands, and every hand was immediately raised.

Mr. Bevil moved that Mr. Elmer be made superintendent of the Sunday-school, Mr. Carter seconded the motion, and it was unanimously carried.

The rest of the hour was occupied in forming classes, and giving out lessons to be learned for the next Sunday. As most of the colored people could not read, it seemed important that they should be taught this first, and both Mark and Ruth were made teachers of A B C classes composed of the younger children.

Before the meeting closed, Mr. Bevil made some remarks, in which he thanked the Elmers for what they had undertaken, reminded the school that the next day was the first of a new year, and said that, as he had already told Mr. Elmer, the coming and settling of these strangers among them marked the dawn of a new era of prosperity for Wakulla.

As the Elmers neared their home after Sunday-school they heard Bruce bark loudly; but when they reached it

they found him cowed and whimpering. His eyes were fixed upon the point of woods nearest the house, and he showed signs of great fear. They also found the kitchen door standing wide open, though Mrs. Elmer was certain she had fastened it before leaving.

Again Mark thought of the "ghoses," but still he said nothing, and the opening of the door was finally credited to the wind.

That afternoon Mr. Bevil came over to make a call, and was much interested in the improvements already made and proposed. He declared that it reminded him of old times, when that side of the river was inhabited by a dozen or more families, and when Wakulla was one of the most prosperous towns in the State. He showed Mr. Elmer the sites of the old foundry and mills that once stood on that side of the river, and told him of the wharves that had lined both banks, the great cotton-presses, and the many vessels that used to fill the stream from bank to bank as they lay awaiting their loads of cotton. In those days a line of steam-ships plied regularly between Wakulla and New Orleans, and a steam-tug was kept constantly busy towing vessels between the town and the mouth of the river. Then a fine plank-road reached back from Wakulla a hundred miles into the country, and the two hotels of the place were constantly crowded with invalids, who came to receive the benefits of its famous sulphur and mineral springs. In those days six large stores were hardly sufficient for the business of the place, and then the land on both sides of the river for miles was cultivated, and produced heavy crops of cotton.

Now all that remained to tell of this former prosperity was a few rotten piles in the river, where the wharves had stood, the bridge abutments, a handful of tumble-down houses, and here and there in the dense woods traces of cultivated fields, and an occasional brick chimney or pile of stone to mark the site of some old plantation house.

Mr. Elmer was much interested in all this, and mentally resolved that he would do all that lay in his power to revive the old-time prosperity of the place where he had established his home.

"What we most need here now," concluded Mr. Bevil, "is a bridge over the river and a mill. It ought to be a saw-mill, grist-mill, and cotton-gin, all in one."

The next morning Mr. Elmer said that he must go to Tallahassee, the nearest city, on business, and that he might be absent several days. Before going he laid out the work that he wanted each one to do while he was away. Mark was to take him down the river to the railroad station at St. Mark's in his canoe, and on his return he and Jan were to go into the woods after as many cedar fence posts as they could cut. The colored men were to prepare the large cleared field in front of the house, in which were about ten acres, for ploughing, and to dig post-holes around it on lines that he had marked. Captain Johnson and his crew were to unload the lighter, and haul all the lumber and shingles up to the house.

When Mr. Elmer and Mark went down to the canoe, the latter felt confident that she was not just where he had left her the day before, and he thought she looked as though she had been recently used; but as he could not be certain, he said nothing about it to his father.

Mr. Elmer took a light rifle with him in the canoe, saying that there was no knowing but what they might find a chance to use it going down the river, and that Mark could bring it back. Mark was glad of this, for he inherited a love for shooting from his father, and having been carefully instructed, was a capital shot.

The day was unusually warm and bright for that season of the year, and as they floated quietly down-stream they surprised a number of alligators lying on the banks sunning themselves. As they were the first of these great reptiles that either Mr. Elmer or Mark had ever seen, they watched them with curiosity, not unmingled with



fear lest they should attack and upset the light canoe. They afterward learned that their fears were groundless, and that cases of this kind are almost unknown.

They reached St. Mark's in time for Mr. Elmer to catch the train, and after he had gone, Mark got the mail, quite a large number of letters and papers having accumulated here for them, there being no post-office in Wakulla, and started for home.

On the way up the river the boy was strangely oppressed by the solitude and almost unbroken silence about him, and was very glad when he found himself within a mile of home.

Suddenly the silence was broken by a cry so terrible and agonized that he was for a moment nearly wild with fright. Then he quickly recovered his presence of mind, and the first cry being followed by screams for help, and a crashing of the bushes on a small wooded point that jutted into the river just ahead of him, he hastily ran the canoe up the bank, seized his rifle, and sprang ashore.

Mark dashed through the bushes for a hundred yards, heedless of the clinging thorns of the rattan vine that tore his clothes, and scratched his face and hands until they bled, before reaching the scene of what sounded like a terrible struggle. The screams for help told him that at least one of the contestants was a human being in sore distress; and, in thus rushing to his assistance, Mark did not give a moment's thought to his own safety. As he burst from the bushes he found himself in a little open glade, on the opposite side of the point from that on which he had landed. Here he came upon a struggle for life such as rarely takes place even in the wilder regions of the South, and such as but few persons have ever witnessed.

On the further side of the glade, clinging with the strength of despair to the trunk of a young magnolia-tree, lay a boy of about Mark's own age. His arms were nearly torn from their sockets by some terrible strain, and his eyes seemed starting from his head with horror. As he saw Mark he screamed, "Fire! Fire quick. His eyes! I'm letting go."

Looking along the boy's body Mark saw a pair of great jaws closed firmly upon his right foot, though the rest of the animal, whatever it was, was hidden in a thicket of bushes, which were violently agitated. He could see the protruding eyes; and, springing across the opening, he placed the muzzle of the rifle close against one of them, and fired.

The horrid head was lifted high in the air with a bellow of rage and pain. As it fell it disappeared in the bushes, which were beaten down by the animal's death struggle, and then all was still.

Upon firing, Mark had quickly thrown another cartridge from the magazine into the chamber of his rifle, and held it in readiness for another shot. He waited a moment after the struggles ceased, and finding that no further attack was made, turned his attention to the boy, who lay motionless and as though dead at his feet. His eyes were closed, and Mark knew that he had fainted, though he had never seen a person in that condition before.

His first impulse was to try and restore the boy to consciousness; but his second, and the one upon which he acted, was to assure himself that the animal he had shot was really dead and incapable of making another attack. Holding his rifle in one hand, and cautiously parting the bushes with the other, he peered, with a loudly beating heart, into the thicket. There, stretched out stiff and motionless, he saw the body of a huge alligator. It was dead; dead as a mummy, there was no doubt of that; and, without waiting to examine it further, Mark laid down his rifle and went to the river for water.

He brought three halfpals, and dashed them, one after another, in the boy's face before the latter showed any

signs of consciousness. Then the closed eyes were slowly opened, and fixed for an instant upon Mark, with the same look of horror that he had first seen in them, and the boy tried to rise to his feet, but fell back with a moan of pain.

{TO BE CONTINUED }

## MOSES.

BY SOPHIE B. HERRICK.

YOU must have noticed, whether you live in the city or the country, how quickly a velvety coat of moss forms wherever it can get a chance. It needs plenty of shade and moisture, and where it finds these things it grows quickly: roofs and pavements, water butts and troughs, tree trunks and rocks, soon cover themselves with a rich plush garment of green or brown when left undisturbed, if they are in damp and shady places.

Moss was the world's first compass. Before people had ventured out into the great waters the compass was only needed to guide men through the forests on dark and cloudy days. By looking at the trees the wild hunter could tell where the north was, because the mosses grow on that side, nestling in the shade, where the dew and the rain lie longest.

Perhaps you have never really examined moss. Looking at it carelessly, you have naturally thought that there were only a few kinds, and these kinds very much alike. Now if you are anywhere that you can study them, take your pocket microscope, and you will find that you are very much mistaken. There are in reality a great many kinds of mosses, differing from each other almost as much as the flowers in your garden do. The moss plant is so tiny that you must look through your microscope to see how really beautiful it is; but a careful examination without the help of the glass will probably show you much that you have never noticed before.

Before we go any further, let me tell you, if you have not one of the child's microscopes, with all the little tools, to dissect flowers and see insects with, how to make yourself some dissecting needles. Make with a penknife several little bits of wood, something like a piece of a wooden pen handle; into one end of this push the head of a No. 8 sewing needle. You can easily do this, if the little handles are made of pine or cedar, either by holding the needle with a pair of common pliers, or by pushing carefully against some wood, so as not to break the point.

When you are ready to dissect your leaf or flower, lay it on a small piece of glass. If the flower is light, put a piece of black stuff under the glass, if it is dark, put some white paper under it, to help you see it easily. Then take one of your needles in one hand and one in the other, and pull the object, little by little, to pieces. This is called "teasing out" the leaf. In this way you will find out a great many things about it which you would never find by merely pulling it to pieces with your fingers. If you have a microscope or magnifying glass, put each piece under it and examine it closely. It is very interesting work, and when you find one curious thing after another, you will never think of calling it tiresome. I have spent two steady hours teasing out a tiny water-plant to find one particular kind of bud, but I found it at last, and then all the work seemed easy enough.

While I was writing this I thought I would see if I could not find some moss in the garden, and in about five minutes I have gathered five different kinds of moss. One little patch that is lying before me I will tell you about, so that you may look for some like it; it is a very common kind. On a square inch of earth I found hundreds of little green clumps (Fig. 1). From among these spring up some slender red stems from half an inch to an inch in height. Each of these stems bears a curved pod,



FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.

some with caps and some without. In the figure the right-hand one, B, has its cap on, while A has lost its cover. The caps fit on so easily that I can lift them off with a touch. These pods are the little vases that hold the moss spores, from which new moss plants will grow. When they are ripe and ready to be sowed, the vase will attend to the business, and scatter them far and wide. The caps come off, and the tiny seed in the vase is blown out by the wind or washed out by the rain. Other mosses have different shaped vases, some of them very beautiful.

A new moss plant begins from one of the spores which lies on the ground. The dampness makes the spore begin to swell. One little bud pushes itself out at one end, and another at the other (Fig. 2, A). A is



FIG. 3.

is the spore to the leaf bud; r, the root bud. At first these buds seem just alike, but very soon we begin to see a difference: one bud lies on the ground, and gets brown and ugly, r; the other, l, grows up into the air and becomes green, and sends out little fairy-like stems and leaves. But both grow and spread, the leaf bud to make the velvet sheet of moss, the root bud to make a tangle which pushes its way into the ground below. Both the root bud and leaf bud are necessary to the life of the plant and to each other. The root drinks in the water and food from the earth: the leaf breathes in the air and sunshine. The happy little bud in the air is not too proud and self-



FIG. 4.

ish to help its ugly little brother who is digging down into the earth. They work lovingly together, helping each other and all the family of which they are members. In Fig. 2, B, you see the beginning of a plant; the buds grow and branch, and set up cross partitions, so that what was at first one long narrow room or cell is now many such rooms placed end to end.

After the plant has grown, sometimes till it has covered several square inches of ground, it begins to get ready to grow the parts that correspond to a flower—the parts that are like the pollen and ovule, whose



FIG. 6.

object; this is the ovule, the whips are the pollen, and when a partnership is formed between the two, we have the beginning of a true seed. This is all so much like the liverworts that I have not gone into it very particularly. The whips, when they get out of the pockets, go lashing around in the water near the moss till they find the mouth of the bottle. They go in there, and work their way down to the ovule. Here the two seem to melt into one, and the seed is begun. If there is no wa-



FIG. 5.

partnership will make the seed. Little buds curled up close in a bunch of leaves begin to grow on the ends of the branches. In the middle of each of these bunches grows a curious little sack or bottle. Here is one (Fig. 3, A) taken out of the middle of a little bunch of leaves. This is a sort of whip case, with quantities of little double-lashed whips escaping. B is one of the whips, coiled in its little pocket, and C is another, free.

While this whip case has been growing, on the same plant, or another near by, another bud is forming in a bunch of leaves (Fig. 4). This buds looks like a bottle with a small body and a long curved neck. In the midst of the body is a round



FIG. 7.

ter, and the partnership is not formed, the moss plant drops its spores, and new plants are formed from them; but it seems better to have some seed plants every now and then; the moss bed seems strengthened by them. If you have forgotten about the liverworts, look back at your HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for April 17, 1883, and read it over.

The moss plant, begun in either way, grows and spreads, creeping over earth or bark or rock till it makes a beautiful velvet bed; it sends up its pods and scatters its spores; new plants spring up, and so it goes on, and has gone on for thousands and thousands of years.

There is a very common kind of moss that grows in poor, miserable ground, which has some wonderful things about it. Fig. 5 gives a picture of the plant, magnified; in Fig. 6 you may see the beautiful whip case of this moss.

I have tried to make the curious way in which leaves are built up of cells clear to you by comparing them to houses with rooms built story above story and side by side. This moss I am telling you about is like a very large, rambling one-storied house. It is not a private house, though, for there are ever so many rooms with round doors that open out, and in these rooms certain funny little water bugs take refuge just as coolly as if they had paid their rent and carried the door key in their side pockets. Fig. 7 gives a piece of one of these leaves very

much enlarged; *r* are the rooms to let, and *l* the doors into them.

Mosses do not seem to be of much value; we are apt to think of them as poor, useless little things of very little account, especially the dry sphagnum moss. But this is not really the case. Just as the wood of the trees that died thousands of years ago has made our coal, so the sphagnum moss of those old times has made the peat bogs of Ireland. You must have heard or read how the poor Irish people, who can not afford to burn coal or wood, make their rooms warm and cook their meals by peat which they dig from the bogs. This peat is the sphagnum moss, packed layer upon layer as year after year a new crop grew on top of the old one.

### SAVED BY "RED RIDING-HOOD."

BY PAUL GRANT.

I.

MANY years ago, before missionaries had visited the remote corners of the world, a vessel, the good ship *Albatross*, was dismasted in a storm while cruising in the southern seas near an unexplored group of islands. The ship went down, and the crew betook themselves to the



"HEAVEN BLESS YOU," HE CRIED, "MY FORTUNE IS MADE!"

small boats, to spars, chicken-coops, anything to keep themselves afloat, in the forlorn hope of saving their lives.

Tom, Norton, the second mate, lashed himself to a spar, was buffeted by the waves for several days, and at last was drifted by the tide upon the beach of a lonely island, full of waving palm-trees, and green with tropical verdure. But its beauty was lost on him, for he lay there still and white and senseless.

Soon some of the natives, wandering on the beach, spied him, and ran with joy to pick him up. "Aha!" thought they, "he will be a choice morsel." Pity their disappointment when they found him thin, sick, and bloodless. They untied him from the spar, however, and saw with joy that he gave signs of life. "For," said the practical natives, "he can be fattened."

Now Tom was the first white man they had ever seen, and his arrival made something of a sensation. Indeed, he created such a furor that the King of the island, called by his subjects the "Good Bomba," took a personal interest in him. He had him put in a bamboo cage near the royal hut, and gave him into the keeping of his daughter, the lovely Wamba, with strict charges to see that he was well and rapidly fattened.

Wamba fed him constantly, until at last the great festival of King Bomba's birthday approached, and the royal cook was directed to look the prisoner over, and see if he could by any means be made useful for the occasion.

Now the queerest thing was that Wamba, after she had fattened the captive as fat as he could get, felt no pride about it, but, on the contrary, felt a curious aching sensation at the idea of giving up her fatted prisoner, and the bare thought of eating him made her quite sick.

Worked on by her own grief, Wamba finally came to a bold determination: she would let him escape, even if it cost her her life. So she told him the true state of the case, and of her resolution to save him. Then she left him to make her preparations.

At midnight the guards slept soundly, suspecting no evil, when Wamba returned, noiselessly stepped over their slumbering bodies, drew back the rude bolt, and beckoned the prisoner out. Holding him by the hand, she rapidly led the way to the beach, where a canoe was in waiting. She took one paddle, he the other, and soon the skiff was darting over the water. They coasted along the shore for some distance, till the beach of the island rose into tall cliffs. At last Wamba threw her paddle in the bottom of the boat.

"Right here," said she, pointing to the foot of the cliff, "is a large cave. I found it one day while swimming."

The boat carried them to the mouth of the cave. Tom leaped from it.

"You will find plenty of cocoa-nuts and bananas to eat till I come again," said Wamba.

"And when will that be?" he asked.

"To-morrow night," and she hurried away.

## II.

There was a fine uproar in the camp when the white prisoner was missed. The guards could give no account of him, and the enraged King had them executed, so angry was he to have lost his birthday treat.

The savages scoured their island and watched their coast, but in vain; their prey had flown. Wamba, too, made herself very efficient in the search, and getting in her canoe, joined in the hunt. After a while, when there was no one about, she sped to the cave, where she found Tom too anxious to eat his bread-fruit.

"Well?" cried he, anxiously.

"They are all hunting for you," she said; "and I am too," she added, laughing. "They think you have gone to sea. Why, you haven't touched your fruit. Come, eat, or you will get thin."

He shuddered, for she had told him that often. "I

want to get thin," he said, fiercely. "Ravenous wolves!" he muttered.

"What are wolves?" she asked.

"Blood-thirsty beasts," he answered.

"Do they look like me?" she said.

"Not exactly," he laughed.

"And they eat people?"

"They ate Little Red Riding-hood," he said, speaking at random. And this exceedingly foolish speech was the luckiest thing he ever said in all his life.

"I don't understand," said Wamba.

Then, as much to take his mind off his trouble as anything else, Tom regaled her with the time-honored history which had thrilled his childhood. He bungled it a little at first, for he hadn't thought of it in years; but he held the gentle savage spell-bound. Never before in all her life had she ever heard a story. Her great black eyes stretched; her red lips parted; her breath came quick and fast. And when he narrated how the deceitful wolf answered all the child's artless questions, and at last gobbled her up, Wamba, overwhelmed by new emotions, wept.

"Oh, the cruel, cruel creature!" she cried.

Tom stared in wonder at the cannibal maiden's tears.

"Tell it to me again," she said—"tell it to me again."

So Tom told it again. And again she wept, and entreated to hear it a third time. So, though getting very tired of it, he indulged her.

The next day she returned laden with provisions, and entreated to hear about Red Riding-hood again. And the sailor, amused, retold it. By this time he had remembered other parts of the story, which enraptured her.

And so, for a week, every day did she come, and while she fed his body, he fed her mind. And then Wamba determined on taking a bold step. If her father knew that Tom had the glorious gift of tale-telling, he would far rather hear him than eat him.

So she returned to the royal hut and began to sound him. She led the hungry Bomba to speak his mind freely on the subject of the escaped tidbit. And the mind that he spoke was a very angry and blood-thirsty one. But Wamba was noways daunted. So she said that for her part she would have hated to have seen him eaten, because he had told her such a lovely thing about a child and a wolf. And thereupon she proceeded to give a sketch of Red Riding-hood: how the child went to see her grandmother; how in his country they keep their grandmothers, and don't kill them as we do—"how on the way a wolf—a creature larger than a hog, and that could talk—met her, and the child told him where she was going. So the wolf ran ahead, and gobbled up the grandmother, and jumped in her skin, and drew the end over his head to hide his ears. And so on to the end.

When Bomba heard this scanty tale, he was spell-bound with delight. "Tell it over," he said.

"Suppose," said Wamba, when she had recovered her breath—"suppose you could find him, would you kill him?"

"Not till I heard the story."

"If you could find him and hear about Red Riding-hood, you really would not kill and eat him?"

At this question his royal Majesty insisted that he would do nothing of the kind.

"Come with me," said Wamba; and taking her royal father by the hand, she gently led him to her canoe, and carried him to the cave. And lo! there sat his contemplated birthday dainty munching a banana.

"You are safe," said Wamba, as Tom started up in affright at the sight of the King. "My father wishes to hear of Red Riding-hood."

Trembling a little, Tom began, encouraged by smiles and nods from the gentle Wamba. At first the King listened spell-bound; then, enraged at the cruelty of the wolf, cried out,

"Ah! had I been there with my javelin!"



At the death of Red Riding-hood he burst into tears. "Tell it again," cried he, when he could speak—"tell it again."

So Tom told it again, and then again; and Bomba in transports embraced him.

"Ah, great King," cried he, "come and stay with me, and tell to me and my people this wonderful tale."

So Tom was forced to accompany him and Wamba in the canoe back to the island. He felt some alarm, but Wamba encouraged him with smiles and gentle words of praise.

### III.

When they reached the island, the natives set up shouts to see the King and his daughter conducting the prisoner, and they ran to meet them, brandishing spears and javelins and clubs, with the intention of stabbing him, jabbing him, and clubbing him. But the great Bomba waved them back.

"Stop," he cried, "and hear this wonder." And sending a runner for his conch-shell horn, he led the affrighted Tom to a hill hard by, followed by the excited crowd. "Blow," cried he to the runner—"blow, and call up all my people."

So the runner blew, and up they flocked, men and women, little and big, crowding around thick and fast, wildly excited, uttering fierce yells and brandishing great clubs. At last Bomba shook his javelin.

"Silence!" he roared, and a stillness fell on the company. He waved his hand. "Down!" he cried. And they sank on their haunches. "Now," he said, "listen. Speak," he continued, turning to the trembling Tom.

With some difficulty Tom collected his scattered senses and began. How foolish it all seemed to him—to stand before a crowd of angry savages, thirsting for his blood, and tell them a child's story! His voice was hoarse and broken. Wamba shook her head; the royal Bomba scowled. Suddenly it burst upon Tom that he was talking for his life. He nerved himself, as if in a great storm, and launched away.

The islanders listened spell-bound. They were an emotional people, and as he went on they almost went distracted with excitement. The under-hand tricks of the wolf filled them with rage. They shuddered with horror.

"Wretch," cried they; "and monster!" And at the untimely fate of Red Riding-hood they wept, and King Bomba and his daughter led off the weeping.

"Tell it again," cried they—"tell it again;" and grovelled before him, half mad with joy at the new sensation.

It was the first time their minds had been fed, and they were more than delighted. So Tom went over it again and again, and when he was done they were ready to worship him.

Then the good King Bomba cried, "Oh, King, I'll give thee my daughter to wife, and make thee tale-teller for my kingdom."

To these terms Tom was forced to agree, and took Wamba as a sort of life-insurance. Wamba, on her part, was delighted, for she was very much in love; and then she was very proud of him, considering him in the light of a great literary man.

From that day Tom's fortune was made. The islanders had strong literary instincts, and went mad with joy over the story. Tom became a great man, and all bowed down before him. And on all great occasions he sat on a hill-side and told the listening multitudes the time-honored story, while they wept at the sad fate of the child, and denounced the cruel wolf. And Bomba, who was a liberal patron of literature, decreed that for every time he told the tale he should be paid two pigs and a hundred cocoa-nuts.

### IV.

But as time passed on, the natives learned the story themselves, and told it to one another. Tom had neglected

to take out a patent for it, and they murmured at paying two pigs and a hundred cocoa-nuts, saying, "We know it ourselves, and can tell it too."

Then Tom, who had grown lazy with a wife to wait on him, and pigs and cocoa-nuts whenever he opened his mouth, now began to bestir himself. After much hard thinking he recalled "Jack the Giant-killer," "Jack and the Bean-stalk," and "Hop-o'-my-Thumb."

The minds of the savages were in such a literary whirl that they could hardly sleep, and joyfully brought up five pigs and two hundred cocoa-nuts and bread-fruit in payment for the great treat. They could barely contain themselves till next evening, when he promised to tell it again.

And so Tom lived in peace and plenty, with pigs and fruit without stint, revered, admired, envied, a great man, a literary genius, before whom all bowed. He made a regular business of tale-telling, and set a price on each performance.

"Red Riding-hood" only brought fifty cocoa-nuts, as she was worn out by age. But "Jack the Giant-killer" was good for four pigs and a turtle; "Jack and the Bean-stalk," for six or seven turtles, according to quality; "Hop-o'-my-Thumb," about the same; and "Cinderella" and "Beauty and the Beast," whom he raked up with great difficulty from the far past, when he had read them to his little sister, brought him a hundred cocoa-nuts or bread-fruit each. And good King Bomba forbade any one, on pain of being roasted, to repeat, or even remember, his tales. Now, being his son-in-law, the King felt that he should be protected by copyright.

But as time went on, Tom began to think or imagine that his influence as a tale-teller was waning. Then one day, lo! an English vessel came to anchor in their harbor in search of water, and Tom went aboard as interpreter. He soon impressed the Captain that he was a man of consequence on the island, and as a proof of his greatness he was very generous with the King's and islander's pigs and fruit, urging them on his countryman. And at last, before the Captain sailed, he ventured to open his mind to him, and beg for a story-book.

"I am story-teller in chief to the kingdom," he said, "and my stock of stories is worn threadbare."

"Now is a good chance for you to leave," said the Captain. "Come away with me."

But Tom refused. "No," said he; "I couldn't leave Wamba and my children, and they wouldn't go with me. Only give me a story-book, and I am content with my lot."

So the Captain rummaged through his library, and at last found a copy of the *Arabian Nights*, owned by the cabin-boy, and presented it. Tom was moved to tears at the sight. He had lived so long among the emotional savages that he was easily moved.

"Heaven bless you!" he cried. "My fortune is made. One thousand tales! Related with economy, they'll last me my lifetime, and shall be handed down as a legacy to my son, on whom my mantle as champion story-teller shall fall. You have given me a mine of wealth."

And this was so. The savages viewed with awe his being able to talk out of the unknown book, and they went wild over the tales. Twice a week did he regale them, and by the time he had finished the last, they had forgotten the first. So it was like a fountain ever flowing—a fountain of knowledge out of which these thirsty souls greedily drank and were never satisfied. Tom was now a greater man than ever, and pig and turtle and fruits of all kinds poured in on him.

Bomba Tomba, his eldest son, was with great difficulty taught to read, so that he might succeed his father. And Tom lived generously off the fat of the land, happy and contented, feeling no anxiety for the future, as he could bank without stint on his mine of wealth, the volume of *Arabian Nights*.



"HARD CUSTOMERS."—FROM A PAINTING BY J. G. BROWN.

## THE STRANGE STORY OF FRITZ KÖRNER.

BY M. E. SANGSTER.

**L**ITTLE Fritz Körner was the son of a tailor in Brunswick, Germany, and very hard work he found it to sit still and sew long seams. In fact, he hated the business, and was so stupid that his father sent him to Bremen, and placed him under a master who was supposed to know how to teach dull boys the use of needle and shears.

The new master found Fritz idle and careless, and punished him so often and so cruelly that one day he ran away, and hid himself in the hold of a vessel. He had no thought of going to sea, but fancied that after a while he could creep out and make his way to some farmer's, where he might find work to do, and perhaps be kindly treated. He was very tired when he dived into the dark hold and curled himself up behind a barrel, and presently he fell asleep. When he awoke, the regular motion of the vessel and the splash of the waves told him that he was on a voyage.

Poor little frightened, hungry stowaway! Imagine how he felt. To add to his alarm, every few minutes somebody came by calling "Fritz! Fritz!" and at last, seeing nothing else to do, he crept up to the daylight, and said to a man standing near, "Here I am, sir."

"Indeed!" cried the man. "And who are you? and what brought you here?"

"I came aboard myself, sir," said Fritz.

The steward, whose name was Fritz, and who had been

the person called, took his name-sake to the Captain.

This officer, being a bluff but kind-hearted sailor, told the little waif to make himself useful, as he was bound for the West Indies.

"When we arrive there," he said, "I'll send you back to Bremen."

War was going on at the time, and one morning the decks were cleared for a fight, and a sharp battle ensued between Fritz's ship and an English ship of the line. The Englishman won the victory, and took the *Jungfrau* as her prize. Fritz, with the rest, went on board the *Chanticleer*, and in due time was carried to Hull, where he was allowed to go ashore.

Free, but in rags, cold, forlorn, a stranger, knowing no English, he sat down on a door-step and cried bitterly, when along came a party of officers on horseback, drums beating, colors flying. One of them dropped his whip. Fritz, who had stopped crying to look at the brave sight, sprang to pick it up, and handed it to him.

On this trifling act of courtesy his fortune hung. The officer, taking in Fritz's position at a glance, sent him to the barracks, and introduced him to Kempster, the master of the band, and a countryman of Fritz.

The boy who could not learn tailoring turned out to have a perfect passion for music, and learned to play on various instruments so beautifully that a few years later, on the death of his friend Kempster, he became master of the band himself.

A tall, straight, soldierly young man, with a fierce mustache and a pair of bright eyes, he did not look in the least like the Bremen stowaway when, one fine morning, the regiment to which he belonged was sent to Gibraltar.

Walking in the street one day, he saw two ladies in great peril from the attack of a ferocious dog. They proved to be the wife and daughter of a rich Spanish merchant, and the younger lady was very beautiful. Fritz gallantly put the dog to flight, and the ladies became his friends and admirers.

Just at this time a German regiment, defeated by the British at Minorca, volunteered to join the British service. An interpreter was needed, and who should be the only man who could fill the post but Fritz Körner.

Step by step promotion came to our hero after he had been made a commissioned officer in this German regiment. The Duke of Brunswick selected him to be his aide-de-camp. He was now so honorably placed that he dared offer his heart and hand to the lady he had rescued from the dog. She accepted him, and became his bride.

All this occurred about the period when Napoleon was fighting the allied armies of Europe; and at Waterloo behold Fritz Körner, the bravest of the brave, taking the command of his regiment when his chief, the Duke, fell dangerously wounded!

When the war was over and peace was declared, Fritz Körner, once a tailor's apprentice, was appointed commander-in-chief of the forces of his native Brunswick. He lived in honor for many years.



ON HER WAY TO THE TENNIS COURT.



## FIDO.

BY SYDNEY DAYKE.

## I.

"THINGS Aunt Gertrude tells me to remember when my hip hurts—so I can hardly bare it."

"Seven the angels don't have a chance to show there love to the dear Lord by standing it just as well as they can when they release it, they can stand it another minute."

"Jesus wants sinners to work for him and other people to suffer for him and he loves the people that just suffer and be patient just as much as he does the people that does the work."

"Mamma says she's sure he loves the little ones that suffer more than the big strong boys and girls."

Written in Frank's very private journal, kept under his pillow. Sometimes without his knowledge very tenderly peeped into and cried over by his mother.

Frank's wee breakfast was beside him on a little table as he lay in the hammock on the shady piazza. The night had been sultry. He had found his bed a weary, feverish place, and was glad when he could escape from it. This morning he wondered more than ever at remembering how good things had tasted long ago when he used to play with Tom and the other boys.

He ate a few strawberries, took up the plate of egg on toast and set the spoon in it, then laid it down untasted.

"Go 'long wid ye, ye thafe o' the wurruld! Is it shatlin' the vittles from the hins ye'll be?"

Frank turned himself a little in his hammock to see Bridget brandishing her broom at a hungry-looking dog which had come close to the piazza.

"Oh, don't drive him away! See how he looks out of his eyes, just like folks—as if he was going to speak. Here, doggie! doggie! I'll give him my breakfast, and then"—in a half-whisper—"mamma won't look sorry when she looks at the plate and sees it there. Here, doggie."

But when mamma came she looked doubtfully at the gaunt creature, whose hair was matted and dirty, as though he had been long neglected. And Master Dog looked at her, seating himself upright as she came out of the door, and holding up both paws, with an intent, appealing expression, which might have been supposed to mean, "Yes, ain't I a nice dog?" but which probably did mean, "I'm very hungry yet, please."

"Somebody has lost him, I suppose," said mamma. "Perhaps he has been left behind by some traveller."

"Well, we've found him, haven't we, mamma? Po-o-or doggie! And if he stays lost, can't we keep him? Here, Rover, Towser, Watch, Bouncer. What do you s'pose his name is, anyway?"

Frank tried all the names he could think of, but the dog refused to recognize any one of them.

"Let's call him Fido, then," said he. "Fido means 'faithful,' and I like it."

He was fed and washed, and in a few days so attached himself to Frank that no one would have dreamed that he could ever have belonged to any one else. And Frank took great comfort in the dumb affection which Fido displayed. The poor boy grew weaker as the days grew hotter, and was soon carefully carried a hundred miles up among the mountains, where it was hoped the fresh breezes might bring strength to his poor little frame. Fido trotted beside the carriage, with an occasional race after a saucily chattering squirrel, until, on the last day of their journey, he stopped suddenly, and with head erect and set expression, seemed to be listening for something beyond the hearing of ears less sharp than his own. Then with one joyous bark he bounded in among the tall pines at the road-side and disappeared.

They waited, but he did not come back, although the woods rang and echoed with shouts of "Fido! Fido!"

"Won't he ever come back, mamma?" asked Frank, in great dismay.

"I hope so, dear. We are almost at the end of this

tiresome journey, now, and we'll soon hunt Fido up. Perhaps he has found his old friends."

Frank did not think Fido could have any friends like himself, and watched for him for days, unable to believe that he could remain away of his own accord.

## II.

Frank's health improved slowly, and he was after a while able to walk a little with the help of crutches. One day he felt very proud of being allowed to join his brother Tom and one of the farm boys in a berrying excursion.

But the jolting of the wagon wearied him more than he had expected long before they reached the place where the boy said the berries hung as thick as hops and thicker. He begged them to let him get out and rest by the road-side while they went on and filled their baskets. They left him with a book and lunch and the seat cushions, promising to be back very soon.

He lay against the cushions, sometimes looking up into the dark pines, which towered above him, thinking how very near heaven their tops seemed to be, sometimes down into a little valley, at which he could just get a peep through the bushes. At length he became attracted by a bird's nest he saw in a low tree overhanging a steep sloping bank. He did not know it was too late for young birds, and wished very much that the boys would come and bend down the branch so that he might see those he fancied must be there.

Growing restless at their long absence, he began to think of trying to get a peep at them himself. His lately increasing strength had made him a little venturesome, and he felt sure he could draw the nest down by reaching up with one of his crutches. Standing on the other one at the very edge of the slope, he tried to catch hold of the branch. But his footing was unsteady, and as it gave way under him, he could not in his pitiful helplessness regain it, as an active boy might easily have done. With a despairing grasp at the green limb he fell down, down, until something seemed to strike him a heavy blow, and then the sunlight grew dark before him.

He did not know how long it was before a sharp pain in his lame side made him open his eyes. At first he gazed at the leafy foliage with a confused forgetfulness of what had happened to him, then wondered how long he would have to lie in that cramped position and endure that cruel pain before help came. It was very hard. He closed his lips tightly, and tried to keep back the tears as he determined to bear it well and bravely.

Through the dizziness in his head he tried to recall some of the sweet loving words mamma always whispered to help him through his hardest hours. They comforted him so that he lay quietly until the thought came that Tom might come back and not be able to find him. In terror at the idea he called:

"Tom! Tom! I'm down here. Sam! papa!" Then he waited, and called louder.

Listening again he heard a rustling through the bushes which alarmed him, for it sounded like some animal. Then came a short joyous bark, the brush of a bushy tail across his face, and a dog crouched close beside him and licked his hands.

"Fido! oh, my own Fido!"

He threw his arms around the dog's neck and sobbed. Fido remained quiet for a few moments, then got up, and ran about eagerly smelling along the ground.

"Stay with me, Fido," pleaded Frank. "See, doggie, I'm all alone; don't leave me again. Come close to me. Oh, Fido, don't take my crutch. I must climb up the bank with it, so the boys will find me."

But Fido, after rushing up and down the steep bank, suddenly seized in his mouth the one little crutch which had staid by Frank in his fall, and tore away without heeding his pitiful call.



Frank laid his head down again, and despairingly wondered if he should stay there all night. Through chinks in the leaves he could see the shadows creeping up the mountain-side, and knew by the long golden lines the sunshine made that night must be coming. How could Fido, whom he had so loved, treat him so cruelly!

At last the rushing of feet came again, but this time voices came too.

"Oh, my boy, my poor darling!" Frank's mother hurried down the bank, and had him in her arms. "We have been almost crazy about you since Fido, the dear, faithful fellow, came running with your crutch to tell us you wanted us."

"Where are the boys?" asked his father.

The boys appeared while they were getting Frank comfortably prepared for his ride home, giving a woful account of how their horse had run away, smashing almost everything except, fortunately, their bones.

"Come, Fido—come, old doggie. Oh, mamma, I'm so glad he's found again. It's worth being hurt for."

But Fido stood in the road as they drove off, looking after them with affectionate eyes, wagging his tail more earnestly as Frank continued his coaxing. Then he turned with his short bark, and was off down the steep hill-side.

"I'll find that dog for ye as sure as I live a week," declared Sam, much moved at sight of Frank's distress.

### III.

It was not quite a week when one day Sam came in with a smile all over his broad face. "He's out to the gate. I found him, but he wouldn't come a step without the ones as owns him, so when I said how little master here was sick and kind o' set on him, they come too."

Fido bounded in at the door, and gave a hearty greeting to Frank, while his mother went out to speak to a rough-looking, pleasant-faced man, who got out of a wagon as she approached, leaving in it a little girl, who turned her face toward her, but did not raise her eyes.

"Mornin', ma'am. Yes; boy's been a-tellin' me about your little chap, and what uncommon store he sets by our Carlo. Janey here's just the same way, more's the pity."

There was a little more talk, and then Frank's mother went slowly back to him.

"Will they sell Fido, mamma?" he asked, anxiously. "Nobody wants him as badly as I do, do they?"

"Oh, Frank, his little mistress loves him as you do, and, Frank—she's blind."

Blind! Frank covered his eyes with his hands for a moment, and then gave a quick glance about him—at sky, trees, and flowers, and then at the dear faces near, while tears arose to his eyes.

"Ten times worse than being lame," he whispered.

Tom was bringing in the two strangers, and he led the little girl close up to Frank.

"Yes," the man talked on, "lost him while we was a-movin' from down below up to the gap here, where I got a season's choppin'. Janey reg'larly pined for him."

Then the story of the finding of Carlo—Fido—was told, and Frank's mother ventured to ask:

"There isn't anything Janey would rather have than the dog, is there? We would be glad to get it for her."

"No, ma'am, not a thing. She'd never sell Carlo. But what was you agoin' to say, Janey?"

"He's sick all the time," she said, passing her gentle little hand over Frank's thin face. "I'm well. I guess he wants Carlo the most."

"No, no. I'd never keep him from you," cried Frank.

"I say," said Janey's father, when, after a little more talk, they were ready to go, "s'posen we let Carlo settle for himself whose he'll be."

They went out to the wagon, Fido went out with them, then looked back at Frank, and went and crouched beside him. But it was only for good-by. Frank hugged him

in a loving embrace, and with many a backward glance, which seemed to say, "Forgive me, what else can I do?" he trotted along the pine-shaded road after little blind Janey.

Written in Frank's very private journal:

"When I saw fido go way that day and eride a little and mamma wiped her eye and we all said the darling old fello he did just rite I didnt think fido would ever be my Dog but he is  
"mamma says Dog alwas maniges things the very best way for us but I think he lets mammas manig things a good ole  
"do you think I ever took dear little Janey's dog No I didnt  
"this is the way mamma maniged it  
"theres a place in the City where good fokes takes poor little Gerls that cant see to rede or rite and play tag and teaches them to do all these Things and mamma rote to them lots of times and thats the way she maniged it she had to go and see janey lots of times too and janey's mother and of corse fido couldnt go to that place and of corse he wanted to come to me next  
"Im glad God didnt make me blind Im only lame and I can do lots of nice things yet  
"poor little janey."

### MILLY CONE'S CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

IT was fully two weeks before last Christmas that Milly Cone said to her best friend Grace, "Come up to my room. I am going to do up my give-away presents, and I will show them to you, if you like."

"Why, Milly Cone, do you mean to say that your things are all ready this long before?" answered Grace. "I haven't my first one yet. Mamma always goes around with me the day before Christmas, and I buy my things all at once. I never know what I want, either, and everybody is so cross, and gets in my way in the stores. I will be very glad to see yours, and maybe I'll get some ideas."

"You are welcome to all my ideas, which are mostly Aunt Jennie's," said Milly, "but I am afraid they won't help you much, because my people are the strangest people about one thing. They always want made presents. If I should just buy something out of a store, I don't believe my Papa would care for it at all, and the first present I ever made for him he uses yet. It is a ridiculous pen-wiper, and no two of the scallops are of the same size, but he won't throw it away."

"How much money do you have?" asked Grace. When Grace wanted to know a thing very much, she forgot that it is not polite to ask such questions.

But Milly answered very pleasantly, "That is another queer thing about my Father. He says that the only value of Christmas presents is to make us thoughtful and generous, and I never have any money besides my regular allowance. I try to save a little every month, and last year I had five dollars, but I haven't done so well this year. Here they are," and she pointed to the bed, which had suddenly blossomed out with some unusual decorations.

"Oh, how lovely!" exclaimed Grace. "But I want you to tell me just how each one is made as you go along. For I want to do something of the same kind myself."

"Well, I'll begin with the very simplest first. Here, for instance, is Papa's present—just nothing but a blotter. Take three pieces of blotting-paper, just the prettiest colors you can get. Pierce two holes through them, and tie them together at the left side with a bright ribbon half an inch wide. Draw a pretty design in lead-pencil on the upper blotter, and go over it with ink. Lettering may be added, if desired—Good Wishes, Glück, or the name of the one to whom the blotter is given.

"Now this is for Grandma. You see, she says there is nothing in all the world so dear to her as I am. So, you see, I have just been vain enough to give her my photograph mounted in this way: You take a piece of sash ribbon ten inches long and seven inches wide. Fringe one end an inch and a half deep, and make a hem at the other end wide enough to allow a knitting-needle to be

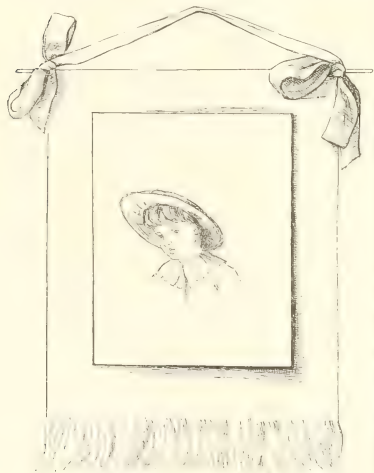
run through. Fasten the photograph (imperial size) to the ribbon with a very little maulage. Tie bows of ribbon at the corners of the knitting-needle, and leave enough to make a loop to hang it up by.



PAPA'S PRESENT

"Now for Mamma I have made a handkerchief case. It is of pasteboard covered with silk. The bottom should be six inches square, covered on each side with a thin layer of cotton batting. The inside may be quilted, and the under side covered plainly with silk. On the inside, between the cotton batting and silk, I put quite a good deal of powdered scent. The sides are made of a strip of silk three and a half inches wide and a yard and a half long. This is gathered and sewed on the four sides of the bottom, and also on the pieces that form the cover. It looks like a puffing, and at the same time enlarges or makes the case smaller, whichever is desired. For the cover, cut two pieces of pasteboard six by three inches, and two in the shape of triangles with the base six inches. Cover these with silk, and sew them on the upper edge of the puffing, the oblongs opposite each other, the triangles with their points, of course, to the centre. Sew a piece of ribbon long enough to tie into bow knots on each point. At the four corners place bows of ribbon.

"Here is Grandpa's present. He is always the worst,



GRANDMA'S PRESENT

because he don't truly care, except for books. Aunt Jennie is going to give him a pretty one, and she said I might make a mark to go with it."

"I didn't know you could paint," said Grace.

"I can't. I bought this piece of pale green ribbon — isn't it a beautiful color? — then I fringed the ends, and printed the little verse with a lead-

pencil. Aunt Jennie told me the verse, and said that it would please Grandpa to know that he was like St. Francis of Sales, who was a very good man. Then I took one of her brushes and painted fine brown marks over my printed ones. My hand trembled a little and made the letters wobble. Aunt Jennie said it made them look all the more like Old English. A small calendar may be substituted for the text. Make a hole through the calendar and ribbon at the top, and tie them together with a narrow ribbon, making a bow and loop.

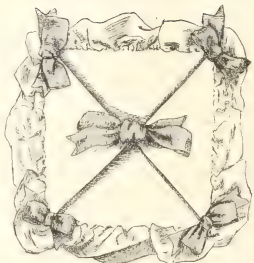
"This card case is for Aunt Jennie. You cover a piece of pasteboard five by four inches with dark-colored silk. In doing this baste the silk on each side, turning the edges neatly under; then overhand them together, concealing the stitches. Fold this in book shape, the two sides measuring four inches folded together. Cut two pieces of pasteboard, each four by two inches, and rounded inside, as shown in the illustration. Cover these with silk of a lighter shade, and sew them to the inside covers of the other piece. Tie a ribbon through the centre of the card case, the bow showing at the top."

Just at this moment the luncheon bell rang. The girls looked at each other in dismay.

"Why," exclaimed Grace, "that is too bad. You are not half through."

"No, I am not," answered Milly, looking at the number of pretty things still lying on the bed. "But we can't help it. Mamma will not like it if we are late at the table. I will put the things all away now, but the next time you come I'll bring them out again, and tell you all about the rest."

So the girls separated for the day.



MAMMA'S PRESENT.

"I have  
Sought  
Repose  
Everywhere,  
And  
Only Find  
it in a  
Little  
Corner  
With a Little  
Book."

S. FRANCIS DE SALES

GRANDPA'S PRESENT.



AUNT JENNIE'S PRESENT.



# Y<sup>e</sup>. Song of y<sup>e</sup>. Rajah. ♪ y<sup>e</sup>. Fly: ~~~

Great and rich beyond comparing  
Was the Rajah Rhama Jaring,  
As he went to take an airing  
With his Court one summer day.  
All were gay with green and yellow;  
And a little darky fellow  
Bore a monstrous fun-umbrella.  
Forto shade him on the way.

Now a certain fly, unwitting  
Of this grandeur, came a-flitting  
To the Royal nose, and sitting,  
Twirled his legs upon the same.  
Then the Rajah's eyes blazed fire  
At the insult, and the ire  
In his heart boiled high and higher.  
Slap! he struck; but missed his aim.

Then all trembled at his passion,  
For he spoke in furious fashion.  
"Saw ye how yon fly did dash on  
To our august nose?" he said.  
"Now let all within our nation  
Wage a war without cessation;  
War of blood, ex-ter-mi-nation,  
Until every fly is dead!!!!"

Now the while this war was raging,  
That the Rajah was awaging,  
Things that should have been engaging  
His attention went to pot.  
So he came at last to begging,  
Though the flies continued plaguing,  
For it's not so easy pegging  
Out vexations thus, I wot.

From this ye may see what all have to expect,  
Who, fighting small troubles, great duties neglect.



H.P. 1c.





dian. We had twenty-four miles to drive before we had lunch. Mamma and her mother drove, and went on.

Polly went to sleep, and so did Shirley, but Paddy and I kept awake, and did most of the driving. The other people of the party had escaped our eyes. At dusk we reached Vinetta, one of the prettiest towns in the Territory. Everything was orderly and nice. The schools are well kept, and the people are all courteous to strangers. We were hospitably entertained in a Cherokee family, and we met some of the Indian children, who liked nothing better than to play with us. Mamma says that in Vinetta Shirley had several offers for Polly, but she loved her just as much as I do.

We drove home by a shorter and different route, and through frequented roads. At noon a heavy storm came, and it rained very hard. We saw a "dug-out," and went into it until the wind and rain had gone over. The patient stagecoach had to take the short cut. The rain blew into the dug-out, and Polly kept saying, "I don't like it." Neither did we. In an hour the sun shone, and we drove on. The wind had done even so much damage. Two street houses were blown down and another moved several feet. We were glad to reach the Kansas line and find better homes.

In Coffeyville, Kansas, we staid long enough to give Miss and her dinner. There we saw a great many Indians in Coffeyville. They were trading post. A very few Indians wore blankets, but the greater number were neatly dressed. A group of three boys and a girl came with a pretty daughter in a Mexican dress, and a bonnet—looked over so much like civilization.

Through Kingston, Edna, and Cherrylaw—new towns, the business places are Pottsville and Slick's house, at Edna. Pottsville is a very nice place. It is called "Pottsville" because the patent was made by Mr. Dean takes care of ship and dock. "A beautiful town," we said, mamma. "A beautiful town," echoes Polly. "It is pretty in the Territory, mamma, but I hope they will get more railroads there some time; it is not enough," says Paddy. E. M. GERSHORN.

RAILROADS, KANSAS.

I think HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is a lovely paper. I have only been taking it a very short time. I go to school, and study arithmetic, reading, spelling, geography, grammar, and French; I am going to take history and catechism. I have been very much interested in it. I have six horses. I am just learning to ride horseback. I have a little niece three years old—she is very cunning—and also four nephews. I print my letters. There was another girl who wrote from Pottsville; her name is Ruth Snyder, and she goes to the same school that I do. There is a skating rink in a square away from our house. We have a large yard, with a stable and a hot-house in it. We have three big horse-chestnut trees; the chestnuts are just getting ripe now; they are very pretty, and I like them about as they are said to keep rheumatism away. I am ten years old. BETTY A.

NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMASTER, I have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for two years, and I have enjoyed reading it very much. I thought I would write and tell you about our club. We have a literary club of fifteen members. Each member has to bring in an original story in turn, and it is read every Thursday; some of the stories are splendid. Every two weeks a paper is edited, and one continues and the other starts a story, and any funny little sayings we pick up. School has begun, and we have very hard lessons to study; I have to study four hours every night. I like Latin, and French, and I like to write, besides my regular branches, so my hands are quite full. I have spent my summer drawing; I have drawn twelve pictures 17 by 11, and I have colored four of them. I like to draw, I think I am making my letter too long; but I never know when to stop. With much love, I remain Your little friend, ELA M.

Can you not begin a Little Housekeeper's Club?

NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMASTER, I have so often read letters from little girls in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE that I thought I would write one myself. I am eight years old, and I like YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I have two dogs and two kittens; the dogs' names are Ned and Topsy. I take music lessons every Sunday, and I like to go to school, and study German; my school is out at noon, and so I have the afternoon to myself. I have a little nephew; his name is Vincent; he is about two years old. I hope you will print his letter. STELLA C. P.

NEW YORK.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for four years. I like it very much. I like to read, and I like to write. I have been very much interested in it. I have six horses. I am just learning to ride horseback. I have a little niece three years old—she is very cunning—and also four nephews. I print my letters. There was another girl who wrote from Pottsville; her name is Ruth Snyder, and she goes to the same school that I do. There is a skating rink in a square away from our house. We have a large yard, with a stable and a hot-house in it. We have three big horse-chestnut trees; the chestnuts are just getting ripe now; they are very pretty, and I like them about as they are said to keep rheumatism away. I am ten years old. BETTY A.

more about her. Next Tuesday will be his birthday, and as a present my papa is going to have three years of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE bound, so that my little brother can have them to read when he is old enough. He is only four years old, but he is a very bright boy. The other day I was doing something which didn't please him, and he said, "Oh, Jessie, you stupid little girl, you will know better when you get to be a man."

We have very disagreeable summers here, not very warm, but wet and foggy. There are a great many visitors here during the summer, but I don't see what they come here for; the only thing worth seeing is the tide, which rises forty feet, and the sail up the St. John River is beautiful. I like my granddaddy, who fell on the ice two winters ago, but he has not been able to walk since; but she writes me nice letters, and I am glad we shall have a good time, and I know my granddaddy will be glad to see my little brother. But oh, won't she think he is a mischief! I have had a great deal of trouble with my eyes; I had to go to a doctor, and he said I had to go to the eye. Then I have worked very hard, and now I am up with the other girls of my age. This is my first letter, and a pretty long one, I think; I am afraid you will not have room for it, but I should like to see it in the paper.

WILLIAM.

JESSIE GORDON.

NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMASTER, I have a very kind cousin in Cincinnati, called M. B., who sends Lizzie (my elder sister) HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I am very fond of reading the letters. They are mostly from little Americans, but perhaps a few from Ireland or Irish girls; will you? Your correspondents mostly tell you of their pets, but I am at a loss as to any of my own. I have a dog named Darwin, a black curly dog named Darwin, but papa says I should simply because he killed two or three of our neighbors' cats. I don't like cats much; do you? I am very fond of dogs and cats; also, I do love and wish I had a parrot and a monkey, but I don't know where I could get either. I go to the Ladies' Intermediate School, and I study English, music, and music. We go to the Presbyterian church; it is a pretty good distance, but we drive, and Button, our good pony, carries us all. I like "Nan" very much, and I like Jimmy Brown's story very much. There was a very lovely picture long ago, called "The Little Dreamer," and another, "The Little Grandmamma." JANE J.

NEW YORK.

In our room, Fifth Grade, at the Diversey Street School, we are all writing to you. The four best papers are to be directed and sent. Our town is not so small. Five years ago this suburb had very few dwelling-houses in it, but now it is very thickly settled. There are about five schools in the town, and a High School, which is situated in the center of the town. In our school there are between eight and nine hundred scholars. The population of Lake View is between fifteen and twenty thousand. It takes about half an hour in the street cars to reach town, though Chicago begins six blocks from Diversey Street School. Lake View is so called because it is situated on Lake Michigan. When the wind blows it is a great pleasure to watch the great white-caps on the waves.

A very good letter.

JESSIE H.

NEW YORK.

I live in the country, in Kansas. I have no brothers nor sisters living. My cousin Dora has been staying here for the past two years, but she has come home now, and I am very lonely. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE four years, and like it very much. My father is a farmer. I have a sheep named Jessie, and a little lamb named Little, and a pony named Nan. I walk nearly two miles to school; sometimes, when it is muddy, I ride Nellie. I take music lessons. Sometimes I read the letters at the home of my sisters, and I think it is so very kind; it seems as though you were speaking to each writer. I wrote a letter to Eddie Smith; I feel very sorry for him. I thirteen years old, and I weigh eighty-four pounds; Cousin Dora is only twelve years old, but she is larger than I am. Our vacation I spent at a cousin's house, and I had a very good time. I shall not be so sorry for the school, I always have so much fun there. I like the story "Wakulla" very much. I sometimes try the receipts given in the Post Office Box, and think they are very nice. I will close this letter. I have written anything that will interest the readers, but their letters interest me very much. Love to all. EVELINE.

NEW YORK.

Louie Y. is kept very busy with five dolls and a dear little canary to care for. Belle J. has a gentle pony, and is quite independent, as she can saddle him and bridle him herself. As she has a faithful shepherd dog too, her rides are well attended. Bessie B. S. Kiss baby Nannie for me right in the middle of her dimpled chin. What

did brother Harry do with the opossums he caught? Mamie B. attends school, and here is one of the pretty stanzas she has written about it:

I try every morning to be in time;  
I am kind to my playmates all;  
I never linger after the clock strikes nine,  
I obey my teacher's first call.

Bessie B. S.

NEW YORK.

Michigan, would very much like to receive a letter from Emma L. G., of Humboldt, Nebraska.

Will Emma write to Bessie? I am glad that Maud R. S. enjoys studying at home with her mother.

I think it a delightful way of receiving education.

—Minnie G. Your Sunday-school teacher is very kind, and her letter, which you send me to read, is very beautiful. I am sorry there is no time to publish it at present, but I am quite puzzled how to be fair to all the dear children and satisfy them in the publication of their letters in the paper.

—Fred F. I.

NEW YORK.

Heary, B. H., Elmore, M., Charlie E. N., Ella W., Willie L. W., Grace H., William A., Peg, M., Nellie, Lucius N., Nelson Irving W., Alice C. G., Bella E., Mabel B. L., Dila H., Eddie S., C. Jun., Maud E. J., and Bertha S. will please accept thanks for their letters.—Fred F. I., 192 West Fourth Street, Oswego, New York, would like to hear personally, if agreeable, from H. U., Queensland, Australia, with a view to correspondence.

—Will the little friend in Bridgeport who lately sent the Postmistress a small inclosure for a certain purpose kindly send her full address, that the money may be returned?—J. H. W.: Please write again and tell us how sugar is made on your plantation.

NEW YORK.

AMANDA.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.



HARPER'S  
YOUNG PEOPLE  
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 291.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1884.

Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



"THE FLAME LIT UP THE WATER ON ALL SIDES."—SEE STORY ON PAGE 818.



## THE LITTLE BEACON KEEPER.

BY JULIA K. HILDEBETH.

THE Mississippi River is a dangerous and disagreeable river to navigate, owing to its muddy, uneven banks and shallow water. Even in broad daylight, unless piloted with great care, large steamers often run aground, and then all the crew and even some of the passengers will work hard for hours to free themselves from their unpleasant and perilous position. At night this river in some places would be perfectly impassable, and not even the boldest or most fool-hardy captain would venture to carry his vessel through the yellow water, if it were not for the lanterns hung upon poles driven into the mud at short intervals apart. These lanterns are kept burning by people hired by the government for a small sum of money.

In a wild and almost uninhabited place in Tennessee, called Kennesaw, close by the banks of the Mississippi River, lived a boy named Hugh Davis. Although he was but fifteen years old, he supported his mother and little sister by keeping the beacon, and also by the sale of vegetables from a small garden which he cultivated with great care. Three years before my story begins his father, who was a sailor, had left his family for a six months' voyage. At the end of that time, while they were still hopefully expecting his return, news came that the vessel he sailed in had been wrecked and all on board lost. His wife felt his loss so keenly that she fell ill, and for a long time was unable to leave her room. So Hugh applied for the post of beacon keeper, and when his mother grew a little better they moved to the small cottage they now occupied.

One evening, when the great black clouds flying across the sky and a high wind told that a storm was near, Hugh said to his little sister Margery: "I am going to light the beacon now, Margery. Would you like to come with me?"

"Yes, indeed, Hugh," answered Margery; "only wait one moment until I tie my bonnet on tight, because the wind blows so hard that it will switch my hair all over my eyes and blind me."

"Take care of her, Hugh," said their mother, anxiously, as she peered out of the window at the fast-darkening sky. "It must be very rough on the river to-night."

"Yes, mother dear," replied Hugh; "we will be very careful."

Then Hugh put his tin box of matches in his pocket, and taking his sister's hand, left the house.

Close by the river was a steep stony hill which must be crossed before coming to the bank of the river, where Hugh's heavy old boat lay.

It was almost dark when they reached this hill, and as Hugh hurried Margery along the rough path, he said: "I am afraid we are late to-night, or else those black clouds make it look so. What a gust of wind!" he exclaimed, as a blast struck them and blew his hat from his head. He turned quickly to recover it. As he did so his foot slipped, and he fell among the jagged rocks. Hugh sprang to his feet at once, but sank directly down again with a groan.

"Are you hurt?" inquired Margery, wistfully.

"I am afraid I have sprained my ankle," answered Hugh, trying to rise once more. But he soon found that he could not rest his foot upon the ground without great agony.

"Oh, poor Hugh, do not try to walk," cried Margery, anxiously watching his painful movements.

"But, Margery, it is so very late," replied Hugh; "and in this mist and darkness there will surely be some accident if the light is not up. Then I should lose my place, and what will become of you and mother? I must reach the beacon if I have to crawl on my hands and knees. It seems to me as though I could hear the boat coming now. And only to think, Margery, the place where my beacon

is hung is one of the worst on the river. The rock extends yards beyond it, just under the surface of the water. Should anything happen to a steamer there, it would be dreadful. So you see I must light the beacon."

After Hugh had moved on a few steps he discovered that his match-box was missing, so Margery returned to look for it. After searching around for a short time she found the box on the spot where Hugh had fallen. As she stooped to pick it up a thought flew through her mind, and she said to herself:

"I could light the lantern, if only Hugh would let me. I know how to row a little—enough to reach the post, and I am sure I could let down the beacon, for I have often done it."

So Margery ran back quickly to Hugh, who was still slowly and painfully moving forward, and said, coaxingly, "Let me go this once, Hugh. You will never reach the river in time with your poor hurt foot."

"No, no," answered Hugh, hastily; "you are too small, and might be swept away by the wind."

"Why, Hugh," replied Margery, indignantly, "I am not so very small. I am eight and a half, and ever so tall for my age. Do, please, let me go."

"I will tell you what you may do," said Hugh, after a moment's pause: "run on ahead and get everything ready; untie the boat and put in the oars. But keep the boat close to the shore until I reach her."

"Very well," replied Margery, as she sprang forward, delighted at being trusted even this far. Very soon she had left Hugh far behind. The boat was easily unfastened, and the oars slipped into their places. Margery kept them in her hands as she seated herself in the centre of the boat to wait for Hugh. After sitting there a short time, looking first at the black, stormy sky and then at the misty dark river beneath her, she thought she heard Hugh approaching.

"How heavily he steps!" thought Margery, turning toward the land. "Poor fellow, how his sprained ankle must hurt!"

The sound kept on, but Hugh did not appear.

"It is the boat!" cried Margery at last, springing up and looking down the river. "He will never come in time."

Not more than half a mile away she saw the head-light of one of the largest steamers approaching. It appeared to be steering directly toward the rock where the lantern usually hung. The mist was heavy and thick, and the wind blew in violent gusts; even little Margery knew the terrible danger the boat ran in grounding on such a night as this; so without wasting a moment she seized one of the oars in both hands, and pressing it against the bank with all her might, sent the boat out into the water. Then seating herself again, she grasped both oars firmly in her hands, and began struggling against the wind. At first Margery thought her boat did not move at all, but presently, to her great joy, she found that little by little she was nearing the beacon pole.

The sky was very black now, and when Margery looked at the dark water, and heard the regular beat of the paddles of the swiftly approaching steamer, she grew dreadfully frightened, and would have liked to be back on shore again if it had not been for the unlighted lantern and the great boat's peril. So, trying to forget her own danger, she rowed bravely on.

As it was only a short distance in reality to the rock, Margery soon found herself abreast of it. She secured her boat hastily by throwing the rope attached to it around the pole.

The beacon, or lantern, was drawn up and down by means of a slender rope run through a pulley at the top of the pole, and it was secured in its place by winding the rope around a button at the lower end of the pole.

It was the work of a moment to unfasten the rope and lower the lantern, but it was not so easy to light the lamp



inside, for each time Margery struck a match the wind blew it out, and, besides, the boat rocking up and down made her very unsteady. Once she glanced over her shoulder at the steamer. How near it seemed! It had passed the beacon just below, and was now bearing down directly toward her; she knew this by the position of the lights on board that shone through the thick mist like stars.

"If I don't light the lamp soon," said Margery to herself, "they will run right upon the rock. They are coming so fast, and Hugh says this is the most dangerous part of the river." As she struck another match, the lantern on the seat beside her toppled over, and the lamp rolled into the bottom of the boat. She picked it up quickly, but was horrified to find that it had fallen into a pool of water, and that the wick was soaking wet. All the matches in the box would not light it now until it had been dried.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" cried Margery, covering her eyes with her hands. "I can not think what to do now. If I only had something to make a bonfire of, I might perhaps save the steamer yet. But there is nothing dry anywhere around, not even a scrap of paper." At that moment a fierce gust of wind tore her sun-bonnet from her head, and as she threw out her arm to catch it, her hand struck the lamp, and a thought came into her mind, and springing to her feet, she cried, "I *can* make a torch, if only there is time."

Then without one glance at the steamer, she tore off her apron, which was a large one with long sleeves, and wound it and her sun-bonnet around the handle of one of the oars. Then opening the lamp, she poured the oil it contained over this great wad of cotton cloth until it was completely soaked through. Seizing a handful of matches, she struck them all together upon the inner part of the lantern, and, before the wind had time to blow them out, applied the flame to the strange torch. In a moment there was a glorious blaze, and Margery sprang upon the gunwale of the boat, waving the oar over her head. The instant she did so the whistle of the steamer gave such a loud, sharp shriek that Margery almost fell into the water.

Recovering herself quickly, she balanced herself more firmly, and continued to move the torch backward and forward. The flame lit up the water on all sides, and shone brightly over little Margery herself. Her head was uncovered, and her long hair streamed out behind her like a yellow veil. Her face was pale, and her eyes fixed earnestly on the steamboat. Margery's heart now began to beat loud and fast, for she was afraid that her beacon had been lighted too late to save the huge boat. But after a great many loud whistles and shrieks, she saw that it moved much slower. Those on board had discovered their danger just in time, and were doing all in their power to send the vessel out into the stream again, for the pilot had been steering directly for the rock where the beacon usually hung. In two minutes more he would have struck upon it, and in the panic this would have caused many lives might have been lost.

As the vessel moved slowly forward, and finally stopped within a few feet of her, Margery saw that the Captain and several men were leaning over the side, shading their eyes with their hands, and endeavoring to see who it was that held the torch. Presently the Captain cried out,

"Why, it is little Margery Davis. Where is Hugh, Margery?"

"Hugh hurt himself as he was coming to light the lantern, so I came in his place," answered Margery.

"All alone?" inquired the Captain, wonderingly. "But how did you come by the torch?"

"The lamp fell in the water, and so I made this out of my sun-bonnet and apron soaked in oil," said Margery, in rather a frightened voice, for while she was speaking a

great many people came and stood by the rail to listen and hear what she was saying. When she had finished, one of the men cried out,

"Three cheers for little Margery Davis, the girl who saved our boat!"

Then they all shouted "Hurrah for Margery!" so loudly and heartily that little Margery laughed.

All at once there seemed to be some kind of commotion on deck, and a large man, with a sunburned face and big light beard, pushed the people right and left as he forced his way to the front.

"Margery Davis, did you say?" cried he. "Let me see the little girl, mates."

After looking at her for a moment he began to climb over the side of the vessel. Margery was terribly frightened when he sprang lightly into her boat, and taking the torch from her hand, held it so that the light fell full upon her face. Then lifting her in his arms, he said, in a trembling voice, "How came you here all alone? Where are your mother and Hugh?"

Margery thought he was angry, because he looked so strangely, and the tears came to her eyes as she answered:

"Mother is at home, and really and truly Hugh would have come and lit the beacon only he fell and hurt his foot. I ran on first, and when I saw the boat I knew he would never be in time. Please do not scold him."

The strange man did not answer Margery, but turning to the crowd on the steamboat he said, "This is my little girl, mates. I have been from home three years. She does not remember me, but I am proud of her."

At this the men gave three more cheers, and the Captain said, "Welcome home, Davis." Then he let down a lighted lantern to replace the old one, and turning to Margery, said,

"Thank you, Margery. You have done a grand thing for so small a girl, and I shall not forget it." He then gave orders for the boat to move on.

As soon as they were alone, Margery looked earnestly into the face of the man who held her hand, and said, "Are you really my papa?"

"Yes," answered he, softly, "and are you glad to see me?"

"Oh yes, indeed," replied Margery, kissing him. "But mamma will be almost too glad, for she has been crying about you ever and ever so long."

After Margery's father had swung the lantern, he rowed the boat to shore, where they found Hugh in a dreadful fright about Margery.

As he was so much older than the little girl, he remembered his father at once, and welcomed him with delight. His ankle was still painful, so his father assisted him to walk home. And Margery ran before to bear the good news to her mamma.

On the whole length of the Mississippi River's banks there was no happier family to be found that stormy night than the Davis family.

The next day Margery's father received a letter from the Captain of the vessel she had saved, telling him there was a good position awaiting him on board his boat.

Then in a few weeks the family left the small shabby house they had lived in, and moved to a much larger and pleasanter home.

Hugh, who had long since recovered from his injury, gave up his post of beacon tender, and now goes to one of the finest schools in the place.

Mr. Davis is at home very often, for he only makes short trips now. Little Margery sometimes accompanies him on these trips, and then she is so petted by the Captain and all the crew that her father declares he is afraid she will be spoiled. But this has not happened yet, for she is still the same kind and thoughtful girl she was when she lit the torch to save the vessel from grounding on the beacon rock.

or a farm, there were fifty Icelanders, most of their neighbors indeed, who went with them, besides the agent in charge, and they did not much care where they went, so long as it was a part of the wonderful America where every man owned land and was rich.

Frida, the baby, could not walk, but just before sailing Olaf laid the older children, and showing them a long rope, said, "That you may not lose yourselves, and fall into the deep water, my boys and girls, I shall tie you to each other, Olaf first, Lena next, then Sarah and Jan near to each other, then Ingeborg, and last my big strong Matthias, to keep the little ones safe."

So tethered, they made the long journey, and very tiresome they found the ocean voyage in the close, dark steerage.

New York children know that all emigrants are landed at Castle Garden, a large round building at the lower end of the city, where their names are recorded. Mr. Cary, the agent, attended to all such business for our Icelanders, who soon found themselves steaming toward the West at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Such marvellous speed frightened them at first, for they have not even wagon-roads in Iceland, and of anything like railroad travel the people have no idea, but soon it became interesting to them to see the houses and trees fly past, and to go through more towns in an hour than were in the whole island from which they came.

It was very early in the morning when Mr. Cary marched his colony across Chicago, the Olafsons, as it chanced, at the foot of the procession. "Two more days, and one more ride," he said, "and you will be in Dakota."

As they walked Matthias discovered that the rope about his waist had become so loosened that he could easily untie it. It was very tiresome for the children to be fastened together, and he very much wished to look more closely at the marvellous buildings, which the gray light showed dimly. He whispered to Ingeborg, as he showed her that he was free, "See, sister, I shall run on a little. I can walk faster than this, and come to you soon. If you are good, and do not cry or tell the father, I will bring you a slice of fish."

Icelanders eat fish as other people do bread, and as Ingeborg had had none since coming to America, she thought it would taste very good. Moreover, Matthias was so strong that he was allowed to go all day with the men in the boat; surely he might take a little walk without danger.

So he slipped away in the darkness, and Ingeborg said never a word, while Olaf, trusting the good Iceland rope, held fast little Olaf's hand, and never looked at the rest.

There were weeping and wailing when they made the awful discovery that he was gone; but before they could make their trouble known to the agent they had been hurried on the cars, and were moving out of the city. When they told him, Mr. Cary said, reassuringly, "I'll telegraph to the Danish consul. He will look him up, and send him on in a day or two."

Olaf had read about the telegraph in books, but he could not understand how the small wires, as they were described, could forward a strong boy. He tried to explain to the rest, but the children cried, and Huldah wished many times that they had never left Iceland, and all happiness for them had gone out of America.

Matthias, meantime, was having remarkable adventures in Chicago. He marvelled at everything—at the high buildings first, because only one-story houses are made in

Iceland, and those have lava walls six feet in thickness, on account of earthquake shocks. The dress of the men and women was queer, and more strange still the language they spoke, for Matthias had never heard other than the Iceland speech, and supposed, of course, that all the world used that.

But as bright daylight came on, and more people were in the street, some of them stared so rudely that he decided to go back to Ingeborg and the steam-cars.

Instead of the steam-cars he came, as he thought, to a forest. He had never seen so many trees before, and his heart speedily gave a throb of joy, for he saw, beyond, a large sheet of water.

Tired and hungry, he sat upon the end of a pier to rest a while, and gladden his eyes with a view of water, which reminded him of home. There he soon fell into a sleep, from which he was rudely awakened by a terrible scream, and he lifted up his head to see, first, something white falling toward the water, then a woman wringing her hands over the low railing. Two large boys stood near, and screamed also.

"Stupids!" thought Matthias, as he jumped in the direction of the white dress, "you should see the Iceland ocean and the Iceland rocks if you dare not go in here."

He soon brought the child to shore; it was nothing; he often took Frida swimming in the fiord at home, and she laughed and thought it fun.

One of the stupid boys had gone to a house near, and by the time Matthias had given the child to the crying nurse, a lady was quickly running across the park, for Matthias's forest was only Lincoln Park.

When the child was somewhat restored, the nurse explained the accident.

"I held him up to look at the water, and he gave a spring out of my arms into the lake. I cried, and this boy jumped in and brought the baby to land."

"Who are you?" said the lady to Matthias.

"She can not talk either," he thought; but guessing her meaning, and wishing to be very polite, he made a low bow, and said: "Matthias, from Iceland, madame; son of Olaf Olafson and Huldah his wife."

"What does he say?" she asked of the nurse.

"He does not talk Norwegian, but I understand some," was the answer. "His name is Matthias;" and the woman turned and addressed to Matthias the sweetest words he had ever heard, for though they were not good Iceland speech, he could understand them, and in return made his troubles known.

"The Danish consul is the one to see," said the lady, when all had been explained to her. "But some dry clothes first and breakfast for our rescuer."

Never in his life had Matthias eaten such a breakfast. He remembered his promise to Ingeborg. "Will you ask the lady," he said to the nurse, "if I may take this fine white cake to Ingeborg, my sister? She has never seen one, and it will please her more than a slice of fish."

An hour later he stood before the Danish consul, who held a yellow envelope in his hand, and who seemed much interested in the long story.

"You are the young man we want," he said. "I am proud to meet you, my brave little countryman. Iceland seas and rocks make strong boys. You shall go west by the nine-o'clock train to-night."

Two days later he was in Dakota. Huldah and Olaf were so glad to see their runaway that they forgot to scold him as he deserved.

As for Lena, Jan, and the rest, to this day the world, in their opinion, holds nothing so beautiful as Chicago, where, according to Matthias, "the houses have soft cloth on all the floors, and mirrors tall as giants, more glass in one window than in a whole Iceland house, silver like

\* A Danish boy, some twenty years ago, brought a bunch of ten children, from Denmark to America, all tied together by a rope. When they were interviewed by Minnesota, the father declared that the rope had not been off since they started. At this,

the blessed communion on the table, and fine white and sweet food, much as one chooses to eat."

The second day Ingeborg divided the roll into six equal parts, that even Frida might know by experience something of the luxury which Matthias described.

## WAKULLA.\*

BY KIRK MUNroe.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### MARK DISCOVERS THE GHOST, AND FINDS HIM IN A TRYING POSITION.

MARK had already seen that the boy's right foot was terribly mangled and covered with blood, and he went quickly for more water with which to bathe it. After he had washed off the blood, and bound the wounded foot as well as he could with his handkerchief and one of his shirt sleeves torn into strips, he found that the boy had again opened his eyes, and seemed to have fully recovered his consciousness.

"Do you feel better?" asked Mark.

"Yes," answered the boy. "I can sit up now, if you will help me."

Mark helped him into a sitting position, with his back against the tree to which he had clung when the alligator tried to drag him into the water. Then he said, "Now wait here a minute while I bring round the canoe. I'll get you into it, and take you home, for your foot must be properly attended to as soon as possible."

Hurrying back to where he had left the canoe, Mark brought it around the point, very close to where the boy was sitting, and pulled one end of it high up on the bank. Then going to the boy, he said, "If you can stand up, and will put both arms around my neck, I'll carry you to the canoe; it's only a few steps."

Although he almost cried out with the pain caused by the effort, the boy succeeded in doing as Mark directed, and in a few minutes more was seated in the bottom of the canoe, with his wounded foot resting on Mark's folded jacket.

Mark shoved off carefully, and stepping gently into the other end of the canoe, began to paddle up the river. The boy sat with closed eyes, and though Mark wanted to ask him how it had all happened, he waited patiently, fearing that his companion was too weak to talk. He noticed that the boy was barefooted and bareheaded, that his clothes were very old and ragged, and that he had a bag and a powder-horn slung over his shoulders. He also noticed that his hair was long and matted, and that his face, in spite of its present paleness, was tanned, as though by long exposure to the weather. It had a strangely familiar look to him, and he felt as though he must have seen it somewhere before; but where he could not think.

Just before they reached the "Go Bang" landing place, the boy opened his eyes, and Mark, no longer able to restrain his curiosity, asked,

"How did the alligator happen to catch you?"

"I was asleep," answered the boy, "and woke up just in time to catch hold of that tree as he grabbed my foot and began pulling me to the water. He would have had me in another minute, for I was letting go when you came," and the boy shuddered at the remembrance.

"Well," said Mark, a little boastfully, "he won't catch anybody else. He's as dead as a door-nail now. Here we are."

Mrs. Elmer was much shocked at Mark's story, and said she was very thankful that he had not only been the means

of saving a human life, but had escaped unharmed himself. At the same time she made ready to receive the boy, and, when the men brought him in, she had a bed opened for him, warm water and castile soap ready to bathe the wounds, and soft linen to bandage them.

Captain Johnson, who called himself "a rough and ready surgeon," carefully felt of the wounded foot to ascertain whether any bones were broken. The boy bore this patiently, and without a murmur, though one or two gasps of pain escaped him. When the Captain said that, though he could not feel any fractured bones, the ankle joint was dislocated, and must be pulled back into place at once, he clenched his teeth, drew in a long breath, and nodded his head. Taking a firm hold above and below the dislocated joint, the Captain gave a quick twist with his powerful hands that drew from the boy a sharp cry of pain.

"There," said the Captain, soothingly, "it's all over; now we will bathe it, and bandage it, and in a few days you will be as good as you were before you met Mr. 'Gator. If not better," he added, as he took note of the boy's wretched clothes and general appearance.

After seeing the patient made as comfortable as possible, Mark and the two men went out, leaving him to the gentle care of Mrs. Elmer and Ruth.

"Mark," said Captain Johnson, "let's take the skiff and go and get that alligator. I guess Miss Ruth would like to see him. One of my men can go along to help us, or Jan, if he will."

"All right," said Mark, and Jan said he would go if it wouldn't take too long.

"We'll be back in less than an hour," said the Captain, "if it's only a mile away, as Mark says."

So they went.

It took the united strength of the three to get the alligator into the skiff when they found him. He measured ten feet and four inches in length, and Captain Johnson, who claimed to be an authority concerning alligators, said that was very large for fresh-water, though in tide water they were sometimes found fifteen feet in length, and he had heard of several that were even longer.

While Mark was showing them just where the boy lay when he first saw him, Jan picked up an old muzzle-loading shot-gun and a pair of much-worn boots, that had heretofore escaped their notice. Both barrels of the gun were loaded; but one only contained a charge of powder, which surprised them.

"What do you suppose he was going to do with only a



\* Begun in No. 252, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

charge of powder?" asked Mark, when this discovery was made.

"I've no idea," answered the Captain; "perhaps he forgot the shot, or hadn't any left."

When they reached home with the big alligator, the whole household came out to look at it, and Mrs. Elmer and Ruth shuddered when they saw the monster that had so nearly dragged the boy into the river.

"Oh, Mark," said Ruth, "just think if you hadn't come along just then!"

"How merciful that your father thought of taking the rifle!" said Mrs. Elmer. "I don't suppose we could keep it for Mr. Elmer to see, could we?" she asked of Captain Johnson.

"Oh, no, ma'am, not in this warm weather," answered

"That's another of the colored folks' superstitions," said Captain Johnson. "They believe that if you bury any dead animal so that the turkey buzzards can't get at it, they'll bring you bad luck."

"Tain't no 'stition, nuther. Hit's a pop sho' fac', dat's what," muttered Aunt Chloe, angrily, as she walked off toward the house.

So the head of the alligator was cut off and buried, and the body disappeared, though whether the body was buried or served to make a meal for the buzzards no one seemed exactly to know.

That afternoon Captain Johnson went off down the river with his lighter, saying that he could always be found at St. Mark's when wanted; and Mark and Jan went into the woods to look for cedar fence-posts.



"FIRE QUICK! NO, IT'S ONLY POWDER; IT WON'T HURT HIM. I DIDN'T KILL THE DOG."

the Captain; "but we can cut off the head and bury it, and in two or three weeks you will have a nice skull as a memento."

"And what will you do with the body?"

"Why, throw it into the river, I suppose," answered the Captain.

"Wouldn't it be better to bury it too?"

"Hi! Miss Elmer; yo' sho'ly wouldn't 'tink of doin' dat ar," exclaimed Aunt Chloe, who had by this time become a fixture in the Elmer household, and had come out with the rest to see the alligator.

"Why not, Chloe?" asked Mrs. Elmer, in surprise.

"Kase of youse patten um in de groun', how's Marse Tuky Buzzard gwine git um? Can't nebbber hab no luck ef youse cheat Marse Tuky Buzzard dat ar way."

After the day's work was finished and the family were gathered in the sitting-room for the evening, Mark had a long and earnest conversation with his mother and Ruth. At its close, Mrs. Elmer said, "Well, my son, wait until we hear what your father thinks of it," and Ruth said, "I think it's a perfectly splendid plan."

Mark slept in the room with the wounded boy, whose name they had learned to be Frank March, that night, and was roused several times before morning to give him water, for he was very feverish. He talked in his sleep, too, as though he were having troubled dreams, and once Mark heard him say:

"Fire quick! No, it's only powder; it won't hurt him. I didn't kill the dog."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)





THE KING OF THE FOREST.

## A LION HUNT.

"DID you see any lions, Uncle Robert?" asked my small nephew Bob on my return from the Dark Continent, whither I had followed one of our great exploring parties.

"Indeed I did, my boy," I answered, and forthwith I

was compelled to tell him the following story of my encounter with the king of beasts in South Africa:

"We were encamped on the bank of a shallow stream called the Notawaney. During the night a disagreeable drizzling rain continued to fall, and such sleep as we could manage to get was disturbed by the dogs, who felt the presence of dangerous beasts, and gave utterance to their fear

by incessant whines and suppressed growls. About three in the morning I was aroused by a disturbance among our draught oxen and horses. A number of them were secured with new buffalo *reins*, which we had procured in Maricao. But three or four of the most powerful and valuable succeeded in breaking loose.

"The missing cattle had to be recovered, and at daybreak we started out, armed with double eight-bore guns. Taking the back trail, we spoorred them for two miles along the road. Here they had branched off to the right, traversed about three miles of velt, and halted in the open plain. Our guide was a native named Macalaca, and from the masterly manner in which he commenced his work it was easy to see that he was an old hunter.

"Soon he led us across the thick jungle on to more open ground. This he traversed at a rapid pace till some loose rocks forming the margin of a *coppé* were reached. For a few minutes he appeared at fault, when, looking to his left, with a grunt he pointed his finger, brought his gun down, and cocked it. Looking in the direction indicated, a lion, with the hip-bone of the horse between his fore-legs, lay facing us.

"At the time he was seventy-five yards off—too far to make certain work; so we resolved to lessen the distance by one-half. While doing so, two lions that must have been behind the rocks got up, walked leisurely away, gradually increasing their speed till they disappeared.

"Such conduct was evidently not going to be pursued by his lordship. He was interested in his meal, and was not going to leave it for any such unimportant thing as a man with a gun. With his eyes firmly fixed on us and his head flat upon the ground, he watched our movements with a quiet earnestness, his tail all the time moving gently to and fro.

"My companion said quietly, in a low tone, 'Don't fire until you see his ears twitch.' At that very moment, as it seemed, they were drawn back with a quick spasmodic motion, 'Now's our time,' he said, and a brace of bullets, one in the shoulder and another in the head, turned him over on his side dead. Not a struggle occurred after the shots were fired, and so simultaneously were the triggers pressed that the two reports sounded as one.

"On returning to the wagons we soon discovered what had made the oxen stampe and the dogs so uneasy during the night. Several lions—the boys said five—had walked repeatedly round our encampment at less than a hundred yards' distance. In spite of the drizzling rain, there remained the spoor—a proof that the story told by the boys was true."

## FROM THE OLD GERMAN.

BY E. M. TRACUAIR.

**H**OW should the heart of a little child be?  
As pure as the lily that blooms on the lea,  
As clear as the dew-drops from the heavens that fall,  
As true as the mirror that hangs on the wall,  
As fresh as the fountain, as gay as the lark,  
That trills out its song 'twixt the day and the dark,  
As glad as the angels when, soaring, they fly  
On the bright wings of love to their home in the sky.

## MY DOG BOODLE JACK.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

I.

**O**UR vessel was lying at anchor in a little harbor far up on the northern coast of Labrador. With the Professor's gun on my shoulder, and a tin box for flowers and specimens at my back, I stood a moment on the small fish wharf, where our men had landed me.

The gun I carried for companionship's sake. I had not (until coming on board) handled anything of the kind since my boyhood days. When we reached Labrador, I tried one afternoon to shoot a black-winged auk

that was flying a few feet above the deck. I don't quite know how it was, but as the muzzle of the deadly weapon moved around, I noticed that all hands suddenly hurried below, except Professor Smith, the owner of the gun, who, as he dived behind the mainmast, said something about an *aukward* shot.

I presume he meant to be funny. But after this, though the gun was always at my disposal, its owner, in a firm though kind manner, refused to accompany me on my hunting excursions ashore, merely giving as a reason that so far as he knew there was no one on board acquainted with the treatment of gunshot wounds. "And look here," he added, one day, as a happy thought occurred to him, "it's an old second-hand gun, anyway—perhaps you'll see a chance to trade it on some of your shore traps for a seal-skin, or something of the kind. I'd be glad to be rid of it, anyway." And, of course, I said that I would do the best I could. But somehow up to the time of which I write, the gun remained in my hands unsold.

It is tiresome walking in the yielding moss, so finally I began to retrace my steps in the direction of the vessel, whose masts I could just make out in the distance outlined against the gray sky.

Suddenly I heard the yelping of a dog behind me—no unfamiliar sound in Labrador, where the dogs are ill-treated and abused, as I honestly believe, worse than in any country in the world. Turning, I saw one of those powerful mastiffs, half Esquimaux, half Newfoundland, driven by the Labradorians in their sledges in the winter-time, closely pursued by a boy of fourteen, who, in addition to a flint-lock gun two or three feet longer than himself, carried a large bunch of plump curlew in one hand.

Now I have a special weakness for dogs, and nothing so moves me to anger as to see one abused. So when the poor animal, upon reaching my side, crouched with a half-human, wholly beseeching look from his soft brown eyes, at my feet, and I saw that his mouth was bleeding from a kick or blow, I was considerably exercised.

The boy, who had the longest legs, the reddest hair, and most pronounced crop of freckles I had ever seen possessed by a Labradorian youth, arrived breathless and panting at the spot, his face quite purple with rage. He raised his heavy sea-boot for another blow at the crouching animal, hardly paying any attention to my presence, when, greatly to his surprise, I stepped in front of the mastiff. The dog's crime, it seems, had been that of stealing and eating a curlew, feathers and all, moved thereto, as I was pretty sure, by extreme hunger, which, together with brutal abuse, is the Labradorian's idea of discipline.

A sudden idea occurred to me. Even in his wrath the youth's eye rested admiringly on the Professor's gun, with its carved stock and nickel mountings. To a Labrador boy the possession of such a weapon would be the fulfillment of his wildest dreams. The Professor had given me permission to dispose of it. A live dog was worth infinitely more than a seal-skin, and if the Professor didn't care for the animal, why, I would take him home with me myself.

What passed between the writer and the red-headed boy need not here be told. It is enough to say that, two hours later, I entered the cabin of the *North Star*, bearing in one hand a bunch of curlew, and followed submissively by a dog that in good condition would weigh about a hundred and twenty-five pounds. But I had no gun with me.

"And what," asked the Professor, after I had told my story, as, with the calmness of despair, he glared over his eyeglasses at the dog, who had already coiled himself down on his new ulster, which lay in a corner—"what do you expect me to do with such a monster as that?"

Various suggestions were made by members of the par-

ty, but as they were mostly of a comical nature the Professor gave no heed. And finally I myself became the owner of the dog "Boodle Jack" by right of purchase.

Why "Boodle Jack," Professor Jay, who at once gave him the name, could not or would not say further than to briefly remark that it was a name he had found among some Greek roots where he had been digging that afternoon by way of passing away the time. But we compromised on the last half, and agreed to call him Jack, excepting on state occasions.

No dog living ever seemed to show such intense affection for his master as this one of mine. Restless and uneasy when out of his sight, he attached himself to me with a fondness which at times became almost troublesome. He grew fat and strong, and became the delight of our French captain as well as the crew, while at the same time he was calmly endured by my fellow-passengers.

Blowzy September hastened apace. We had taken trout and salmon in abundance, had eaten curlew and sea-fowl in their several varieties, had taken notes and sketches of the country, and also begun to get heartily tired of each other in a polite sort of way. So when, toward the middle of the month, the *North Star* began her winged journey down the Straits of Belle Isle with her prow pointed southward, every one on board was light of heart.

## II.

It was the second night out from Esquimaux Bay, our last point of departure. A half-grown moon was struggling through fleecy masses of clouds that were flying like white smoke before the warm but strong southwesterly gale that already had begun to tumble the shallow waters of the gulf into choppy seas.

Captain Badot was given to carrying sail—well, perhaps, a little too heavily at times, particularly on a home-bound passage. Somehow on this particular night I did not sleep well. I lay in my berth tossing and sliding from side to side, as the little vessel went driving on close hauled on the wind, and about three o'clock on the following morning dressed and went on deck, followed by Jack, who always slept as near to my berth as he could get.

"The *Star* log nine knot good now; she sail *comme un ange* [like an angel]; eh, m'sieur?" said Captain Badot, who himself was at the wheel, while the watch, two in number, stood on the quarter-deck, keeping as good a lookout as possible.

I nodded without speaking. Truly the little vessel, under every stitch of canvas, was fairly flying, not only over, but under the frothing seas that could be but dimly seen in the murky morning light. Great volumes of water rushed in over her lee rail as she buried her bows under the opposing seas.

Only for thinking of the chances of colliding with floating ice in the half-darkness I should have enjoyed the spectacle on the on-going vessel to the utmost. But—

"*Luff! luff, Captain!*"

It was the voice of gray-haired sailor John, fairly out-screaming the gale itself, that rang in our ears. Round went the wheel like lightning in Captain Badot's sinewy hands, and as the schooner flew up into the wind with every sail slatting and tearing at hoop and stay-line, a dingy white mass loomed out of the semi-obscurity close under the lee bow.

"Look out out!"

Hardly had the warning words from Captain Badot's lips rang in my ears when the sheet block struck me in the head as the main-boom jibed over.

I remember that the shock was followed by an icy chill, and, vaguely conscious that I was overboard, I beat the water frantically with hands and feet. Then I recall a dull pain in one shoulder, and a snorting sound close at

my ear, as faithful Jack, who had sprung over the rail after me, blew the water from his nostrils.

That it was Jack also who by some marvellous instinct guided me to the low ice island so nearly run down by our vessel as I clove the water with frantic strokes, I indistinctly remember. That it was the great mastiff who with his warm tongue licked my face, until after a brief period of unconsciousness I staggered to my feet to realize my terrible situation, I well know. And he it was who ran at my side as I rapidly paced my narrow ice-bound limits, mechanically chafing my numbed hands, while every drop of blood in my veins seemed congealed with the cold, praying wildly for the day dawn.

It came at last, and by the struggling glimmer of the sunlight through masses of watery clouds, I saw a vessel lying hove to a few cables' length distant. Vainly I stripped off my coat and waved it over my head, shouting till my voice did not rise above a hoarse whisper. Hour after hour passed, and the gale, which had freshened toward morning, began to lull. Captain Badot, as I remembered with a pang of terror, had broken one of the lenses of his battered spy-glass. A man seen with the naked eye at the distance of the berg from the vessel would not unnaturally be taken for a seal, many of which float down from the polar seas on the ice. One other—a tiny speck on the distant horizon—was the only sail in sight.

Jack looked up in my face, and whether I gained the sudden inspiration from his intelligent dark eyes or not, I can not say. I only know that with numbed fingers I scrawled on the limp leather cover of my note-book the word "Iceberg," and putting it in Jack's mouth, pointed to the distant schooner.

"Go, boy!" I said, and with a plunge the dog sprang into the sea. I watched him till my eyes seemed to grow dim and tired. Then I began to feel sleepy, and though I had read hundreds of times that this was the precursor of certain death under similar circumstances, I could not rouse myself to struggle against it.

## III.

Some one *did* rouse me, though, half an hour later, and in a manner that I thought absolutely brutal. I was shaken and even pummelled, stood on my feet and dragged about, until, with a feeling of almost hatred toward those who had so rudely disturbed my pleasant dreams, I opened my eyes to see three or four unfamiliar faces about me, while a bearded man who stood by forced me to swallow some fiery liquid that fairly scorched my throat.

"He'll do now; take him aboard, boys," said this last, and without being able to tell clearly how it all came about, I rather languidly submitted to have my wet clothes taken off in a little cabin heated by a small stove, after which I was hoisted into a berth, and covered with blankets. I lay there for a little while in a sort of waking dream, staring stupidly at the labels over a row of shelves on the opposite side of the room, and wondering when it was that the *North Star* had taken a cargo of soothing syrup and pain panaceas, or why Captain Badot should keep such a stock of calicoes, flannels, coarse shoes, and paper collars on hand. Surely I had never seen them before.

"Have I, Captain Badot?" I asked, awaking suddenly two hours later to find Jack, with his forepaws on the edge of my berth, intently watching over my slumbers.

But Captain Badot and the *North Star* were nearly a hundred miles away, scudding across the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

"We was hove to for fear of the ice," said the bearded man, who with a polite bow introduced himself as Captain Pierre Blois, master of the trading schooner *L'Oiseau*, and



now bound for Quebec, "and we see you schooner lay to long time; but bime-by they think no use, and get under way. We just ready to shake out reef later," continued the Captain, "and one man see the dog; him seal at first. We take him 'most dead over the rail, read message, and send boat. Rest you know."

Well, we made a quick run to Halifax, where I telegraphed home just in time to keep an obituary notice of my death out of print. And on my return, with Jack as my companion, I verified the truth of the telegram, to the surprise of the *North Star's* Captain and crew.

"Boodle Jack was a pretty lucky investment—for you," thoughtfully said Professor Smith, as, meeting him a few days later, he cautiously patted the mastiff's big head.

And I replied that he was indeed.

## HOW TO MODEL IN CLAY.

BY FRANK BELLEW.

SOME of our young readers may not know that all the statues they see, whether of stone or metal, were first modelled in clay. When the statue is to be made of metal, a cast, or mould, is taken of the clay original, into which the molten metal is poured. When marble is the mate-



FIG. 1.

rial chosen, the clay model is copied by the sculptor, partly by the aid of a machine made for the purpose, and partly by hand.

Young people of artistic tastes may derive a great deal of pleasure from modelling in clay. They will find it a good deal easier than drawing, and with a little practice they will be able to produce some very pleasing results. I will give you a few directions for modelling medallion heads (Fig. 1), that being the simplest, and to many persons the most pleasing, form of sculpture.

The materials required are a smooth piece of slate (a common school slate will do for small work), some modelling clay (which can be procured from any potter, or any other fine clay, if no potter is within reach, or even putty, if nothing else can be procured), and some small implements, like the annexed designs, made of hard wood (Fig. 2). These may be bought at any store where artists' materials are sold, but an ingenious boy can make them with a jackknife and a piece of sand-paper.\* To make the moulds of your clay model you will require a little plaster of Paris, some lard oil, and some soap, and then your outfit is complete.

Now you take your slate, and make an outline upon it of the face you wish to model. Within this outline you

build up roughly with your finger and thumb a cake of clay about half an inch in thickness; then with your modelling instruments work it up as accurately as your artistic skill will permit.

When in the progress of your work you find it necessary to leave for a short time, be careful to cover it over with a wet cloth, and if for a long time, put two wet cloths over it, and cover them in turn with a sheet of newspaper. This is necessary to keep the clay from getting hard and unfit for working. If at any time you find the clay getting too stiff, sprinkle it with water shaken from a whisk broom.

When your clay medallion is finished, build a wall of clay around it of about an inch and a quarter in height, as represented in the engraving; then get a tea-cupful of lard or olive oil, and add to it a good tea-spoonful of any kind of soap scraped fine; put this on the stove and stir until it is thoroughly mixed; then with a soft camel's-hair brush lay a slight coat over your whole work.

You must now mix your plaster. If the surface of your medallion is about one foot by six inches, you will require four table-spoonfuls of plaster to about a quart of water. Sprinkle the plaster into the water, and then watch it until bubbles have ceased to come to the surface. When no more bubbles appear, stir it up well with a stick. The mixture should be about the consistency of thin cream. The exact proportions you must find out by experiment. This thin cream you pour quickly over your medallion, blowing gently with your mouth on the liquid as it spreads itself over the face of your work; this is to prevent the formation of bubbles. In a very short time the plaster will become hard; you then remove your clay wall, and lift the plaster mould, or matrix, from the clay. This you do by passing a penknife all round between the plaster and the slate, after which it lifts easily. You have now a perfect plaster mould. If you find any small particles of clay adhering to it, wash them off with a soft camel's-hair brush and water.

You now want to get a plaster cast from your matrix. To do this you lay a coat of the soap and oil mixture with a camel's-hair brush all over the face of the mould, and then pour in the plaster just as you did before, taking the same precautions to blow upon the plaster, and to build a wall of clay around the mould.

You let this stand for half an hour until it is perfectly set, when you can remove your casting by passing a thin-bladed knife all round between the matrix and the casting. If it does not then lift easily, plunge the whole thing

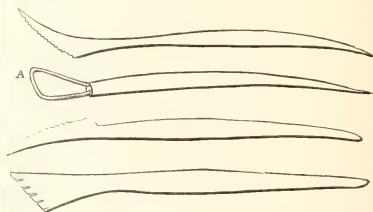


FIG. 2.

in water for one instant, after which you will have no difficulty in separating the two parts.

You now have a plaster cast of your original work, which you can touch up and finish off with sand-paper, or with the blade of a penknife if necessary.

You can, of course, make as many casts as you please from your mould, and thus have very pretty little souvenirs to present to your friends.

\* A—shown here the implements are reduced in size one-half. The part marked A is made of wire, and is intended to remove superfluous clay from the face of your work.





## TO JIMMIE FLAMANT.

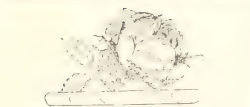
By S. B. MILLS.

*Allegro.*

Three chil - dren slid - ing on the ice Up - on a sum - mer's day, It so fell out, they all fell in, The rest they ran a -

*f* *Sempre legato.* *p*

way. Now had these children been at home, Or slid - ing on dry ground, Ten thousand dol - lars to a cent, They had not all been drown'd.



A NEW BADGE AND MOTTO.

**PURITY and simplicity!** No traits are more winning. This pretty shield will be appropriate for a little circle of young people, whether they meet to read, to sew, to practice housekeeping arts, or just to have a pleasant time together for an evening.

The field, or open space of the shield should be orange. The small square in the corner must be silver. On this place a harbell, the emblem of simplicity. The orange-color signifies strength, and the lily on this ground betokens purity. On the crest above all is a moss-rose, which means superior merit.

Can there be a sweeter bouquet than this, dear children—the lily, the harbell, and the moss-rose? They need not look lovely embroidered in the corner of a silk handkerchief for papa, or in the lining of brother's hat, or painted on the slip cover of mamma's favorite book of poems? A cover of linen or silk which may be taken off a book at one's pleasure is a very graceful gift, and most people would enjoy having as the motto on their book, "Purity and Simplicity."

## OUR POSTOFFICE BOX

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

I am a little girl eight years old, and have been in Europe with my mamma, brothers, and sister for a year and a half. We have always received *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*, and like it very much. I have learned to speak French and German since we have been here. This is a very pretty place, but I like my home in America better. We had beautiful fire-works in the Kurgarten on the Fourth of July. I send you some edelweiss which grew under the snow on the Swiss Alps.

Thank you, dear. I have placed the flower in my little

FAIR VIEW, ANDREWS COUNTY, GEORGIA.

DEAR POSTMASTER: We are two little sisters who every week read *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*. We are very glad to have the paper, and we have often wished to see you, for we know that you are lovely, and that sunshine ever fills your kind heart, else you would never take so much pains to interest and instruct the little ones. How we wish that you could just put your picture in *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*, that all your little friends might see you.

Will you tell your where your little unknown subscribers live? Far away from you is Fair View, our Virginia home, lovely to us despite its isolation. Have you ever been in the land of the blue hills of the Old Dominion? If so, you then can form some idea of the grandeur of the scenery around us. As far as the eye can reach is seen the great blue Ridge. Little we left our home the distance. We live three miles from the little village of Amherst, which is plainly seen from our dwelling securely at the base of the Ridge.

co Row Mountain. Around our farm winds Rutledge Creek, which empties into Buffalo River, along the banks of which grow the loveliest wild-flowers of every color. God has indeed been lavish in his gifts and bestowing so much that is beautiful in nature around us, as if to make up for the deficiency in social advantages, as we live remote from neighbors and friends. We have already taxed your forbearance too long, so will bid you good-by, hoping some day to see you.

Your little friends ROBERTA and LUCIE P. I would very much like to see your pictures, my dear little friends; and I know Virginia scenery well enough to picture to myself your home, with all its charming surrounding scenery.

GREENSBORO, PAID SCHOOL, THE HAZEL DEPARTMENT.

I have just read the very interesting article written by Mr. Allan Forman. If I may take the liberty, I would like to write a note about the subject. I am one of the boys or share-holders of the Gramercy Park School Tool-House Association, and want to tell you more about the building.

On the cellar floor they are going to forge iron; on the same floor front they have a large gymnasium. On the next floor they have a very nice engine—1½ horse-power—and near that are the carpenter's rooms, which will be lighted by electricity. On the next floor are Mr. G. von Taube's study and the surgical-saw department. Next floor are the large lecture-room and physical laboratory. Then come the printing-press and machine for filing iron, which are worked by steam-power from the engine. Above that are the wheel-turning lathes and large scroll-saws, all of which go by steam. Still farther up is the photographic department, where most interesting work is done and taught.

I hope the boys who read this note will at least come and look at the building; for those who are interested in this great work for boys are cordially invited to come and see. The school is No. 104 East Twentieth Street, New York.

COURTLAND P. JONES

NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT.

I have been wanting to write you a letter ever since I began to read *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*. I would like you to let me join the Little Housekeepers if there is room for one more. I know two very nice receipts for candy. I have two cats, except a canary bird. I belong to a society called the Mite Society and to one or two other clubs. The Mite Society had a fair, and made \$36.94 after paying expenses. We gave away a lot of things. I expect to have another fair this year. I have travelled quite a good deal. I have been in Alaska, Panama, and California, and several of the states. We were shipwrecked once. There is a little girl who is studying to be an elocutionist. Will she please write to me, as I would like to correspond with her?

ELEANOR L. HANCOCK.

Fort Trumpick, New London, Connecticut.

CHERRY, PENNSYLVANIA.

We have just had our annual fair, about which I wish to tell you. I live in Cherry, Pennsylvania, and we have a very nice fair. We have a Floral Hall, in which there is fancy-work, and nearly all of the Corry stores have a booth in which their goods are displayed. Some very beautiful crazy quilts and embroideries were among the nicest things. There were also a fine collection of coins, a horned toad from California, a porcupine, two chickens which weighed six pounds each, and many other things. The vegetables were all very fine. Noticeable among others were some enormous pumpkins, pumpkins, cabbages, apples, and many other things. There were also a dining hall, luncheon counters, a dancing hall, etc. The horses, cattle, pigs, and sheep made a fine display, but the chickens were nothing to boast of. The fair was very successful, and my fair began on Tuesday and closed on Saturday.

ONE OF YOUR FRIENDS.

FOWLER, NEW YORK.

I WAS VERY MUCH SURPRISED, when reading the letter in *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*, No. 27, to see one from little F. of Elmira asking how to get made for Christmas presents. As I am about there, I have the same idea of giving presents, one or two of them. I thought that the letter was from me, but it was not, for the only letter I have written to the Post-office Box was sent two or three years ago, and it was not published. I have taken the paper from the first number, and although I am nearly fifteen years old I do not feel a bit too old for it. I was graduated from the grammar school last year in June, and how many flowers do you suppose I received? Eleven baskets and five bouquets. Do you not think I got more than my share? I left school in March on account of having trouble with my back, but I had passed eight Latin examinations in everything required. I went back in September, and graduated in June. I am not going to school again until February, when I expect to attend the Elmira Female College. I have been studying music a little over a

year and love it. I wish Mrs. Little would write more papers about music; she is one of my favorite authors. The Post-office Box is a very good thing. I have often seen the papers, and I love to read the answers you send to the letters. It seems to me that you are like a favorite teacher I had at school. Your loving little friend,

CARLIE B. F.

KNOWLES, TENNESSEE.

I have been ill and in bed a week, and I have come downstairs today for the first time, like to miss school, and I would have gone to-day, but mamma thought it best not to go until next week. I am in the Sixth Grade; Miss C. is my teacher. I am always glad to see *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* when it comes on Wednesday. I have the sweetest little nephews; their names are Lee and Murrell. Don't you think their names are pretty? I have taken music lessons three years, but I have given it up almost entirely; I don't like to practice, and I think it is too hard to take lessons and go to school. Don't you remember the time when you disliked music? My sister Belle is at school in Oxford, Ohio. I have just finished reading "Under the Lilacs," and like it very much. I would like a new receipt for lemon caramels.

IDA R.

Will some little reader send Ida the receipt she asks for?

No, dear, I do not remember ever to have disliked music—just the contrary; but I think it is difficult for a busy little school-girl to practice so much as she ought in order to improve.

NORFOLK, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl eleven years old. I wrote to you once, but you did not print my letter. I have four sisters—Mamie, Louie, Grace, and Katie. They are all younger than I am. Katie is a baby, but Grace says some funny things. One day she was playing with the kitten and put its face on the window. When I told mamma, Grace said she did not put its four legs on the window, but its two front legs. Mamma said that her domestic was picking a chicken, some one spoke about her dressing a chicken for dinner, and Grace said she was not dressing it, she was undressing it. I study arithmetic, history, spelling, grammar, geography, reading, and music. I went up to grandpapa's two or three weeks ago, and had a good time. I like the stories in *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*, especially "The Lost Child," "The Lost City," "The Lost City," and "Our Little Unicorn."

IDA L. H.

TOWNS, KANSAS.

I have two brothers and three sisters, and I know that there isn't a family that enjoys your paper better than we do. We have no pets, except a large English mastiff, whose name is Tycoon, we call him Coon for short. I am in my first year at the High School, and like it very much. I have just been reading the letter in the last paper in which Marian S. H. speaks of seeing a half eight hundred years old. While we were in New Mexico this summer we saw a church over six hundred years old, and there were two painted at it over a hundred years old; they are so dim that you can hardly see what they are. My letter is growing too long, so I must stop.

M. B. L.

FOXBOROUGH, NEW JERSEY, OXFORD.

Foxborough is the name of the post-office, but The Willows is the name of our farm. My mother gave it this pretty name after our house was built. It is a very nice place, and a good one. The side of the house with a row of willows beside it. My father has lived on this farm for forty-seven years, and he would not like to leave it for anything. I would like to go to Hong-Kong, China, if she will write to me. I do not go to school, but stay at home and help do the work. Mother is going away early in the morning, and she will be gone about a week. We have a lady visiting us, so I will not be alone.

S. BOWDMAN.

Patty will be very busy if she writes to all the children who want to correspond with her. Perhaps her mamma will think, well, the Post-mistress, that the best way would be to write another letter to the Post-office Box.

DICK.

Dick was a very large black and white cat. He came to us when he was a little kitten. He lived to be four years old, and was very large. We made inquiries about the neighborhood, but never found out to whom he belonged. We used to have a black cat named Dick, who lived in the corner near the fireplace; this Dick claimed as his own property. Once his head swelled away up, and he became so sick that he could eat nothing, and he died. Dick was very old, but he lived so long, and he was so good, that we were very sorry to see him go. We left a strange man in the house during the whole six months that he was here. Dick never ventured near the house, but the moment I returned he ran in, jumped up on me, and held

fast to my waist with his claws until I sat down and took him on my lap. We kept canary-birds all the time, but Dick would on some have thought of tending one of them. At last a bad boy shot him. I felt so badly I could have cried. I shall never have another cat like Dick; and you would think so too if you had seen him. MURICA C.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for nearly two years; it was given to me as a birthday present at first, and I enjoyed it so much that I took it again. My brother takes the *Tenth's Country* so with my studies, I am kept pretty busy reading both papers. My eldest sister is married, and my other sister is about to spend the winter in Fargo, Dakota, and I am rather sure I should like to go with her. The little girl who signed herself "Patty," from Hong-Kong, China, would not mind writing to me and telling me more about her home and herself; I am sure we would be glad to answer any letter she sent me. Please print this if convenient. My address is  
EFFIE M. PARKKITT,  
Hazardville, Connecticut, U. S. A.

#### CAMP BELLEVILLE, LAKE MOONCHUNKWISSE, MANKS.

We have been spending the summer up here in Maine on a lake. It showed her this morning (October 3); one of the mountains you could not see at all, it was snowing so hard on it. We have been up here a month, but I think we will go home soon. It is getting so cold. We sail, row, shoot, and fish here. You can see the White Mountains from here. There are the most beautiful views around. Of all the stories I like "The Crest of the White Hat" best. I am ten years old. I hope this letter will be printed.  
FREDIE W. McK.

#### LEMONS, CALIF., TENNESSEE.

I am a little girl ten years old. I go to school, and like my teacher very much. I have no pets, except a cat. I read the stories in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE and the Post-office Box, and like them very much. I have three sisters and five brothers.  
MAMIE H.

#### MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA.

My mamma reads me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE every week, and I do love the little letters, so I want to send you one and tell you of our home in the city out West. Minneapolis has wide streets, with large lawns and beautiful drives to the lakes, Lake Minnetonka and the Minnehaha Falls. My mamma wants to visit. It is cold in winter. My papa froze his nose last winter. We have been here two years, and may go South this winter a few months. I have two birds named Cherry and Bessie, and I would like to wish I could just see how you looked—good, I think, or you wouldn't be so pleasant to the children.  
MABELLE D.

Thanks for my letter, Mabelle. Do you skate to school in winter?

#### CERESCO, NEBRASKA.

I am a girl thirteen years old, and live in the country. I have two sisters and three brothers; I am the eldest of the six. We do not read HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for two years, and like it very much; I like Jimmy Brown's stories very much. I go to school now. I have a pony named Daisy I can ride her. This is my first letter; I hope it will be published.  
MAY D.

#### HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS.

I live at Jackson, Tennessee, and have been a subscriber to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for nearly three years. Shortly after I subscribed I had a long spell of illness, and while I was recovering my mother read the numbers to me, and ever since I have wanted to write a letter worthy a place among your correspondents. I have been trying for *St. Nicholas*; but she was taken sick, and died before the answer came. Since then I have never written. I have been reading the *Young People* resort. The Hot Springs of Arkansas are situated on the mountain, the creek, and valley of the same name, and are fifty-five miles southwest from Little Rock, the capital of the State. The city of Hot Springs is in a valley between two mountains, the Hot Springs and West mountains. From the former all the hot springs flow except the alum, and from the latter the cold springs; in all, there are seventy-one, and they discharge 385 gallons of water every minute. The city has a population of 7000, but there are visitors from all parts of the world. It is claimed the Indians came here hundreds of years ago, and that De Soto and party and Ponce de Leon were here. The bath-houses are on the sides of the mountains, and the water is conveyed to them in pipes; there are two air-tight brick water tanks that hold 30,000 and 30,000 gallons of water, and the water is pumped into them at certain times by the bath-houses next day is 140 degrees in temperature. I bathe at Rockafellow's, and 250 can bathe daily; the water is from the Egg Spring, and you can boil an egg in it if there are springs; I wish I had space to tell you of the people one

meets and sees, and the afflicted, on crutches and stretchers, and in chairs being wheeled to the baths, and tending one of them. At last I should like to tell of my rambles over the mountains, my visit to the water-works and the observatory of the wilderness, and last night I felt when I heard the wind sobbing through the pines on Mount Ida. I am almost afraid I have said too much to get a place in your columns. I am thirteen years of age.  
HESASCA K. A.

You have written a very bright letter. I hope the springs may restore you to rosy health.

#### BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

My sister takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, so I thought I would write a poem for the Post-office Box. Here it is:

I am a little boy  
Going on ten,  
And oh, what a big boy  
I will be then!

My eyes are brown  
And my hair is light;  
Sometimes I play  
And sometimes I fight.

A little boy, named Lenny,  
Is my best friend,  
And when it is very rainy  
Together the day we spend.

If, when I look  
In next week's book,  
I find poetry I see,  
It will greatly please me.

Your little friend,

ARTHUR D. O.

#### CENTRAL PARK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—As other little girls write to you, I thought I would do so too, but I am not going to tell you how many sisters I have nor their names. We have a dog named Jim; he is nine years old. My uncle first brought him home in a cigar box, he was so little then. We have two canary-birds, Tim and Cheer, and a cat and three kittens. It is very nice here in summer, but in winter it is very cold and dreary, as you can see snow for miles around, with a house here and there; but now it is lovely. We also have a cow and horse. The cow is from France and the horse Buckskin. We went to Great South Bay Saturday. We went in the morning, and did not get back until supper-time. Have you ever been there? It is very nice. I am a little afraid my letter is getting too long, or I would like to tell you about our trip, but I must not take up too much of your time. I am eleven years old.  
EDITH VAN W.

Next time, will Edith please give the name of her State at the beginning of her letter as well as that of her village? It is a very good letter, dear. I wish all the children to be particular to give their full post-office address inside their letter.

#### MEDFORD, NEW JERSEY.

I am a little boy seven years old. I have a big dog named Prince; he will take my hand in his mouth and lead me everywhere. If I give him a stick he will take it in his paws and bite it like a bone. He always goes with me to get the mail, and carries it home in his mouth. When I hunt eggs, he will carry the basket to the barn. I have fifteen Harry's Yorks from my father, and I like it very much. I mean to take it every year if I can.  
ARTHUR VAN C.

A clever dog? You must be proud of him.

Now for a wee talk with my little friends: I think *Sophie M. B.*, that a little sister is the very sweetest pet in the world. I am glad you are a good girl. *Sarah L.*, I wish you to win in your first party. I gave a birthday party once for a little boy of mine, and, what do you think, he asked me not to invite a single girl. So we had only boys, and at first they were so still and solemn I was in despair. They did not really brighten up in earnest till the refreshments came.

*S. B. Jew.*, an exceedingly enlarged his collection to the *Young People*, and I am glad you are a good girl. *George F.*, please write to *George W. Bell*, Jacksonville, Florida. George promises to answer promptly. — *George B.* and *Annie H.*: Address Mrs. Richardson, at Woodside, near Lincoln, North Carolina. It is a good thing for a girl to know how to swim. I wish all the girls did. *James E. T.*: I am often in the Park you are so fond of, and have seen the pretty tame squirrels, but I never saw a snake there and hope I never may. *Elzie* and *Hattie M.*: I should like to see beautiful Texas, and I can imagine your good times. The cotton fields must look like waving snow when the pods are bursting into

bloom. — *Elsie D.*: Percy and you may send your paper dolls to St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children, 406 West Thirty-fourth Street, New York City. — *Alfred L. T.*: Write again, dear, and tell me what children of your age do in Japan. A little girl who has spent five years there has seen much which would be interesting to the children at home. — *Louise A. G.*: Please send me your Christian name in full, and I will then decide about your request. — *Anna W.*: Will you kindly send me the directions for making your pretty zepphr cushions? — *Mabel R.*: You are like a child in a story-book, with an old mill to romp in and a home in the mill. — *K.*: I am thinking about that subject. — *Wallace L. H.*: You write a good hand for a boy of your age. — *Carrie B. S.*: Practices diligently if you wish to perform well. — How can *George S.* persuade her naughty canary-birds to take a bath? They decline to do so. Has anybody else had the same trouble? Foolish birdies, aren't they? Babies are wiser.

#### PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

CHARADE.

My first is sometimes made of wood.

My second we all like to see.

And, better still, to eat it up;

My whole grows on a tree.

CHARLIE DAVIS

No. 2.

HOOR GLASS.

1. Easily bent. 2. Discovery. 3. To quarrel. 4.

Something bent the mill. 5. A letter. 6. An animal.

7. A fruit. 8. Stranded. 9. Moderate.

Centrals read downward give the name of an American poet.

CHARLIE DAVIS.

No. 3.

BEHEADSSES.

1. Behead a country of Europe, and leave suffering.

2. Behead to extol, and leave to lift. 3. Behead yonder, and leave near. 4. Behead a square piece of wood, and leave a fastening.

JAMES E. UNDERHILL.

No. 4.

TWO EASY SQUARES.

1.—1. Turf. 2. Every. 3. A space. 4. At that time.

2.—1. A metal. 2. An object of devotion. 3. A feature. 4. Trace.

JAMES CONNOR.

No. 5.

ENTRUMA.

My first is in lance, but not in sword.

My second is in lady, but not in lord.

My third is in bird, but not in beard.

My fourth is in spoken and in sound.

My fifth is in river, but not in hound.

My sixth is in you, but not in your.

A blessing to mankind. TAM O' SHANTER.

No. 6.

A DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. Acquired skill. 3. To negotiate.

4. To impair. 5. A letter. AMATEUR PUZZLER.

#### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 258

No. 1.—The Tower of Babel. Table. Wheat.

Flower. Brother.

No. 2.—"When the cat's away, the mice will play."

No. 3.—S-l-o-w. M-ice. S-t-o-n-e. P-a-g-e. B-a-n-d.

C-a-r-d. C-a-n-e.

No. 4. E A S T S T E P

A R E A T A M E

S E A L E M M A

T A L E P E A R

No. 5. Rice.

No. 6.— M R

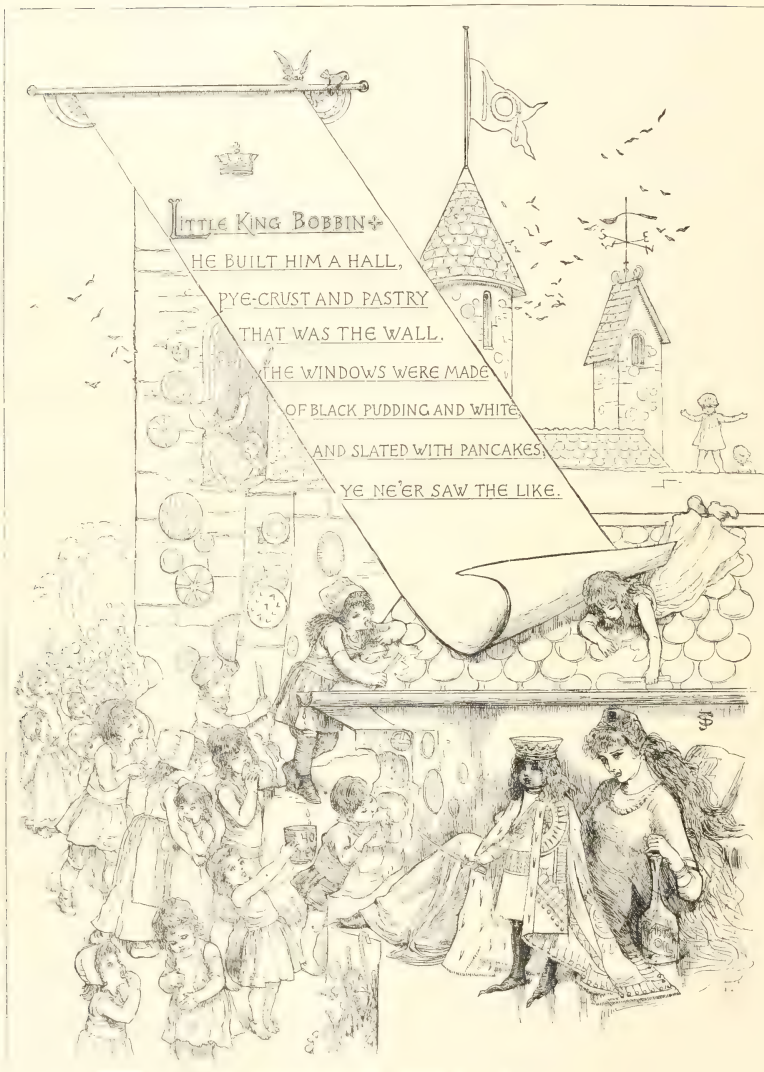
M A P V A T

M A L E R A T S

P L Y E N S

E T S

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Bob. R. Andrews, Jun., Tam o' Shanter, James Connor, Louise B. B., Luke Van Norden, Hamilton E. Field, Seabird, Totem, Fann Wood, Margaret Murray, Dorcas Haskins, Allen Beach, John Deane, Thomas Dick, R. N. V., Theodore W., Ella Payne, and Ernest G. Harlow.





# BOOKS SUITABLE FOR HOLIDAY GIFTS.

## Harper's Young People for 1884.

Over 800 pages, with more than 700 Illustrations. 4to, Ornamental Cloth, \$3 50. Also, *uniform with the above*, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for 1881, 1882, and 1883, \$3 50 each. Volume for 1880 *out of print*.

## Indian History for Young Folks.

By FRANCIS S. DEAKE. Profusely Illustrated. Pages 480. 8vo, Handsome Cloth Binding, \$3 00.

## Knox's The Voyage of the "Vivian."

Adventures of Two Youths in the Open Polar Sea. Profusely Illustrated. Pages 422. 8vo, Cloth Gilt, \$2 50.

## Books of Travel in the Far East. By Thomas W. Knox.

Copiously Illustrated. 5 vols., 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, \$5 00 each. The set complete in a box, \$15 00.

### The Boy Travellers in the Far East—Part I.

Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey to Japan and China.

### The Boy Travellers in the Far East—Part II.

Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey to Siam and Java.

### The Boy Travellers in the Far East—Part III.

Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey to Ceylon and India.

### The Boy Travellers in the Far East—Part IV.

Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey to Egypt and the Holy Land.

### The Boy Travellers in the Far East—Part V.

Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey to Central Africa.

## Hunting Adventures on Land and Sea.

### Part I.—The Young Nimrods in North America.

A Book for Boys. By THOMAS W. KNOX. Copiously Illustrated. 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, \$2 50.

### Part II.—The Young Nimrods Around the World.

A Book for Boys. By THOMAS W. KNOX. Copiously Illustrated. 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, \$2 50.

## Country Cousins.

By ERNEST INGERSOLL. Illustrated. Pages 252. 8vo, Handsome Cloth Cover, \$2 50.

## The Ball of the Vegetables,

And Other Stories in Prose and Verse. By MARGARET EYTINGE. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, \$2 00.

## Games and Songs of American Children.

Collected and Compared by WILLIAM WELLS NEWELL. 8vo, Cloth, \$1 50.

## New Games for Parlor and Lawn,

With a Few Old Friends in a New Dress. By GEORGE B. BARTLEY. 16mo, Cloth, \$1 00.

## Books for Boys. By Lucien Biart.

### The Adventures of a Young Naturalist.

Edited and Adapted by PARKER GILLMORE. With 117 Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 75.

### An Involuntary Voyage.

Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 25.

## Books for Girls. Written or Edited by the Author of "John Halifax."

Illustrated. 6 vols., 16mo, Cloth, in neat case, \$5 40. The volumes separately, 90 cents each.

Little Sunshine's Holiday.—The Con-in from India.—Twenty Years Ago.—Is it True?—An Only Sister.—Miss Moore.

## Coffin's Historical Reading for the Young:

### The Story of Liberty.

Copiously Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth Gilt, \$3 00.

### Old Times in the Colonies.

Copiously Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth Gilt, \$3 00.

### The Boys of '76.

A History of the Battles of the Revolution. Copiously Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth Gilt, \$3 00.

### Building the Nation.

Events in the History of the United States, from the Revolution to the Beginning of the War between the States. Copiously Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth Gilt, \$3 00.

## Homes Without Hands:

Being a Description of the Habitations of Animals, classed according to their Principle of Construction. By the Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A., F.L.S. With about 140 Illustrations, engraved on wood by G. PEARSON, from Original Designs made by F. W. KEYL and E. A. SMITH, under the Author's Superintendence. 8vo, Cloth, \$4 50; Sheep, \$5 00; Half Calf, \$6 75.

## Dogs and their Doings.

By Rev. F. O. MORRIS. Elegantly Illustrated. Square 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, \$1 75.

## What Mr. Darwin Saw

In his Voyage Round the World in the Ship "Beagle." Adapted for Youthful Readers. Maps and Illustrations. 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, \$3 00.

## Diddle, Dumps, and Tot;

Or, Plantation Child-life. By LOUISE CLARKE-PYRNELLE. Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, \$1 00.

## Stories of the Old Dominion.

By JOHN ESTES COOKE. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 50.

## Our Children's Songs.

Illustrated. 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, \$1 00.

## Cast Up by the Sea.

By Sir SAMUEL BAKER. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 25.

## John G. Edgar's Juvenile Works:

Illustrated. 5 vols., 16mo, Cloth, \$1 00 each.

The Boyhood of Great Men.—The Footprints of Famous Men.—History for Boys.—Sea-Kings and Naval Heroes.—The Wars of the Roses.

## Henry Mayhew's Works:

### The Boyhood of Martin Luther.

Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, \$1 25.

### The Wonders of Science.

Young Humphry Davy, the Cornish Apothecary's Boy. Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, \$1 25.

### The Young Benjamin Franklin.

Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, \$1 25.

### The Peasant-Boy Philosopher.

Founded on the Early Life of Ferguson, the Shepherd-Boy Astronomer. Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, \$1 25.

## Books of African Travel and Adventure. By Paul B. Du Chaillu.

Illustrated. 5 vols., 12mo, Cloth, \$1 50 each.

Stories of the Gorilla Country.—Wild Life under the Equator.—Lost in the Jungle.—My Apingi Kingdom.—The Country of the Dwarfs.

**Friends Worth Knowing.**By **HENRIE INGERSOLL**. Illustrated. Square 16mo, Cloth, \$1 00.**The Life and Habits of Wild Animals.**Illustrated from *Dezobry* by **JOSIAH WALKER**. Engraved by J. W. and **LEONARD WILKINSON**. With Descriptive Letterpress by **DANIEL GRAY**. Front, F. L. S., F. Z. S. 16mo, Cloth, Gilt Edges, \$3 00.**Songs of Our Youth.**

By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." Set to Music. Square 4to, Cloth, Illuminated, \$2 50.

**Books by Samuel Smiles:****Self-Help. Character. Thrift. Duty.**

12mo, Cloth, \$1 00 each.

**Round the World.**Including a Residence in Victoria, and a Journey by Rail across North America. By a Boy. Edited by **SAMUEL SMILES**. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 50.**Herman Melville's Works:****Battle-Pieces,**

And Aspects of the War. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 75.

**Pierre:**

Or, The Ambiguities. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 50.

**Redburn:**

His First Voyage. Being the Reminiscences of the Son-of-a-Gen-tilian in the Merchant Service. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 50.

**Typee:**

A Peep at Polynesian Life during a Four Months' Residence in the Marquesas. The Revised Edition, with a Sequel. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 50.

**Arabian Nights' Entertainments.**The Thousand and One Nights; or, The Arabian Nights' Entertainments. Translated and Arranged for Family Reading, with Explanatory Notes, by **E. W. LANE**. 600 Illustrations by **HARVEY**. 2 vols., 12mo, Cloth, \$4 50; Half Call, \$7 00.**Defoe's Robinson Crusoe.**The Life and Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, of York, Mariner; with a Biographical Account of **DEFOE**. Illustrated by **ADAMS**. Complete Edition. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 00.**Mrs. Dana's The Young Sailor.**

A Narrative founded on Fact. 18mo, Cloth, 75 cents.

**Nineteen Beautiful Years.**Nineteen Beautiful Years; or, Sketches of a Girl's Life. Written by **MRS. ESTES, FRANKLIN E. WELLES**. With an Introduction by **REV. R. S. JOSEPH, D.D.** 16mo, Cloth, \$1 00.**Brook's French History for English Children.**French History for English Children. By **SARAH BROOK**. With Illustrations and Colored Maps. 16mo, Cloth, \$1 00.**Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.**The Pilgrim's Progress. By **JOHN BUNYAN**. With a Life of the Author, by **ROBERT SOUTHY, LL.D.** Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 00; Gilt Edges, \$1 50.**Bonner's Child Histories:****A Child's History of Greece.**

Illustrated. 2 vols., 16mo, Cloth, \$2 50.

**A Child's History of Rome.**

Illustrated. 2 vols., 16mo, Cloth, \$2 50.

**A Child's History of the United States.**

A New Edition, Revised and Enlarged. Illustrated. 3 vols., 16mo, Cloth, \$3 75.

**Seymour's Self-Made Men.**Self-Made Men. By **CHARLES C. B. SEYMOUR**. Many Portraits. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 75.**Tom Brown's School-Days.**By an Old Boy. Illustrated by **ARTHUR HUGHES** and **SYDNEY P. HALL**. 8vo, Paper, 10 cents.**Tom Brown at Oxford.**By the Author of "Tom Brown's School-Days." With Illustrations by **SYDNEY P. HALL**. 8vo, Paper, 60 cents.*School Days and Oxford—in one volume* 8vo, Cloth, \$1 50.**Captain Marryat's Works:****The Children of the New Forest.**

12mo, Cloth, \$1 25.

**The Little Savage.**

The History of a Boy Left Alone upon an Uninhabited Island. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 25.

**The Pirate, and The Three Cutters.**

4to, Paper, 15 cents.

**Harper's Fireside Library.**

Harper's Fireside Library: expressly adapted to the Domestic Circle, Sunday-Schools, &amp;c. Cloth, 75 cents each.

Alden's Alice Gordon.

Ellen Herbert; or, Family Changes.

Alden's Lawless Daughter.

Mayhew's Good Genius that turned

Alden's Young Schoolmistress.

Every Thing into Gold.

Alden's Dying Robin.

Mayhew's Magic of Kindness.

Burdett's Arthur Martin.

William the Cottager.

**Harper's Boys and Girls' Library.**

Harper's Boys and Girls' Library. Illustrated. 18mo, Cloth. Sold separately at 75 cents a volume.

Lives of the Apostles and Early Mar-

The Clergyman's Orphan; the Infidel

tyrs.

Reclaimed.

The Swiss Family Robinson. 2 vols.

Uncle Philip's Natural History.

Sunday's Lessons. Comprising Scrip-

Uncle Philip's Evidences of Christi-

ture Stories. 3 vols.

anity.

Thatcher's Indian Traits. 2 vols.

Uncle Philip's American Forest.

Thatcher's Causes of the American Rev-

Uncle Philip's History of New York.

olution.

2 vols.

Mrs. L. A. Roberts's Tales from Ameri-

Uncle Philip's Whale Fishery and the

can History.

Polar Seas. 2 vols.

Mrs. Holland's Son of a Genius.

Uncle Philip's History of the Lost Col-

Mrs. Holland's Young Crusoe; or, The

onies of Greenland.

Shipwrecked Boy.

Uncle Philip's History of Massachu-

Mrs. Hooper's Cottage Wisteria.

setts. 2 vols.

Mrs. Hughes's Ornaments Discovered.

Uncle Philip's History of New Hamp-

**Harry Lee:**

Or, Hope for the Poor. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 50.

**Madame de Witt's Works:****A French Country Family.**

Translated from the French by the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 50.

**Motherless:**

Or, a Parisian Family. For Girls in their teens. Translated from the French by the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." 12mo, Cloth, \$1 50.

**Davis's Nimrod of the Sea.**Nimrod of the Sea; or, The American Whaleman. By **WILLIAM M. DAVIS**. With many Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, \$2 00.**Children's Picture-Books.**

Small 4to, about 300 pages each, beautifully printed on Tinted Paper, embellished with many Illustrations, bound in Cloth, \$1 50 per volume.

**The Children's Picture-Book of the Sagacity of Animals.**With Sixty Illustrations by **HARRISON WEIR**.**The Children's Bible Picture-Book.**With Eighty Illustrations, from Designs by **STEINLE, OVERBECK, WEIR, SCHNORR, &c.****The Children's Picture Fable-Book.**Containing One Hundred and Sixty Fables. With Sixty Illustrations by **HARRISON WEIR**.**The Children's Picture-Book of Birds.**With Sixty-one Illustrations by **W. HARVEY**.**The Children's Picture-Book of Quadrupeds and other Mammalia.**With Sixty-one Illustrations by **W. HARVEY**.

**Abbott's Histories.**

Illustrated with numerous Engravings. 16mo, Cloth, \$1 00 per vol. The volumes may be obtained separately; or the set complete, in six boxes, \$32 00.

CYRUS the Great.—DARIUS the Great.—NEMES.—ALEXANDER the Great.—ROMULUS.—HAMMURAB.—PYRRHUS.—JULIUS CESAR.—CLOPOTRA.—NERO.—ALFRED the Great.—WILLIAM the Conqueror.—RICHARD I.—RICHARD II.—RICHARD III.—MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.—QUEEN ELIZABETH.—CHARLES I.—CHARLES II.—JOSAPHINE.—MARIA ANTOINETTE.—MADAME ROLAND.—HENRY IV.—MARGARET OF ANJOU.—PETER the Great.—GENGIS KHAN.—KING PHILIP.—HERNANDO CORTES.—JOSEPH BONAPARTE.—QUEEN HORTENSE.—LOUIS XIV.—LOUIS PHILIPPE.

**Abbott's Little Learner Series.**

Harper's Picture Books for the Nursery. Beautifully Illustrated. In 5 vols., 75 cents each. The volumes complete in themselves, and sold separately; or the set complete, in case, for \$3 75.

Learning to Talk.—To Think.—To Read.—About Common Things.—About Right and Wrong.

**Abbott's Franconia Stories.**

Numerous Illustrations. Complete in 10 vols., 16mo, Cloth, 75 cents each. The volumes may be obtained separately; or the set complete, in neat case, \$7 50.

Malloville.—Mary Bell.—Ellen Linn.—Wallace.—Beechnut.—Stuyvesant.—Agnes.—Mary Erskine.—Rodolphus.—Caroline.

**Abbott's Marco Paul Stories.**

Marco Paul's Voyages and Travels in the Pursuit of Knowledge. By JACOB ABBOTT. Illustrated. Complete in 6 vols. 16mo, Cloth, 75 cents each. The volumes may be obtained separately; or the set complete, in neat case, for \$4 50.

In New York.—On the Erie Canal.—In the Forests of Maine.—In Vermont.—In Boston.—At the Springfield Armory.

**Abbott's Stories of Rainbow and Lucky.**

Illustrated. 5 vols., 16mo, Cloth, 75 cents per volume. The volumes may be obtained separately; or the set complete, in neat case, \$3 75.

Handle.—Rainbow's Journey.—Selling Lucky.—Up the River.—The Three Pines.

**Abbott's Science for the Young.**

By JACOB ABBOTT. Illustrated. 4 vols. now ready. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 50 each.

Heat.—Light.—Water and Land.—Force.

**Harper's Story Books.**

Narratives, Biographies, and Tales for the Young. By JACOB ABBOTT. With more than 1000 beautiful Engravings. Complete in 36 thin volumes, bound in Crimson, each containing One Story, at 75 cents a volume, or \$27 00 per set; or in Twelve large volumes, bound in black, each containing Three Stories, for \$1 25 a volume, or \$15 00 per set.

VOL. I. Bruno.—Willie and the Mortgage.—The Strait Gate. VOL. II. The Little Louvre.—Frank.—Emma. VOL. III. Virginia.—Timboo and Joliba.—Timboo and Fanny. VOL. IV. The Harper Establishment.—Franklin.—The Studio. VOL. V. The Story of Ancient History.—The Story of English History.—The Story of American History. VOL. VI. John True.—Elfred.—the Museum. VOL. VII. The Engineer.—Rambles among the Alps.—The Three Gold Dollars. VOL. VIII. The Gibraltar Gallery.—The Alcove.—Dialogues. VOL. IX. The Great Elm.—Aunt Margaret.—Vernon. VOL. X. Carl and Jocko.—Lapstone.—Orkney the Peacemaker. VOL. XI. Judge Justin.—Minigo.—Jasper. VOL. XII. Congo.—Viola.—Little Paul.

**How to Get Strong.**

And How to Stay So. By WILLIAM BLAIKIE. 16mo, Cloth, \$1 00.

**Sound Bodies for our Boys and Girls.**

By WILLIAM BLAIKIE. With Illustrations. pp. x., 168. 16mo, Cloth, 40 cents.

**Camp Life in the Woods.**

By W. HAMILTON GIBSON. Illustrated by the Author. 16mo, Cloth, \$1 00.

**Politics for Young Americans.**

By CHARLES NORDHOFF. 16mo, Half Leather, 75 cents; Paper, 40 cents.

**Harper's Young People Series:**

Illustrated. 16mo, Extra Cloth, \$1 00 per volume.

LEFT BEHIND; or, Ten Days a Newsboy. By JAMES OTIS.

TIM AND TIP; or, The Adventures of a Boy and a Dog. By JAMES OTIS.

TOBY TYLER; or, Ten Weeks with a Circus. By JAMES OTIS.

MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER. A Sequel to "Toby Tyler." By JAMES OTIS.

NAN. By LUCY C. LILLIE.

MILDRED'S BARGAIN, and Other Stories. By LUCY C. LILLIE.

THE TALKING LEAVES. An Indian Story. By WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

CRUISE OF THE CANOE CLUB. By W. L. ALDEN.

THE CRUISE OF THE "GHOST." By W. L. ALDEN.

THE MORAL PIRATES. By W. L. ALDEN.

WHO WAS PAUL GRAYSON? By JOHN HABBERTON.

THE FOUR MACNICOLS. By WILLIAM BLACK.

THE LOST CITY. By DAVID KER.

ADVENTURES OF PRINCE LAZYBONES, and Other Stories. By MRS. W. J. HAYS.

**The Fairy Books:****Laboulaye's Last Fairy Tales.**

Last Fairy Tales. By EDOUARD LABOULAYE. Authorized Translation by MARY L. BOOTH. With over 250 Illustrations. 12mo, Extra Cloth, \$2 00; Gilt Edges, \$2 50.

**Fairy Tales of all Nations.**

By EDOUARD LABOULAYE, Member of the Institute of France. Translated by MARY L. BOOTH. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, Bevelled Edges, \$2 00.

**Puss-Cat Mew.**

And other New Fairy Stories for my Children. By E. H. KNATCHBULL-HUGHES, M.P. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 25.

**Fairy Book.**

The Best Popular Fairy Stories selected and rendered anew. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, 90 cents.

**Mace's Fairy Tales.**

(Contes du Petit Château.) By JEAN MACÉ, Editor of the *Magasin d'Éducation*. Translated by MARY L. BOOTH. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, Bevelled Edges, \$1 75.

**The Little Lame Prince.**

By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." Illustrated. Square 16mo, Cloth, \$1 00.

**Folks and Fairies.**

Stories for Little Children. By LUCY RANDALL COMFORT. Illustrated. Square 4to, Cloth, \$1 00.

**The Adventures of a Brownie.**

As Told to my Child. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." Illustrated. Square 16mo, Cloth, 90 cents.

**The Catskill Fairies.**

By VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON. Illustrated by Alfred Fredericks. 8vo, Illuminated Cloth, Gilt Edges, \$3 00.

**Mr. Wind and Madam Rain.**

By PAUL DE MESSEY. Translated by EMILY MAKEPEACE. Illustrated. Square 4to, Cloth, 75 cents.

**The Princess Idleways.**

By MRS. W. J. HAYS. Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, 75 cents.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

*The SIXTH VOLUME will begin with the Number issued November 4, 1884.*



WE know of no book better calculated to interest and instruct the young than the fifty-two numbers of this popular illustrated weekly. It contains a vast amount of good reading of the most varied character. \* \* \* All that the artist's skill can accomplish in the way of illustration has been done, and the best talent of the country has contributed to its text.—*New England Journal of Education*, Boston.

The perfection of a children's magazine.—*Toronto Mail*.

The villainous trash—the penny-dreadful “boys and girls’ papers”—at one time so popular and so numerous, have nearly all, thank fortune, been driven from the field by the introduction of publications for the young which are just as cheap, and perfectly healthful and wholesome. This good work of reform was led by the Harpers of New York with their handsome *YOUNG PEOPLE*.—*Pittsburgh Commercial*.

The grand success of this beautiful and instructive illustrated paper for young readers is the best proof that it fills a needed place. No magazine of its kind has ever come into such boundless popularity in so short a time.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

HARPER'S *YOUNG PEOPLE* continues to lead the weekly publications for youth throughout the country, and probably throughout the world. The illustrations are excellent, and the contents are well calculated to interest and instruct.—*The Literary Church, Chicago*.

HARPER'S *YOUNG PEOPLE* is the best weekly for children in America.—*South-western Christian Advocate*.

The regular visits of this beautiful weekly come like rays of golden sunshine into the family circle.—*Zion's Herald*, Boston.

An inexhaustible reservoir of humor, instruction, and entertainment for the young people of the family. Its tone is unexceptional, and it will be found an admirable present for the juvenile.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

For children the volume is simply a treasure-house of delightful things.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

Its wealth of stories, sketches, poetry, pictures, puzzles, and correspondence forms a collection of intellectual treasures the possession of which will make any boy or girl in the land “as happy as a king,” and which, by reason of its moderate price, is within the reach of all who wish to have it at their command.—*Baltimore Gazette*.

The illustrations form a whole art gallery in themselves, and a gallery that contains some gems worthy of preservation by the people of the most cultivated taste in pictures.—*Brooklyn Times*.

If money is ever well laid out in supplying children with good reading, for a merely nominal price, it is certainly in subscribing for HARPER'S *YOUNG PEOPLE*.—*Mail and Express*, N. Y.

The best writers in the country contribute to its columns. It overflows with stories, poems, anecdotes, instructive articles, pictures, and everything else in its line that can be thought of to make children happy, merry, and wise; and it will bear reading over again many times without losing its freshness, vivacity, or power to charm.—*Providence Journal*.

*Remittances should be made by Post-office Money Order or Draft, to avoid risk of loss.*

Subscription Price, \$2.00 per Year. Postage Free to all Subscribers in the United States and Canada.

## Bound Volumes of Harper's Young People.

A few copies of Volumes II., III., and IV. still on hand. Price \$3 50 each. Volume I. *out of print*. The Volumes begin with the First Number issued in November.

No more attractive Christmas gift could be made to a child than a copy of this bound volume.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.


An uncatalogueable variety of entertaining and instructive material suited to young folks' reading, sown thickly with a multitude of capital illustrations—this is what we find as we turn these well-fringed pages.—*Boston Journal*.

There is entertainment enough in its eight hundred and odd pages of stories, sketches, poems, puzzles, and pictures to

fill up the evenings of a whole winter. It is good, wholesome entertainment, too, and will both amuse and interest the juveniles.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

If we had a dozen children, and could only buy one Christmas gift to be divided among them, our choice would certainly fall on this book that has so many beautiful pictures and quaint stories pressed between its handsome covers.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

 Any of the above volumes ordered by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.















